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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1964 35c
SPECIAL WINTER ISSUE

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1964

THE YEAR OF
MY FAIR LADY

Making the movie
TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CECIL BEATON

EDWARDIAN ELEGANCE
IN HOME DECORATING

Hearty British Food
Afternoon Teas

HAT IT TAKES TO
E A REAL WOMAN

FIRST SPRING CLOTHES
FOR RAIN OR SHINE

AN EXPLOSIVE NEW NOVEL BY
Shirley Ann Grau

Plus
RUMER GODDEN
CYRIL CONNOLLY
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
PEG BRACKEN

*

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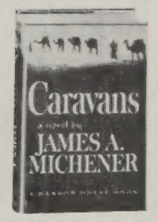

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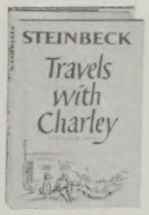

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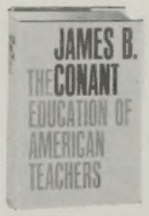

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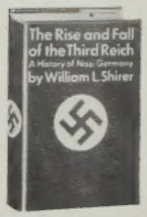

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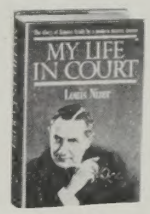

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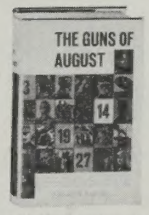

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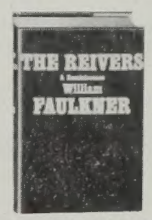

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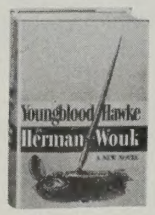

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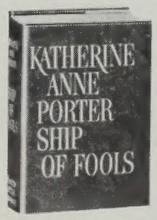

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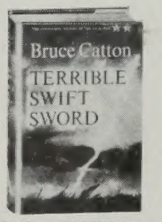

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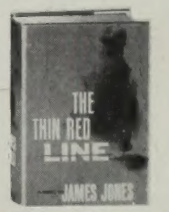

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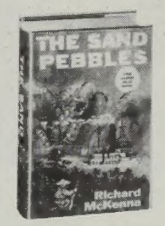

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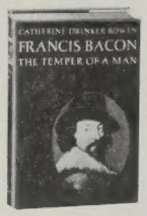

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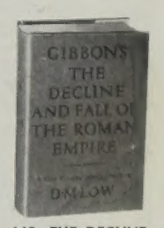

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

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Cover: Elaine Earle, an extra player in the Ascot scene of *My Fair Lady*, was photographed by Cecil Beaton in a lavishly beautiful hat of ostrich feathers, one of many magnificent chapeaux he created for the film. We foresee a comeback of hats that really say something, and show more of them on pages 57–65 and 85.

The authors: Cyril Connolly, renowned critic, journalist and author, was a young observer of the happy England during the Edwardian reign. . . . Long a favorite of *Journal* readers for her excellent fiction, **Rumer Godden** turns to a critical appraisal of children's books in this issue. . . . **Gloria Steinem** reviews 1963 and foresees a number of interesting possibilities for '64. Her first book, *The Beach Book*, was recently published. . . . More of **Peg Bracken's** highly individualistic and humorous approach to etiquette will be found in this issue.

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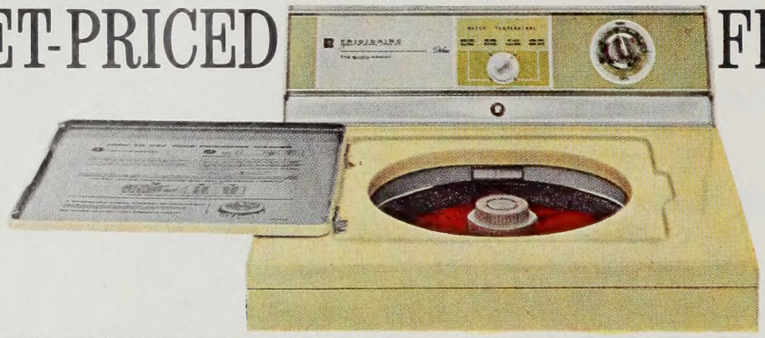
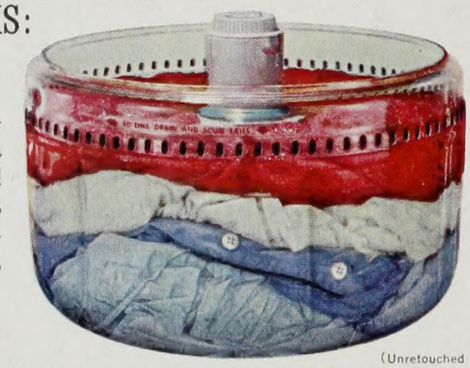
PLUS a host of luxury features, too!



YOU GET UNDERWATER ACTION ZONE WASHING LIKE THIS IN EVERY MODEL! HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

TO START the demonstration we've used a 12-lb. transparent tub and a 9-lb. load. Watch what happens to the three colored layers when we start the washing action.



45 SECONDS LATER. See the way the clothes are circulating throughout the tub, under water, where detergent and ACTION ZONE washing help get them really clean.

(Unretouched photographs of a Frigidaire Washer plastic demonstration tub.)

AND YOU GET ALL THESE FRIGIDAIRE LUXURY-MODEL FEATURES EVEN IN THIS BUDGET-PRICED WASHER

12-POUND TUB—Budget-Priced, but not Budget-Sized. Big 12-lb. tub is same sturdy porcelain enamel tub as you'll find in the most expensive Frigidaire Washer.

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UNDERWATER DISPENSING—Automatically dispenses bleach or dye (powdered or liquid) at just the right time. Detergents, too, are distributed underwater, and go into action fast in the Frigidaire Underwater ACTION ZONE!

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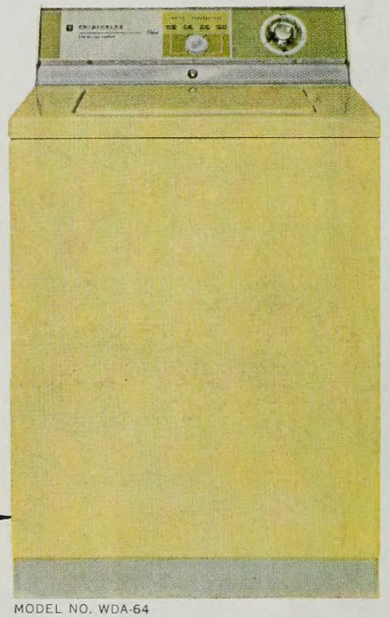
YOUR CHOICE OF COLORS—4 decorator colors, or white, no extra cost.



MODEL NO. WDA-64

BEFORE YOU BUY

Before you buy . . . lift the lid of your present washer. Look! Are all your clothes circulating throughout the tub underwater as pictured in the demonstration above? If not, see your Frigidaire dealer. Ask him to demonstrate the Frigidaire Underwater ACTION ZONE — and remember, even the budget-priced Frigidaire Washers have all these luxury-model features.

the sturdy washer | **FRIGIDAIRE**
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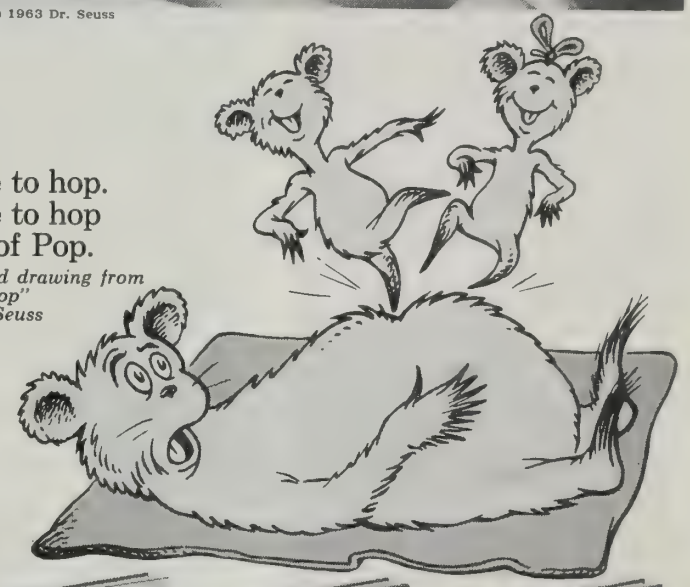
We like to hop
on top of Pop.

Excerpt and drawing from "Hop on Pop" ©1963 Dr. Seuss



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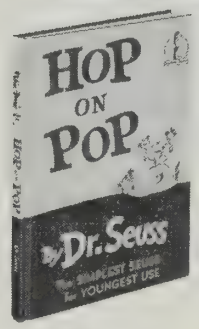

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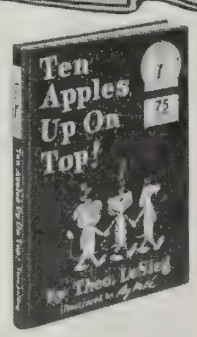

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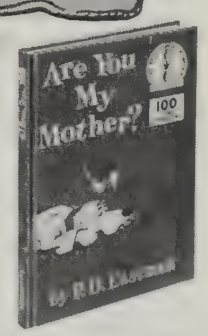
by Theo. LeSieg
Illustrated by Roy McKie

Take ten apples, some extraordinarily dexterous animals, and an author who can toss words around as deftly as a juggler tosses his clubs. The result: a delightful tale told in rhyme — and a vocabulary of just 75 simple words. Wild and wonderful pictures add to the fun.



ARE YOU MY MOTHER?
by P. D. Eastman

An odd young bird hatches out of his egg and into a series of feather-raising adventures. At the brink of disaster, fate smiles (and your tot will laugh with pleasure and relief) as our hero is rescued by a snorting steam shovel. All this in funny pictures and a vocabulary of 100 simple words!

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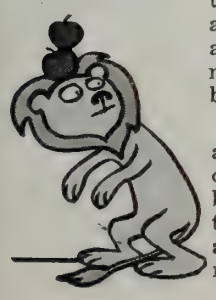

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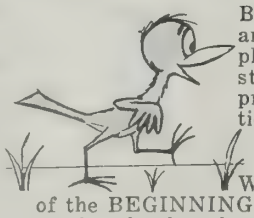

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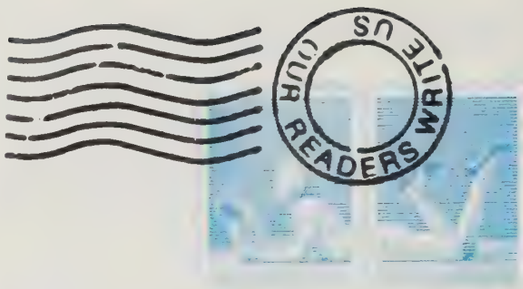

THINK

Dear Editors: I wish to express my views on the article JUST THINKING by Philip Wylie in the November issue.

Indeed it is the greatest. I recommend it to every teen-ager of our time, because I am alarmed about the many problems they are unable to cope with. This article is medicine for their minds.

I'm a mother of a teen-age son, and I understand his thoughtful solitude, also encourage his desire to be alone. He is a freshman in college and plans to be a physicist. Maybe he will become an outstanding one because he had a dream, and has been able to acquire self-reliance.

MRS. W. R. BURLESON
Oakhurst, Tex.

Dear Editors: Hurray! Bravo! and Olé! for Mr. Philip Wylie! Set out another chair in that garden, sir, and let me join you in silent meditation. There are numerous thoughts in my head that need some thinking through to their logical conclusions.

I'll be there just as soon as I can clean up the breakfast dishes, make the beds, wash the crayon off the wall that my three-year-old just scribbled there while I was writing this, go to the market, do the washing, take two of the children to the orthodontist, get dinner on for my family of seven, and attend my Spanish class at 7 o'clock. When the daily routine is over, I'll collapse in that chair in the garden, and we'll think! It should be so much more pleasant than doing it over the ironing board or the stove!

LOUANNA G. RITTER
Broadalbin, N.Y.

Dear Editors: Congratulations for publishing JUST THINKING, and thank you, Mr. Philip Wylie, for writing it. It was refreshing and thought-provoking. Please give us more articles of this type.

On page 50, I found these words: "Solitude can be created in the mind. . . ." This is the secret of a true thinker. Many years ago a very wise man called it, "the secret place of the most High."

MRS. C. K. KNICKERBOCKER
Portland, Oreg.

DEADLY FAVOR

Dear Editors: I thank you for your article THE DEADLY FAVOR in the November *Ladies' Home Journal.* It was, I think, one of the most thought-provoking articles written on this serious menace to our society.

As the mother of an adopted child, I cannot help but shudder at the needless slaughter of the helpless unborn. Now, whenever I look down into my son's dark-blue eyes or watch tiny baby fingers clutch my hand, a very large lump rises in my throat when I think of the probable consequences if his natural mother had sought help from the hucksters of the "deadly favor."

MRS. HOWARD MAXON
Cocoa Beach, Fla.

Dear Editors: Your article about the practice of illegal abortions was both shortsighted and trite. If one million of these abortions are performed per year, then it must be obvious that one million or more women, many of whom are children, are subjected to unnecessary torment, degradation and mortal danger because they fulfilled the natural desire of every normal human being, namely, sex. Why should they be subjected to unspeakable tortures and mental anguish for gratifying a need as basic as that of hunger or thirst? How many lives are wasted, ruined by the stigma of illegitimacy? How many suicides are a result of one moment of indiscretion?

Surely in this modern world, abortion should be thought of as a necessity instead of a crime. If abortion were legalized and sex were made beautiful instead of sinful and all our prosaic ideas about love between humans were reformed, then perhaps many of the mental institutions would be half-empty instead of overcrowded.

MRS. MARION CURBELO
Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Editors: I want to commend Muriel Davidson for THE DEADLY FAVOR in November's *Journal.* It was an extremely well-written article, and I found myself sickened after reading only a page and a half. This article should be made available to all teen-agers and parents, both male and female.

MRS. P.W.
Assumption, Ill.

Dear Editors: What is all this piousness and glibness about the disaster of destroying human life—barely formed—when hypocritically, we permit fallout, smog and eventual overpopulation (ironic!) to envelop and destroy human life with rationalization or an air of resignation?

There is something terribly wrong in a society in which there is no legal course of action for a woman who, for sound reasons, does not want to have a child. Adults sit down every day with their doctors to make decisions which involve risk to human life but which seem to be, all things considered, the best course to follow. It is a personal decision. In the case of abortion as well it is wrong and very dangerous for society to make a blanket judgment which should be made by those persons best able to be realistic about the circumstances; the woman, her doctor and her husband, if she has one.

(Continued on page 11)

Milk of Magnesia is the laxative doctors recommend and . . .

Lots of people think the mint flavor in Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the best thing that's happened to laxatives in a long time. It makes the world's best laxative the best tasting, too.

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REGULAR OR
MINT-FLAVORED

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. He had to quit school at 13 to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

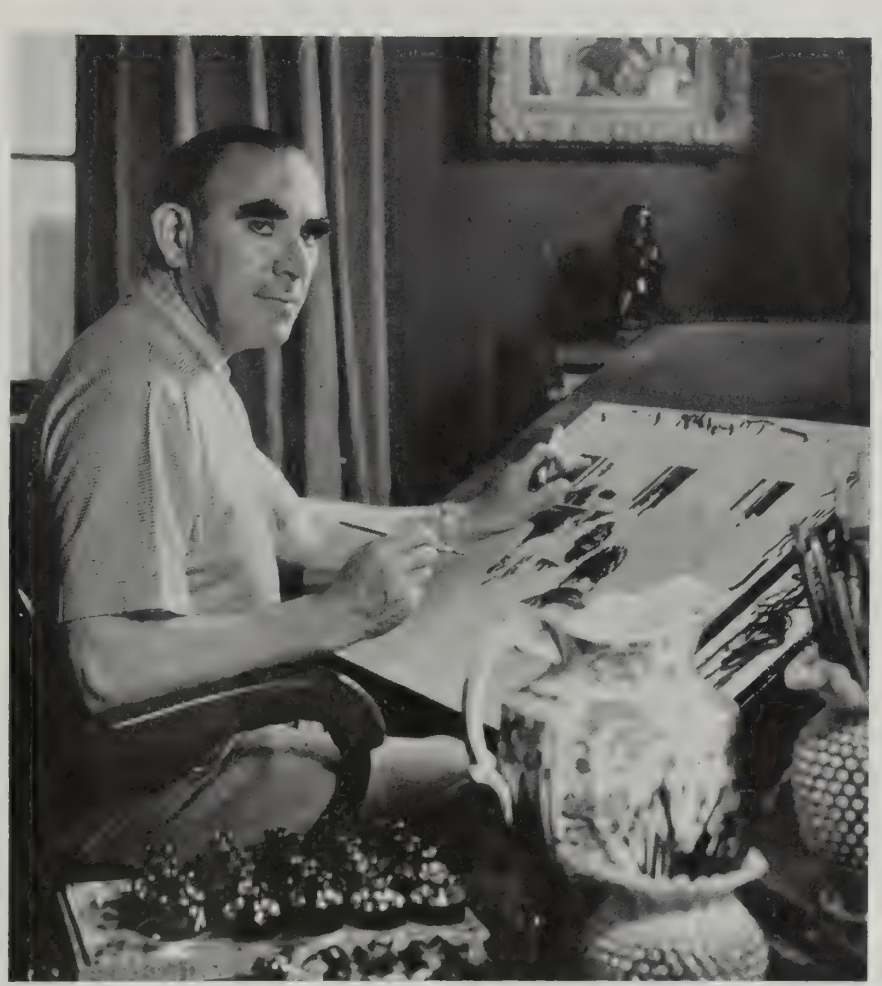
Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning $500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

Over 15 years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags-to-riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail the coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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1/2 pound bacon, diced, 1/2 cup chopped onion
4 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
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3/4 cup water, 1-1/2 cups chili sauce
1 pound frankfurters, 1 tablespoon Argo Corn Starch
2 tablespoons water. Cooked spaghetti or macaroni.

ombine bacon and onion in skillet, fry until bacon is crisp and ion is soft. Drain off excess fat. Stir in Worcestershire sauce, rup, salt, paprika, lemon juice, water and chili sauce. Bring to il. Reduce heat; cover, simmer 10 minutes. Add franks, simmer ntil franks are hot, about 8 minutes. Blend corn starch with 2 blespoons water, stir into sauce; stir and boil 1 minute. Serve on t spaghetti, ziti, or any other macaroni. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

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As for the notion that promiscuity would greatly increase if abortion were legalized (which implies a great increase in unwanted pregnancies), where is the statistical proof of this in countries where legalized abortion exists? There are many reasons for promiscuity, but being able to have operations is surely not a pleasant incentive.

MRS. R. E. HORN
New York, N.Y.

ATTENTION MISS CASEY

Dear Editors: I read your article, "10 going on 11 and 15 going on 16." I thought they were very nice. Then I read the letter about the jet heels. I am 14 going on 15 and I (and none of my friends) would be caught dead in jet heels, especially at school. Most of my friends and I wear sox (especially white) to school every day. If it's anything I detest, it is a 10-year-old trying to look 16.

This was just a note to tell you we don't all wear jet heels.

SOPHIA JO HIBBARD
Roswell, Ga.

Dear Editors: The letter of Michele Casey expressing her opinion of your article "10 going on 11" (July-August 1963) explains *very* clearly why the problems of JEALOUSY WAS THEIR CHILDISH WEAPON OF TORTURE and THE DEADLY FAVOR (November 1963) are current and growing problems. Both the articles and Michele are perfect examples of parental approval of too much, too soon.

The 11-year-old styles you featured are lovely and would be a welcome change in the United States if widely adopted *and enforced* by parents. The styles approximate the styles of Europe, where most well-dressed women, who can afford it, come to buy, and the others with good taste copy, where 99 percent of the children are dressed appropriately for their ages.

I have three daughters—11, 14 and 16—who *beg* for Spanish clothes in preference to my sending home (the U.S.) for them. All three are clothes-conscious and all three of them liked your clothes article very much.

MRS. JOHN J. GALLAGHER
Madrid, Spain

FORUM ON JOURNAL FICTION

Dear Editors: It's very seldom I write a letter of criticism, but I have just finished reading the October *Ladies' Home Journal* and was very disappointed in your selection of fiction. All of the stories were depressing and left me with a bad taste.

With the little time I have for reading, I like stories that make me put the magazine down with a smile, not a nagging doubt, as was the case in all these stories, as none has a real ending.

Please pick out more cheerful subjects, as I'm sure other readers feel the same.

MRS. FRANK J. DOMKE
Highland Park, Mich.

Dear Editors: I want you to know your efforts in the last several issues of the *Journal* have been greatly appreciated.

I appreciate immensely the opportunity to read fiction of the moment without struggling for the book at a library. And your article on abortion touches an issue of vital moment which has been unmentionable for far too long.

MRS. HERBERT K. NORTHRUP
Haverford, Pa.

Dear Editors: Please, don't tell me the *Journal* is going to start printing "sick" material? After reading THE MIDNIGHT VOICE in the October issue, I was nauseated to think that the *Journal* would print such dribble! It's not even good literature, there's no plot and no climax.

After a day of fighting with diapers and baby bottles (we have three babies; a little girl, 21 months old and twins, a boy and a girl, 8 months old) I like to lose myself in a good, exciting story. I'm not in the least interested in reading about an insipid, neurotic man who can't stand a poor little cricket!

MRS. WILLIAM TAYLOR
Troy, N Y.

Dear Editors: We thank you for publishing Harvey Jacobs' THE MIDNIGHT VOICE. There is nothing but nothing like a fine short story!

PROF. MAURIE HILLSON
Fairleigh Dickinson University
Teaneck, N.J.

Dear Editors: Thanks for the beautiful and moving Chekhov story, LATE-BLOOMING FLOWERS in the November '63 issue of the *Journal.* Congratulations on the selection of this eloquent human and social document, and best wishes from an old subscriber.

MARION PILPEL
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editors: I just have to express my admiration for the story THE FAKE by Romain Gary. I have never read a more perfect gem in contemporary literature. It should become a classic.

MRS. JOHN BONGIOVANNI
New Kensington, Pa.

THE LAMBS

Dear Editors: In your November magazine is one of the most exciting ideas in the world. HELP IS A WARM PUPPY was one of the most thrilling articles I have ever read. If this brilliant idea doesn't do something to revolutionize work with the mentally retarded, I shall be very surprised indeed.

By printing this article I'm sure you will eventually be helping many more people who might never have become acquainted with this marvelous solution to a very widespread problem.

ELEANOR SIMON
Pearl River, N.Y.

COVER FOR COUNTRY FOLKS

Dear Editors: How refreshing to see a pretty, natural, alive-looking girl on the cover of the November *Journal.*

City folks may have gotten used to looking at those thin, tired, over-made-up models, but we country folks just never will.

JOAN POLLARD
De Witt, Ark.

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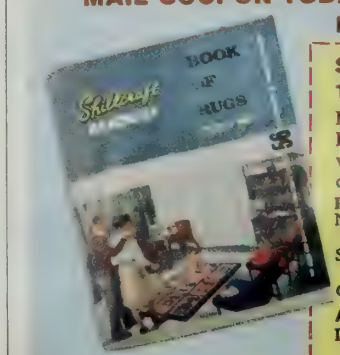

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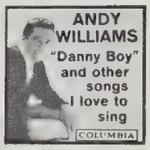
1148. Also: How I Got Over, Just Over The Hill, etc.

1211. Because of You, Rags to Riches, Just in Time, 12 in all *

1021. The Moon Was Yellow, You Stepped Out of a Dream, etc.



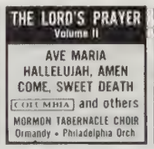
1128. Secret Love, It Could Happen to You, Misty, Tammy, etc.

CLASSICAL FAVORITES

1068. "Most dazzling technician ever!" — Chicago Daily News

1109. "Virtuosity in the grand style!" — Montreal Gazette

1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular compositions



1091. More vital songs from world's best-loved choir

1103. "Brilliant performance...lush... rich."-Musical Amer.

TEEN HITS

1187. Teens top drum plays for your dancing pleasure

1144. Also: Charms, Our Winter Love, Ruby Baby, etc.

1192. Also: A Greater Love, I Laughed So Hard I Cried, etc.

1005. Also: Truly Do, Come Softly to Me, Confidential, etc.

1185. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.

FOLK & COUNTRY MUSIC

1064. Also: I Still Miss Someone, One More Ride, etc.

1219. Also: Golden Bells, Louisiana Lou, Fire, etc.

1194. Also: Midnight Special; Whoa, Back, Buck; etc.

1207. Hear The Wind Blow, Nine Pound Hammer, 12 in all

1217. Also: Freight Train Blues, You're No Good, etc.

SHOW MUSIC

1214. With Barbara Cook. "One of the finest!"—Billboard

1199. "Superb...all the beauty, nobility captured."-HiFi Rev.

1129. And This Is My Beloved, Stranger in Paradise, etc. *

1205. Gone with The Wind, The Apartment, Exodus, 12 in all

1213. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek

GREAT JAZZ

1196. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos."-High Fid.

1178. Lonely Town, Capricious, Inside Impromptu, 7 in all

1028. Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails in the Sunset, etc.

1200. "Album of extreme beauty, sensitivity." — Down Beat

1136. Cantiga Nova Swing, Coracao Sensival, 10 in all

BEST OFFER EVER!

ANY 6

of the records described on these two pages — in your choice of

REGULAR or STEREO

FREE

if you begin your membership by purchasing any one of these records — and agree to buy only six additional selections from over 400 to be offered in the coming 12 months

HERE'S A RECORD FESTIVAL TO SUIT EVERY MUSICAL TASTE! Whether you wish to "attend" a concert under the stars, an old-fashioned hoe down, a theater party, or an inspired performance of the great classics . . . you will thrill to America's outstanding recording stars. And, if you act now, you can have ANY SIX of the exciting records described on these two pages — FREE!

Simply write in the numbers of the SIX records you wish to receive FREE on the attached postage-paid card. Then choose another record as your first selection . . . for which you will be billed only $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo). In short, you will receive seven records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your seven records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening & Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television & Musical Comedies; Country & Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining music Magazine, which you will receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested, or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase six additional records from the more than 400 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you do wish to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MAIL THE CARD TODAY to receive your six free records and first selection.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

*** Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.**

More than 1,750,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Indiana

MOOD MUSIC

1216. Ramona, Dixie, My Blue Heaven, At Sundown, 16 others

1209. Also: Sleepy Lagoon, Flamingo, Time Was, etc.

1151. Also: Clair de Lune, Adventure in Paradise, Taboo, etc.

1153. Also: Faust, La Boheme, Madame Butterfly, etc.

1179. Chances Are, Just Walking in The Rain, 12 in all

© Columbia Records Distribution Corp., 1964 706/564

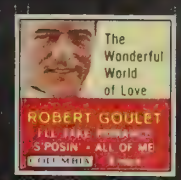
. Also: I Wanna oved, etc. (Not able in stereo)

1024. The Good Life, Someone to Love, If I Love Again, 9 more

1046. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Remember You, etc.

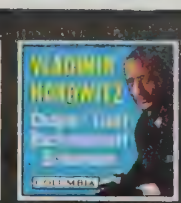
1166. "A brilliant musical score!" — New York Times

1014. Also: Wasn't the Summer Short?, Marianna, etc.



1022. Also: Mean to Me, Then You'll Be Happy, etc.

1155. Also: Home On The Range, Tennessee Waltz, etc.



1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

. Also: Baby Elnt Walk, Peter , Mr. Lucky, etc.

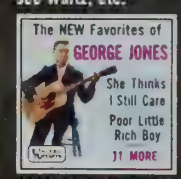
1174. Also: Stormy Weather, When The Sun Comes Out, etc.

1095. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos

1127. Dansero, One Note Samba, Melodie d'Amour, 12 in all

1167. Also: Diamond Head, Magnificent Seven, 12 in all

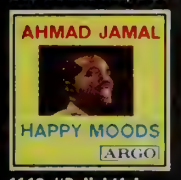
1138. Also: Scarlet Mist, Quiet Village Bossa Nova, etc.



1041. Also: She Once Lived Here, What Am I Worth, etc.

1133. Also: The End of The World, He'll Only Hurt You, etc.

. Also: Laura, ver and Ever, -Tico, etc.



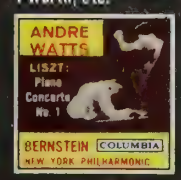
1119. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire

1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosophizin', etc.

1018. Malaguena, My Romance, Lady of Spain, 12 in all

1034. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all



1074. Historic debut of an "astonishing talent."—Time

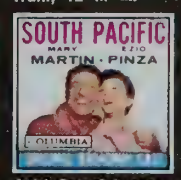
1048. Also: Ciao, Ciao, Bambina; Piscatore; etc.

. "Performances really sparkle glow."—HighFid.

1008. Also: Green Onions, Red River Rock, Calcutta, etc.

1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful . . . a powerful, vital statement!"—Hi Fi Review

1004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Tani, Greenfields, 9 more



1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

1130. Also: All The Love, Come Softly to Me, Hey Baby, etc.

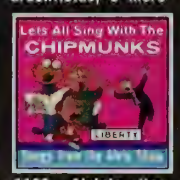
1032. "Rich melodic score...brilliant." — N.Y. Journal-Amer.

0. Down to Darby, y's Mule, The Older, 9 more

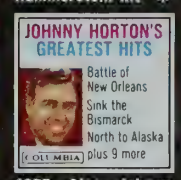
1060. Born to Lose, Four Walls, I Walk the Line, 12 in all

1025. "Probably his best recording ever."—Life

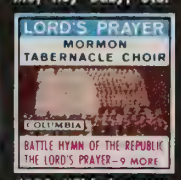
1173. A wide panorama of recorder music past and present



1186. Alvin's Harmonica, Old MacDonald Cha Cha Cha, etc.

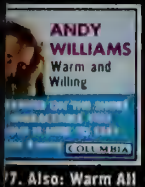


1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

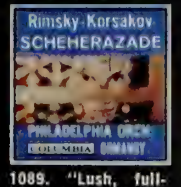


1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

1023. Also: Love War Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

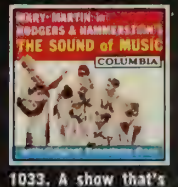


7. Also: Warm All r, More Than You w, etc.



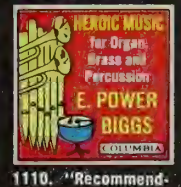
1089. "Lush, full-blown, romantic." — The Atlantic

1055. Shenandoah, Blow the Man Down, A-Roving, 11 more *



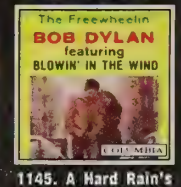
1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1043. Midnight in Moscow, Stranger on the Shore, 12 in all



1110. "Recommended . . . overwhelming."—High Fidelity

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *



1145. A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, It's All Right, 12 more

93. "A work of nius . . . colossal ore!"—High Fid.

1175. Also: Twist and Shout, Playboy. (Not available in stereo)

1016. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc. *

1096. "Electrifying performance...overwhelming."-HiFiRev.

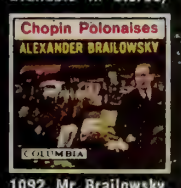
1007. Also: Pretty Lies, My Little Corner of the World, etc.

1123. "It soars and it swings...a breakthrough."—Playboy

1036. Also: Smile, Some Like It Hot, Magnificent 7, etc.

1069. Bold, thrilling interpretation of a superb symphony

80. Also: Swingin' hool, etc. (Not ailable in stereo)



1092. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N. Y. Times

1065. Also: Dusty Winds, I'll Walk Alone, Lolene, etc.

1156. Monkey, One Fine Day, Hot Fudge, twelve in all

1078. "Performances of rare loveliness."—St. Louis Globe-Dem.

1026. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

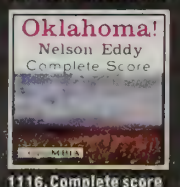
1039. Mr. Lonely, I Can't Help It, True Love, Crying, 8 more

14. Cry Your Eyes t; My Heart, Your art; 12 in all

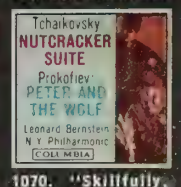
1182. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not available in stereo)

1152. Nine hilarious numbers. "It's great fun!"—Playboy

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

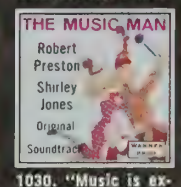


1116. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit *



1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

1050. Take This Hammer, Salty Dog Blues, Mama Blues, 10 more



1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker

76. Also: King of ngs, Lili Marlene, Strada, etc.

1052. Also: Lookin' for Love, The Girl Can't Help It, etc.

1122. "Excellent . . . first-rate performance."—S.F.Chron. *

1181. "Happy, zestful . . . most captivating."—N.Y. News

1195. The performance is "most beautiful."—The Atlantic

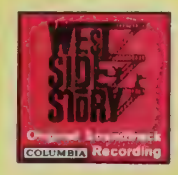
1142. Also: Memphis, Honolulu Lulu, Tallahassee Lassie, etc.

1059. Also: Over the Rainbow, Never on Sunday, etc.

1157. Also: Call Me Irresponsible, I Wanna Be Around, etc.

1163. America's most popular folk singers delight with: Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land is Your Land; 10 more

1002. Andy sets new standards for old standards such as: When You're Smiling, What Kind of Fool Am I?, etc.



1037. Universally acclaimed winner of 11 Academy Awards. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

1073. Ormandy conducts a bravura performance with: "lavish color . . . rhythmic verve." —High Fidelity

1061. The most exciting new singer in years! Included are: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

1012. Johnny Cash's sensational new album. Forty Shades of Green, What Do I Care, Peace in The Valley, etc.

1017. The inimitable Conniff sound is highlighted in: The Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Mack The Knife, etc.

1098. Leonard Bernstein plays and conducts with "fierce impact and momentum." — N. Y. World-Telegram

1009. The surf sound at its wildest; a new high for The Ventures, Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, others

1010. Rollicking, rousing folk singing. Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, I Know Where I'm Goin', etc.

1011. This dazzling duo also plays: Near You, Exodus, Autumn Leaves, Canadian Sunset, Quiet Village, Bewitched, etc.

1054. A sumptuous outpouring of glorious melodies. A Taste of Honey, Fly Me to The Moon, Desafinado, etc.

ESCAPE the skin tortures of winter!

Get fast, effective 5-way WINTER SKIN RELIEF with DERMASSAGE

1. PROMOTES HEALING of chapped, dry, cracked, irritated skin; chafed backs, knees, and elbows.
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TRY NEW SUPER-MOISTURIZING **DERMASSAGE SKIN CREAM**

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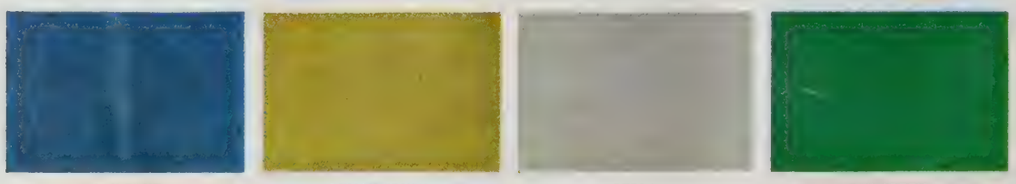
SALLY VICTOR SUEDE HAT. . . MATCHING PURSE

JOURNAL ORIGINAL NO. 8: Beguiling hat designed by Sally Victor and a matching purse. Journal Original No. 8 Kit contains a beautiful imported suede skin (Janice Leathers) in any of the colors below, the pattern, lining and easy-to-follow directions for making the hat, plus a hand-polished, gold-finished 8-inch frame with a swing-away chain handle. Extra purse covers can be made to match any costume, and are easily attached to the patented frame (PURSEnalities). This suede hat and bag make perfect accents for the beautiful spring suits and coats on pages 70–73. A truly distinctive and outstanding buy for $10.98.



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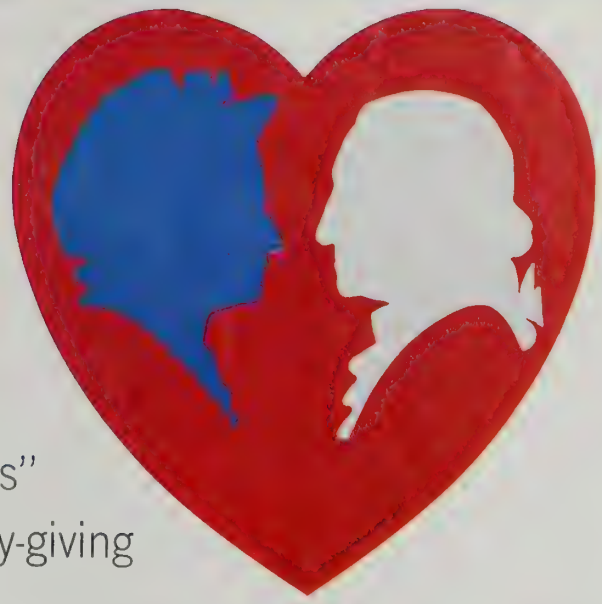


8 quick "efficiencies"
for February party-giving

Let ScotTowels help you wrap up work and throw it away!

1. Tint coconut by shaking it with food coloring in jar, then draining on thirsty ScotTowels. (No food coloring handy? Maraschino cherry juice will do the job.) Decorate cake on another big ScotTowel. No coconut or frosting to wipe from counter.

2. Fix party sandwiches on big, absorbent ScotTowels. Toss away crusts, crumbs, dribbles in the ScotTowels. No counter clean-up necessary. (A damp ScotTowel placed over the sandwich tray will keep bread fresh and moist till serving time.)

3. Break greens into bowl lined with thirsty ScotTowels. Remove towels at last minute. Crisp salad every time!

4. Shell shrimp over strong ScotTowels. Toss away shells, veins, and ScotTowels in one step. (No fishy odor if you add cinnamon stick to water when boiling shrimp.)

5. Dry stainless flatware with soft, thirsty ScotTowels—water spots disappear! They're great for stainless steel sinks too. Don't streak or leave lint.

6. Shine brass chafing dish and candlesticks with wet-strength ScotTowels, lemon juice and salt. No stained rags.

7. Drain glassware on soft ScotTowels to prevent chipping. Dry with big ScotTowels too. No lint on glass.

8. For hand drying or mop-ups, hosts will welcome a ScotTowel Holder full of big ScotTowels at the snack bar.

Here's why ScotTowels do all these jobs so well

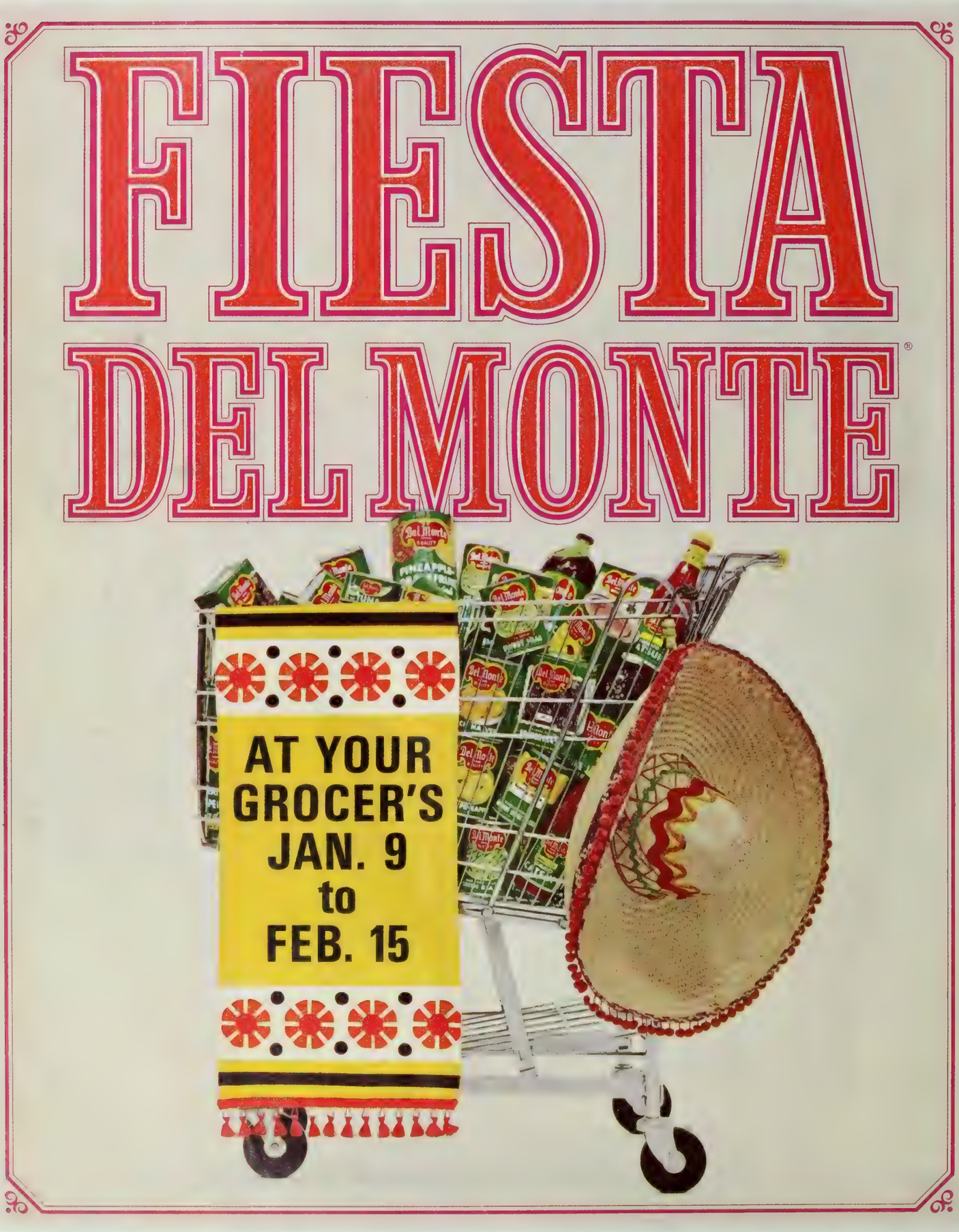
They are a unique combination of all the things you want in a towel. ScotTowels are super absorbent to give you extra drying power. Now softer than ever too. The most efficient way to do so many jobs, from fixing food to drying hands. No wonder ScotTowels far outsell all other brands. Get the Regular or convenient Big Roll size today.

Put a ScotTowel between you and messy clean-up chores

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

Take a half hour vacation at your grocer's (Bring bacl

You can begin planning your trip in your own kitchen. Take a look in the cupboards. Now's the time to stock up on famous DEL MONTE Foods. When your family asks what you did today, tell them you went South of the Border. Then wink. You can keep it a secret until after they help with the dishes.



some great souvenirs.)

1. Picture yourself in the catsup section at your grocer's. The band strikes up a Paso Doble as you spear DEL MONTE 20-ounce Family Size bottle. Big bright flavor—ole!

2. An interesting side trip going through vegetable land. There's real scenic beauty over here. DEL MONTE Sweet Peas, Green Beans, Golden Sweet Corn.

3. Take a siesta in the colorful, romantic juice section. No duty or customs on DEL MONTE Prune, Pineapple, Pineapple-Grapefruit or Tomato Juice.

4. No vacation is complete without a couple of great souvenirs. Pick up some DEL MONTE Brand Peaches or Fruit Cocktail or Pineapple. Mucho Flavor.

5. DEL MONTE spoken here. Just ask for raisins or prunes. That gentleman in the grocer's apron is a native. Very friendly. Part of the local color.

6. Fishing is fine. Hook into some DEL MONTE Tuna in the Seafood section. Isn't that Alice, your neighbor over there? You'll see a lot of your friends on this vacation

A TOAST TO VICTOR GOODHOST

A key to what the etiquette books never tell you.

By PEG BRACKEN

Most etiquette books seem to contain more gravy than meatballs. They tend to shut their eyes to life as it is lived. But not every story has a jolly ending, nor every situation a perfect solution.

Bearing these things in mind, then, let us consider the existing cold war between the smoker and the nonsmoker.

Smokers and nonsmokers will never see eye to eye. The nonsmoker can't comprehend that good raw clutch at the bronchials and the resultant feeling of dim placidity which the smoker feels with his first drag on a fresh cigarette. The smoker can't understand what the nonsmoker does with his time.

The best the two can hope for is an armed truce.

In all fairness it must be admitted that smokers annoy nonsmokers more seriously and more often than the other way around. I know of no smoker who ever got sick from watching a nonsmoker not smoking. But I do know some people who turn pea green at one sniff of the smoke from a cigarette or a pipe or a cigar.

Furthermore, the smoker's sins against etiquette outnumber the nonsmoker's five to one. Still, the nonsmoker can usually comfort himself as he digs the butts out of the dirt around his philodendron, by reflecting on the latest lung-disease statistics. And the smoker can always assuage his hurt feelings—caused by that lady's icy stare on the bus—by lighting another cigarette.

Remember, too, that smokers annoy *other* smokers. One complicating factor is the international butting order: The pipe smoker looks down on the cigarette smoker, and they both look down on the cigar smoker.

So let us consider the basic rules each group should abide by, in order to live in moderate comfort together.

The nonsmoker ought to provide some decent ashtrays—smaller than a breadbox, bigger than a tangerine, and grooved for the specific purposes of keeping cigarettes from (a) burning themselves out, and (b) slipping off onto the tabletop; no porcelain pin trays; no Lalique shells—in his quarters, at least one ashtray per room. This will help cut down the number of cigarette butts in the potted plants.

He shouldn't expect to be asked, by a cigarette smoker, if he objects to smoking, unless he is over 90 or unless this ill-matched pair is in a small, closed compartment, like a telephone booth. Asking permission is expected today only of pipe and cigar smokers.

He mustn't whisk an ashtray away the minute it holds an ash, for the smoker doesn't really notice these things until his ashtray runneth over. The big danger here is that the nonsmoker will whisk away an ashtray holding the true shank of the smoke: A cigarette which has burned down to its—for the smoker—precisely perfect length and feeling of lived-with comfort. (With some smokers this is one and five eighths inches; with others, one and one half.) All the smoker can do then is light another cigarette and start over.

And the nonsmoker must use a pleasant Approach Direct instead of a pained look, when the wind wafts smoke in his face. He must *ask* the smoker please to move his cigarette or the ashtray. (Smokers are often absentminded and unperceptive, although they don't mean to annoy people. But pained looks annoy *them*, and they tend to answer with a good puff.)

On the other hand, the smoker shouldn't smoke in elevators. Cigarette smokers are prone to palm their cigarettes for the short ride down to five, which is against most building regulations and burns holes in people's clothes.

He mustn't smoke where there are NO SMOKING signs, for these usually mean business. It is bad form to explode a planeload of people or blow a hospital sky-high.

He must use whatever self-control he can scrape together, on long bus rides, especially in bad weather when the windows are closed.

He mustn't go smoking to the table when he is a dinner guest in someone's house. Perhaps it holds no ashtrays; the hostess may have planned to set them forth later. If she does not, by the end of the meal, the smoker may correctly ask for one.

Pipe smokers have long been considered the nobility of the smoking fraternity, for reasons that are not immediately clear, and the longer you think about them, the fuzzier these reasons become.

The pipe smoker's ashtray, full of decayed yellow pipe cleaners garnished with dottle, is actually pretty disgusting, no matter how virile the pipe smoker may look biting his briar. Pipe smokers should clean up after themselves, and quickly.

Also, remembering that some people dislike pipes just on general principles, from the pipe smoke itself to the sucking noises pipe smokers so often make while playing with them, the pipe smoker should, in most indoor situations, ask permission. Then, when he gets it, he should pay particular attention to audience reaction. The all-pervasive aroma of some of the sweet rum-fudge-and-butterscotch tobacco mixtures would gag a goat.

Cigar smokers must always ask permission anywhere. And they mustn't leave those big, fat, chewed, soggy cigar butts in ashtrays. They can bury them or flush them or swallow them—no matter, but they must do something.

Etiquette rules for the woman smoker are the same as those for men, except for the fact that she can't smoke on the street and look ladylike. Even today, this gives her a Sadie Thompson or beatnik or washerwoman effect, depending on her age and build.

Now, two errors in etiquette are still committed occasionally by women smokers. One is never having cigarettes or matches, only the habit. Most men consider this fairly charmless. (And these lassies learn quickly, of course, that they can't get away with it at all with other women.)

The second error is expecting her cigarettes to be lit for her, even though matches are on the table beside her. I know a camellia blossom who will sit endlessly with cigarette poised, waiting for some man to quit whatever he's doing and light it. This is bad manners, for it makes other people uncomfortable, and it is not the action of a lady but of a blob of glup.

Which brings up the question: When *should* a man light a woman's cigarette?

Most women would answer, *not* when he must cross the room to do so. If a man lunges with a lighter from 15 feet away every time she fumbles for a fag, a woman will presently get the uneasy feeling that she's smoking too much.

DRINKING MANNERS

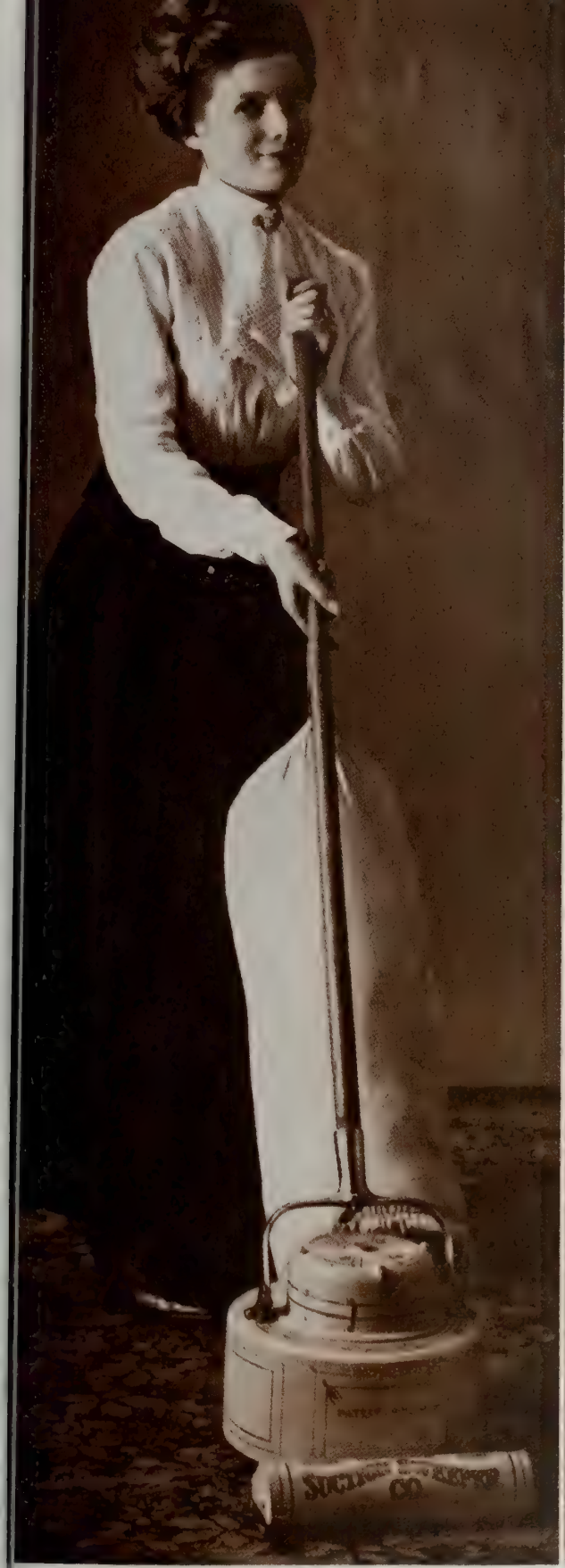
> Drinking is in reality an occupation which employs a considerable proportion of the time of many people; and to conduct it in the most rational and agreeable manner is one of the great arts of living.
>
> —JAMES BOSWELL

Now, some people think that showing a pretty reluctance about having another drink makes finally having it more virtuous. But this isn't so. It merely takes some of the fizz out of the soda, while a little enthusiasm puts some in.

Another thing: In definitely *refusing* a drink at any time, you needn't say, "No, thanks, I don't drink"—after all, no one asked you that, exactly—or "It's too early in the day for me." This one may have the drink profferer thinking nervously that it's probably too early for him, too, but he won't like you for bringing the subject up. A simple "No, thanks" is always sufficient.

In this matter of proffering drinks, it is wise of Victor *(Continued on page 22)*

© 1964 BY PEG BRACKEN. THIS IS THE SECOND OF SEVERAL CHAPTERS TAKEN FROM PEG BRACKEN'S BOOK, "I TRY TO BEHAVE MYSELF," TO BE PUBLISHED IN MARCH BY HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC



It's a woman's right not to change her mind...

Styles have changed since grandma's day, but not the way women depend on Hoover around the house. That's been the same since 1908.

It's a woman's right to change her mind about hemlines and necklines. But for more than fifty-six years the American homemaker has been steadfast in preferring the Hoover vacuum cleaner.

Small wonder. From the very first, the Hoover has been designed for thoroughness, ease of use, and dependability.

In 1926, Hoover introduced a new principle in vacuums. "It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans". And thirty-eight years later you'll find it still on the job in thousands of homes.

Today's Hoover upright cleaner, the Dial-A-Matic, carries on in this tradition. It's lighter, quieter, more powerful than its predecessors. Picks up more dirt . . . faster. Completely modern in design and performance, but with a careful craftsmanship that's downright old-fashioned in the hurry-up world of 1964.

We think that's the way you want it. If you didn't, you'd have changed your mind about Hoover a long time ago.

See the complete family of fine Hoover appliances at your dealer soon.

Hoover.

MADE FROM

100% Golden Corn Oil

CONTAINS ALMOST ONE CUP OF LIQUID CORN OIL

Both margarines sold on West Coast in familiar cube form.

Lowest in Saturated Fat

of the nation's leading margarines

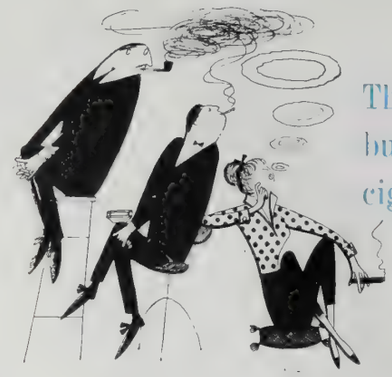
Delicious Fleischmann's Margarine is ideal for low saturated fat diets many doctors recommend. Of the nation's leading margarines, Fleischmann's is lowest in saturated fat because it's made from 100% corn oil, with almost one cup of liquid corn oil in every pound. And scientific research indicates liquid corn oil such as used in Fleischmann's Margarine helps reduce the saturated fat content of the diet. Ask your doctor how Fleischmann's Margarine can help reduce the saturated fat content of *your* family's diet.

Fleischmann's also comes Unsalted. It's ideal for low-sodium diets. Get Fleischmann's Unsalted (Sweet) Margarine in the frozen food section.

Fleischmann's

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN OIL MARGARINES

 continued from page 20



The international butting order: pipe over cigarette over cigar.

Goodhost to ask not a general "What'll you have?" but a specific "Would you like Scotch? Bourbon? Rye? Sherry? A Martini?"

And, in reply, Shalimar Goodguest doesn't say she'd like a Chelsea Sidecar. And she doesn't say, "Oh, whatever you're drinking" or "Whatever's the least trouble." Shalimar is a big girl now and must take it for granted that her host stands ready, able and willing to prepare whatever he listed. (Once I knew a girl who would wrinkle her pretty nose, when asked if she wanted a Manhattan, and say, "Let's see, is that the one with the olive or the cherry?" but this never went over too well.)

Another point of etiquette Victor Goodhost might observe—a point important to female guests—is this one:

He can let them know if he is using an outsize jigger, particularly if the drink is a strong-flavored one which hides the taste of the liquor. A Bloody Mary that's half vodka and half tomato juice will torpedo the unsuspecting customer before she knows it, which isn't fair.

Also, he can quit refilling half-empty cocktail glasses. *The time to refill a cocktail glass is when it is empty.* Then Shalimar has some idea of how merry she is actually becoming.

Some women, it is true, have their own personal gauges. A friend of mine says that on the first drink she sees clearly how witty her friends are. On the second she realizes how witty she is herself. On the third, when she knows she is beautiful too, she knows it is time to eat. But not everyone is so clear-sighted.

As you may have noticed, we seem to be in the middle of a cocktail party, where we may as well stay for a bit, in order to touch on some of its more liquid aspects.

Cocktail parties have been greatly maligned, usually by people who keep going to them. The fact is, the cocktail party has much in its favor. Going to one is a good way of indicating that you're still alive and about, if such is the case, and that you're glad other people are, without having to spend an entire evening proving it.

Let's take first things first.

It is an important point of etiquette for Victoria Goodhost to make crystal clear, in her invitation, the extent of her intended *largesse*. If this is to be a low-budget show, with whiskey and peanuts (as many good cocktail parties are), her guests are forewarned and can proceed with their own personal dinner plans.

This is especially important in inviting people who'll have to hire baby-sitters or who live at a distance. Mrs. Goodhost must make it immediately clear that there'll be no dinner, for most people aren't thirsty enough to go to all that trouble for a drink. They can then regret, swiftly and gracefully. If she plans to serve elaborate food, it's only fair to come straight out and call it a Cocktail Buffet.

Now, if the Goodhosts are giving a small party--say, seven or eight people—good manners don't necessitate the fancy footwork one often sees as host and hostess strive never to be out of the room simultaneously. Guests can always find something to talk about, even though it's only to criticize the wallpaper. Also, too much attention to this foolish detail has the guests thinking you're afraid they'll steal the silver.

If it is a *large* cocktail party, the Goodhosts needn't introduce everyone to everyone either. In this situation the roof is the introduction. After a guest has been introduced to one or two people, he makes his own way, which he'd much rather do, of course, than meet 30 strangers all at once. Also, the hostess who continually breaks into conversational groups to introduce someone they'd eventually meet anyway is a true disaster. This isn't to say that the Goodhosts shouldn't keep an ear cocked to all the talk, when they can. Should it head for channels uncomfortable to someone, it is their business to steer it around the reefs. And if subtlety doesn't work, bluntness will. Victoria can say quite clearly, "I prefer that we change the subject." As captain, she can run a taut ship if she likes.

She can even—properly—toss people overboard. A friend of mine was standing beside her hostess at a cocktail buffet when a young Chinese medical student came up to speak to her. The three were chatting when a jovial tosspot named Jones joined them, embraced the hostess and boomed in the general direction of the student, "You Chinee?"

The hostess immediately called one of the caterer's men. "Mr. Jones is just leaving," she said. "Will you help him find his coat and see that he gets in his car?" Mr. Jones seemed puzzled, but he left meekly.

Just a few more points for the host here, before we come to the guest at the party, who has his little problems too.

HOW TO KEEP FROM RUNNING OUT OF LIQUOR, WHICH IS VERY POOR ETIQUETTE INDEED

You buy a good deal more of it than you think you'll need. *(Continued on page 25)*

Why your dentist may recommend Crest at your next checkup

Your dentist would much rather prevent cavities than fill them. So, in addition to the care he gives your family at six-month checkups, he may give advice for daily care at home.

He may show you how to brush. He may say what you should—or shouldn't—eat for fewer cavities. And he may recommend Crest.

If your dentist does recommend Crest, consider it a tribute to your good sense. He realizes that you will use Crest as a part of a good dental program—not as a substitute for it.

As an expert on oral health—and a good friend besides—your dentist stands ready to help you make your dental-health program even better. For your family's sake, why not ask him about Crest at your next checkup?

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care."

Council on Dental Therapeutics
American Dental Association

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Do your "picky" eaters measure up to this GOVERNMENT YARDSTICK FOR DAILY NUTRITION?

If not, they risk vitamin shortage that could lead to illness

U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Daily Nutrition "Yardstick"

- 2 to 4 cups of milk daily
- 4 servings of vegetables or citrus fruit daily
- 2 servings of meat, eggs, fish or other protein foods daily
- 4 servings or more of bread or other grain foods daily

U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Leaflet No. 424 recommends that you serve each person in your family the foods shown above, or their equivalent, every day to provide the vitamins and nutrients they need. If you don't, there is a risk of vitamin shortage that could lead to illness.

But you know how difficult a balanced diet can be, what with finicky eaters, meal missers and between-meal snackers.

However, you *can* protect your whole family against vitamin shortage—with One-A-Day® (Brand) Multiple Vitamins every day. Each tablet contains all the vitamins a child or adult normally needs to take.

One-A-Day provides only those vitamins considered essential by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. You don't pay for non-essential "extras" some formulas contain. And One-A-Day vitamins are compounded to the same exacting standards as medicines doctors prescribe.

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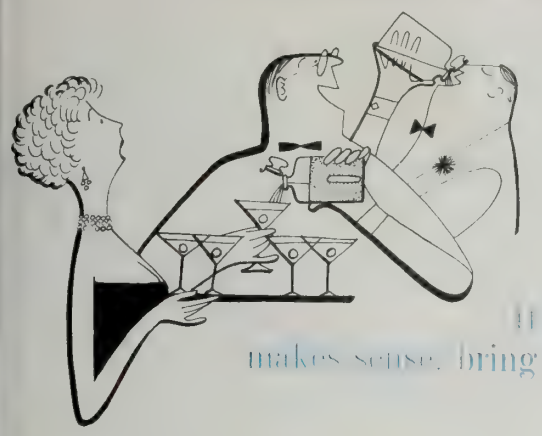

If you drink more than makes sense, bring a gift of good liquor.

Basically, figure three two-ounce drinks per customer. This means that one bottle (four fifths of a quart) will take care of almost five people. Then get another bottle of each type of liquor you're serving, for insurance purposes.

HOW TO KEEP FROM RUNNING OUT OF ICE

If you forgot to get big cellophane bags full and freeze them, and if you're short on ice-cube trays and neighbors, you can use plastic egg trays. They make pretty, half-spherical ice cubes, interesting in themselves.

But, actually, who has a lot of plastic egg trays? The best thing to do is just freeze water in an aluminum cake pan and chip it with an ice pick.

WHAT TO DO IF YOUR HUSBAND IS A POOR BARTENDER, OR IF YOU LIVE ALONE AND WOULD RATHER JOIN THE PARTY THAN TEND BAR BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO HIRE A BARTENDER

You ask one of the guests, in advance, if he will officiate.

Or you serve a cocktail punch rather than individual drinks. For a punch bowl you can use any big salad bowl or pot that you happen to have. Or, logically enough, you can use a punch bowl, bought, rented, or borrowed.

A good punch to make in it—not a knockout punch, but a punch which leaves people feeling merry rather than slugged—is the classic

FISH HOUSE PUNCH

2 quarts plain soda water
1 quart brandy
1 pint peach brandy
1 pint rum (light)
2 six-ounce cans of frozen lemon juice
1 cup light corn syrup, then taste it. Add ½ cup more if you like.

Mix all the ingredients except the soda water, and let them get acquainted for at least an hour. Then pour it all over a block of ice, or a flock of ice cubes, in your punch bowl. Add the soda water just before you serve it.

This makes approximately 148 ounces of drinking material, which isn't as lavish as it sounds because 84 ounces of it are noninebriating. Therefore, this serves about eight people adequately, and if you've invited more people than that, you'd better double it.

WHAT TO DO IF SOMEONE GETS SLUGGED ANYWAY

Actually, the Goodhosts should have foreseen this. After all, they've known Chuck for a long time. Unfortunately, though, the traits that get you into a situation usually prevent your solving it. The Goodhosts' warm hearts were responsible for including Chuck in the first place, and now these same warm hearts keep them from calling the cops.

The wisest thing Victoria Goodhost can do is make sure she has some thick soup keeping hot and hidden in the double boiler. She feeds it to him, with plenty of crackers. Any canned chowder or minestrone will do. This isn't *haute cuisine*, remember, it's just hot soup. After Chuck has had a couple of bowlfuls, she can then call a cab, and he can pick up his car the next day.

If the soup doesn't do it, he'll have to clutter up the guest room or the shakedown bed. But the Goodhosts owe it to Chuck and to society not to turn him loose on the freeway.

I know a host who controls, with fair success, his guests' alcoholic intake. Before a gathering, he mixes three big jars each of Martinis and Manhattans, in diminishing strengths (the No. 3 jug contains as much water as alcohol). And he serves three drinks, one from each. This conserves both his cash and the health of his guests, his motives being about half and half, like Jug No. 3.

Finally, there is always the matter of getting people to go home. At a cocktail party, guests should observe (or make a pass at observing, see below) the clearly stated curfew. If they don't, and the host and hostess have their own dinner plans or are simply tired, there is only one course open:

The hosts put on their own coats and hats at 7:30 (if the cocktail hour was announced as five to seven) and circulate among the guests looking harried and helpless. "We'd *no* idea it was so late," Victoria murmurs. "Do let me help you find your coat."

Then hosts and guests leave together, with the hosts taking a short ride or walk around the block.

Now for a brisk look at the points which Shalimar and Vladimir Goodguest should remember. (Cocktail-party-guest imperatives are comparatively few, which is one reason people like cocktail parties.)

They needn't arrive on time, of course. No one ever came to a five-to-eight cocktail affair at five except the cateress (and she should have arrived at 3:30). The larger the party, the wider the margin. The Goodguests may arrive at 7:45, if they like, though at that time they're apt to find the canapé plates stripped to the celery.

However, they must *leave* at eight o'clock, or at least *(Continued on page 26)*

In this package...Chef put

7 herbs and spices
4 plump tomatoes
2 pungent onions
2 cloves of garlic
And a big chunk of Parmesan cheese

All these fine foods are combined in a generations-old spaghetti sauce recipe. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee brought the recipe to this country more than fifty years ago from his Italian birthplace—*Castelnuovo Val Tibone.*

This glorious spaghetti sauce is quick-dried by a special process and brought to you with the freshness sealed in.

You add water and simmer. The result is spaghetti sauce as fine or finer than any you've ever tasted. Far fresher-tasting than other prepared sauces.

It tastes so fresh and good because you make it fresh. Make it Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® Spaghetti Sauce tonight.

HUNGER—IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

COUNTRIES:
Argentina, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Cameroun, Canada, Ceylon, Chile, Costa Rica, Egypt, England, Finland, France, Greece, Haiti, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Kenya, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Nigeria, Northern Rhodesia, Okinawa, Pakistan, Paraguay, Philippines, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Scotland, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, Republic of; Spain, Swaziland, Syria, Taiwan, Thailand, Turkey, Uruguay, United States (Indian, Negro, White), Vietnam, Western Germany.

25 YEARS SERVICE

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only $10.00 a month, you can "adopt" her, or thousands of other desperate youngsters in your choice of the 55 countries listed. CCF sponsors have shown their love to the world's children for 25 years in this unique person-to-person program—today assisting over 43,000 children in 500 projects.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

For Information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Richmond 4, Virginia

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in (Name Country)_____
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me child's name, story, address, picture. I understand I can correspond with the child and there is no obligation to continue adoption. I cannot "adopt" child but want to help by giving $_____.
GIFTS OF ANY AMOUNT ARE WELCOME.

Please send more information ☐

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ZONE_____
STATE_____

Gifts are deductible from income taxes. Canadians should write: Christian Children's Fund of Canada, 1139 Bay Street, Toronto 5.

Government Approved, Registered (VFA-080) with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

 continued from page 25

Keep a supply of hot soup ready for emergencies. Any kind will do.

make the proper motions. The Goodhosts can then urge them to stay or not.

(Had Victoria given this party preceding another affair—say, a community dinner or an art-museum showing—everyone would have a deadline—a most satisfactory state of affairs. Many hostesses entertain in this fashion for just that reason.)

Now, the Goodguests mustn't mention that they've just come from the Richenfatts' party, or are going on to the Hooplahs'. It makes a hostess feel sandwiched in to think of someone's going on to brighter pastures while she baby-sits with that tower of dirty glasses.

(Just as, of course, one shouldn't mention any party, past or future, in front of people who weren't invited, unless the party was ten years ago or 2,000 miles away. Even though there's no earthly reason why they *should* have been invited, they may feel faintly wounded. Many a mother drills this fact into her children, then forgets it herself, rehashing the events of last night's blast with Mrs. A., who was there, in front of Mrs. B., who wasn't. One's social life is best left a secret between one's self and one's hairdresser.)

And another thing: Shalimar and Vladimir can remember not to shake hands, at cocktail parties, unless the person to whom they're being introduced puts his hand out first. The hand that holds the highball is a damp and clammy mitt. Also, a woman—when a hand is proffered—must do a difficult juggling bit with purse, gloves, drink, and shrimp-on-a-toast-square, and it simply isn't worth it. She is, of course, gloveless when she eats, drinks, or smokes. Sometimes, to be sure, a girl will keep her gloves on for these activities (if she doesn't, who'll know she wore any, for heaven's sake, and anyway they're real French suede), but it has other people wondering which hay wagon she rode into town.

Most important of all, in order to be *truly* Goodguests, prepared for any contingency, Shalimar and Vladimir must make sure that their personal liability insurance policy is paid up and all in order. A payment of $12.50 annually allows them to do up to $10,000 worth of damage to someone else's property, which would admittedly be quite a party.

But just think of the superb manners Vladimir can show, the next time he burns a hole in the middle section of somebody's sofa! Instead of hiding it with a cushion, he can apologize fulsomely to Mrs. Goodhost and give her the name of his insurance company.

ON BRINGING YOUR OWN LIQUOR TO SOMEONE ELSE'S HOUSE

This is a touchy subject, for attitude vary with people and circles and situa tions and friendships and places. Som hosts are insulted at the thought. Other start to brighten the minute they se that long brown paper bag coming u the walk. One must know one's host.

In general, this can be said: If it is i any way a formal cocktail party, yo don't. If you drink more than make sense, and visit more often than you ar invited, it is good public relations t bring along an occasional gift of goo liquor. With a ribbon around it.

ON NOT DRINKING HARD LIQUOR

Arm-twisting is always bad form. someone says no, he doesn't want drink, it is best to leave it at that Maybe he just got rid of a big monke on his back. Or maybe he has a sma one which he doesn't want to grow u Or maybe he had six drinks before h came. In any case, it is, of course, h own business.

And it must be remembered that ther is nothing the matter with not drinkin Some perfectly nice people don't.

Iced tea is a good thing to keep hand for the person who doesn't drink bu doesn't want to advertise the fact.

So is ginger beer, which has a stoute taste than ginger ale, though that good too. Some ginger beers look lik pale whiskey-and-soda.

Then there is the SCHOOLMARM'S KISS—strong bouillon, with ice, served in a high ball glass.

And the WYATT EARP—half-and-ha orange and pineapple juice poured ove ice cubes in a Martini tumbler.

And the BLOODLESS MARY: Add a das of Worcestershire and a good dash Tabasco to tomato juice and pour it ove the ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass.

Then, should gin or vodka be the o der of the day, in tall drinks, a nonalc holic lemonade blends nicely with th background. You can make a good ine pensive one like this:

NONALCOHOLIC LEMONADE MIX

Squeeze the juice from eight lemon and mix it with a big can of grapefru juice and a pound of sugar. Keep it in big jar in the refrigerator, and when yo serve it, just put a tablespoonful into glass with ice and fill it up with water.

*This is better with gin in it.

Another chapter from Peg Bracken's boo "I Try to Behave Myself" will be pub lished in a forthcoming issue.

Give your family the pleasure of knowing our colorful American past...

This splendid $15 book,

"A TREASURY OF AMERICAN HERITAGE"

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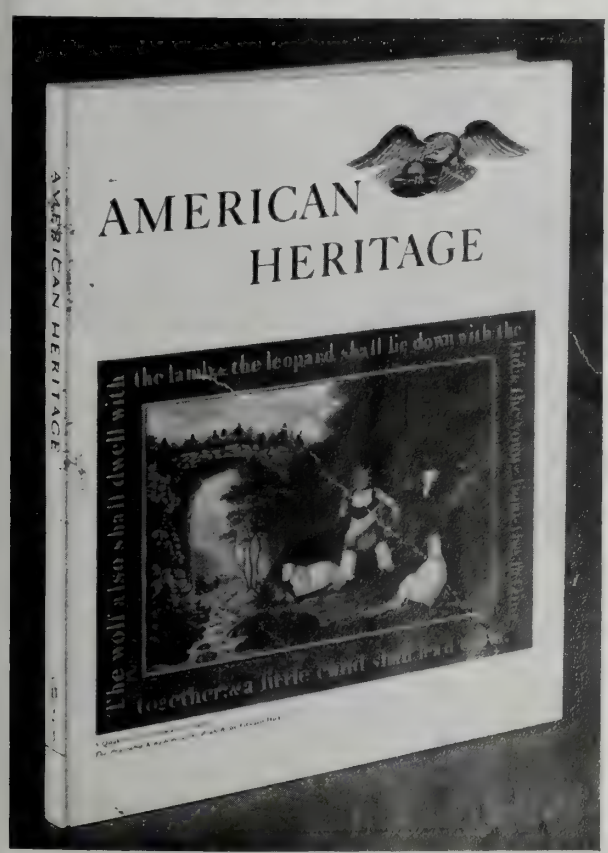

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS ARE LIKE PERSIAN CARPETS—IN ORDER TO ASSESS THEIR VALUE, ONE MUST EXAMINE THE STITCH.

DRAWING BY MARK ENGLISH

WORDS MAKE THE BOOK

By Rumer Godden

"The best. We want them to have the very best." How many young parents say that with determination and hope shining in their eyes? Most of us want something better for our children, and we make extraordinary sacrifices to achieve this end. It is this laudable determination, this hope and love, that makes us who are parents—and everyone who works with children—easy game for the deceptions of the commercial world.

With material things, things for the body, we are largely safeguarded; there are laws against food or drug adulteration, organizations that can often warn against dubious merchandise; but when it comes to things of the mind and spirit, a sham is far more difficult to recognize, so difficult that I think the perpetrators themselves often do not know what serious wrong they are doing.

"It's only a book for children. Why bother?" That is what many people say. "Does it matter much what children read as long as they are amused?" A child loves easy books or comics, we are told, and will ask for them over and over again. Of course! These are amusing, brightly colored, usually innocuous—but is that enough?

We all know that a baby kept too long on mushy food will not take to solids, and if we give children only this easy reading, accustom them to a "soft book" diet, with nothing to chew, as it were, nothing on which to exercise their intelligence and thought, very soon they will not be capable of reading or of having read to them anything on which they will have to use their minds, think about, reach up to. We would not give our children watered milk, stale eggs or meat substitute, but isn't what goes to feed the mind just as important? Surely it is even more important. This is not a fanciful analogy: Books are food for the mind, and a growing mind is just as hungry as a growing body—a child will often gobble up books. Then what a pity not to let these be the best, books that will satisfy for a long time, that a child will not grow *out* of, but grow up *with*.

We should remember that a child's mind is extraordinarily receptive; it is not like wax but like plaster of Paris that takes an impression and sets at once so that what goes into it goes in to stay, perhaps for a lifetime; but a good book can be a kind of widow's cruse, with a mysterious capacity for unfolding more meaning the more it is read, of yielding inexhaustible delight.

In the children's book world, books of this quality have always been comparatively rare, considering the hundreds of titles published every year. To sift through even one season's output is rather like washing for gold; sieve after sieve is taken and yields nothing but dross, grit and sand, because it is a horrid fact that many books offered for children hide a poor text under a lavish jacket and illustrations. Only now and again is there a gleam of true metal. This rarity is understandable because, contrary to what most people think, writing for children is a difficult and disciplined art; not many authors succeed in it. But every generation does yield a few nuggets. The difficulty is to find them.

There used to be one almost infallible test: Just as gold has to be tested, so has literature, and for a children's book the best test has always been time; books that have endured, been read and loved by generations of children, are likely to be gold. This is not to say that only the old are good—that would be nonsense. Time moves more swiftly now, and a book that has managed to single itself out from the vast stream, not sunk out of sight but kept afloat for 30, 20, even 10 years, is sure to have grains of the authentic metal: books like Jean de Brunhoff's Babar books, the Orlando books, The Story of Ping, Ferdinand the Bull, Mary Norton's books, Arthur Ransome's, the Mary Poppins books, to name only a few published since the '20's. Every year adds one or two to these, perhaps even five or six, but probably not more; time will discover them.

One used to be able to rely on these time-tested books; they became, as it were, "brand names." The title or the author's name was a guarantee of their quality, but—and here is the big but—nowadays one has to make sure that it is the real book one is getting, not a spurious copy, a lopped and injured thing with the life blood taken out of it.

Once upon a time one could go into a bookshop and ask for, say, *Black Beauty* or *Treasure Island*, and be sold *Black Beauty* or *Treasure Island* as Anna Sewell or Robert Louis Stevenson wrote these stories, with all their gifts of drama, their variety of language. Nowadays, only too often, they are produced in a new edition, beguiling to the eye, but bearing somewhere the carefully inconspicuous phrase "retold," or "told to the children," or "reworded," or "re-edited"—meaning that these books are no longer what they purport to be.

A publisher has such famous classics "retold," reduced and simplified; often they are brought out in a "package" or a series in glossy format, with a name such as Famous Classics for Children, or Stories That Every Child Should Know. They are usually quite low-priced, but all the same questionable because, as I said, they are not what they seem but a prostitution in basic English.

This is counterfeit—no other term for it—and, to anyone who cares for literature, to anyone who wants the best for his or her children, it is a very grave matter indeed—yet it is really only a matter of words. It seems obvious to say that a book is made of words, but is it quite as obvious that it is the words that make a book? Yet this is true. It is in its words that the ultimate value of a book lies.

If books were Persian carpets and one wanted to assess *(Continued on page 36)*

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their value, one would not look only at the outer side—the pattern and colorings—but one would turn them over and examine the stitch, because it is the stitch that makes a carpet wear, gives it its life and bloom, that expresses its design and color just as the ideas and philosophy of a book are expressed in its words. They should be woven in, "belong," bind together to make a whole, because, just as any valuable carpet has an individual pattern, through every well-written book there runs a rhythm that is its writer's style, an integral and unobtrusive rhythm that matches his ideas. Sometimes this rhythm is robust, sometimes so subtle that it is impossible for even another writer to say how it is done, but it is always a vital quality, and if it is interfered with, the whole style, the individuality, is immediately lost. Yet there is a growing and wicked tendency to rob children's books of their words, to limit these and simplify them, which results in real damage, as the words tend to regulate the ideas instead of the other way round.

Some books are limited to as few as 240 words; some bear a label saying they are Vocabulary Tested, which means the editors guarantee there are no words in them unfamiliar to the average child of the age groups concerned—and they take a very low average—no words which he can learn, savor and explore. Not only the classics suffer from this word limitation; one of the newest gimmicks is to get "names," well-known authors, whether they can write for children or not, to contribute to a modern series, using a limited vocabulary chosen by a panel of philologists; the name "philologist" impresses parents, and it is good advertisement. I have been approached by one of these firms, and the size of the financial bait offered for one short story showed what big business this combination of word limitation and children's books has become.

It has been explained to me that one reason for this business drive is that publishers have become aware of a vast market opening up in the developing countries of Asia and Africa; the peoples there are "book-starved," especially for children's and school books. This is very heartening, but it is the reverse of heartening if the same book is being made to do for a Swahili or Bengali boy struggling with English—a foreign language to him—and an English or American child reading his mother tongue. Naturally, the little Swahili or Bengali needs few and basic words—but English and American children are born with the richest inheritance of words in the world; there are over 414,825 in the Oxford Dictionary, over 450,000 in the latest Webster's. Then isn't it a cheat to accustom a child to use only 240 of them? It is like forbidding him to walk or run because others are learning to take their first steps.

One thinks with apprehension of the future. Not only are classic books being damaged but new ones as well; the young and coming writer is often pressured into writing in this limited vocabulary—he has, after all, to earn his living, and today it is very difficult for new authors to get started. Besides, it all sounds so harmless, even desirable. The philologists, editors assure the young writer, can tell him what words appeal to children. He will reach, he is told, more and more children—always a beguiling prospect—and the financial bait, as I said, is usually handsome; but the effect on his writing is crippling. To understand just how crippling it is, one needs to explore a little into the writer's craft, especially that difficult branch of it (which can be an art) of writing for children. Again it is a matter of words.

Children's books are made with fewer words than books for adults, so that this already imposes a discipline on the writer, as each word becomes more important. Added to this, such books are usually meant to be read aloud, so the rhythm is doubly integral. No panel of philologists, however learned, can know what words the writer will need. He needs not the narrowest but the widest range of English from which to choose.

The restricted-vocabulary experts act on the principle that children reject polysyllable words, but they do not. Far from it. A friend of mine was acting librarian when one day into the library came a small girl wearing a new and far too large hat. She had lacquered it with shiny black dye so that it smelled like stove-pipe varnish and it was topped by an enormous rose. She was so obviously proud of it that my friend said, "What a wonderful hat!" The child beamed and replied, "Yes, and it reflects the rays of the sun with more than oriental splendor." How pleased Kipling would have been to know his Parsee's hat had made such an impression, but would it if it had been flattened out to something like "his hat shone brightly in the sun," as the advocates of word restriction would want it? They would *never* have passed "reflects," let alone the magnificence of "oriental splendor." Even a little child feels their freshness—*unconsciously* because, as I have said, if the reader is conscious of the writing, it is overdone. It is the writer who must be conscious of every word, weighing and feeling each one.

Words not only have meanings; they have shades and shades of meanings. This is not fanciful thinking; words were originally chosen to fit the things they describe, to give the essence of them, often to sound like them. Think of the word "shadow" with the harder first syllable, the open *a* rising to the *d*, then falling away with the soft *ow* with its longer sound. It gives the feeling of a shadow, as does the French word *ombre*, again with the falling away of the soft *bre*. The expressive beauty of certain words runs through all languages. One akin to "shadow" is "twilight": twilight, crepuscule, *crepuscolo*, and finally *Dämmerung*, which seems to glimmer.

None of this sensitivity is wasted, because children, as I said, given the chance, glory in words; new words, long words, euphonious phrases that can make a storehouse in the mind, even the minds of the very young. Three-year-olds often chant phrases they have picked up: I remember one who could not sleep, stamping up and down the corridor repeating a phrase from *The Tailor of Gloucester* by Beatrix Potter: "No more twist . . . no more twist," which soothed him as a lullaby would have done. I remember, after one of my poetry readings, given in a poor London district, meeting some of the seven- and eight-year-olds on their way home; in the drab street, that chill November day, they were chanting a refrain from W. J. Turner's poem *Romance:* "Shining Popocatepetl! Shining Popocatepetl!" There is a treasure-house of words, of books waiting for children to explore. Keats's "realms of gold" is no exaggeration.

But even made aware of their value, no rules can be given for this exploration. Books are such unpredictable things that they are always breaking rules. For instance, one might advise, "Always buy whole books, not condensed ones," a good general rule, but there *are* books, some of the Victorian classics, for example, so wordy that they are better pruned—but pruned, *not* simplified. There are no absolute rules to guide anyone, but there are a few wise tips:

First of all, spend as much money, not as little, as possible on books for children, and spend it, whenever possible, *in a real bookshop;* a bookshop can give a child a taste of the great world of literature, and the best books are sold seriously, not as sidelines.

As with all commodities, it is wise to be suspicious of the cheap, the "packaged" books, the bargain. The best writers for children do not have to be presented as bargains: Their books sell too well, for years.

One could say "avoid all cheap books," but this, though generally wise, is not infallible. There are good paperbacks for children and very good reprints, but one should see that it is a true reprint—not "retold," which usually means simplified. I, myself, would avoid all "told to children" versions of adult classics; though there are good ones, such as Barbara Leonie Picard's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it seems a pity to give these to children, because the time to read them will come later and to have a simplified version now is to rob a future pleasure.

I avoid "series" books too: They are seldom as good as those published individually because the best authors do not, and will not, write in a series—unless it is entirely their own, as with Laura Ingalls Wilder's enchanting Little House books or the famous Anne of Green Gables. And, always, everywhere, everyone should watch for that limited vocabulary and instantly reject it.

Perhaps, above all, one should take the trouble to ask advice, and the best place for this is the local library: Children's librarians are some of the most dedicated, least self-seeking people in the world, and they love to help a child to books. For parents who really care, there is *The Horn Book*, a bimonthly magazine, published in Boston, devoted entirely to literature for children—and when I say "literature," I mean it.

A children's book, in its small compass, can be true literature with all its gifts of thought, drama, beauty and words. Then let each book we give to a child be one of this true metal; only a little book for children, it is true, but one a writer is proud to write, a publisher to publish, in fact, the best. ■

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Casserole, 1½ quart — **Six servings** — **Preheated 425° oven**

- 5 oz. Cheddar cheese
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups tomato juice
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup tuna, drained (or salmon, cooked diced chicken)
- ½ cup sliced mushrooms, fresh or canned
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

1. Shred Cheddar cheese (makes 1¼ cups); save ¼ cup for biscuits.
2. Melt butter in saucepan; blend in flour.
3. Gradually add tomato juice; cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thickened.
4. Remove from heat; add 1 cup Cheddar cheese; stir until melted.
5. Add celery salt, paprika, thyme, onion, green pepper, tuna, mushrooms, eggs; blend thoroughly.
6. Line casserole with Alcoa Wrap, crimping foil around top edge.
7. Pour mixture into casserole; top with Cheese Biscuits.*

***Cheese Biscuits:**

- 1 cup biscuit mix
- ¼ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 tablespoon toasted sesame seed
- ⅓ cup half and half
- 1 tablespoon butter, melted

1. Combine biscuit mix, Cheddar cheese, sesame seed, half and half; stir until dough clings together; form into ball.
2. Place on sheet of Alcoa Wrap; press to ½ inch thickness; cut into 6 diamond shapes.
3. Arrange biscuits on top of casserole.
4. Bake 10-15 minutes or until lightly browned; brush biscuits with butter.
5. Six servings.

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Peaches

Here's the tender peach—so perfectly ripe—riding high on instant toasted coconut pudding . . . decked with a bright and beaming maraschino cherry. *Libby's* Peach Halves, of course . . . in a *simply* delightful, delightfully wholesome dessert!

Here's an all-family favorite—and simple, too! Combine Libby's Sauerkraut (mild and mellow, with long, crisp, slow-cured shreds) with a teaspoon of caraway seed. Add Libby's Vienna Sausage (*all* lean pork and beef, hardwood smoked). Bake in a casserole till piping hot.

ANY TIME OF THE YEAR YOU HAVE LOADS OF

"CAN-DO"

WITH A SHELF-FULL OF

Libby's

Beef Stew

Reach for a can of this good and ...aty beef stew—Libby's . . . for a hearty lunch, dinner or late-evening ...per with eye and taste appeal. Loaded with chunks of tender, lean ...ef in flavorful, extra-meaty brown gravy . . . it's all ready to heat up ...J serve as is, or topped with dairy sour cream and chopped peanuts.

Frozen Broccoli

For a tasty get-together, place three or four stalks of cooked, seasoned Libby's Frozen Broccoli on buttered toast, top with hot cheese sauce and pimiento strips (or crisp crumbled bacon). Libby's choice, uniform stalks are picked, cleaned and frozen so fast, you get beautiful color, succulent tenderness, full garden flavor!

Beets

There are 7 kinds of Libby's Beets and at least 7 times 7 hot and cold ways to fix them. One choice way: Whole Beets heated, drained, seasoned and topped with slivered almonds sautéed in butter. Try Libby's *all* ways (they're America's favorite—the beets with the flavor of youth): whole, sliced, diced, Harvard style, shoestring, pickled, cut.

CORNED BEEF HASH

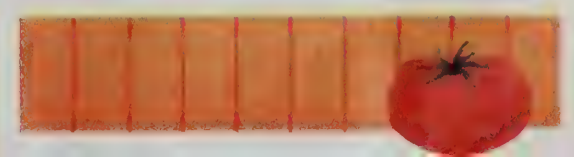
...ooks fancy but it's really simple to fix. And economical! Open a ...n or two of Libby's Corned Beef Hash on both ends. Push out the ...lls; score; stud with cloves. Bake 40 minutes in 375° oven. Garnish with parsley and Libby's Olives. Chockful of tender, juicy, *lean* corned beef, Libby's is nutritious *and* delicious!

Pineapple

For Paradise Pie: Mix 2 cups of tiny marshmallows with 1 cup of heavy cream, whipped and sweetened (and flavored with almond extract) . . . fill baked pie shell with mixture. Then top with drained Libby's Pineapple Slices and garnish with toasted almonds, maraschino cherries and mint. It's like eating sunshine!—when you have Libby's Pineapple, grown in Hawaii.

Tomato Aspic

Best aspic you ever ate, you can be sure of that—when you make it with "the most tomato-y tomato juice there is," Libby's! And, *naturally*, the most famous and popular! For an easy recipe for aspic, see the label on Libby's 46-oz. can of Tomato Juice. For an extra pretty one, mold slices of stuffed Libby's Green Olives into the top.



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1964 WON'T YOU PLEASE COME IN

BY GLORIA STEINEM

DRAWING BY ED YOUNG

Characteristics such as "lucky," "fortunate" and "beneficent" are ascribed to 1964—the Year of the Dragon—by the Chinese calendar.

There were bad times in 1963, periods dark with scandal and violence; but no day was as black as November 22, with its terrible news flashes: PRESIDENT KENNEDY SHOT . . . KENNEDY DEAD.

Until then many of us were adding up 1963 with some complacence. We had marveled at Telstar TV-relays, argued furiously about civil rights, been shocked by bombings, wrestled with Russia over access rights to Berlin. All would end reasonably well, we thought. We could look forward to 1964, hoping for an exciting year—not too exciting, please—and looking toward the big event: national political conventions, a rip-roaring campaign for the Presidency.

There will be elections, of course . . .

Who can define the shape of a year, put a label on it? To the Chinese, 1963 was the Year of the Rabbit. To historians it may become known as a year of assassinations—in Dallas, Saigon, in Africa—a warlike year. The structure of world politics, shaken by a President's sudden death, had felt other shocks: a deadly quarrel between Red China and Soviet Russia over Communist ideology; trouble for the U.S. in Cambodia, murder and insurrection in South Vietnam, another East-West confrontation on the autobahn. In France, de Gaulle was more than ever intransigent, dealing stiff rebuffs to a supplicant Britain, to NATO, to atomic negotiators. Across the channel the names of Christine Keeler, Profumo and Stephen Ward brought to the British an odor of moral decay and political decline. Here at home the Bobby Baker affair did little to add to our own moral luster.

It was, however, a good year in some respects. Above all, it was a good year for the world's babies, threatened by fallout of radioactive debris; the year that Eastern and Western powers agreed to stop all nuclear testing in the air and the oceans. Mark a huge plus for 1963.

It was a year of change. A number of men (and one woman) orbited the earth more than 100 times, Erhard succeeded Adenauer, Eshkol replaced Ben-Gurion, Pope Paul VI succeeded the late Pope John XXIII, and Home is where Macmillan was.

It was a year of fads, follies and surprises. The Twist degenerated into the Slop and gave way to gyrations called the Monkey, the Bossa Nova, the Hully-Gully and the Monster Mash. A Wall Street news wire was installed in the shoe salon at Bergdorf Goodman, and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and Justice William O. Douglas shed their mates and remarried. Quintuplets were born in Venezuela and South Dakota; the Dodgers won the World Series, and natural disasters in Italy and Yugoslavia killed a total of 3,211 people.

It seems as if it must have happened before, but Brigitte Bardot divorced Jacques Charrier, Jimmy Hoffa was indicted on fraud charges, and the pull of women's girdles changed in the direction of emphasis rather than camouflage.

It was a melancholy year, 1963. Apart from private sorrows, unknown, unknowable, we felt the loss of legendary figures. In addition to the President, the world lost poets Robert Frost and William Carlos Williams, actors Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou and Monty Woolley, playwright Clifford Odets, cartoonist David Low, artists Georges Braque and Jean Cocteau, party-giver Elsa Maxwell, singer Edith Piaf, comic Jack Carson, Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, baseball great Rogers Hornsby, Yale president A. Whitney Griswold, Senators Estes Kefauver and Robert Kerr, British Labor Party leader Hugh Gaitskell and Israeli President Ben Zvi.

It was a year of huge statistics. The national debt was $307 billion, General Motors announced record profits of $1.5 billion, U.S. book production registered almost 22,000 titles, and there were more than 46 million kids crowding the country's already overcrowded schools. We spent more than $17 billion on tobacco and whisky, and *Cleopatra*, the most expensive movie ever made, labored under a break-even budget of more than $64 million.

Meanwhile, the Japanese foreign ministry installed an electronic computer to help untangle Nippon's international relations, the Red Cross celebrated a century of helping people all over the world, a U.S. interplanetary rocket reported an 800-degree surface temperature on Venus, and instant coffee was brewed slower while brewed coffee was brewed faster.

Skirts went higher, "pop art" used everything that wasn't nailed down, decorators went for baroque, Broadway went for British theater, and a "hot line" wire was strung between chief executives in Washington and Moscow.

On the whole, we can be happy that 1963 is behind us. Comes now 1964, another slice of the mysterious future. To the Chinese, 1964 is the Year of the Dragon, but no need to take alarm; it's a leap year as well, by tradition a happy season for single gals. A happy new year—what will it bring? Starting with a bit of frivolity, here are some changes we can expect.

The new look . . .

Beauty experts say makeup will be used more subtly, swinging away from the "accent" and "mask" ideas toward the objective of toning, shading and enhancing features. Eyes will be lighter around the edges, lips quietly colorful, hair shorter and more casual.

Necklines will plunge even further, zippers will become almost invisible, and women will start making summer dresses out of sheeting, winter ones out of upholstery fabric.

Things you may be buying . . .

New convenience for the home: combination locks for medicine cabinets, cold-water detergents, self-cleaning ovens, more and more cordless electric appliances of every description, larger aerosol cans, a "snack bar" refrigerator-freezer, the XLP, or extra-long-playing record (more than two hours), and the natural follow-up to electric blankets—air-cooled beds.

New foods: half-caffein instant coffee, "one-to-one" polyunsaturated eggs ("dietetic" eggs with half the usual saturated fat content), a low-fat creaming agent for hot drinks, instant sweet potatoes, canned eggnog, butterscotch-coated peanut-butter candy, additional boiled-in-bag frozen preparations, free-flowing brown sugar, polyunsaturated mayonnaise, coffee bags for brewing drip-grind coffee like tea, dehydrated chow mein, frozen applesauce, and a kind of chicken "finger food" for infants.

Economists are saying . . .

The national debt will be $315.6 billion and the gross national product will pass $617 billion in the fourth quarter of 1964.

There will be moderate business improvement in the first half of 1964, but no big gains; the consumer market will shift toward durable goods.

Car sales, for the third year in a row, will pass the 7-million mark, may even hit 8 million.

The halls of academe . . .

High-school seniors will have more trouble getting into college than ever before: In the fall, the population explosion of (*Continued on page 42*)

"Tournament of Roses" Flower Arrangement

Stunning decorator arrangement. 21 Talisman Tea Roses in a delicate shade of peach, 3 Freesias, 4 Lily-of-the-Valley Sprays...on classic marbleized pedestal.

Only $1.25 $3.50 VALUE

Imported from Italy, designed to look lastingly beautiful anywhere in your home. Use it as a centerpiece, in front of a mirror, in a bookshelf...and as a most original gift. For each arrangement send $1.25 and the code numbers found printed inside the ends of 2 cans of Minute Maid® Orange Delight (or the embossed numbers on ends of 2 cans of any Minute Maid product). Try Orange Delight at breakfast, with snacks, or any time of day.

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1964 WON'T YOU PLEASE COME IN *continued from page 41*

the late 1940's will hit the nation's colleges and universities full force. A total of 488,000 bachelor's and first professional degrees will be awarded by colleges and universities. Four years in college will cost between $7,100 and $9,500—and twice as much by 1975.

The New College at Sarasota, Fla., will attempt to re-create the Oxford tutorial system, with a small student body, few classes, lots of discussion, combined housing for teachers and students.

M.I.T. will have so many female students that it will open its first girls' dormitory.

The "wired-in" student, obtaining routine and background facts from recorded lectures, will take his place in academic life. There will be an increasing trend toward "bookless" university libraries, with computer-actuated files delivering microfilm and sound recordings. The first bookless library will open at Grand Valley State College, Allandale, Mich.

Schools will begin experimenting on a large scale with classes of varying lengths, according to the amount of time—calculated by computer—that students should spend on individual subjects.

Padworth College, England's posh new finishing school for girls, will be angling for daughters of wealthy foreigners, particularly Americans. Tuition is $5,000 a year, capacity is about 120 girls. Sponsors include the Marquis of Queensberry and novelist C.P. Snow.

One out of every three students who started the fifth grade will drop out of school before receiving a high-school diploma.

Wellesley College will recruit Southern Negro college girls for a "Junior Year in the North" program.

Birthdays . . .

Marlon Brando will be 40 on April 3, Arthur Murray 69 on April 4, Jack Kerouac 42 on March 12, Harry Truman 80 on May 8, Cole Porter 71 on June 9, and Irving Berlin and Maurice Chevalier 7 6 on May 11 and September 12, respectively.

William Shakespeare was born in April, 1564, and all this year there will be plays, exhibits and publications commemorating the 400th anniversary of the Bard's birth.

In the home . . .

Women will start hanging rugs on walls and otherwise probing the decorative capabilities of household items.

Factory-developed techniques of spotlighting will be adapted for home use.

New soaps will be made out of lettuce, cucumbers, turtle oil, willow, whale oil, sweet almond oil, and violet-scented oatmeal. Another will be "neutralized with milk from Swiss cows."

Decorators will be using the cube shape in most areas of interior design, and the Mediterranean influence will continue to be strong in furniture.

Coming at the movies . . .

The big movie of the year will be *My Fair Lady*, but other films of note will be Moss Hart's *Act One*, starring Jason Robards Jr.; an adaptation of Elia Kazan's *America America; Th Carpetbaggers*, with George Peppard Carroll Baker and Alan Ladd; Henr Fonda in *Fail-Safe;* an adaptation o Helen Eustis' *The Fool Killer*, starrin Tony Perkins; another Ian Flemin cloak-and-dagger number, *From Russi With Love;* Pat Boone in Somerse Maugham's *The Letter;* and a remake o another Maugham novel, *Of Huma Bondage*, starring Laurence Harvey an Kim Novak.

Seven Days in May, with Burt Lan caster, Kirk Douglas and Fredric March Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Twice To Tales*, starring Vincent Price and Sebastian Cabot; James Franciscus and Suzanne Pleshette in Herman Wouk *Youngblood Hawke;* Jean Anouilh *Becket*, with Peter O'Toole and Richar Burton; *The Best Man*, by Gore Vida starring Cliff Robertson and Henr Fonda; Donald Pleasence in Harol Pinter's *The Caretaker*, and Tennesse Williams' *Night of the Iguana*, wit Deborah Kerr, Richard Burton and Av Gardner.

And, as we feared, there will be movie on the life of Christine Keele Yvonne Buckingham has been cast the party girl and John Barrymo Jr. will play the late man-about-tow Stephen Ward.

Getting around . . .

In California, you won't be able buy a new car without an exhaust screen ing device on it, and safety belts will standard equipment on all cars mad by General Motors, Ford, Chrysler an American Motors.

More than 15,000 miles of high-spee highway will be open to the America motoring public.

You'll be able to take a sea voyage b auto in the spring, when the 17.6-mil $200 million Chesapeake Bay Bridg Tunnel opens for traffic between Cap Charles, Va., and the Norfolk-Virgin Beach area.

Television trends

Viewers will soon have a choice of fi kinds of TV: commercial, cable, charg cultural and cartridge (home tape). A except the commercial and cultural typ will be forms of pay TV.

As of April 30, TV-set manufacture will be required by law to build th ultra high-frequency (UHF) band in their receivers, thereby adding channels to the present very high-fr quency (VHF) band of 12 and increasin the likelihood of at least one mo national network.

Programs will get longer. Industr observers believe the two-hour show w replace the 90-minute program, on th theory that viewers, once attracted, ca be held.

At the theater . . .

New York's new Lincoln Reperto Theater opening on January 23 is th season's most important. First is Arth Miller's long-awaited autobiographic play, *After the Fall*, followed by produ tions of Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millio* on February 20 and S. N. Behrman's ne comedy, *But For Whom Charlie*, March 12. *(Continued on page 4*

I'm in love with a sassy Italian.

Wish-Bone Italian is robust.
Uninhibited.
More Italian-y than other Italian dressings I've known.
And Wish-Bone Italian is gentle, too.
Wish-Bone garlic is tender with a sassy touch.
Wish-Bone peppers are young. Mild.
(Old peppers bite. Burn. For people who aren't so fussy.)

Wish-Bone vinegar is smooth. Pungent. Mellowed by beechwood chips.
Wish-Bone oregano is lively. Kept fresh and cool until the moment it's used.

No one but Wish-Bone woos me with all these special attentions.
Which, of course, is why I love the sassy Italian best. Wish-Bone.

Wish-Bone Italian • DeLuxe French • Monaco French • Russian • Cheese • Low Calorie Italian and French-Style.

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ABSORB 50% MORE

because they're 2 layers thick—not 1

Most paper towels are only 1 layer. New Kleenex towels are 2 layers pressed together. Thicker. Stronger. The thirstiest towels you can buy. Choose either pink, aqua, yellow or white.

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How slender you were in the glow of the fire...

Would he think so now?

Bring back the magic of a moment like this... your slender figure etched in firelight... with the help of SEGO® Diet Food. More help than other 900-calorie diet foods. Two ounces more—so each 225-calorie SEGO meal is more satisfying. More protein—more help for your will power. You're less tempted to nibble between meals. And such delicious variety—7 soda fountain flavors, 2 hot soup flavors.

Wouldn't you like to look 10 pounds younger? Try SEGO for success!

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To Drink Chilled...
CHOCOLATE
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And New...
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Now's the time to prepare her...

(even if she's only 10)

She'll soon need MISS DEB new Kotex napkins made especially for her

Even if your daughter is only 10, she may start menstruating any day. Miss Deb napkins are proportioned precisely for her. Narrower than Regular Kotex napkins, they are just right for her young body.

Yet, Miss Deb napkins give her the full absorbency of a Regular Kotex napkin. Because there are additional layers to provide extra absorbency.

A soft pink covering on her Miss Deb napkin makes her feel feminine and dainty —just the way a young lady wants to feel at this time.

Get her Miss Deb napkins soon, for her very own. They make growing up so much easier. Look for them at your grocery or drugstore.

Send for **2 FREE BOOKLETS** every young girl should read—from the makers of Kotex napkins.

"YOU'RE A YOUNG LADY NOW" is a lovely illustrated booklet which offers the pre-teen girl (9-11) a simple explanation of menstruation.

"VERY PERSONALLY YOURS" for girls 12 and over, gives a somewhat more detailed explanation. Includes hints on diet and grooming.

Both pamphlets are designed to answer all your daughter's questions about menstruation.

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Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

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 continued from page 42

Carol Burnett opens May 26 in a new Comden and Green-Jule Styne musical called *A Girl to Remember*. It's set in Hollywood of the 1930's.

Barbra Streisand and Sydney Chaplin star February 13 in *Funny Girl*, a musical, by Isobel Lennart, Jule Styne and Robert Merrill, based on the life of Fanny Brice.

Carol Channing opens January 16 in *Hello Dolly*, an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*.

Beatrice Lillie, Tammy Grimes and Lisa Kirk costar on March 31 in *High Spirits* by Noel Coward, a musical based on his own *Blithe Spirit*.

Broadway's first foreign-language production with English subtitles (!), an Italian musical called *Rugantino*, opens on February 8. It's billed as "a Roman spectacle," so dialogue will probably be held to a minimum.

Alec Guinness and Kate Reid costar on January 21 in *Dylan*, a Sidney Michaels play about the last two years of poet Dylan Thomas's life in America.

Other attractions: An "uncensored" visit from the Folies Bergère; Paddy Chayefsky's new play, *The Passion of Josef D.; Baker Street*, a musical adaptation of the Sherlock Holmes theme; a production of *Hamlet*, starring Richard Burton; and Clifford Odets' musical adaptation of his 1937 drama, *Golden Boy* starring Sammy Davis Jr.

Science and medicine . . .

Medical journals are forecasting major advances in the field of organ transplants. "Parts banks" will be established for many organs of the body, and some organs may even be transplanted to man from other species.

The techniques of surgery under high pressure (to force oxygen into the blood stream) and of supplying electrical stimuli to the heart are expected to develop dramatically.

Researchers believe that they will obtain definitive results on the relationship between polyunsaturated fats and heart disease.

The laser—matched, parallel waves of light so powerful that they can vaporize any known material—will be applied widely in science and medicine.

Meteorologists say they are on the threshold of definite knowledge about man's effect on the weather and how to control it.

Birth-control pills will be cheap, effective, and easily obtainable, but probably not without a doctor's prescription.

Relief for mosquito-bite sufferers is on the way. Allergists are developing a desensitizing shot that will prevent the usual swelling and itching.

Researchers say there will soon be an anti-tooth-decay pill.

The cost barrier in converting salt water to fresh has been lowered, bringing the rate to under 50 cents per 1,000 gallons, and several conversion plants will be completed in 1964.

Commercial atomic-power plants, now cheap, safe and efficient enough to compete in some circumstances with coal- and oil-fired power plants, will be built at Trino, Italy; Chooz, France; Camp Pendleton, Calif.; Haddam Neck, Conn. and Coral Beach, Malibu, Calif.

The world's fair

The billion-dollar, 646-acre New York World's Fair, commemorating the city's 300th anniversary as an English-speaking community, will open at Flushing Meadows on April 22.

Michelangelo's "Pieta" will be shifted temporarily from St. Peter's in Rome to the Fair, and one of the attractions at the New York State Pavilion will be a "pop art" exhibit including parts from smashed cars, solidified tuxedos "climbing" a ladder, and portraits of the 13 most wanted criminals.

In the spring, to attract fair visitors, the Metropolitan Museum of Art will open a mammoth new exhibit.

Some 70 million people are expected to visit the Fair, there will be at least 75 restaurants on the grounds, 700 special police will patrol the area, and more than 150 pavilions will offer exhibits of everything from exotic sights to industrial complexes. Tickets will be $2 for adults, $1 for children, $1.50 for cars.

Facts, fads and fancies . . .

Two more communications satellites will be boosted into orbit, making five in all, none of which will be used for regular commercial use.

The Meal-A-Mat, railroading's answer to the Automat, will replace the old-fashioned dining car on some runs. Passengers will be able to heat their own food in microwave ovens, obtain an entire meal for as little as $1.35.

Four million babies will be born in the United States, bringing the total population to about 193 million. California will officially become the most populous state.

The United States will spend $200 million on the U.N., and consumers will shell out $100 million on hair spray, $300 million on chewing gum, and $6 billion on tobacco.

One out of every five families in the United States will move their households—and will probably swear, "never again."

You'll be reading . . .

Keepers of the House, by Shirley Ann Grau (condensed in this issue); Saul Bellow's new novel, *Herzog; A Moveable Feast*, Ernest Hemingway's memoirs of Paris in the Twenties; John Gielgud's autobiographical thoughts on the theater, *Stage Directions; God's Own Junkyard*, Peter Blake's illustrated thesis that America is an ugly country in every way; Helen Gurley Brown's sequel to *Sex and the Single Girl* entitled *Sex at the Office;* a new Peter De Vries novel, *Reuben, Reuben;* Gore Vidal's *Julian;* Sheilah Graham's sequel to *Beloved Infidel*, the autobiographical *A Matter of Survival;* a new novel by Vladimir Nabokov called *The Luzhin Defense;* Meyer Levin's novel, *The Fanatic;* and Walt Kelly's *Pogo Income Poop on Taxes*.

What you can count on . . .

Neither Russia nor the United States will send a man to the moon.

Hollywood will make no movie costing more than *Cleopatra*.

We'll all forget to write "1964" on checks and letters this month. ■

New Medicated "Ice" Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Skin "Break-Outs"

Oily skin is a beauty thief. Blackheads form when oil piles up and hardens in pores. Pores are stretched, enlarged. Bacteria may enter and cause infection—"flare-ups" and embarrassing pimples.

Oily skin problems can now be controlled with a new, invisible, beauty discovery—soothing, medicated Ice-O-Derm.®

Ice-O-Derm does what no plain soap or ordinary cleansing cream can ever do.

Ice-O-Derm penetrates deep to clear oil-clogged pores...helps eliminate the excess oil that invites bacteria to cause "flare-ups."

Ice-O-Derm helps dissolve blackheads, works to tighten and refine enlarged pores. Holds natural moisture in your skin.

Ice-O-Derm helps keep skin smooth, clear, soft. Its invisible medication protects against bacterial infection, pore-clogging dirt.

Within 5 days Ice-O-Derm starts to clear oil-clogged pores, blackheads, blemishes. Skin is softer, clearer, smoother. Ice-O-Derm used regularly helps stimulate circulation and increase natural resistance to infection.

For close-up skin beauty, get Ice-O-Derm

$1.00

Large Economy Size $1.50

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General Electric introduces P-7, the oven that cleans itself electrically

Don't touch this dirty oven . . .

just set the dials, latch the door . . .

it cleans itself electrically.

P-7 comes on the master oven of Americana range (left) and on Custom range (right). Also on Americana without exhaust hood.

Those illustrations up there are not a trick.

You don't use *any* cleanser. No liquids, no pastes, no fumes, no nothing.

All you do is set your selector dial to "CLEAN," set your thermostat to "CLEAN," and set the timer. Then you latch the oven door. That's all.

P-7 takes over. The same electricity that cooks your food cleans up the spatter and mess *completely.* Within 2 to 3 hours, all those crusted-on pie juices, cheese spillings, roast drippings just *disappear,* leaving your oven new-clean. Even in the ridges and between the coils, where you and "easy-cleaning pastes" and stuff could never clean before.

All that's left of the dirt is a trace of fine, white ash on the oven floor, about as much as one flick from a cigarette.

Operating cost? Far less than the oven-cleaners you now use.

Incidentally, this wonderful-cooking oven stays *extra* cool. (And, because it's electric, it's *flameless* cooking!)

P-7 is by General Electric and only by General Electric. And your G-E dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone book. Need we say more?

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TOO MUCH SEX ON CAMPUS

By Judge Jennie Loitman Barron

At too many colleges today, sexual promiscuity among students is a dangerous and growing evil. Recent faculty charges that Harvard men were using dormitories for "wild parties" and "sexual intercourse" were followed by an alarming report from Harvard psychiatrist Dr. Graham B. Blaine Jr.: More than 50 per cent of college women have had premarital relations, he said, and an upward trend reflects "a cultural change in the United States." Unlike authorities at Harvard, however, some college officials view the problem with complacence, and look away, fearing to stir up trouble and scandal.

The tragic consequences of this ostrich-like attitude can be seen at college after college. Illicit relations between coeds and young college men are leading to out-of-wedlock pregnancies, hasty marriages, divorce, broken homes, emotional illness and the cutting short of academic careers. Yet most colleges have done little to solve the problem.

There have been a few courageous exceptions, notably Vassar's former president, Sarah Gibson Blanding. She told students that if they wished to indulge in premarital sex or excessive drinking they would have to withdraw from college. President Blanding's concern was echoed by Prof. Lester A. Kirkendall of Oregon State University, who said, "The conclusion that we have done a thoroughly unsatisfactory job of sex-human-relations education, probably most of all in the colleges, is simply inescapable."

I have been a lawyer and judge in the Massachusetts courts for 25 years. Just lately I have seen an appalling number of superior girls in trouble. They come to me for help. These are not the tough skid-row girls of former days, but the cream of the crop, girls from comfortable backgrounds, girls whom colleges have carefully selected for admission.

The truth is that many colleges give coeds too much freedom. At a few, girls' curfew is as late as three or four A.M. The girl is free to study in the young man's room; she may feel free to go to bed with him—common knowledge on many campuses. Often, after football games and fraternity parties, young couples go to secluded spots with blankets. The authorities may not know what is going on, until the girl's grades suffer, or she becomes pregnant.

To those who encounter the resulting personal tragedies it is pathetically obvious how confused many of these girls are, how shallow their knowledge of sex. Whatever they may have learned from books, they are as naïve and emotionally immature as the young innocents in my day. Many have told me that what they did went against their moral principles.

What concerns me are the growing pressures on our girls to adopt a view of sex that has no basis in law or ethics or religion, and which they cannot handle.

I am thinking of one particular girl who came to me. When she was 17, she stepped from a warm life at home into the sophisticated college world. Without preparation, she was thrown into the company of older girls completing graduate studies, some girls from broken or permissive homes where no limits were set on behavior, some defiant girls rebelling against authority and some girls whose parents were spiritually bankrupt.

The girl who came to me for help had brought from home moral standards that many of her pseudo-sophisticated dorm-mates found amusing. They told her she would have a dull time unless she quit being so old-fashioned.

In her sophomore year, after six weeks of steady dating, she was "pinned" by a sophisticated young man, a senior. He began to demand privileges, arguing about "the rightness" of intimacy between two people in love. The girl discussed his arguments with her dormmates, many of whom were already sleeping with their dates. Their advice was to forget scruples.

Exposed to this atmosphere, suggesting that sex was exciting, desirable, even healthy, she submitted to her young man. As she became more deeply involved, she began to tell herself that what she was doing was right. She always got back to her dormitory before curfew, but on weekends she could leave campus, ostensibly to go home to visit relatives. School officials never checked up on her whereabouts.

Her affair was conducted in a nearby woods, in the boy's room and in motels. There was no hint of trouble until she received an unexpected letter from the boy, telling her he was returning home to marry a girl he had known since childhood. She was stunned with disbelief. A short time later she discovered she was pregnant.

It was at this point she arrived in my private chambers appealing for help. I tried to persuade her to confide in her parents, so that they could help her in this frightening experience. She refused. Then she had an abortion performed in another state over a weekend.

Returning to her studies, she could no longer concentrate. Her grades began to fall. She was warned by the dean's office that the college would have to notify her parents. Her world crumbled about her, and at the end of the semester she dropped out of college. Officials, supposedly dedicated to bringing her to mature womanhood, never knew why she had failed.

This girl was the victim of male indifference. Most coeds do not seem to realize that the average young college man, even today, adheres to the "double standard." And this is true even among those who advocate sex equality for women. As these young men have admitted to sociological researchers, and in confidence to me, the motto is "Love 'em and leave 'em." Usually they put an end to liaisons by marrying someone else—a chaste girl if they can find one. Deserted girls of sensitivity feel they have been merely objects of lust, and their distress is overwhelming.

Dr. Carl Binger, a psychiatrist at Harvard University Health Services, found this out while studying college students. In his book *The Emotional Problems of the Student*, he wrote: "The single most frequent encompassing disturbance of these young college women is depression. There is a risk of suicide. Certainly this is rare. What is more common is the loss of zest, a feeling of fatigue and apathy, an inability to get work done, a feeling of guilt. . . . The depression is a kind of muted cry for help."

But by the time this tragic plea comes, it is too late. What distresses me is that those girls whose upbringing might avert tragedy are overwhelmed by the pressure to conform. For many of today's college coeds believe that to be popular they must abandon virtue and that if a girl remains chaste, she's likely to be stricken from available-for-dates lists. Many nice girls, too timid to defy the crowd, make sexual commitments for the security of "belonging." For those girls, missing the warmth and security of home, the sexual answer to loneliness can lead to the loneliest of lives—an almost total absence of feeling. In the words of Prof. O. Hobart Mowrer, of the University of Illinois, all that is left is a "ritualized, routinized, robotized pretense at lovemaking."

There is abundant psychiatric and medical evidence that illicit sex usually inflicts deep psychic wounds. The sensitive, naïve girl, developing into maturity, cannot foresee what the experience will do to her, nor can anyone tell her. This "depersonalized, meaningless and degrading pattern of courtship," as one educator called it, could develop over the years into ruinous promiscuity.

Part of the blame for what has become an intolerable situation must be placed upon parents. It is a parent's duty to talk frankly to a college-bound daughter before it is necessary to choose between having an illegitimate child and having an abortion, between a forced marriage and the psychic scars of rejection. And the parent's advice must be shrewd as well as frank. It is foolish, for example, to base the argument against premarital sex on the danger of pregnancy. The daughter may avail herself of contraceptive measures, widely used on campuses, and feel that she has met her mother's objections.

If the girl is unmoved by ethical or religious injunctions against premarital sex—and she should be made to face that issue—then the parent must help her to see the fraudulence of boys' pleadings. Can sex before marriage be an act of love? Almost never. The force driving a young man to break a girl down, girls must realize, is not love. Rather, it is the craving for ego-nurture. In his college years, often the most emotionally disrupted years of his life, a young man seeks sex to ease physical and psychological anguish. A parent should put the matter bluntly: Even the nicest young man may be selfish. No intelligent college girl who has been properly alerted would willingly submit to him. *(Continued on page 52)*

Judge Jennie Loitman Barron has been on the Massachusetts bench for 25 years. She was the first full-time woman judge in her home state, and is the first and only full-time female justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court The mother of three girls, Judge Barron is a member of the Boston School Committee, has won many citations for distinguished public service, and in 1959 was named the "National American Mother."

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The quick kind you cook up fresh

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Approved by dogs and made by

Swift

 continued from page 48

But the odds are against even the best-advised girls if colleges are indifferent to student attitudes. Colleges are duty-bound to protect the emotionally immature girl. As long as the residential college operates under an *in loco parentis* relationship, it must assume the task of maintaining the standards of proper moral behavior demanded by parents and society. To give a young girl unrestricted opportunities, and then to expect her to avoid emotional and biological perils, is absurd.

And there is much that the colleges can do. From the first day students arrive, the schools should spell out acceptable standards of social behavior. Contrary to popular belief, young people do not want absolute freedom. At one college, coeds objected to a planned cancellation of the curfew hour; it helped them break away from their dates and from the "obligatory kissing." In effect, they wanted the college to protect them.

The men's colleges deserve equal blame for their failure to concern themselves with the illicit sexual activities of their undergraduates. Colleges should make it clear to their male students that they will not tolerate immoral behavior damaging to a girl's reputation. The penalty can be either suspension or expulsion. Time and again our Massachusetts police find young couples in motels, and arrest them on charges of fornication, which is illegal in 26 states. The male partners are seldom held accountable by the colleges they attend.

Of course, enforcement of regulations will not in itself solve the problem. The desire to behave morally must be instilled in college youth. As Landrum Bolling, president of Earlham College in Indiana, put it, "We can no longer limit ourselves to rules and moral preachments. That's not our main job. How to challenge young men and women to have an intellectual understanding of the place of moral and spiritual values, and to have respect for spiritual insight, this is our main job."

A few institutions have taken steps in this direction. One college in the state of Washington already has advisers to guide students in moral behavior. The advisers, generally teachers, have 10 students apiece. This personal relationship between the mature adult and the immature student has been profitable.

Prof. Herbert S. Strean of the Department of Education, State University of New York at Stony Brook, observes that college students are tormented by ambivalent feelings toward their emerging sexuality. "The university, in attempting to meet the demands of these young people, has much more than an administrative responsibility. We have inaugurated a program in what we call emotional education in which students have an opportunity, in regularly scheduled classes, given for credit, to discuss their feelings about college life, their conflicts in interpersonal relations, their roles and anxieties in group situations, and their views of their parents, college and society." He adds that in the past two years the program has prevented many students from flunking out.

Duke University has, in addition to a comprehensive family-life program, a series of seminars for couples who are pinned, engaged or about to be married. Man-woman relationships are discussed with utmost candor. As a consequence, many who are pinned break off, while other engaged couples decide to postpone their marriage plans.

Educators have also had success with small, informal discussion groups. The University of North Carolina has experimented with groups of 10 students, five men and five women, discussing courtship roles in the relaxed atmosphere of a group leader's home. *The Journal of the National Association of Women Deans and Counselors* reports that dormitory discussion groups, attended by students, faculty members and alumni, and often led by experts in human relations, are being planned by several universities.

There's another hopeful sign that colleges are waking up. Last August, 34 college deans, guidance counselors and clergymen attended a conference on Current Sex Mores Among Young People, comparing notes on dating customs, campus marriages, premarital pregnancies and conflicts between sexual morals and behavior. An earlier conference of 23 deans, presidents, physicians and faculty from nine women's colleges and eight universities considered how best to prepare women for marriage. In a further step, these colleges will seek ways of persuading the men's schools to share the responsibility of education in this field.

Colleges can no longer shirk the responsibility of protecting their students. On the other hand, schools cannot do everything. Their efforts must be supported at all levels of society—business, home, church and social agencies—both public and private. One move in this direction has been taken jointly by the American Social Health Association and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. The experiment, called the Rocky Mountain Project in Family-Life Education, was conducted in Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah. The task was enormous, but project leaders realized that if schools were to make any progress toward strengthening moral fiber, community support was needed.

In Tucson, a family-life committee of college faculty members, social-agency experts and civic and religious leaders was organized to direct operations. The local P.T.A. worked with young people in discussion groups, committees and seminars. Individual and group guidance was offered.

It is time for parents to help by launching similar programs, but before we can do that, we have a basic task to undertake: home training. Dr. Stephen Nordlicht, a New York psychiatrist, points out that the earlier age of today's sex-social activity often leads to adolescent pregnancy and marriage, and that orientation must begin at home, before youngsters enter high school.

Having done a good job at home, mothers and fathers have a right to expect the schools to follow through. We must all be concerned. Today's youth has more at stake than ever before. ■

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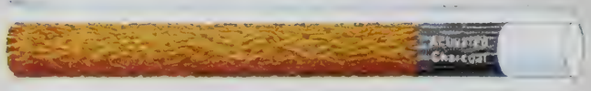

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With the surface gleam of fresh paint, this Comarra expanded vinyl fabric is wrapped with swagger and dash into a belted trench coat. We like it with a turtleneck snuggled down into the collar. By Simonelli for PRL All Weather. $30. Sizes 5–15. Shiny black boots by U.S. Rubber. Korrigan Lesur sweater.

The English have a knack with raincoats, and even design them for particular purposes such as horseback riding. We've lifted the chin-hugging collar, deep slant pockets and width of just such a coat, had it made into a nonsporting, fashionable vinyl-coated cotton, milium lined, by Naman Rainwear. $50. Sizes 6–16.

The rain in Spain, as everyone knows by now, stays mainly in the plain. But there's absolutely no excuse this year for fair ladies to look plain in the rain. This gathering of new, crisply tailored raincoats in exciting fabrics portends that every time it rains this year fashion news will be made under the glowering skies. These coats range in personality from glamorous to gamin, and many turn a shiny surface to the raindrops. Most chic are those in white or black. And whether the rain gear is made of vinyl, acetate, nylon or cotton, you'll find your favorite silhouette among them—ready for the wearing whenever the fashion humidity index calls for it. Our coats are shown against Cecil Beaton's elegant re-creation of Covent Garden on the Warner lot. They look "loverly" in any setting. For stores where coats can be purchased see page 119.

Here are coats that are bound to find their way out in the evening—rainy or not. Trenchcoat, made in a puffy nylon fabric that has taken on the exotic markings of crocodile, is the answer to what to wear over one of the new dinner suits. Simonelli for PRL All Weather. $30. Sizes 5–15.

If black is your nighttime color, then consider this coat for stormy evening splendor. Made of shiny-surfaced matelassé, its polished tailoring and style are proof of just how far from the Mackintosh and into chic fashion raincoats have come. By Regina Porter for Mainstreet. $70. In sizes 6–16.

White is the new all-season color, and when it's a fabric especially treated, as this white Reeves cotton ottoman is, it becomes all-weather too. We love the elegant details of this coat—set-away collar and self-covered buttons. Capel. $50. Sizes 6–16. Her shiny satin hat from John Frederics.

More white—the better to see you on a dark, wet night—this time in an American Viscose whipcord coat that has been precisely tailored with the wider shoulders and eased sleeves that Paris loves. This coat slips on easily, even over a bulky suit. By Mainstreet. $45. Sizes 6–16.

As saucy and spectacular as the flower carts of Covent Garden, this collarless, double-breasted coat of vinyl black alligator with nylon backing has beguilingly sleek appeal. Designed by Elaine Cameron for American Bazaar, in junior sizes. About $29.95. See-through plastic umbrellas are by Uncle Sam.

7
CAST

The gay excitement of Cecil Beaton's fabulous Ascot Heath set is reflected in the color and design of this collection of thoroughbred suits and coats designed by some of the world's top couturiers. Posed against the airy Edwardian latticework of the grandstand built for the racetrack scene on the Warner Brothers' lot, the flattering colors, including daffodil, jade, mauve and Dresden blue, forecast the sharpened pastels that will brighten the wardrobes of all fair ladies this spring. Selected by Vogue Patterns from the houses of Dior, Pucci, Balmain, Nina Ricci, Guy Laroche, Fabiani, Galitzine and Cardin, each costume is a line-for-line copy, made from the original toile. We've interpreted the group in the season's newest wool fabrics, fashion-right and available at fine stores everywhere. Fourteen major department stores around the country (see page 133) will feature displays of these patterns and fabrics beginning this month. As a fashion dividend, the hats shown here (by Sally Victor), and those on the following pages, were designed especially for this *Journal* collection and will appear in shop windows well in advance of the colorful ritual of getting to the church on time this Easter Sunday. NINA RICCI designed the blue collarless suit, worn with its own white piqué blouse (far left in photograph). The fabric is Forstmann's newest twill. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1316. Shoes by Capezio. DIOR line-for-line model with trend-setting shoulder width is made of Anglo's daffodil-yellow tweed. Blouse and lining, Onondaga's pin-dot surah. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1295. Shoes by Herbert Levine. GUY LAROCHE coat made in soft strawberry-pink Forstmann woolen has Empire waistline. The dress underneath is in the same shade but in a lightweight crepe. Both are Vogue P.O.M. No. 1301. GALITZINE of Rome designed the jade suit (at far right) with a long jacket of Einiger woolen. Pattern includes full-length topcoat not shown. Vogue Couturier Design No. 1297. Bag by Lucille. For back views and other versions, see page 133.

Winning Colors at the Ascot Heath

BY NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

One of the prettiest suits of the season is Guy Laroche's wearable costume (opposite page) made in Anglo's flecked tweed with Onondaga's imported silk linen for jacket lining and blouse. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1293. Silk shantung hat by John Frederics.

Fabiani's wonderful young suit (above, left) in Milliken's blue-and-white check has lining and blouse of double-knit worsted jersey, in matching blue. Vogue Couturier Design No. 1306. Make your own gay matching umbrella cover. Jewelry by Cadoro.

New for all seasons, white tweed by Anglo makes this Cardin double-breasted suit (top, left). The jacket has a shoulder yoke. The skirt has a front pleat accented by top stitching. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1296. Bag, Artbag. Hats this page by Sally Victor.

Three-piece costume (top, right) designed by Balmain is made from Einiger's dyed-to-match suiting and mohair coating. (The coat is perfect over black dress.) Fitted jacket, slim skirt. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1294. Shoes by Capezio. Violets by Flower Modes.

Pucci's lilac princess coat (above) of Einiger's new directional twill fabric goes over sleeveless dress. The shoulder and sleeve widths make news. Vogue Couturier Design No. 1299. Polka-dot silk sailor hat is an adaptation of Eliza Doolittle's in the film.

hearty British food

The food of England is as forthright as its tweeds and weather, and was as robust in Henry Higgins's day as it is today. The movie set of Professor Higgins's home in *My Fair Lady*, shown here, is a perfect setting for these traditional dishes, but the hearty and simple food is tempting in any setting, especially when the weather is at its most wintry.

Yorkshire Pudding is one of the most famous British specialties. Purists insist it be served only with ribs of beef, as it is here, but it's good with other meats, too.

Beefsteak-and-Kidney Pie (continuing counterclockwise) has been an English favorite for at least 200 years. Doctor Johnson used to savor it at the famous London pub, the Cheshire Cheese, and it is now Rex Harrison's favorite dish.

For holiday feasts, roast goose is the Britisher's choice. Stuffed with sage-onion dressing, it is served with a bread sauce of onions and milk.

Cornish Pasties and Sausage Rolls, often served at that uniquely British meal, high tea, are good with a brown gravy for luncheon or supper.

Lancashire Hot Pot—a baked lamb stew—is a natural response to blustery winters in the north of England.

Meats of complementary flavor and texture—usually lamb chops, sausages, bacon and kidneys—join forces in traditional English Mixed Grill.

An elegant recipe for renowned Dover Sole advocates baked fillets stuffed with shrimp and served with sauce.

Recipes are on page 76. Accessory information, page 119.

BY ELAINE WARD-HANNA
FOOD EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. FO

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1¼ cups milk
¼ cup water
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 eggs
2 tablespoons melted beef fat (from the roast)

(1) Beat the milk, water, flour, salt and eggs with a rotary or electric beater until very smooth and bubbly. Set aside for half an hour. (2) Beat for 1 minute. (3) Put ½ teaspoon hot beef fat into each of 12 muffin pans. Heat in a very hot oven, 500° F., for a minute or two. (4) Put 3 tablespoons of batter into each pan. Bake in a very hot oven, 500° F., for 8 minutes. Reduce temperature to 400° F. and bake 8–10 minutes more until browned. Serve at once with beef gravy. Makes 12 servings. Yorkshire puddings bake in about 15 minutes. Bake them while the roast is "resting" out of the oven before carving.

BEEFSTEAK-AND-KIDNEY PIE

¼ cup butter or margarine
2 lbs. round steak, cut in 1-inch cubes
1 onion, chopped
1 veal kidney, thinly sliced
½ lb. mushrooms, sliced
1 can (10½-oz.) beef broth
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup water
2 tablespoons flour

Pastry:
3 tablespoons lard
3 tablespoons shortening
1 cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons ice water

(1) Heat butter or margarine in a heavy kettle. (2) Brown steak; push to one side. (3) Add onions, kidney and mushrooms and sauté until golden. (4) Stir in broth, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and ¾ cup water. (5) Cover and simmer until the meat is tender, about 1 hour. (6) Meanwhile make pastry according to the usual method. Chill. (7) When meat is tender, make a smooth paste from remaining ¼ cup water and flour. Stir into meat mixture. (8) Cook and stir for a few minutes. Place in a 1-quart casserole or deep pie dish, and cool to lukewarm. (9) Roll pastry one inch larger than the casserole. Place on top of the meat mixture. Trim and seal edge. Cut a hole in the center of the pastry or prick with a fork. (10) If you like, cut "leaves" from the pastry scraps and use to decorate the pie. (11) Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to 375° F. and bake for 20 minutes or until crust is golden and meat mixture is bubbly. Makes approximately 4 servings.

CORNISH PASTIES

Pastry:
2¼ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup lard
4–5 tablespoons ice water

Filling:
½ lb. ground beef
1½ cups diced raw potato
1 carrot, grated
3 tablespoons chopped onion
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, beaten

(1) Prepare pastry by the usual method. Chill. (2) Combine filling ingredients except egg. (3) Roll out half of dough. Using a saucer as a guide, cut 3 circles (about 5–6 inches in diameter). (4) Divide half of filling among the 3 circles. (5) Fold over, as for turnovers. Prick pastry or cut out a small circle from top of each and seal edges. (6) Repeat for remaining dough and filling. Place on a baking sheet. (7) Brush with egg. (8) Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 20 minutes, reduce temperature to a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for another 20 minutes. Makes 6.

ROAST GOOSE WITH SAGE-AND-ONION STUFFING

1 goose (15–20 lbs.)

Stuffing:
1 cup butter or margarine
3–4 cups chopped onion
2 cups chopped celery
4 quarts soft bread crumbs
4 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons sage
1 teaspoon pepper

Bread Sauce:
8 whole cloves
4 small onions
1 quart milk
About 2 cups soft white bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine

(1) *Stuffing:* (Prepare just before roasting the bird.) Melt the butter or margarine. (2) Sauté the onion and celery until golden. (3) Combine with remaining stuffing ingredients. (4) Lightly stuff the goose. Truss and place on a rack in a shallow roasting pan. (5) Roast in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 20–25 minutes per pound. Prick the skin occasionally to let the fat run out. Ladle off the fat as it accumulates. Serve with *Bread Sauce:* (1) Stick cloves in onions. Cook in the milk until tender. (2) Remove 2 or 3 of the onions from the milk and discard the cloves. Chop onions and add to the milk. (3) Stir in enough bread crumbs to thicken milk so it is about the consistency of applesauce. (4) Season with salt and pepper and stir in butter or margarine. Makes 10–12 servings.

SAUSAGE ROLLS

Pastry:
1½ cups flour
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup lard
3 tablespoons ice water

Filling:
1 lb. bulk sausage meat
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 egg, beaten

(1) Prepare pastry by usual method. Chill. (2) Combine filling ingredients except egg in a large skillet. Partially cook to remove excess fat. Chill. (3) Roll pastry into a long, narrow strip, about 3 inches by 30 inches. (4) Place sausage meat down the center. Fold the pastry over, lengthwise. Seal edge. (5) Cut into 3-inch lengths, so you have 10 rolls. Cut 3 slashes in the top of each roll. (6) Place on a baking sheet. Brush with beaten egg. (7) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., about 20 minutes, until golden. Makes 10 small sausage rolls.

LANCASHIRE HOT POT

2½ lbs. shoulder of lamb, cut in 1½-inch cubes
2 tablespoons shortening
4 onions, peeled and thinly sliced
1 lb. mushrooms, wiped and sliced
1 bunch carrots, scraped and sliced
2 lbs. potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced
3 tablespoons flour
2½ cups beef broth or consommé
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

(1) Brown the meat on all sides in the shortening. Remove meat and place in bottom of 2½-quart casserole. (2) Sauté the onions in the pan drippings until golden. Spoon on top of meat. Reserve pan with drippings for later use. (3) Add to the casserole a layer of mushrooms, the carrots and finally the potatoes. The potatoes should be overlapped to form an attractive top. (4) Stir the flour into the pan drippings, and brown. Add the broth or consommé, salt and pepper and cook, stirring until smooth and thickened. (5) Pour over vegetables and meat in casserole. Cover and cook in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 2 hours until tender. Uncover the last 20 minutes of cooking to brown the potatoes. Serve from the casserole or transfer to a tureen. Makes 6 servings. For a larger quantity you may leave the carrots and onions whole.

STUFFED FILLETS OF SOLE WITH SHRIMP SAUCE

2 lbs. fillet of sole
1 lb. shrimp, cleaned and deveined

Filling:
¼ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped celery
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
3 cups white bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sage

1 bay leaf
3 whole allspice
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Sauce:
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup cream
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 egg slightly beaten
Paprika

(1) Wash fillets and pat dry. Simmer shrimps until they turn pink in water to cover to which you have added bay leaf, allspice and lemon juice. Cool, strain broth and reserve. (2) Coarsely chop half the shrimp. Mix with the onion, celery, butter or margarine, bread crumbs, salt and sage and 2 tablespoons reserved shrimp broth. (3) Divide filling evenly among fillets. Roll fillets and secure with tooth picks. Cut each roll in two and place in greased baking dish. (4) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 25 minutes until fish flakes when touched with a fork. (5) Sauce: melt butter or margarine in saucepan. Sauté the onion and celery. Stir in flour. Add 1¼ cups reserved shrimp broth an the cream. Cook until smooth an thickened. Season with salt and pe per. (6) Quickly add a little h sauce to the egg. Stir back into sauc Add the remaining shrimp and he gently. (7) Arrange fish on a platte pour over shrimp sauce and sprink with a little paprika. Heat under t broiler a few minutes, until golde Makes 4 servings.

ENGLISH MIXED GRILL

4 double-loin lamb chops
4 veal kidneys, split
4 slices bacon
4 sausages
4 tomatoes
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
4 mushrooms

(1) Arrange the chops, kidneys, b con and sausages on a broiling pa Broil them to desired doneness, tur ing frequently so they brown evenl The bacon should be crisp, sausag thoroughly cooked and the chops a kidneys cooked through, but n overcooked. Brush the kidneys wi a little butter or margarine, if y like. The chops should be cooked total time of 10–12 minutes for ra 15 for medium and 20 for well don (2) Cut a slice from each end of t tomatoes, and dip, cut sides down, the flour, which you have mixed wi the salt and pepper. (3) Brown tom toes in the butter or margarine in small skillet. Remove to a war platter. Brown mushrooms in sa skillet, place on top of tomatoes. A range meats with tomatoes and serv

APRICOT ROLY-POLY PUDDING

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup chopped suet or shortening
About 6 tablespoons water
1 jar (12-oz.) apricot jam

(1) Combine flour, baking powde salt, sugar and suet or shortening in large bowl. (2) With fingertips wo suet into flour; if using regular sho ening, cut in with a pastry blende (3) Mix in enough water with a fo until dough leaves side of the bow (4) Roll into an oblong piece, abo 12 by 18 inches. (5) Spread with ap cot jam. (6) Roll lengthwise. Se edge and fold ends up. (7) Bake in large lightly greased baking tray a hot oven, 425° F., for 20–30 mi utes or until golden. Serve warm wi custard sauce. Makes 8 servings.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

6 cups sliced tart apples
1½ cups sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine
1½–2 cups fine dry bread crumbs

(1) Alternate ingredients ending wi crumbs in a greased 2-quart bakin dish. (2) Cover and bake in a mo erate oven, 350° F., until apples a cooked, about 1 hour. (3) Unco and bake another 10 minutes or un crumbs are golden. Serve warm wi cream. Makes 6–8 servings.

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THE HAPPY TIMES WHEN EDWARD WAS KING

By CYRIL CONNOLLY

First, the dates. Edward VII reigned from 1901 to 1910, a bare nine years, but he was almost 60 when he came to the throne. Much of what we call Edwardian (rhymes with *guardian* in the best circles) he had created and carried about with him to be unrolled like a carpet when he became king, and the punctilio, eating habits, bonhomie, ceremonies and Bohemianism expanded outward through the rings of society instead of being confined to the Prince of Wales' set. Though he died in 1910, his England persisted up to 1914, and I do not think it would be too inaccurate to call "Edwardian" the period from 1894, when Lord Rosebery became prime minister, to the outbreak of the First World War 20 years later.

Certainly there is something Edwardian about the famous fancy dress ball at Devonshire House given to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria (1897). The Queen was too old to attend, but the Princess of Wales came as Marguerite de Valois. Among the beauties were Lady Holford as Titania, Lady Gerard as Goddess of the Moon, the American Lady Leslie as Brunhild, Lady Mar as Beatrice, the Duchess of Devonshire as Zenobia, and Lady Westmorland as Hebe. The men included some of the handsomest and ripest personalities of the coming reign—the Duke of Devonshire as the Emperor Charles V, with Lord Crewe as his son, Philip of Spain; Lord Rosebery as an 18th-century gentleman; Lord Arthur Paget in his black armor as the Black Prince; the crack shot Sir Harry Stonor as Lohengrin, the knight of the swan; Lord Balfour as a gentleman of Holland, and Sir William Harcourt as his 18th-century ancestor. Brooding over these photographs (an album exists), one begins to get the opulent feel of the period.

What did being an Edwardian mean? Paul Valéry has said that one of the happiest times to be alive in is that which follows an autocracy and precedes a revolution. Such was the France of 1740; such was the England of Edward VII, when so much that was new was in the air yet the fabric of society remained unaltered, before "style" had been sacrificed to freedom. It was also the last decade of England's greatness, of the Pax Britannica; of London as the undisputed capital of the world, even as it was then the largest city. So it was still a wonderful thing to be an Englishman, with a great empire and a minute income tax; and the gold sovereign went a very long way. Everything was roomier. There were fewer people, horse and motor coexisted, and the masses were still immobilized, but everyone from duke to dustman was more himself, more confident—the dustman in *Pygmalion* was not unique.

"And now I'm going to be a
reg'lar toff,
A-riding in me carriage and me pair
A top-hat on me head,
Fevvers in me bed
And call meself the Dook
of Barnet Fair
Asterrymakan round the bottom
of me coat
A Piccadilly window in me eye—
Fancy all the dustmen a-shouting
in me ear,
'Leave us in your will afore you die.'"
—The Golden Dustman

Edwardian society has been compared to a pyramid of which the steps were getting worn, making it easier to fall down or climb up. The King was the apex, the upper steps being formed by the aristocracy, the landed gentry, clergy, lawyers, officers of the army and navy, higher civil servants, university professors; then the middle classes—merchants, manufacturers, financiers; then clerks, shopkeepers, schoolteachers, and finally the base-wage workmen, agricultural laborers, soldiers, sailors.

The Forsyte Saga describes, among other things, the successful infiltration of the upper class by the rich merchant families and the upper middle. The financiers, under Edward's benevolent *(Continued on page 81)*

For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich you only need to 'lather once'!

DEBORAH KERR, starring in the Ross Hunter production, "The Chalk Garden."

If you're over-washing your hair, stripping away the oils, leaving it dry and hard to manage, 'lather once' with rich instant foaming Lustre-Creme!

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Make 'em mmmmm-marvelous with Fleischmann's extra-active Yeast and Planters extra-light Peanut Oil. Cinna-Swirls are swirled through and through with fragrant cinnamon . . . crisp-coated tender-hearted kuchen rounds deep fried to golden goodness. Mmm-mouthwateringly light because Planters Peanut Oil is the lightest of the polyunsaturates . . . so light it floats on other oils . . . so light it makes your Cinna-Swirls cinn-sational! Mmm!

CINNA-SWIRLS

¾ cup milk ¼ cup sugar 1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup Planters Peanut Oil
1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
¼ cup warm water (105°-115°F.) 1 egg, beaten
3¼ cups unsifted flour (about) ¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon Planters Peanut Oil
confectioners' sugar glaze

Scald milk; stir in ¼ cup sugar, salt and ¼ cup Planters Peanut Oil. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast in warm water in a large warm bowl. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, egg and half the flour. Beat until smooth.

Now stir in enough additional flour to form a soft dough. On lightly floured board knead until smooth and elastic, about 8-10 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until dough is doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Combine remaining ¾ cup sugar and cinnamon. Punch dough down. On lightly floured board divide dough in half. Roll each half into a 14" x 9" rectangle. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixture. Roll each rectangle up tightly to form a 9-inch roll. Seal edges firmly.

Cut each roll into nine equal pieces. Place on greased baking sheets, cut side up. Press down to flatten. Cover; let your Cinna-Swirls rise in a warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 30 minutes.

Deep-fry in Planters Peanut Oil (375°F.) for 2 to 3 minutes or until brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. While warm, dip in confectioners' sugar glaze. Makes 18 Swirls.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS

Another great recipe from the STANDARD BRANDS KITCHENS

and not altogether disinterested eye, took this step in their stride. But it was still important not to have been "in trade." Class distinctions were acutely felt, but more taken for granted, being rubbed in worst by the servants, who formed a class by themselves.

The fabric of society was kept in functioning order by the vast army of servants. Nearly every scene which we regard as typically Edwardian requires a devoted domestic staff in the background, groundkeepers, beaters, invisible housemaids, tactful valets, strapping footmen (in London the second footman was expected to sleep in the pantry), cooks and kitchenmaids—and there were also servants of alarmingly high status: majordomos, grooms of chambers, comptrollers, stewards who might put anyone in their place. In some large houses chefs appeared in their white caps to receive compliments on the dinner (eight or twelve courses), and receive a golden tribute.

"*Toujours des compliments, jamais des pourboires*," as one of these survivors of the great days remarked, when fallen among dowagers.

If we take a sociological side-glance at Shaw's *Pygmalion*, we notice (1) the easy assumption of a certain spaciousness of personality common to both Higgins and Pickering, who, though scientists, are men of the world and gentlemen, (2) their dependence on a domestic dragon, the housekeeper, Mrs. Pearce, (3) the implied assumption of everyone concerned that the accepted social goals—Ascot, "the garden party" and the like—are universally desirable, (4) that social structure is so rigid that nobody escapes the accent of the very small area where they grew up. Even here there is an unconscious pleasure in Edwardian luxury. "Woolly towels there is," exclaims Eliza, "and a towel so hot it burns your fingers. Soft brushes to scrub yourself, and a wooden bowl of soap smelling like primroses. Now I know why ladies is so clean. Washing's a treat for them."

One effect of social security, money, authority and a Philistine court is a premium on silliness. Some Edwardian great ladies and their idle admirers were exceptionally silly and frivolous; the King liked gossip and good stories, cards and sport, he was an expert on all matters of etiquette and dress: when to go to the theater in black studs as a sign of mourning (but still to go), when "Francis wore the wrong buttons." He was also fond of practical jokes and of teasing. In his day fashionable slang included using the word "deevie" for everything, or adding Italian endings to words, or calling people by the first syllables of their names—"hen-chap" for Henry Chaplin. House parties were enormous: several hundred (including servants, who all changed for dinner) assembling at Chatsworth for the King's regular January visit to the Duke of Devonshire. Women changed their clothes far more at these parties than today; many-colored tea gowns and elaborate evening toilettes were only the beginning. Besides the usual four meals there were snacks at odd times, *foie gras* sandwiches and deviled bones and a cold buffet by the bedside. Family prayers gave an appetite to breakfast, which might include game pies, goose and cutlets. Croquet, lawn tennis and boating were summer activities.

Some houses made up weekend parties of about 30, which were really political salons. Such a one was Taplow Court, the home of Lady Desborough. Typical visitors included the King and Queen, war lords like Kitchener, Haldane or Ian Hamilton, statesmen like Balfour and Curzon, men of letters like Chesterton, Kipling, Yeats and Wells.

Ambassadors and embassies played a great role. Soveral, the Portuguese ambassador, was the King's favorite raconteur; he would visit all the clubs to collect the latest stories before setting forth to Sandringham. The Whitelaw Reids entertained for America at Dorchester House, and the Russian and Austrian embassies provided the best waltzers. Dances included quadrilles and strenuous "lancers," with cotillions where much depended on the leader (Bertie Stopford was considered the best) and on the amount of money laid out on favors.

A "deevie" coming-out dance cost about £4,000. Only in 1914 did the "American dances," fox-trots and kitchy-koo, invade London. It became the fashion to go out dancing from hotel to night spot instead of waiting for the round of balls. Fairly high up the pyramid came the arts and artists who were admired or tolerated by the King. The opera singers at Covent Garden were Melba, Jean and Edward de Reszke, Calvé, and Caruso. Gladys de Grey (Lady Ripon), a great beauty, arranged the galas for the Czar or Kaiser or French President. Delicious suppers were served in the anterooms of the opera boxes.

Hampers! What a role they played—in picnics, at schools, above all in railway trains where the valet unpacked them in the carriage with the game pies and a bottle of Sillery. Edwardian trains were fast and comfortable. The Royal Train would speed toward Scotland with the King in the best of humor, pouring out tea and coffee for his guests. Here is the menu of the midnight supper train from London to Southend (the champagne was iced beforehand)—lobster mayonnaise, mutton cutlets reform, roast grouse, straw potatoes, salad; *omelette au confiture;* deviled sardines, cheese, biscuits, butter, watercress, lettuce, celery, black coffee.

Edwardian meals at the famous restaurants were magnificent. Escoffier, the creator of *Pêches Melba*, presided at the Carlton. Here is his menu for a little after-theater supper:

Gelée de Poulet au Nids d'Hirondelles
Soufflé d'Écrevisses Florentine
Cotelettes de l'Agneau de Lait Favorite
Petits Pois frais
Ortolan au Champagne
Salade d'Oranges
Asperges de Serre
Pêches à la Fraisette des Bois
Baisers de Vierge
Mignardises *(Continued on page 82)*

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Here is the menu at the Ritz chosen for a couple on a hot summer night when they didn't feel much like eating:

Melon
Consommé glacé Madrilène
Filet de sole Romanoff
Cailles des Gourmets
Côtes de Pauillac Montpensier
Petits Pois
Poulet en chaud-froid
Salade à la Ritz
Pêche Belle Dijonnaise

The quail were served in a pie dish of old blue-willow pattern, with cockscombs and truffles. With the chicken was a pink mousse delicately perfumed with curry powder. The peaches were served with black currant ice. Verdict: "Exceedingly light." The bill was £2.10 (about $10).

The artists in vogue were Sargent, Orpen and Laszlo; the King liked paintings to be exact, and the Royal Academy was universally respected. Sargent was to the Edwardians what Titian was to the Emperor Charles V. Yet it was in the world of art that the wind of change was first to blow. In 1907 Picasso painted *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. Roger Fry was already exerting his influence. The Postimpressionists, Cubists, Fauves were just about to burst on the smug Philistinism of Edwardian patrons. The changes in art were unwelcome, but they were helped by the change in the political climate. The Liberal government of Asquith was an intensely progressive party with a left wing under Lloyd George; home politics were absorbing, and the plans of Lloyd George for taxing the rich landowners caused a reaction in the Lords which uncovered a constitutional problem about their use of the veto, which the King was attempting personally to solve at the time of his death. The increased taxation was necessary not only to improve the welfare of the poor but also to finance rearmament resulting from the naval race with Germany. The King, so successful in his *Entente Cordiale* with France, could not curb his nephew, the Kaiser, or get Franz Josef, the Emperor of Austria, to desert him. When his ambassador in London informed the Kaiser that King Edward desired peace, he wrote in the margin of the dispatch: "Lies. He wants war. But I have to start it, so that he does not have the odium."

The Labour Party had also obtained its first seats in Parliament, and the Fabian Society came into being under the guidance of Shaw and the Webbs. This gathering momentum on the left, this turmoil of new ideas from anarchism to vorticism was leading to a revolutionary climate which oxygenated the hothouse atmosphere of the Tory peers and their great houses. In 1912 Virginia Woolf said to Lytton Strachey (both then unknown): "Is it prejudice, do you think, that makes us hate the Victorians, or is it the truth of the case? They seem to me a set of mouthing, bungling hypocrites; but perhaps really there is a baroque charm about them which will be discovered by our great-great-grandchildren, only I don't believe it. The literature of the future will, I clearly see, be amazing. *At last* it'll the truth, and be indecent, and amusi and romantic and even (after abou hundred years) be written well."

Yet many were writing very well the Edwardian era. Henry James, C rad and Hardy (as a poet) were at th peak. Shaw, Wells, Bennett, Ga worthy, Maugham were produci plays and novels; Belloc, Chesterto Beerbohm, Kipling, Barrie, E. M. F ster—the list seems endless. London the capital of prose and poetry was ju about to be rejuvenated by the Pour Yeats operation. One can only appre ate what was going on by a time cha

1902. Conrad, *Youth*. James, *T Wings of the Dove*. Kipling, *Just Stories*. (Debussy, *Pélleas et Mélisand*

1903. Butler, *The Way of All Fles* Gissing, *The Private Papers of Hen Ryecroft*. James, *The Ambassador* Moore, *Principia Ethica*. Shaw, *Man a Superman*.

1904. Barrie, *Peter Pan*. Conra *Nostromo*. James, *The Golden Bowl*.

1905. Forster, *Where Angels Fear Tread*. First Eliot poems published.

1906. Galsworthy, *The Man Property* (Forsyte).

1907. Conrad, *The Secret Agent*. Fo ster, *The Longest Journey*. Joyce, *Cham ber Music*. Gosse, *Father and Son*. Prous retires to write. (Auden born.)

1908. Bennett, *The Old Wives' Tal English Review* founded by Ford. (Cub ism begins.)

1909. Pound, *Exultations* and *Pe sonae*. Stein, *Three Lives*. (*Nouvel Revue Française*.)

1910. Forster, *Howards End*. Wells *The History of Mr. Polly*.

1911. Beerbohm, *Zuleika Dobson* (Ed wardian set piece). Beerbohm, inciden tally, was the only artist actively to hat King Edward. Douglas, *Siren Land* Conrad, *Under Western Eyes*. Lawrence *The White Peacock*. Pound, *Canzon* Fry opens first postimpressionist exhi bition. (Stravinsky, *Petrouchka*.)

1912. Second rejection of *Dublinen* (Joyce). Pound, *Ripostes*. Yeats modern izes his style. Beerbohm, *A Christma Garland*. Butler, *Notebooks*. Shaw, *Pyg malion*. Frost in England.

In spite of Shaw (and Ibsen), the Ed wardian theater was set back by the de feat of the authors' attempt to brea the censorship in 1909. This was noth ing, however, compared to the govern ment's brutality to suffragettes. I think if we found ourselves pitchforked bac suddenly into the Edwardian age, onc the glamour of Biarritz or Devonshir House had worn off, once the charm o the King who was so loved and feare had abated, and he had noticed that w were unpunctual and untidy, once th royal favorites had found us dull, onc our livers had revolted, it would onl be in one of two places that we woul feel at ease: among the irreverent privat faces of the writers—Woolf, Bell, Fry Stephen, Desmond, McCarthy an Strachey—or the painters and poet who were beginning to gather around Pound and Gandier in the Vienna Café discussing Picasso

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"Grown accustomed to her face," a California housewife is introduced to new beauty techniques as

OUR FAIR LADY

On the movie sets for "My Fair Lady," we saw that all the ladies of the cast had fallen under a spell. A new prettiness had been created—refreshingly, naturally fair. We set forth to discover the Pygmalion influence and were introduced to Gordon Bau, makeup supervisor for Warner Brothers. Then we sought our own Eliza. To our delight, Sally Peviani, a South Pasadena housewife, agreed to join our experiment. With her we went to Warner Brothers, where we lunched in the studio dining room. Sally, as much of a tourist as we in the magic movie world, goggled along with us at the costumed actresses who were lunching between takes. Their hats (for the Ascot scene) were wonders to behold—giant platters of velvet and satin garnished with feathers, veils and jewels. Sally spoke for all of us when she said she'd love more than anything else to see herself in one of these spectacular hats. Joe Hiatt, head of Warner Brothers' wardrobe department, was contacted and at the end of the afternoon, Sally's wish came true (witness photograph at right). With Sally, we made our way to the makeup department, detouring through Stage No. 3, where a gigantic dressing and makeup room had been set up for the players—complete with posters that gave instructions for applying the "My Fair Lady" makeup. You'll find them reproduced on the following pages along with step-by-step instructions and detailed photos of Sally's sessions with Mr. Bau and Jean Burt Reilly, supervising hair stylist.

By DOROTHY ANNE ROBINSON BEAUTY EDITOR

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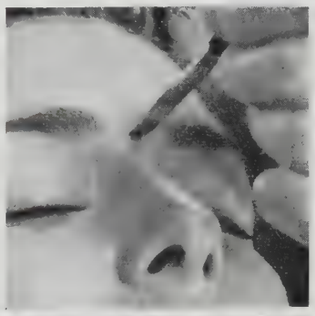
Sally Peviani is shown before her transformation with family: Robert, 9; Alan, 7; Lee Ann, 6; Thomas, 4; and last but not least, Henry the hound.

MAKEUP IS A MATTER OF TECHNIQUE, NOT TRICKS.

Gordon Bau startled Sally with his first step. He used a special makeup stick (in a shade lighter than Sally's skin tones) called Erace, and with it he traced over the circles under her eyes and the laugh lines at each side of her mouth. Carefully, with the tip of a finger, he "tapped" this new color into her skin, and the lines and discoloration disappeared.

LEARNING HOW TO USE LIGHT AND SHADOW.

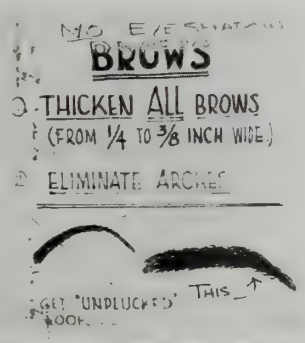


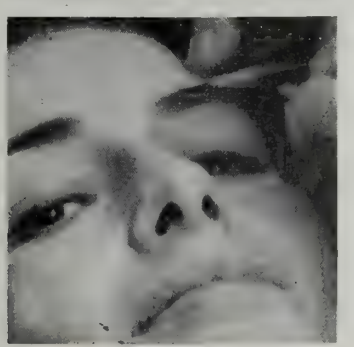
Light and shadow change the planes of the face. To prove this point, Gordon drew a stripe of light foundation down the center of Sally's nose and then put a darker shade of foundation (one shade deeper than her natural skin tone) on each side of her nose. Then, with his "tapping-finger" technique, he blended the two shades together. The result—Sally's nose appeared a bit longer, certainly narrower. If your own nose is thin, reverse the color stripings for a widening effect.

THE DIRECTOR ASKS FOR PEACHES AND CREAM.

Following George Cukor's directive to the ladies of the cast posted in the Warner Brothers' dressing rooms, "Try for peaches-and-cream effect," Gordon started to apply the actual My Fair Lady *makeup. First came the foundation—creamy and natural in tone. He applied it with a fine-grained sponge. Rouge came next. Gordon asked Sally for a broad smile, and on the rounds of her cheeks he applied—with a fresh sponge—a cream rouge, blending the color up and out toward the ear. Mr. Bau believes in translucent powder to set makeup (it doesn't impart any color of its own), and he recommends transferring all powder to a salt shaker for "air" and ease of application. "Use a velour puff and pat powder on generously, never drag it over your skin." Start powdering under the eyes and over remedial light makeup. Last, with a sponge wrung out in cool water, smooth over your makeup to set it.*

A NATURAL LINE FOR EYEBROWS—NO PLUCKING.





Sally's eyebrows were almost perfect as they were, so Gordon Bau just added the finishing touches that perfected the shape and made them a matching pair. He used an eyebrow pencil that had been sharpened to a chisel point, drawing in tiny hair-length strokes of color. (Light, medium or dark brown, but never black for eyebrows.) Then he brushed her brows up and rounded them into a gentle natural shape.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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Then you'll be happy.
And so will Springmaid.

Echotone dots, alternating bold and light dots with solid tone hem. Dyed to match solid color sheets. See Echotone—as well as other exciting prints, and whiter-than-white sheets in luxurious Springmaid combed percale and fine muslin—$2.98 to $6—at fine stores everywhere. For the one nearest you, write Springmaid Fashion Sheets, 104 West 40th Street, New York 18.
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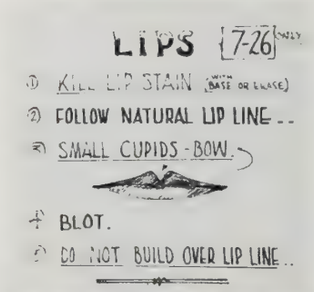
EYES SLANT DOWNWARD, LOOK ROUNDER.

The My Fair Lady *eye makeup makes eyes appear larger, rounder and less made up. This new eye lining ends in a downward curve. Use a black eye pencil (the flat side of the chisel point) and softly line the upper lid close to the lashes. Extend the curve down and out about a half inch (see diagram and then experiment). Then, with a brown pencil (the one you used on your brows) draw a straight line under the eye—starting at the center and working out until you almost meet the black line. The effect, on Sally, and on the ladies of the cast, is marvelous. Again with a fingertip Mr. Bau tapped the eye makeup to soften the lines, and then he applied mascara. (Mr. Bau naturally favors a roller-type mascara applicator—he invented it!)*

THE CUPID'S BOW IS BACK FOR LIPS.



There were new rules for lipstick application too. First Mr. Bau carefully covered Sally's lips with the same foundation he had used on her face, and blotted it. This covers any left-over color, gives a smooth holding base for the new lipstick and blots out lip irregularities. Then with a brush he carefully followed Sally's natural lip line, right to her natural cupid's bow.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Hate that gray? Wash it away!

Now! Color only the gray

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THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE

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By SHIRLEY ANN GRAU

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PAINTINGS BY DIANE AND LEO DILLON

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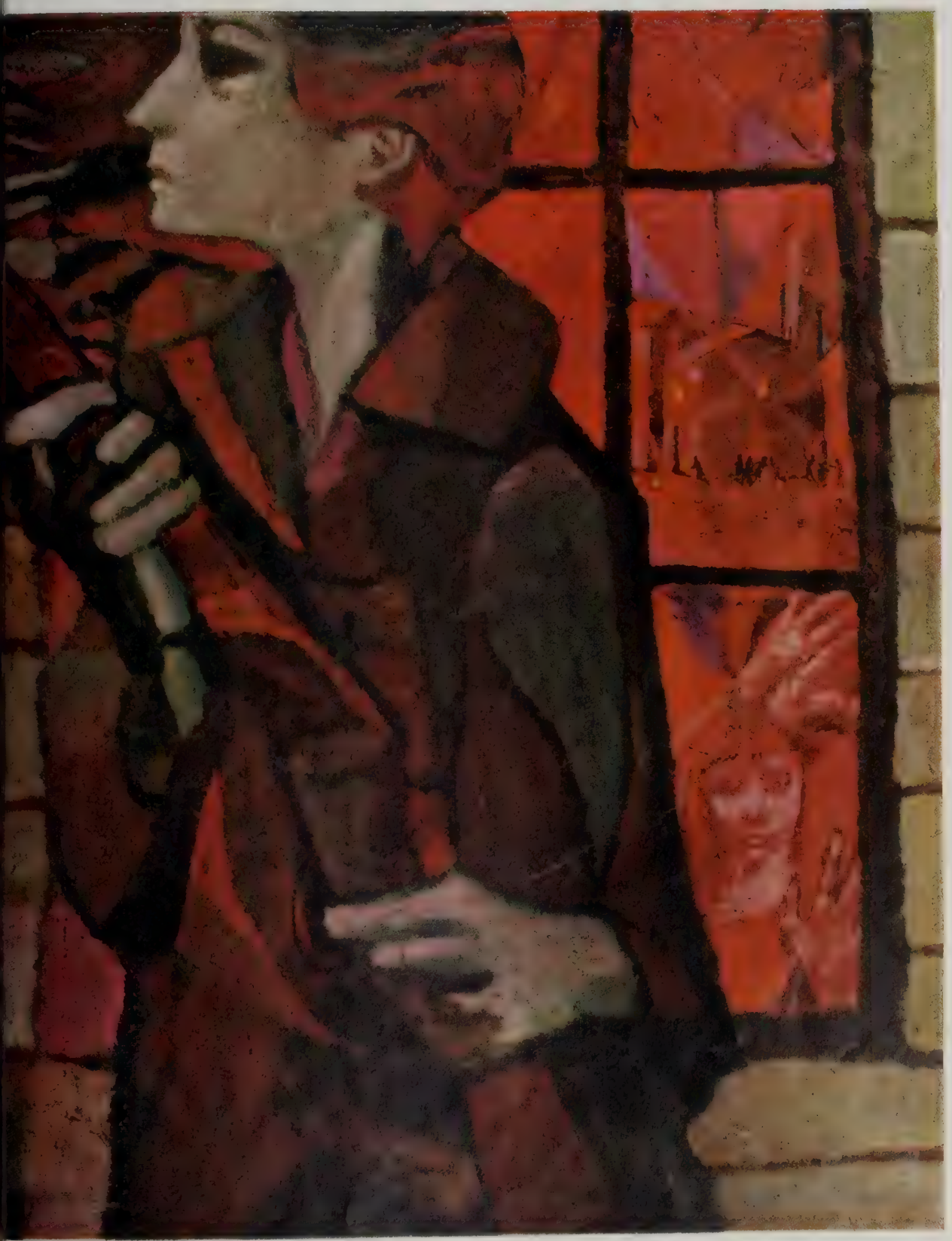
truggle—set against the fiery background of a modern South in ancient ferment.



In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves . . . and the doors shall be shut . . . and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low . . . and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets . . . —*Ecclesiastes*

ABIGAIL

November evenings are quiet and still and dry. In the winter-emptied fields, granite outcroppings gleam white and stark. The bones of the earth, old people call them. In the deepest fold of the land, the Providence River reflects a gray light.

November evenings are so quiet, so final. You see for miles in all directions. East and north, up the rising ridges, each tree is sharp and clear. There isn't even a trace of smoke up there, though earlier, in October, there were ugly smears of drifting ashes from forest fires in the mountains.

Behind me the house is quiet as my children get ready for supper—an early supper because only the two youngest are here. My oldest girls have gone to school in New Orleans. The county does not know of that yet, but they will: They always know everything. "Just like a Howland," they will say. "Always doing crazy things, high and mighty, the way they are. Broke their neck last time, though, broke it clean. . . ."

I am looking out at the front yard. Even in this dim light you can see that the turf has been broken and torn. The paling fence is completely gone. I shall not replace that fence. I want to remember.

I do not find it strange to be fighting an entire town, a whole county. I am alone, yes, of course I am, but I am not particularly afraid. The house was empty and lonely before—I just did not realize it—it's no worse now. I stand on the porch of the house my great-great-great-great-grandfather built, and through the open door I hear my children clatter along the hall to their supper. Marge, the baby, is laughing as Johnny teases her: "You are, you are, you are!"

I was a child in this house once too. It was not as nice as it is now—that was before the war, before my grandfather made his

Will Howland was a handsome, gentle man. A good man. He lived by a simple credo: "You do what you got to do."

money—but it was the same house. For them, for me. I feel the pressure of generations behind me, pushing me along the recurring cycles of birth and death. I was once the child going to bed upstairs, whispering to reassure myself against the creatures of the night. My mother slept in the great tester bed in the south bedroom. And my grandfather stood where I am standing, this same spot. And those before him too.

They are dead, all of them. I am caught and tangled around by their doings. It is as if their lives left a weaving of invisible threads in the air of this house, of this town, of this county. And I stumbled and fell into them.

I listen to the sounds of voices that roar around in my head, and watch the parade of figures that come and jostle for attention before my eyes. My grandfather. My mother. Margaret. Margaret's children: Robert and Nina and Crissy.

It's been several years since I've heard from either Crissy or Nina. I don't know where they are now. I don't even know if they are still alive. But Robert came back. And how long ago?—three months, no more. He came back jeering and hating. He drifts out of the crowd of people inside my head and stands next to me on the porch. Not the boy I grew up with, not the child I knew, but the man I saw just three months ago.

He is my age, almost exactly, though he carries himself like an old man. But he is alive. And when I am being honest with myself, as I am tonight, I know that I wish he were not.

WILLIAM

I want to tell you the story of my grandfather, and Margaret Carmichael, and me. It's hard to know where to begin, everything leading back and weaving into everything else the way it does. My grandfather was William Howland. Margaret was a Negro from over by New Church.

When I knew my grandfather he was an old man, a big, heavy man with faded blue eyes and a shiny bald head fringed by dark hair. His beard had gone so white that there was no longer any shadow on his cheeks and they shone bright pink at you, like a child's. That was the man I knew. But there was another, an earlier one—I had seen him in pictures and I knew of him from stories.

When I want to, I can see my grandfather William Howland as a young man, tall and heavy already, but with fair hair. A handsome, gentle man. He went to Atlanta to study law. He was there for two years, not working very hard, not even interested in the law. He never liked cities.

He left Atlanta when he married. Her name was Lorena Hale Adams. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was very young; her cheeks were smooth, and her eyes were very large, and a luminous gray. She was also extremely tall for a woman. Her hair, which she had pulled back over her ears into a crisp bun at her neck, was straight and heavy and black.

He courted Lorena Hale Adams quickly, impatiently, because he wanted to leave Atlanta. He scarcely noticed her family; he neither liked nor disliked them, though he realized that his own parents would have called them trash.

In two weeks he was engaged. In four weeks he was married and on his way home.

They lived in this old house by the Providence River. They added another wing, and a broad gallery, which Lorena planted with white wisteria. It was finished just in time for the birth of their first child, a girl. They called her Annie.

Within a year, in the following August, Lorena delivered again, a boy, named William. He was a strapping child, heavy and fat.

Lorena lay in bed and smiled; her eyes gleamed. "This wasn't bad at all," she told her husband. "They get easier all the time."

Three days later the colored nurse noticed that her eyes glittered too much and too wildly. She felt her cheek, then her neck. Lorena said: "This is a hot day, but in August they always are." And the nurse smiled, and slipped down the hall to call William. "The fever," she said simply. "Fetch the doctor."

They covered her with wet sheets sprinkled with camphor. They gave her the spoons of whiskey and quinine the doctor ordered. They even sent for the Negro voodoo woman. She hung her snakeskin bags in the four corners of the room, and then went outside to the corner of the yard just off the new porch—she stayed there all night, over the little fire she had built in spite of the heat, praying to her gods.

The fever lasted through the night and into the next day. William slept in a corner of the room under one of the voodoo bags. The doctor dozed upright in a chair. Only Lorena seemed happy. In the very early morning, when William woke, he found her luminous eyes on him. She was humming gently, and he took a chair and sat by her. He was numb with exhaustion.

Lorena waved her hand weakly at invisible people, smiled at them, and kept humming, tunelessly now. All the rest of his life William remembered sitting and watching those great gray eyes, watching the light fade from them, gradually, bit by bit, until he was not sure when it had happened exactly, when it was gone. Until it was gone completely—the humming, the movement—and he sat looking into a pair of open dead eyes. He closed them himself.

William stepped through the door. He walked through the hall to the gallery, noticing the smell of the new boards and the new paint in the hot sun. He crossed the yard, and was swinging himself through the rail fence when he heard the nurse's sobbing scream. William walked through the pasture lot, vaguely aware that behind him other voices answered the nurse. He climbed the fence on the other side of the pasture and entered the woods. He walked slowly, naming the things that passed before his eyes.

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"Margaret's face was black and ours white, but we were together anyhow. Her life and William's. And ours."

He looked into the sandy ground, mostly bare under the fall of pine needles, and he saw how grainy it was. And he saw the ants and the doodlebugs and the other little things that tunneled through it. He stood for a long time in front of a dense clump of white titi, studying its shape, noticing how the white flowers had given way to the beginnings of the yellow berries. He saw that the wild azaleas, past their bloom, looked brown and dry. He moved slowly, as if he were in a park. Bayberry, fragrant in the sun; sparkleberry; the poisonous coral bean. Cat brier, where the shrikes stored their prey; white jasmine. And the flowers too—the Cherokee rose, blooming now; the grass pinks, and the gentians; the milkworts and the live-forevers; the railroad vine and the trueloves and the greenfly orchids. He found a fallen pine, and he rested on that, sitting quietly. Squirrels ran down the trees and looked into his face and chattered and screamed at him.

In a while, more than two hours, he got up and started back. He walked lightly, easily, as if his body were no weight to him. He circled around the house, listening to the heavy tromp of his shoes on the soft, sun-baked grass. When he found himself at the front door, he went inside, sniffing the sudden odor of furniture polish. They would be opening the parlors, cleaning them, getting ready for the wake.

William had his name carved across the top of the tomb—in the long days after the funeral, when the stonecutter came from Mobile. Lorena's name was there, no other inscription besides the dates and the two words that preceded it: MY WIFE.

A year later William carved another set of dates and the words: MY SON.

Then there was a war, and William went off to Camp Martin in New Orleans. That was as close as he got to the trenches of France, though he did almost die there—in the flu epidemic. He came home finally, thin and spindly and shaky. He went back to his parents' house and to his only child, Annie, and he almost never left the county again, except for business trips every four or five months to Chattanooga.

Years—many years—later, when he took his granddaughter for a picnic in the cemetery, with a Negro gardener or two along to clean up, William Howland talked about his wife Lorena. "There was such a light to her," he said, "all over her. I used to think she'd glow in the night."

He hadn't mourned for her, not the way a widower is supposed to. It seemed that part of him had died with her, and in a way it was a mercy that it hadn't been left behind to grieve.

He went on living a widower. He may not have been very happy, but he certainly wasn't unhappy either. There was a lot for him to do, what with the cotton and the cattle and the new demand for lumber and pulp. And he had his daughter to raise. He wasn't a hermit, and he wasn't unfriendly. He went to church when he wasn't too busy, and to parties all over the county. He just didn't seem interested in the daughters or the widows. If he had a mistress, she didn't live in town. Perhaps he had some sort of arrangement in Chattanooga, but no one ever knew for sure.

Maybe if he'd lived in a city, he would have found somebody. But the farms in this part of the country were far apart, with nothing but sharecropper cabins in between. People worked hard spring and summer, with only that couple of weeks' rest in August while the cotton was making. Once the fields were ready, once picking started, until the last of the crop was gone to the gin, William didn't leave the place, not even on Sundays. After that there was the corn and the tobacco and the syrup making in the cool days of fall. Finally there was the slaughtering. When the kids all had their pig bladders to play with and the smokehouses put out their flavor on the cold air, the year's work was over. Winters were partytime, when there was only lumbering to be looked to, but winters are a short time, and William Howland did not find a wife.

Throughout all these slowly revolving years, William's daughter Annie grew. She had no resemblance to her mother at all—she might not have had one, she was so much like her father. She was not a very pretty girl, but she was bright and gay and cheerful.

She finished high school, a tall, thin girl, with long, blond-white hair. Though most of the girls of her age had at least one serious caller, she had none. She did not seem interested. She was too shy to enjoy parties, and she did not dance at all. She spent her evenings in the big upholstered rocker in the living room, reading, steadily reading. She read nothing but poetry. Shelley in a fancy morocco binding. Yeats for reciting aloud. She sat looking out at the screening wisteria and the glittering day beyond, and she would say to the soft greenness:

"The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away;
While the faeries dance in a place
*apart. . . ."**

The people in the house, the servants and her father, soon got used to her singsong sounds. They were even rather proud of her. It was very elegant to have a young girl murmuring verse to herself of an afternoon, quite alone, with only her eyes showing the excitement and the aching of seventeen.

She went away to college, to Mary Baldwin in Virginia. Her father took her there, and that was the first time she had ever left the state. She was not even particularly eager to go. But since her father expected it, she packed dutifully. *(Continued on page 98)*

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Bouquet to the Chef

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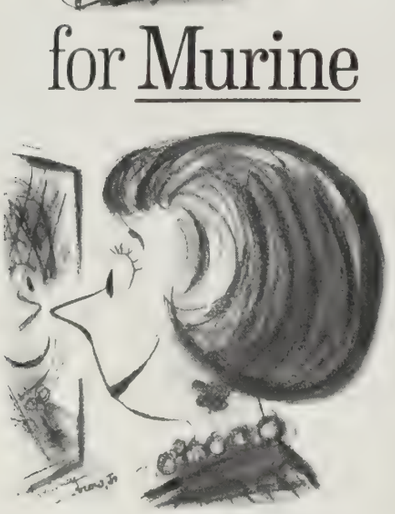
Take a moment

for Murine



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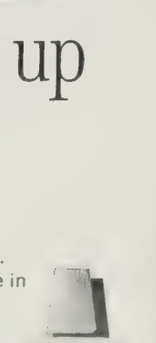

Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.

Pat. Off.

That first summer she came home thinner than ever, with only a slight flush to her cheeks from the cold mountain winter. She immediately got her father to buy her a horse, an elderly and gentle gray mare, and she took long early-morning rides, always alone. People wondered and clucked about that, but the talk soon died down, because she still spent her afternoons in the little gazebo in the corner of the lawn, that her father had built for her as a homecoming surprise. The benches built around its octagonal walls were cushioned in blue-and-white-striped cotton, and there was an octagonal table in the center of the room. It had been made specially to match the shape of the house. Annie Howland spent her summer afternoons there; she wrote poetry now. And letters too—she got at least one letter a week in return. The postmaster noticed that the handwriting was the same, so all that summer the town watched and waited to see who would come. No one did. Just the letters. By the end of the summer, when Annie went back to college, the town had forgotten all about her.

The cotton was ready. William put a sack on his shoulder and did a few rows himself, because he liked to keep his hand in. It wasn't hard work, picking—all the small Negro children did it. And in a way it was easier for them; a man his size had to stoop considerably. Picking did give you a very muscular hand: you yanked the cotton out of the prongs of the boll with the tips of your fingers. William Howland's right hand was much bigger than his left. He was rather proud of that.

The pickers worked until the fields were stripped, seven days a week, under skies that were brilliant blue and edged with huge black thunderheads. There was almost never rain this time of year. Though the clouds piled themselves higher and higher, they never moved from the horizon. They seemed fixed there, like mountains. The first sun picked them up in the mornings, and they turned purple-red with the last of its light. Sometimes the pickers worked by moonlight, and when they stood up to stretch and rest their backs, they would see those same clouds rising at the edges of the world, silvery and shining white.

William fell into bed at night, not bothering to take off his clothes.

He got a letter from his daughter. She was coming home to Madison City. She was going to be married.

He met the train.

She was, as always, tall, thin and blond. But this time her vagueness seemed to have disappeared. She rushed up to him and—something she had never done in public—hugged him. "Papa!" She giggled in his ear. "And weren't you surprised, and wasn't it wonderful, it just couldn't be better, it just was perfect. You're surprised, aren't you, Papa? Isn't it lovely? I know you thought you'd never get me off your hands."

"No," William said. "I can't say I was bothered about that."

"Not being pretty—it worries a girl."

Had it? he thought. She seemed not to have noticed, seemed never to have given it a wisp of consideration. He had never before imagined her as having thoughts or feelings of her own. She had always seemed so content.

"Aren't you going to say something, Papa?"

"I wasn't worried about your finding a husband, when you're not twenty."

She took his arm and they started for the waiting buggy. William Howland was in no hurry to own a car. The roads were too bad for them most of the year.

"He is the most wonderful man." She hugged her father's arm, remembering.

"He from town?"

She stopped, and laughed. "Mercy sakes, no! I met him at Mary Baldwin. He teaches there. English."

All those poems, William thought. "So he wrote those letters you got last summer?" The amusement showed in his voice.

Annie looked at him sharply. "How could you know?"

"Whole town knew," William said.

As they drove home, Annie told him, "His name is Mason, Gregory Edward Mason."

"He come from Virginia?"

"Mercy, no! He's from England, from London. He's just teaching there."

The wheels wiggled and jolted in the ruts in the road. Six or eight quail scuttled across the gravel and disappeared into a stripped-bare cornfield.

As they were turning into the drive that led to the front door, Annie said, "And I nearly forgot . . . Greg is coming down next Friday."

"For the wedding?"

"Oh, Papa!"

"Well, what?"

Annie giggled, a smug, contented giggle. "Greg is so proper that he's coming all this way just to ask you for my hand."

"Oh," William said. "Well, I've never known it done at such long distance before."

"Nobody marries from their hometown any more," she told him confidentially. "Really."

William did not have to flip the reins; the horse stopped at his proper place.

She danced a little step in the dust of the drive, her long blond hair spinning around her eyes. "Do you think I could go to Atlanta for a trousseau?"

He just nodded silently. He followed her inside, not bothering to call the servants, carrying her single bag himself, feeling for the first time old and solid and tired. She was a baby he had held, a baby who had wet on his pants and vomited across the front of his shirt. His feet felt rooted to the earth. The round hoops of his ribs seemed awkward and stiff, like barrel staves. I am forty-eight, he thought, and that is old.

Our children grow up, he thought, echoing something he had heard long ago and had not remembered for the years since. "Our children grow old and elbow us into the grave."

William went to the dining room and poured himself a whiskey. He took the drink and went back to the porch. He sat in his rocker, and put the drink on its arm. He looked out across the road to his fields and his woods beyond them.

At least, he thought, the ground was solid. The sandy ground you knew so well you got to thinking of it as a person. Tricky, hard, not particularly agreeable. But the same, still the same, for you, for your father, for your children. And that helped. That was a comfort.

Gregory Edward Mason came, stayed two days, and had the proper talk with his future father-in-law. William was vi and polite; he did not think very mu him—this tall, thin, sandy-haired man very bad teeth—but said nothing be commenting that he sat a horse rem ably well.

In the week before the wedding, Wil watched his house fill up with cousins second cousins and great-uncles and au by-marriage. People he hadn't seen thirty years, old people, crusty and fr with age. Their stolid children. And grandchildren, scurrying around, stum underfoot, slammed by doors, scratche the brambles, blotched by poison ivy w unknown clumps they wandered into.

Howlands married grandly, accordin the custom of the country. On the mor of the wedding all the men, relative friend alike, went to the Groom's Br fast in the big dining room of the hot town. They spent the afternoon there, sleeping off the whiskey, finishing w sobering dip in the icy Providence R Then in the evening they joined women for the ceremony in the crow parlor of the Howland place. Later when the moon came up, most of the went off again—on a hunt, stumbling singing their way across the fields and the fences, followed by unsteady N boys with the bottles of whiskey, prec by the swift brown-and-white flashe dogs.

Bit by bit, day by day, the wed broke up. By the end of the second w they were all gone, and William was alone, except for old Ramona rattling in the kitchen or muttering her through the rooms, flipping a fea duster at the edges of the furniture. house was no more empty than it had with Annie at college. But it felt emp

One morning, toward the end of the week, William discovered that he was t ing to himself. He had just waked up was lying in the big tester bed, starin the glowing square of shaded window, he said aloud, "Wind's to the west."

He heard himself and jumped. And l ing around guiltily, wondering: How have I done that?

He dressed and went out on the kit porch, where the bowl of hot water waiting for him, as it was every morn He shaved in front of a little mirror hung on the post, wiping the foam from straight blade off on the railing. Later mona would come and pitch the content the bowl on the railing, so that it w wash clean, in a way.

On that particular day, he planned to to his cattle. As usual, there was some rot that needed attention, though he ha that job, hated the scraping and the odor. There were some hide sores too wondered briefly if the heel flies were hatching out early this year. Like scr worms, they usually came later in spring. He'd go have a look now and remember to take the benzol and pine oil with him.

He was thinking like that when started out. Only somehow he took a dif ent turning. He was not in a mood chores, and certainly not—after the w ding—in any mood for company. He fo himself walking through woods and fie through empty countryside he had seen in years and barely remembere marshes, brakes, a rich land of wildern He ate what he could find to eat, and dr when he found a clear spring.

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1. Sprinkle **4 lean Pork Chops, 1/2 inch thick,** with **1/4 teasp. Salt** and **few grains Pepper.** In 10-inch skillet brown in **1 Tablesp. hot Shortening.** Drain off drippings.

2. Pour around chops a mixture of **1 can Cream of Chicken or Cream of Mushroom Soup, 2/3 cup PET Evaporated Milk** and **1/3 cup Water.** If desired, add **1 Onion, thinly sliced.**

3. Bake in 350 oven (moderate) 45 minutes, or until chops are tender. Stir gravy well. Serves 4.

For top-stove fixing: Cover skillet; cook chops and gravy over low heat about 45 minutes, or until chops are tender. Stir now and then.

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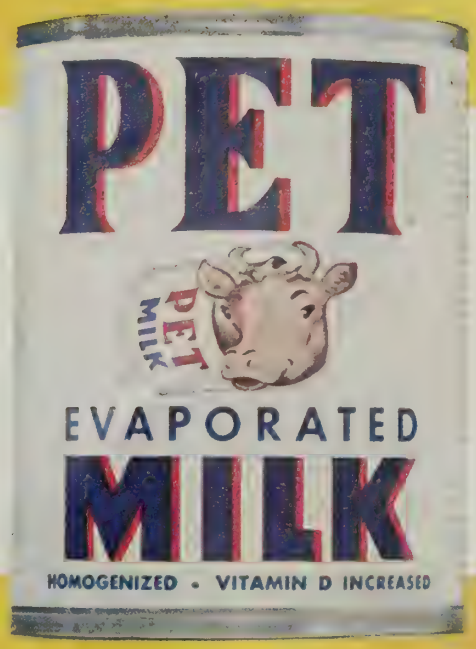

"PET"—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By late afternoon he was weary. He did not know precisely where he was—somewhere around New Church, he figured. So it was just a matter of cutting across the ridges until he fetched up in his own back lot. He made up his mind to a long walk. Some hours later, when he had scrambled up and across two ridges, he realized that it was getting dark, and that he was too tired to go on. He selected a good high spot, a stand of shortleaf pine with a heavy fall of needles; he made himself as comfortable as he could and went to sleep.

He woke with the first dawn, the false dawn. He lay with his hands behind his head, waiting for the true light, listening to the birds. And—from a long way off, wind-borne—he heard the sound of running water. He stood up and stretched, and the sun swung over the edge of the intervening ridge and flashed in his eyes. He was very thirsty; his mouth was foul-tasting and fuzzy. He listened again for the running water, found the sound, fixed directions before the birds drowned it out.

He started toward the sound, rubbing his hand briskly over his beard. He passed a Negro graveyard, its graves smooth-worn heaps decorated with broken cups and glasses and plates. He passed the faintly outlined foundations of what had been a church. The sound of water came, sharp and distinct, from the other side.

He quickened his steps, came to it. He saw that a baptistery had been built across the stream a hundred yards or so above the church. There was a little natural waterfall there, and pious men had lined and blocked it with bricks to make a pool for their services. The flow spilled over the top. His eyes circled the pool twice before he saw the woman. She was that earth-colored.

She knelt at the side of the creek, just above the baptistery, washing clothes. Her dress was brown, her hair black as her skin. Only a flash of bright yellow from the material she was holding in her hand caught William's eye.

She had not heard him. She went on quietly lifting and bending, wringing the clothes and stacking them on a clean stone beside her.

In the sudden noise of fighting mockingbirds, the sounds of her splashing disappeared. William wondered for a minute if she was really there at all—if, soundless, she wasn't a part of the morning fog that twisted between the trees behind her.

She stood up, and William saw that she was tall, very tall. She moved like a young woman, big but lithe. She stretched her cramped back, hands on hips. Moved her shoulders up and down, hands running over buttocks.

She did not hear him. For all his size, he had kept the hunter's ability to move silently. Finally, when he was about ten feet from her, he deliberately put his boot to a twig and snapped it. She turned around. Not spun around, not jerked around as he had expected her to. Turned slowly, curiously. The large brown eyes studied him, not startled, just surprised.

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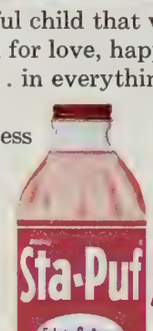

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She was not pretty; William saw that at once. The face was too dark, and too long. Indian blood showed in her high cheekbones.

"I was up a way," he said.

She didn't answer The mixed-blood face waited patiently.

"I been walking some, and I figured I might be lost. Where's this?"

"New Church," she said.

Her voice was not deep, nor high. It was neither gentle nor harsh. After she stopped speaking, you had to wonder if you had really heard anything. As if, when she had done, the space all around her closed in again, tight, and wiped all traces of her from the air.

"I wasn't too far off," he said. "This branch got a name?"

"No," she said.

She did not say, "No, sir." Most Negroes would have. William wondered: "You from around here?"

For the first time she moved her head, Negrolike, self-effacing. "Down there."

"Whose place?"

"Abner Carmichael."

"I heard of him," William said. "You his daughter?"

"Granddaughter."

He smiled at her quick correction. "I reckon you don't look old enough to be much else."

"I'm eighteen," she said.

He just smiled again, and nodded.

She added: "My name's Margaret."

That was the way it began. That was how he found Margaret, washing clothes by a creek that didn't have a name. She lived with him all the rest of his life, th next thirty years.

Living with him, she lived with us all, al the Howlands, and her life got mixed u with ours.

Her face was black and ours were white but we were together anyhow. Her lif and his. And ours.

MARGARET

A black baby with kinky hair an knobby arms and legs. A black girl, like th other girls of New Churc Her father's rangy build, bu none of his coloring.

By the time she was thre or four, her mother wa smearing her face with bu termilk, was dampening he hair and sitting her in th blazing sun to bleach, wa sending her to the voodo woman for a charm to brin out her white blood, to brin it to the surface.

When Margaret was eigh her mother left, and the never heard of her agai She went south to Mobil they thought. She was look ing for somebody. She le her daughter Margaret i her grandfather's house, i Abner Carmichael's hous to be raised with all the othe children, only more alone.

Margaret was eleven or s before she dared ask abou her father. But in the en she got up her courage, an her great-grandmother tol her.

It began when the stat decided to run a new hig way down from the capit to the Gulf Coast. Every thing about that highwa was bad luck. It came throug Wade County the same sum mer weevils first really d stroyed the cotton, the tim people went hungry, wit their whole year's work eate out. Some thought that cu ting and grading for the roa brought the weevils out the earth. Some said th damage wasn't weevils all—that some old, forgotte law had been broken and th was punishment. And it wa true that the road crews ha turned up an Indian grav yard. For a while every bit of their shovels sent skul and bowls and arrowhea rolling out into the light day. People said that thos dead Indians wandered abou and moaned on nights whe the moon was down. Nobody went abroa at night, not knowing what a strip of fo might be, not knowing what a bullfrog croak might signify. People jumped at th caw of a tree frog, and even the bootlegge stayed home at night. People who though they had forgotten began to remembe ways of working protecting magic, an houses began to show signs of magic—th mark on the porch post, the bottle swun from a tree, the circle of powerful stone

It was in those days that Margaret wa born. Her father had been one of the su veyors for the new road. He had spent tw

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THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE continued

weeks in New Church that summer. He and another white man lived in a tent, and directed the first crews. Then the line of road moved south, so they took up their tent and went on. One of them told a young Negro girl that he would send back for her. Most likely he never thought of it again. Most likely he didn't even remember.

That was the story the old woman told Margaret. When she was done, she turned and walked away. It was midsummer, and the tomato plants needed her time.

Margaret watched her go; then she herself left. Not thinking quite what she was doing, just moving. She got into the skiff, the light one that the smaller boys usually took, poled it out across the river and into the swamp, dodging around the cypresses, fish jumping out of her way, birds rising up overhead, furious at her passing. She crossed a wide slough, using the pole as a paddle in the still, lead-colored, scum-frosted water. Out of breath finally, she stopped with the bow of the skiff resting against the rotten knee of a cypress. She shipped the pole and sat down, her body rocking rhythmically with the spasms of her breathing.

Margaret sat and looked at the cypress knees, naked and slimy, at the unmoving swamp water. She peered down into its depths and saw the light spot that marked a place where bream had their bed. Then she looked at her reflection in the water, distorted and glazed by the bright sky overhead. She looked at her own arms and hands: thin, striped with muscle and sinew, bones showing clearly, the shell of bone with skin stretched over it.

Black skin. She looked at it, pinched it between her fingers, rubbed it. It was black. Her father's blood, where would it be? It had to be somewhere, because it had gone into her. It would be inside, maybe. Inside she would be white and blond-haired, like him.

She had always thought of her body as solid, one piece. Now she knew it was otherwise. And her body seemed to expand, to swell, growing like a balloon. She thought of all the distance between the two parts of her, the white and the black. And it seemed to her that those two halves would pull away and separate and leave her there in the open, popped out like a kernel from its husk. She bent her head down into her lap and fought against the separating until bitter tears poured off her face and the front of her stained pink dress was soaked with salt. She wrapped her arms tight around her middle to keep herself together, and her ribs quivered under her fingers.

There was a scab on her knee. She scratched at it quickly. She studied the dark-red liquid that bubbled and finally flowed down the slant of black skin. And that was what white blood looked like. She stuck out her tongue and nudged the edge, and that was what white blood tasted like.

She straightened up, releasing her body carefully, gingerly. The two parts of her seemed to hold together.

She looked around curiously, as if she had never seen this stretch of swamp before, surprised to find it familiar. There, a little way over, turtles lived. Farther over, across that second slough, was a gator wallow. Everything seemed to be in its right place. Only she was different. No, that wasn't even so; she was just as she had been all along—she just hadn't known.

A water turkey settled in a tree almost overhead. Margaret automatically noted its brown neck: a female. Skinks skittered up and down and over the trunks of fallen trees. Margaret thought: If I'd brought a line I could take back a few bream.

The angle of the sun was different now. It was shining directly into her eyes. A couple of hours must have passed. She'd have to be getting back.

That was when she was eleven.

The seasons passed, steamy hot in the summers and freezing cold in the winters, with hoarfrost crusted like mold on the ground. There were birthings and marriages and funerals. Her own great-grandmother died and was buried in the sandy soil of the graveyard.

Margaret's hard, angular body grew tall and broad, and she felt the first real tug of a woman's longing. She cursed herself and men, and hated her body for what it would do to her. She glanced at herself. Fit for the wood lot or the fields. Clumsy and out of place in a kitchen, or with a man. She looked away, near to crying. She was eighteen.

On a spring morning, Margaret looked out across the misty pasture where a single black-and-white cow grazed.

I been coming here ever since I was born, she thought. This spot or another like it. Every year since I been born. But this one, this is the last.

She stopped, startled. She looked around, half expecting to have discovered somebody else had spoken those words aloud. Now that they were said—or thought, which was the same thing—they seemed true enough. But she was afraid of prophecy, and its connections with the devil; her heart beat irregularly and much faster, and she shivered. But she believed: This would be the last year. Knowing that, she looked at everything more carefully. The first sweet-smelling tall flowers of the greenfly plant. The pipewort, the moss verbena. The blue flowers of the pickerelweed in moist, overgrown beds of ponds. And milkweeds, tall and purple. Jacob's ladder, poking its way between pine needles. The ginseng with its tiny purple flower, whose root, people said, was good for making love. The poisonous Indian weed. Four-o'clocks to string on a child's necklace. And whole fields full of wild pinks, brilliant and glowing in the sun.

And the little animals that rustled among them. The snapping turtle catching flies by the rubbly edge of a pond. The box turtle lumbering into its burrow. And the snakes. Kick aside a fallen pine and you were sure to find a bull snake, blotchy gray, hissing at you. Rattlers too; when you found one, you called the children together and stoned it. And all the others, the milk snakes and the black runners and the green snakes and the corn snakes and the rat snakes. There were so many, when you thought about it, so very many.

Margaret wondered: There a lot of things I don't have no names for. Plants and varmints both, that I can't call by name.

She was alone the whole day, watching, looking, going wherever she wanted and as far as she could walk, and soon she was in a dense wood of holly and beech and sweet gum and water oak and dogwood and sweet bay, buckvines lacing them all tight together overhead. Now and then she passed a persimmon and a p

She found streams too. Most were small, a trickle over a sand bottom drank their leafy-tasting water and at wild watercress from their banks. found a large one down in a gully, al out of sight in a clump of sweet bay and wild azaleas. By the far bank she the quick flick of a sunfish.

He would be good fried, she though tomatically. And then: Why am I al eating, always thinking of that? Why

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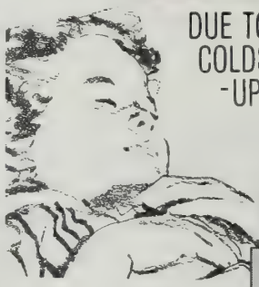

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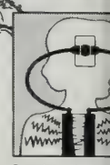

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take so much trouble to keep your omach full and quiet?

She knelt and looked at her reflection in e water. She studied her face—heavy-lded eyes, full mouth, ears that were too ng. She spat, and the white froth sailed her cheeks. She walked on. There were a w very early blackberries, small and sour, efore their season. She stopped and ate em anyway, her face crinkling at their avor.

And it be right strange, she told herself lently, the way things come in their sea-ns. The way they appear and go each ear at the same time, without never a mis-ke. And the way people come. And me, I m here now, but I won't be next year. nd where will I be? I don't know the an-wer to that any more than I know why erries have their seasons and the per-mmons only ripen after a frost and a attler is poison and a king snake isn't. And here be reasons for all of those things, and auses too, only I don't know them. I don't now anything. I don't know what Mobile oks like only what they tell about the ocks and the bananas. And I don't know hat New Orleans looks like, only the tories people bring. And I never seen the ocean. All I seen is the cotton fields, and he way pines move in the wind, moaning.

She began to walk back home, thinking: won't pass here again. Maybe for a long ime. Maybe not ever.

Spring passed into summer, shimmering with heat. Endless work-filled days, one very like the other. Finally, a rest in the hot days when the cotton was making, when there was nothing more to do until the bolls swelled open and full. Then it was time to start dragging the long sacks up and down the rows in the crouching, sweating weeks of picking. Almost imperceptibly the nights cooled, and the mornings. Margaret noticed the change as she carried the washing over to the baptistery behind the old church.

At first she did not think William Howland was flesh and blood. She had not heard him come, had not heard the crinkle and crunch of the ground under his feet. He just appeared, not far from her, a tall, heavy, blue-eyed bald man in the morning fog.

She often saw things in the woods. Faces and figures. Sometimes they talked to her and sometimes they only stood back and looked. Sometimes they were friendly and sometimes they scowled and warned her away from places they were guarding.

For the first minutes she talked to him, she was sure that if she put out her hand, she could reach right through him. Then she began to realize that he was solid, and she felt disappointed. He was real.

She sat down abruptly. Almost crying.

"You sick?" he asked.

She shook her head, still having trouble with tears.

"What ails you?"

She shook her head again, and he sat beside her and talked for a while. She heard his words, but she did not bother to listen to them. Not for a long time, until she had got herself used to this new situation.

"So there's one thing sure," he was saying. "I got to get myself a housekeeper."

She looked down at her big hands folded in her lap.

"And I reckon it's got to be somebody young, account of it's no easy job. The house needs lots of work; you can see that from what I been telling you."

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He was waiting for her to say something.

"Why you tell me?"

"You might want the job, seeing it's open."

She lifted her hands and held them out in front of her, fingers stretched. "I figured to be going away," she said. "I been figuring on that."

"What your family say?"

"Got none."

"Not a mamma?" He frowned, unbelieving.

"She been gone."

"A while back?"

"She never come back from looking for my papa."

He chuckled. "I heard tell of things like that."

"My papa was white."

William Howland hesitated. Finally, because he had to say something, he said, "I don't mind."

"I got nobody to ask. My grandpappy, he be glad of the room in the house."

William rubbed his face, feeling very tired, hearing the stubble of his beard grate in the quiet morning. "If this here is New Church, I got maybe a twenty-mile walk."

He stood up, and she seemed much smaller, almost fragile. She did not raise her head to look at him, the way a white woman might.

"Look, now," he said. "You go back to your people and tell 'em where you going, and then you come over to my place, if you still want to." How could anybody that tall, he wondered, look so delicate just because she was sitting down? "That's the way to do it," he said, more to hear the

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The Keepers of the House *continued*

sound of his voice and stop a deep feeling that was beginning to bother him, a tensing of muscles he had forgotten about. "It plain wouldn't be right to expect you to go rushing off when it can't help but be a surprise to you."

"It don't surprise me," she said quietly, in the light, even voice that was so hard to remember. "Nothing that happens surprises me, 'cause I know it ahead of time."

That same day she packed her things. She took the fancy apron her mother had left her, and she put all her possessions in it: her combs, the snakeskin bag of Indian charms that she had never dared open, a couple of arrowheads that were lucky, a stone with a hole bored in the middle that was lucky too. She put in her pair of shoes and her good dress, the green silk one.

Then she went looking for her grandfather, to tell him. He was squatting in the shade of a tupelo tree, resting his team of mules.

She touched his shoulder. "I come to tell you I was leaving."

He did not move; she wondered if he understood. "I got to go."

He nodded.

"If somebody, they ask for me ——" And who would that be? Nobody, but maybe one. "If somebody comes asking, tell my mamma, maybe . . ."

The old eyes, hooded like a bird's, slipped open and looked at her.

She held her own face steady. "You got to say that Margaret has gone away from New Church. She gone to work on the Howland place and she don't expect to be coming back."

For a while the landmarks were familiar. Then she passed into country she'd never seen before. She walked steadily, shifting her bundle from hand to hand as she went. When dark came, she slept in the woods along the road, curled up on the leaves and the pine needles, shivering a bit in the night cold. In the morning she felt her hunger, sharp and demanding, so she chewed a few pine needles and a couple of pieces of bitter grass.

She knew the Howland place as soon as she saw it. She turned off the road and climbed the rutted footpath that cut across the weedy fields.

She found herself in a dusty, silent yard. She walked around the house, searching, and found the kitchen door under the sheltering frame of the back porch. Without hesitating, she pushed through the sagging screen.

The kitchen was empty. She walked through the dark rooms of the lower part of the house as far as she could without opening any closed doors, afraid to open them, but curious just the same. Then she went back to the kitchen. She waited a little while there, sitting at the big center table. Then she waited outside on the back steps, her body curled over her legs to stop the aching of her stomach.

William Howland came home just before dusk. He left his wagon by the barn, unhitched his mules, and climbed the hill to his house. He'd come half the distance before he even lifted his head. As soon as he caught sight of her, he began to hurry.

"My God," he said. "I plain wasn't looking for you so soon."

She did not answer. She followed him inside.

"You walk here?"

"Not far."

"Ramona!" he called. The sound echoed around the house; no one answered.

"You have anything to eat?"

"Not today."

"My God," he said. "Ramona!" And to Margaret: "You got no cause to do that, child."

"I didn't have nothing to take," she said simply.

He walked over to the great wood range, black and sticky with grease. He opened a couple of pots and looked in. "She cooked it, anyhow."

Margaret sat down in a straight wood chair, her stomach cramps making her weak-kneed all of a sudden. She had thought he wouldn't notice, but in a moment he was standing beside her, and there was a hand on her shoulder.

She laughed, ashamed. "Bitter grass make you lightheaded somehow."

The hand was pulling her to her feet. "Go get a plate—I'll get it—and eat something, whatever that is there."

So she sat in the kitchen alone, eating quietly. She let her eyes run around the room a few times. Gently, inquiring. It was as familiar to her then as if she had always lived here.

When Ramona came back, Margaret stood up politely, waiting. The old woman looked at her, shifting the wad of snuff from her lower lip to her cheek. "I got to open a bed for you," she said.

Margaret followed her through the house. They climbed a wide, bare stair they went along a dark hall. At the back of the hall was a tall mahogany armoire.

Ramona hunted through the piles of cloth, pulling out one sheet after the other shaking her head and putting them back. She found one finally with a rip down the middle. She nodded to herself.

It took half an hour to find a pillow and a blanket that were raggedy enough. Then Ramona tucked the lot under her arm and opened a low, small door.

It led to the ell at the back of the house directly over the kitchen. It must have been the oldest part, for the rooms were smaller and the ceilings lower. There were two rooms here, one leading into the other. They were musty and stuffy, and the mattresses on the beds had been rolled up and covered with newspapers.

Ramona put down the sheets and started for another door on the far wall. "Goes to the kitchen," she said. "You come up and down this way. Light's there." She yanked a cord, and the single naked bulb hanging from the rafters snapped on. "You get enough supper?"

"Yes'm," Margaret said.

The old woman started down the steps groaning and wheezing. "Mr. William, he say I got to ask if you have everything."

"Yes'm," she said again.

Margaret did not feel tired, though her legs ached from the long walk. She ran down the stairs and got a broom she had seen in the corner there.

She ran back up and opened all the windows, so that the cool evening air came pouring inside. She brushed down the walls and chased out the spiders and swept the floors. She unrolled the mattress and put the sheet on it.

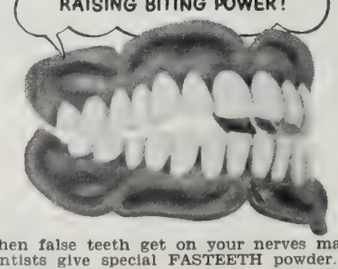
I got to fix that rip tomorrow, she thought. It was the first sheet she had ever

HEARTBURN

If you ever suffer from heartburn, don't miss the wonderful soothing relief of fast-acting Tums. You'll be amazed by the really great relief Tums bring.

Economical handy rolls and bottles.

NOW! EAT BETTER, FASTER, MORE COMFORTABLY WITH **FALSE TEETH** BY RAISING BITING POWER!



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

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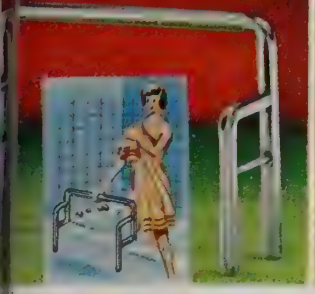
In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — discovery of a world famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.



BATHTUB RAIL helps prevent tumbles as you step in, out of turdy rail gives firm support, you maneuver safely. Fits over ge, grips with 4 arms. Ideal for s, children, aged. 18" long . . oof, chrome-plated steel.
Bathtub Rail **$4.98**

D-FUZZ-IT COMB makes sweaters look new again. Whisks away unsightly pilling, balling, matting on sweaters and all napped fabrics—even synthetics. Helps renew blankets, coats, dresses, too! Tortoise-shell plastic with magic gilt "gripper-comb" edge.
74062 D-Fuzz-It Comb in Case. **$1.**

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Hand-Knit by		Hand-Made by	
48058 15,	**$1.25**	**48066** 15,	**$1.25**
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FOLD-AWAY PORTABLE CLOTHES RACK holds 20 garments. Use as laundry rack in tub, ironing caddy, emergency clothes rack—or for holding wet rainwear. Rustproof, sturdy steel construction, yet lightweight. Folds for easy storage. Adjusts from 44" to 56".
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DRIVERS NEED "HAPPY BACK"! Medically-contoured cushion shaped to support your back—just where you feel it needs it! Vinyl-upholstered foam rubber pad rests against lower spine —improves circulation! 11x9". Blue, brown, green or red. **Specify color.**
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T-TALL SHOULDER BRACE aids posture, makes you look young. you straighten up, throw your ders back—stand tall, proud! Adble, washable. White only. Use measurement under bustline.
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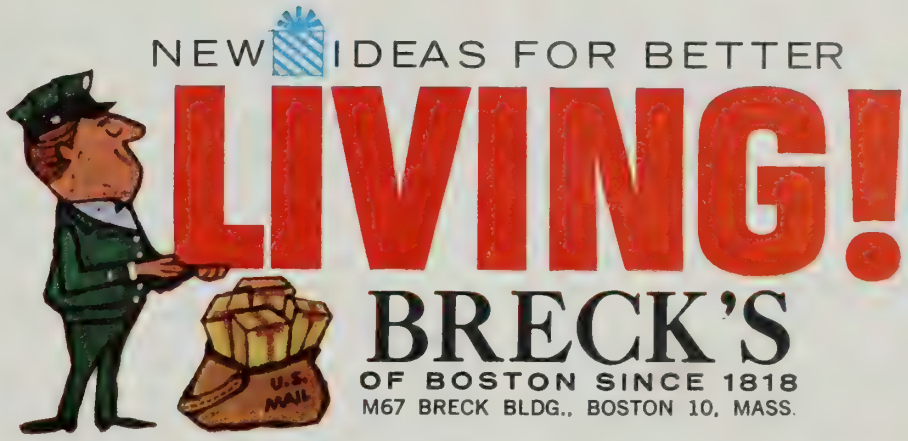
10041 Elec. Percolator. **$6.95**
95554 Sugar & Creamer. **$2.50**



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7 Lifetime S.S. Card. **$1.**

BOIL 28-OZ. WATER IN 3½ MINUTES! Polished aluminum 4-cup electric pot... stay-cool handle, base. Heats canned foods, soups, broths, baby's bottle, or water for tea, coffee. 6' cord. AC.
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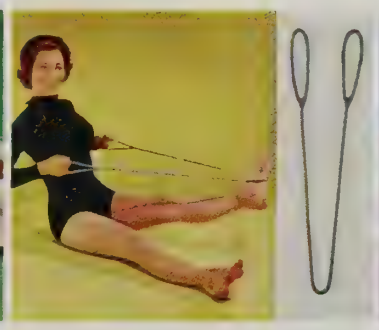


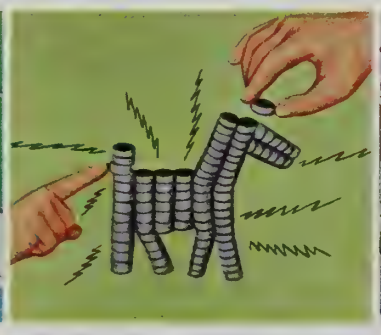
STRETCH-AWAY FOR LITHE, LOVELY FIGURE! Easy, fun, and so good for you! Firm and tone hips, arms, thighs, midriff; help develop your bust. Strong 33" rubber rope with hand grips.
76364 Stretch-Away Exerciser. **$1.**

LUSCIOUS-LOOKING GUEST SOAP! Strawberries for their fingertips, pure castile; a pretty whimsey for your powder room! White glass bowl, 4¾" dia., heaped with 21 "strawberries."
54874 Bowl of Strawberry Soap. **$1.**

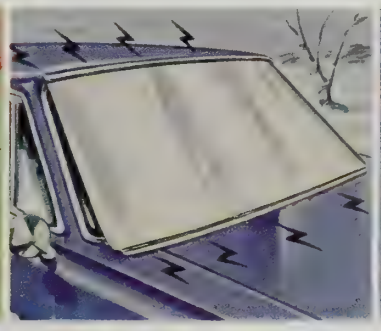
END-WASTE KEY — Easiest way to squeeze a tube! Anchovy paste, shaving cream, toothpaste, ointments, cosmetics, glue; releases desired amount at each twist. Metal, 2¾" long. Reusable.
61523 End-Waste Key, Set of 8. **79c**

LD EVERYTHING" MIRACLE TAPE! s firm bond to any clean surface oncrete, wood, plaster, tile. Holds res, shelves, mirrors, etc. Double ce; won't dry out. 75"x½".
4 Miracle Tape. **$1.**

BATHTUB SEAL KIT covers cracked, discolored joint where tub meets wall with smooth, permanent bond. Porcelain-like vinyl stripping easily applied with waterproof cement, included.
82594 Bathtub Seal Kit. **$1.49**



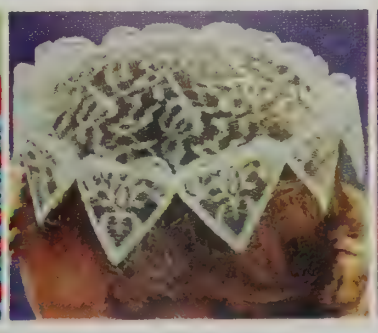
CREATIVE 3-D "DOODLING"! Spend happy hours building whatever your whim suggests, from Aardvarks to Zebras—with 100 endlessly stackable ¼" rubber-coated magnets! For any age.
15644 Set of 100 Magnets. **98c**



MAGNETIC WINDSHIELD COVER protects from ice or snow when parked. No more scraping. Opaque plastic, 48x 30", with hold-tight magnets, fits all cars. Get one for your rear window, too!
85167 Mag. Windshield Cover. **$1.98**

COLONIAL STYLE DOORBELL adds a quaint note of decor, sounds a ringing note of cheer! Solid brass, lacquered to withstand the weather. Easy to attach — no wires. 2½" diam.
54577 Colonial Doorbell. **$1.98**

R FULL NAME STAMPED IN GOLD 0 PENCILS! Or your nickname, or ol or club name. Standard-length, er-tipped, with black leads; ased colors. **Print name.**
0 Pers. Pencils, Set of 20. **$1.**



10 LACY HEARTS IN A CIRCLE — A CHAPEL HAT so becoming, you'll wear it to dinner, theatre, as well as to church! Nylon lace in handy vinyl case.
77099 Chapel Hat, Black. **$1.**
77149 Chapel Hat, White. **$1.**

SECRET UNDERCOVER FILES for sanitary napkins — home or handbag! Rose-adorned white quilted plastic cases.
75614 Handbag Size, holds 3. **$1.**
75804 Home Size, holds 24. **$1.25**
75754 Home Size, holds 48. **$1.50**

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had. At home they always slept on the bare ticking.

All at once she was very tired. She began having trouble standing up, and she weaved from foot to foot, as she slipped out of her clothes. She stumbled to bed, slipped under the unfamiliar blanket. And, naked in a strange room, she fell asleep.

She was around the house for a week before William even saw her again. Ramona must have been giving her things outside to do. He was aware that the sprawling Cherokee rose by the dining-room window had been pruned, and that somebody had been working in the old, neglected herb garden. Margaret's fingers pulled out the weeds inch by inch; the red earth lay torn and startled under the sun.

When the garden was finished, she went hunting for fruit to preserve. She did not know these woods and fields, but she was used to finding and taking whatever the country had to offer. So now she came home with her sacks full of quinces and persimmons and apples and pears. And lines of glasses cooled on the window sills.

Toward the end of the first week, William came across her, sitting at the kitchen table, under the hanging green-shaded lamp.

He'd worked late that day, and it was near ten o'clock when he finally unsaddled his horse and climbed the slope to his house. He saw the light in the kitchen. He stepped quietly to the back porch, and glanced in the window. It was Margaret. She had greased her hair and pulled it straight back, pinning it flat to her head. He saw the twin tendons of her bent neck, the same delicate arch that he had noticed when he stood up to leave her by the creek in New Church. It was strange, he thought, how she changed. Sitting, she was a child, delicate, uncertain. When she walked, she moved with the stride of a country woman, long steps, arms hanging motionless at her sides. A primitive walk, effortless, unassuming, unself-conscious, old as the earth under her feet.

She was sewing, William noticed, but not very well—slowly, pulling the thread out to its full length after each stitch. She did not know how.

The bend of the neck, the slow, clumsy stitching—he caught his breath, aching, as the sight of poverty always hurt him.

If she wants to learn, he told himself, I'll get somebody to teach her. If she wants to learn . . .

He went inside. She turned her head slowly at the sound of the door.

"Just me," he said. "Go ahead."

She folded her hands over the material. He glanced at it. He had seen that flowered cloth somewhere. Yes. This must be a remnant from the curtains in the hall upstairs. She did not say anything, so he asked, "You're making curtains?"

"No," she said. "No."

"If you want to learn," he said, "I can find somebody to teach you."

"My grandmamma showed me," she said softly, and her voice was wispy and dry. "I be all right if I can remember me what she say."

He felt uncomfortable. "Whatever you want."

He went to bed. And only the tiredness of his muscles pushed him to sleep. He kept wanting to stay awake and listen. To be sure she had finished in the kitchen and come safely upstairs to bed.

It was Sunday. The fields were deserted and so was the dirt road. Ramona came plodding along early in the morning and fixed dinner and left it on the back of the range. She was the only person to pass by. Sundays were like that, empty.

William Howland sat alone on his front porch and mended traces, a glass of bourbon and water by his side. When he had finished with them, he got out his guns and his cleaning rags and brushes and went over the guns carefully. When he finished that, it was time to go down for the milking. When he was through in the barn, he got himself supper in the kitchen, walking up and down, prowling around among the cupboards.

He went into the living room, and began the newspapers and the magazines he had been too tired to read during the week. He still kept glass and bottle close at hand, and, as usual at Sunday bedtime, he was quite drunk. He had been drinking steadily most of the day.

He put down the last magazine, snapped off the lamp, picked up the liquor and began his slow, drunken trip upstairs in the dark. He did not need a light. His lips were numb. He must have had more to drink than he thought. He put his knees firmly into the business of lifting him upstairs.

Sometimes he felt the age of the house, felt the people who had lived in it peer over his shoulder, wondering and watching wh he was doing. He felt them now, like m in the walls, voiceless and rustling. seemed to him too—tonight especially that he could hear their breathing, all them, dozens of them, breathing togeth deep and steady, the way they had wh they were alive.

He dropped down on the bed, not both ing to take off his clothes. And he chuckl to himself. He had been listening to his ov rasping breath. Nothing more.

He rested a few minutes, before crooked one leg and pulled off a heavy bo and tossed it into the corner of the roo It made so much noise that he stopped a listened, startled.

He was thinking about the other bo when Margaret came in.

He'd left his door open. By the mo which slanted bright and low through l east windows, he noticed her standing ju inside the room. She was wearing a nigh gown of a familiar flowered material, hi at the neck and long-sleeved—a bit like choir gown, he thought.

"I scare you with that noise?" He w suprised at the huskiness of his voice.

"I can take the other one off," she sa And she did, standing it carefully by t side of the bed.

"If you wasn't so young," he said, "I offer you a drink."

"What you read down in the parlor

"Huh?" he said. "The papers."

She sat on the side of the bed, and t moonlight picked out the pattern of h nightgown. He recognized it. "That's wh you were sewing on, the other day in t kitchen."

"I found it," she said.

WARM UP TO WINTER

with sausage favorites dressed up hot!

"It was right clever of you," he said. Reach me my drink, child."

She handed him the glass. He shook his ead, and reached across her to get the ottle. His unsteady hand brushed her reast. It wasn't until the hand had come ack with the bottle in it that he realized he had not drawn away from his touch.

He put the bottle down on the floor beide the bed, in case he should want it later.

He wondered if she'd been waiting all hese nights to come because she hadn't had a nightgown. He started to ask her. But there was something—she had her air pinned back and she was studying her wn hands—that changed his mind. She eemed small and fragile again, and for the irst time in his life he wanted to hit a voman. It was the bend of the neck that did it. It was so exposed and patient.

She bore him five children, all told. Three of them lived, two girls and a boy.

ABIGAIL

My mother and I came ten years later. Mrs. Annie Howland Mason and Miss Abigail Howland Mason. Coming back home.

We came on the overnight train from Lexington, Virginia, to Atlanta, and we had to wait around a couple of hours there for the local—Number 8—to Madison City. You could see that waiting was hard on my mother. You could see her getting tireder and tireder. I guess she hadn't slept very much on the Pullman the night before, and it even looked like she wouldn't make it down the long flight of steps to the tracks. But once we got on and settled in our seats—in the dirty coaches that still carried spittoons in the far corners of them—she took off her hat and put her head back and dozed a bit.

I hung out the open windows and tried to see how much I could remember from the last time I came this way. (We had visited my grandfather every Christmas since I was old enough to travel.)

"I came here when I was three months old," I told a cotton field full of pinkish blooms.

I have been here all along, the field told me back.

"But I remember more." And to prove it I chanted out the names of towns along the way.

Actually, I didn't remember much more than the string of names. Because a year is a long time at eight, and from one to the next was an immense distance. I couldn't even have told you what my grandfather looked like.

I suppose my talking bothered her, because my mother opened her eyes and looked at her watch and looked out the window and sent me down the car to ask the conductor exactly where we were. We were then three and a half hours late, and we got steadily later. It annoyed my mother, though she should have known better—that train was always late. There was some trouble with a switch just out of Opelika, and then we waited on a siding for a fast freight to go through. There was trouble with a hotbox that took an hour to fix. And the signals were wrong for the bridge crossing over the Bear River.

All she said to me finally was, "Please, child. You'll have to be good if I'm to travel with you alone."

I fell silent after that, remembering all the things I had been told. That my mother wasn't well, that I must not disturb her. That my father was gone, for years anyhow, and I must help her.

When we got near our stop, the conductor woke my mother. "Thank you, Mr. Edwards," she said. He took our baggage and piled it ready in the vestibule. When the brakes began to take hold, he shook hands with my mother. "I am right proud to have Will Howland's daughter home again."

She smiled at him. She wasn't a pretty woman, but she always looked radiant when she smiled. "I've been gone too long, Mr. Edwards," she said, "but I'll be staying now."

Then the train stopped, and I found I did recognize my grandfather after all.

Right then and there the first part of my life ended. And the second began. Sometimes, as the years passed—the hot, dusty, country years—I found myself thinking back to the first part, to the smooth, green college town. And wondering if it had happened at all. I remembered so little. The clean, light mountain air, evenings when your nose would just shiver with the sparkle in it. The smooth roll of the campus and the columned buildings. My father walking off to teach his class in the mornings, leaving a thin line of pipe smoke behind. The way leaves fell in the fall until there were great bright heaps on the ground (they don't do that this far south).

I remember, too, that my parents weren't getting along. You could feel how stiff they were to each other sometimes. Often, as I lay in bed, I'd hear their angry voices through the closed doors. And her eyes were red for days on end.

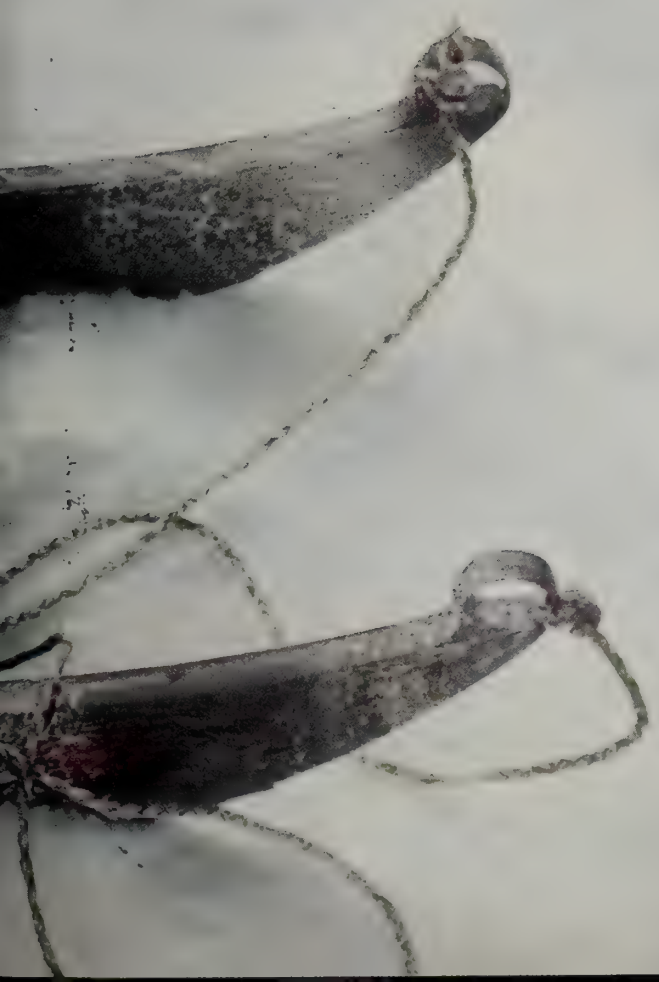
Maybe that was the reason my father was so anxious to go back to England when the war started in 1939. The week before he left there was a great deal of partying—for him, I guess. I had never known them to go out so much. Then he was gone, and my mother went about the business of moving home to her father.

Once I was back in Madison City, it seemed I'd never been away—the flat cotton fields, the tangled pine uplands, the stretching swamps were home. Within a single day I felt that I had always lived there. My father was gone; I never even had a letter from him. (My mother did, but she didn't talk about them or show them to me.) He just disappeared from my life, and that was all. People always called me the Howland girl, and it was hard to remember sometimes that my real name was Mason. Whenever I'd go calling with my mother, making a little procession up somebody's front walk, all the ladies greeted us the same way: "Why, my dear, it's the two Howland girls!"

Sometimes I feel that my grandfather was my father. And that Margaret, black Margaret, was my mother. Living in a house like this, you got your feelings all mixed up.

Margaret was his wife, only she wasn't. She kept house for him, and the law said they couldn't marry, couldn't ever. Their children took their mother's last name, so, though they were Howlands, they all had the last name Carmichael.

The oldest was Robert. He was a year older than I, tall for his age, very tall. He had red hair, and his freckled skin was fair. At first glance you would not have thought he had any Negro blood. But if you looked sharper—and if you were used to looking—you could see the signs. It was the planes



Nutritious New Year Dishes...So nice to your budget you'll serve a different one every week

frankly corny casserole

½ cup butter or margarine
1 tablespoon chopped onion
3 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
1 pound skinless frankfurters, cut into 1-inch pieces
2 cups canned peas, drained
12-ounce package corn bread mix
½ cup shredded American cheese

Melt butter or margarine in large skillet. Add onion and brown lightly. Blend in flour, mustard and salt. Add milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Stir in skinless frankfurters and peas; heat until boiling. Pour into greased 13 x 9 x 2-inch baking dish. Prepare corn bread batter according to directions on package. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls around edges of the hot mixture. Sprinkle cheese in center. Bake at 375° for 30 minutes or until corn bread topping is golden brown. Makes 8 servings.

pronto pizza

4 English muffins or hamburger buns
Butter or margarine
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
1 tablespoon salad oil
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon oregano
Dash garlic salt
¼ pound Mozzarella or Swiss cheese, sliced
¼ pound Italian salami or pepperoni, cut in small pieces
1 can (3 oz.) mushroom pieces and stems, drained
Grated Parmesan cheese
Ripe or green olives

Split muffins and spread with butter or margarine. Toast lightly. Combine tomato paste, salad oil, salt, oregano and garlic salt. Spoon half of mixture on muffins. Over sauce, arrange cheese slices, meat and mushrooms. Spoon remaining sauce over top. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Place under broiler until cheese is melted or bake at 425° for 5 to 10 minutes. Garnish with olives. Makes 4 servings.

polish hot pot

6 large potatoes
½ pound Polish sausage or bologna
6 onions
1 can (1 lb.) tomatoes
1½ teaspoons paprika
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup dairy sour cream

Pare potatoes and cut into ½-inch slices. Arrange in bottom of large greased casserole. Cut sausage into 1 or 2-inch cubes and place over potatoes. Top with thick onion slices. Mix together tomatoes, paprika and salt and add to casserole. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes. Stir in sour cream and bake 15 minutes longer. Makes 6 servings.

Skinless franks, bologna, salami . . . in fact all sorts of sausage can be turned into exciting hot main dishes, side dishes, or the specialty of your house. They're so easy to make . . . so economical, too. And, like all meat, they just burst with proteins, yet are kind to calorie-counters. For more zesty recipes to use around the clock and around the calendar, send for our handy "Sausage Sorcery" recipe book. Just mail your name and address plus 10c for handling to:

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of the face mostly, the way the skin sloped from cheekbone to jaw. It was also the way the eyelids fell. You had to look close, yes. But Southern women do. It was a thing they prided themselves on, this ability to tell Negro blood. In the South most people could tell that Robert was a Negro. In the North he would have been white.

After Robert there was Nina, a couple of months younger than I, so she would have been almost eight that summer we came back to Madison City. Then there was a gap of three years: that child had died. Then there was Crissy, Christine. Both girls were fair, with red hair like their brother's. Their other blood showed in the shape and color of their eyes, in the waxy pallor of their skins, in the color of their fingernails.

And how did I know? Because I've spent my time sitting on porches on a sunny, dusty afternoon, listening to the ladies talk, learning to see what they saw.

Funny how memory is. There are places—months and years, even—when I cannot recall a thing. And I have tried. Because somehow or other I convinced myself that if I could just remember—could have all the parts—I would understand.

I can remember coming to my grandfather's house. I can remember that one particular train ride, out of all the others. But I can't remember what I thought of the house.

And of that first night there. I can't remember what I thought of Margaret and her children. Maybe I didn't think of them at all.

I don't remember when I figured out that Margaret's children were also my grandfather's children. No one told me, I'm sure of that.

There were no more children for Margaret. The last had been born—and died—two years before we came, so it wasn't until much later, when I was a grown woman, that I found out Margaret got on the train and went to Cleveland and bore her children in a hospital there. That way their birth certificates didn't have the word "Negro" on them.

Margaret's children didn't go to school with us, of course. They went to the Negro school four or five blocks away from the white school.

We didn't even go into town together. Some mornings my grandfather drove me—if he had business in town—and sometimes Oliver Brandon did. Oliver had worked for my grandfather from the time he was twelve, at one job or another. He was forty or so now, and he could do just about anything, from doctoring sick animals to tinkering with the cars. He was really manager for the place, but, being a Negro, he didn't have that title.

Margaret took her children to school by wagon, a new one that handled easily and wouldn't tire the mule. She drove them every day, along with any of the other Negro children on the place who wanted to go. In bad weather she'd be bundled up in an old waterproof of my grandfather's and the children would be crouched down in the bed of the wagon under their tarpaulins. In fine weather they'd ride up on the seat beside her. But they went. Every day. She was strict about that. I could fake colds and sore throats and general aches, and spend long, lazy days in bed, playing tent with the quilt. My mother didn't object. But if Margaret's kids complained, she paid no attention. Robert whined for days about being sick, before he broke out in the flat blotches of chicken pox Margaret let him stay in bed then, but she'd pushed him too hard, forcing him to school in nasty, wet weather, because he caught pneumonia and almost died. You could hear his strangled, wheezy breathing through half the house.

Robert got up after three weeks in bed, and walked around on shivery, uncertain legs. He was so pale and thin you kept thinking that you could see right through him if he stood in the sunlight. By the time he was able to go back to school, it was too late—summer vacation had started. The next September he went off to boarding school in Cincinnati. He was eleven then, and he never came home again, not until he was long past a man. But that's another part of the story.

Money was tight those days, but my grandfather managed to keep Robert away at school and at camp, and off on one visit or another. It must have been very expensive for him then, but he did it, because the boy was his son, the only one he had, and because Margaret wanted it so.

Margaret never visited him, and he never came south. She wanted it that way too. Once every year, usually during the slack in the middle of the winter, my grandfather would get on the train and go north to see how Robert was making out. And of course Robert wrote to his mother—the one letter a week that the school required.

The days went rattling by at a good fa pace. There weren't many people arour but there were lots of things to watch a see. Lots of them.

Like the great canebrake below t house, down by the edge of the river. remember the enormous rattler some m found down there, thick around as my ar head smashed by an ax. The man who killed it brought it up to the house to sho and there was still some life to it, son movement. All the dogs slunk off howlin

I remember the way the branches of t pecan rubbed against the boards of t house. Faint, squeaky brushings, the gho noises that peopled my dreams. . . . T way a hunting pack sounded, the careful picked voices. And the men's faces flush and red in the light of the pine knots. Bac country hunting, on foot, with lots whiskey. . . . The way cattle sounded wh they were turned into a dry cornfield. . The sweet-bitter smell from the windro of the first haying; the crisp, clean od of the later stacks when you slid dov them. . . . How the land looked under t moon, soft and sweet like water, even t rocks gentle and tender in the light. T bones of the earth, old people called tho chalk-white outcroppings—where the g ants were buried, where earthquakes ha thrown up their bones. . . . How the fro looked lying heavy and blue at night the roof, on the ground. . . . A chick hawk caught by a shotgun blast, spun the ground. . . . My pet coon torn by t dogs into bits of bloodied fur. . . . And, ov and over again, animals straining in birt Cows in the pasture lots, an occasion mare in the shelter of the barn. Cats und the porch, backs arched and crouchin

not cheep, cheep–

but good, good!

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tered around the farm. We didn't seem to play with them. I don't know why. Most times we didn't even see them; now and then we found them in the middle of a game, but they simply moved off. They wouldn't play—no matter we wanted to—they pulled away from us. They wouldn't have us, and after a while we stopped trying. In town they played with white children. Maybe it was Margaret's children, the half-bloods, that they didn't want. They understood about me, even if they didn't like me, but they didn't know about them.

I remember when the war began. We hadn't turned on the radio that Sunday, because we'd worked straight through the day. It was hog-sticking time. Lots of the girls at school said they couldn't bear to watch, but it never bothered me, and anyway my grandfather expected me to learn. Work really started the day before when the two-sided slaughtering knives were honed on the back porch. By then the hogs had been brought to the slaughter pen; they hadn't eaten for two days, but they kept Oliver and a couple of boys busy filling the water troughs. Early, before dawn on sticking day, those boys began putting shovelfuls of hardwood ash into barrels of boiling water—to scald the hair away.

The butchers came, three men hired specially from town. They'd test the knives and stick their fingers into the water (if it was too hot, the hair got stiff and difficult to scrape). And then, just as it was getting light, they'd start to work. They tried not to excite the hogs, tried to move them out of the pen one or two at a time, but somehow it didn't ever work. The last ones got wild, and had to be knocked on the head or shot with a rifle. Oliver did the shooting; he stood on the edge of the pen, pumping his shots into the grunting, squealing heads below him. My grandfather always hated to tell him to start. "Pity to do that, child," he'd tell me. "The meat ain't going to taste right done that way. Their hearts bound to stop before we can get to them." The proper way was to stick them, to jab the knife over the heart and cut all those veins and arteries and let the heart pump out its own blood.

Soon as Oliver finished his shooting, the pen was full of men dragging at the hogs, to wash and scrape them, to slit them open and hang them. All the time my grandfather bustled around saying something like "Cool it fast. Prop 'em open." It was late evening before the meat was finally cut and salted in barrels waiting for the smoking. By then my grandfather was staggering tired, and I had a couple of new bladders to make balls with.

Since my mother hadn't listened to the radio that Sunday (she never did turn it on; she preferred to read), she knew nothing about Pearl Harbor. I found out the next day at school. We all left our classrooms toward the end

l the hounds—they whelped in the hen with Oliver watching over them. l my grandfather puttering around house doing all the things that had ded doing for months and that he ln't ever got to until then.

'he cattle business was good, and e by little he let his cotton acreage and increased his herds. But—exting his hounds—he never got to any animal. Though he could have rded it, he never kept horses for asure. And he had as little to do h his mules as he could manage. Un- something was very wrong, he er went down to the lot, as I did, en the hands were hitching up in the ly mornings. I liked sitting on the rail ce, above the reeking, hoof-torn mud. My grandfather eventually got rid of m all, and had a flock of tractors to e their place. First time they were dy, he sniffed the clear, sharp gas r and told me, "Smells one hell of a better than a mule."

As I remember it, there were more mals than people on the Howland ce. And I guess they were more imtant, too, because animals were busis and cost money, and people—well, less they were your own family, you t didn't see them often enough. nters were school, but that hardly nted because I lived out of town d didn't see too much of those chilen; and summers I hardly saw anydy who didn't live on the place.

For all I cared, there was just me and Margaret's Crissy and Nina. I never had very much to do with Robert. Even when he was living here, he didn't play with us. He was older, of course, and a boy; and he was a serious child. He spent all his free time reading in a sunny corner of the back porch. His mother had taught him to be that way.

So it was just three little girls. In all those acres. By this time the place was very large. My great-great-grandmother had gone land-crazy during the Reconstruction; because she was city-born, the stories went, she wanted more and more room in the country. She had bought most of the timberlands that were going to be so valuable.

When I was a child, my grandfather was just beginning to look to those stretches, just beginning to realize what he owned. He was in no hurry. When he went into lumbering he would go in right, not just with one silly little coffeepot mill sawing away. He told us that, us three little girls, when he took us with him on rides up to the timberlands.

Crissy and Nina and me—that was all. My grandfather didn't like visitors. My mother preferred—more and more—to stay quietly at home and read or rest; she wasn't very strong. And we were too far from town to walk in. Of course, there were plenty of other children living on the place, Negro children from the tenant and the cropper cabins scat-

of the morning and crowded into the downstairs hall to listen to the President asking for a declaration of war. The school had only one small radio, and they turned it on top volume so that everybody could hear. The words were blurry and not at all clear, and I remember wondering what everybody was so excited about. I didn't understand. For me the war had started when my father went off to fight, and that was over two years before.

There was one immediate difference—planes. Before, you almost never saw any—we weren't on any of the regular air runs. Now there were lots of them, zooming up and down and buzzing houses and scaring the cattle worse than ox warble flies. But that was just about all the war we had. There were a few uniforms around and a Navy poster in front of the post office. And the town looked empty. The young men had been drafted. The older men and the young women had gone down to Mobile and Pascagoula and New Orleans for jobs in the shipyards there. That left nobody except women with small children, and those who wouldn't leave their homes to go job-hunting with their husbands.

Most all of the hands were gone. Kids chopped cotton, and brought it in, too, and the way they picked made my grandfather sick at heart. But the prices were so high he could afford to waste, and anyway he wasn't nearly as bad off as some of his neighbors. He didn't have much in cotton any more. Cattle and hogs didn't take nearly the manpower. He was also doing a lot more lumbering than he ever had before. Way on the other side of the ridge there was a big new sawmill that went day and night, and a new railroad spur leading to it.

My grandfather and my mother listened to the radio every night and every morning, and he kept marking the war map he'd pinned up on the dining-room wall. But that was all. Or it was all I noticed.

In those days I was far more at home outside the house than in it. The house was shivery and strange and there were things going on that I didn't understand. Nobody told me—you just learn to find out things—but I knew that my mother was dying. I'd heard the word "tuberculosis" whispered about, but a fair number of people around our way had it and it didn't seem to do them too much harm, and it certainly didn't kill them, so I didn't know what to think.

One day Margaret packed my clothes and pushed me in the car, and Oliver drove me into town to stay with my cousins, the Bannisters. On the way over he told me that Margaret's children were going to stay with him. I don't think he was very happy about that. Oliver lived with his old-maid sister, and this would mean they'd have children in the house for the first time—but there wasn't anybody else.

Margaret and my grandfather took my mother to a sanitarium near Santa Fe. They were there the best part of a year. And only my grandfather and Margaret came back. My mother was buried out there.

When they heard, the whole Howland family was terribly upset. They thought she should have been brought home; all the Howlands had been buried in Wade County since the first one had wandered in here. They'd even brought home the bones of the boy who'd died in the Battle of the Wilderness and the one who'd died of yellow fever in Cuba. They were always gathered together. Until now.

Now, it didn't seem to me to matter much where you were when you were dead. One place was as roomy and fine as another. I might have said so, too, only nobody asked me. Every time they saw me, they'd hush up whatever they were saying and get a sick look of consolation on their faces. "Poor child," they would say.

At first when I heard, when the phone call came, I got a hard, frightened lump in my stomach, and it stayed for a couple of days while I felt lonesome and confused. But it didn't last. I hadn't seen too much of my mother since we'd moved back; even when she was living in the house with us, she was mostly lying down or reading in the summerhouse.

It was Margaret who took care of us. And it was Margaret I missed when they all went to Santa Fe. But that passed too. After all, they'd been gone a year, and that's a long time to a child. You miss them and you wonder about them and you hurt—hard, for a while. But it eases and it's over.

I met my grandfather and Margaret at the station and went home with them. We sat down on the front porch, while Margaret went inside to see to the housekeeping. My grandfather looked tired, and he was a good deal thinner. You could see the muscles in his neck and count them. We just sat for a while and watched a big black-and-yellow spider with thick, f legs.

"I didn't bring her home," my gr father said, as if I didn't already know didn't seem the thing to do."

There were two spiders just about time every year. They would come live in that same bush with the ye flowers—great heavy creatures.

My grandfather noticed them. "T come in their season," he said. "Ev thing does."

I thought about the Biblical passage cousin had given me to read the day first heard my mother was dead. So thing about the wind blowing over grass and the seasons of things, bu couldn't quite remember it.

"People around here," my grandfat said, "they won't like it, and they'll t way they always do. Talk about the H lands been their favorite sport for a h dred years. More fun than cards even, religious folk."

I picked up a stone that happened t on the porch boards and tossed it at spider. I hit it; the spider dropped d and disappeared.

"It was this way," my grandfather s not appearing to notice. "She hated travel so, got so tired on the trip out didn't seem right to make her come b Hating a thing that much, you're boun hate it, still, even dead."

The spider climbed back. I started throw another rock, but I scowled my into keeping quiet.

"Earth's the same anywhere, I figu and with her hating to travel . . ."

His voice kind of trailed off, and minute he got up and went inside.

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The skillet
that's fried 100 chickens...

here? The war won't last forever. The plants'll close and the shipyards. We'll all go back to sleep again. There's hardly a living for the people we got here now," he said. "And they're bright kids; they got a way to go. Since I got no place here, I'm sending 'em where they got room. Seems I got the money to do it." He looked straight at me. "Happens you're all that interested, Robert goes to Carnegie Tech this September."

"What does Margaret think, with all her kids gone?" I said.

He was looking at me levelly, the bright blue eyes light and clear. "*Our* kids," he said quietly.

It was the first time he had ever said that.

"Matter of fact," he said, "it was Margaret's idea."

It was only by accident that I saw something one day.

I had not come down to supper. Margaret knocked on my door and I yelled that I was busy writing poetry and couldn't possibly stop. By nine o'clock, long after supper, I got hungry. I padded downstairs in my socks, the boards smooth and cool and silent to my feet. I remember hearing the faint crackle of wood in the living-room fireplace—it was late fall and the nights were sharp and damp. I came down the stairs carefully, silently. (I was still young enough to get a thrill out of moving without a sound, a hangover from my days of playing Indian.) The hall was dark; the lamp that usually burned beside the spotted pier glass had been turned off. The only lights were in the living room, where Margaret and my grandfather were. They couldn't see me in the dark hall and they hadn't heard me. He was reading one of his papers, and she was sewing. I recognized the material—my dress. The whole room looked like a set, or a picture.

Margaret stopped sewing; her hands fell into her lap. Her head lifted and she stared across the room into the fire. He must have felt her move because he folded his paper and laid it aside. She did not turn. Her masculine head on its thin neck held perfectly still. The wood of his chair creaked as he got up; the boards of the floor sighed under his weight as he walked over to her and bent down. Then, because he was still too tall, because she was sitting in the low rocker, he knelt down and put his arms around her. She turned her head then, dropping it to his shoulder, pressing it into his neck.

I backed away and ran upstairs, still keeping perfectly silent. I was afraid. No, it was more than that. I was just plain scared.

That was the only gesture I ever saw pass between them.

I finished high school and went to college. I had a new blue-and-white Ford convertible and a mink stole and a terrible quaking fear that woke me up in the middle of the night. I would often lie in my bed in the cheerful, chintzy sorority house and shiver with

Now you can chuck at the spider, I told myself.

Living back on the place again, I lost track of town. I didn't hear any talk. I didn't have anybody to hear it from. But they talked, I'm sure. It's the way they are.

There was a memorial service, later, when my grandfather gave a stained-glass window to the Methodist church in town, with a memorial to Anne Howland Mason spelled out at the bottom. Some folks didn't like that, either; they thought it made the church look too Popish. Maybe they all felt that way, but they didn't feel they could say no, not with the way Will Howland always paid the largest bills.

That was the way my mother's life ended, with a grave in New Mexico and a stained-glass window in the Methodist church in Madison City.

That fall Margaret's second child, Nina, went off to school. Money was a lot easier now and so she went to an expensive girls' school in Vermont (she eventually won the school's prize for figure skating, though she'd never had a pair of skates on before she went north). She wrote more often than Robert, and she sent pictures. But she never saw her mother again. And Margaret didn't write. My grandfather answered her letters and Robert's, and though he must have given them news of their mother, it was as if she were dead or a million miles away. He went to see both Robert and Nina now, and he went twice a year. Margaret never went at all.

She stayed with the last one, the baby, Crissy. It seemed to me that Margaret was a lot more affectionate with Crissy. I noticed that whenever she passed, she'd scoop her up and give her a hug—something I don't ever remember her doing with either Robert or Nina. And in a way Crissy was the nicest of the lot. She was even-tempered and happy and almost never sick. She was also the brightest, a lot brighter than Robert, though everybody encouraged him more. She was just the sort of child you couldn't help liking.

My grandfather liked her, too, and evenings he would play with her by the hour. He'd never done that with the other children. Maybe he'd never had the chance before. With my mother dead, he seemed to find more time for the last baby in the house.

Still, when I was sixteen and in high school, and Crissy was thirteen, she went away, like the others. And, like them, she never came back. Not even on vacation.

This time, because I was older, I asked about it. One day I asked my grandfather straight out. "Don't you miss Crissy some?"

"You could say I do."

He had gained back the weight he'd lost during my mother's illness, and he was a big, heavy man again. His face was smooth and pink and unlined; his eyes were the same bright light blue.

"Why didn't you let her go to school here," I asked, "if you miss her?"

"You know as well as I do, lady."

"No," I persisted, "I want to know why."

"You know what it's like for a nigger here. And those kids, they fall right in the middle, they ain't white and they ain't black. And what they got to do around

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ily until one day it was entirely gone, and night became just dark, and the moon was only something that waxed and waned. The glitter was gone.

The glitter and hush-breath quality just slipped away. And my love too. There isn't even a scene—not for me, nothing so definite—just the seepage, the worms of time. That's the way it happened with me, during the years.

I look at my children now and I think: How long before they slip away, before I am disappointed in them?

But in those days at college everything glittered and gleamed, and my nerves quivered at the slightest breeze, and I trembled with delight when I had a chance to wear my date's coat. After my first real dance I lay in bed and shivered and remembered until I saw dawn break and sun pour in the window.

I nearly died, too, one of those lovely nights. We had been drinking on the float when somebody said, "Throw 'em in!" And they did. All the girls in their best dresses went over the edge. I don't think they'd have heard me in all the squealing and screaming, even if I had remembered to tell them. But I didn't; until I felt the cold of the water, I didn't remember that I couldn't swim. They had assumed everybody could. I had a great full skirt on, I remember, and lots of petticoats. For half a minute they kept me up, and that was all.

They said later that they found me a couple of feet under the surface, floating face down, and that they had a devil of a time hauling me up on the float with all my wet petticoats getting in the way. I remember coming to, noticing that water was pouring out of my mouth and that an awful pressure on my back was jamming my breast into the canvas-covered deck of the float.

I struggled to turn over. "Stop pushing me," I said. "The floor's hard. It hurts."

Somebody said, "She's all right."

"My God," somebody else said, "I need a drink. Scared me sober."

"Take you time," the first voice said. "I'll take care of her." And then somebody picked me up. I could have opened my eyes to see, but it seemed like too great an effort.

I did, finally. I was lying on the back seat of a car. The people who had brought me—I heard them begin to walk away, heard them talking: "Where'd you leave the bottle?" "Out on the float." "Harry had it."

I didn't want to be left alone. I jerked up, reaching for the door.

The first thing I touched was a dripping-wet shirt that had a warm body inside it. And a pair of wet arms grabbed me hard.

I recognized him: Tom Stanley. "Where the hell do you think you're going now?" He held out a cup of whiskey. I drank it quickly, noticing for the first time the cold in my body. I shivered, hard. "Take another one." He poured it. "What happened, for God's sake?"

THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE continued

longing to get in that new car and drive home. I never liked college. I just got to dislike it less the longer I was there.

When I came home for my first vacation—at Christmas that year—my grandfather said, "You're not beholden here, if there's anyplace you'd sooner go."

"Stay away for good, like Margaret's children?"

His eyes didn't even flicker. "No," he said, "you can come back. You can, but you might not want to, someday."

I hugged him then, because I was sorry I'd reminded him about his other children, and because he'd begun to look old in the hard morning light. I'd been up all night driving and I felt fine. It was the contrast of my increasing strength and his declining strength that shook me.

"I'd like to live here," I told him, "all the rest of my life."

He was pleased, and I could see it, but, since he wasn't demonstrative, he only rubbed his chin and said, "Depend where you man'll live."

"I haven't got a beau."

"You will," he said. "You will."

"Maybe we could live here."

"Maybe," he said, "if you found the right kind of fellow."

"Won't marry any other kind."

"You got to be careful," he said heavily. "Your mamma married for love and it ran out on her and she was left with nothing to hold her heart together."

"Not me," I said, "not me."

I spent four blurred, vague years at college. Green lawns, white-columned buildings, and flower beds. Fingers that ached with note-taking, head that ached with cigarette smoke. The unfamiliar singing of alcohol in my ears And parties.

There was a place on a TVA lake. It was called Harris Pier, and it had rowboats moored in lines on each side. At the very end was a large float with a diving board. It was where you went on Saturday nights. It was always jammed—not that anybody particularly wanted a big group, but there was only one float and everybody crowded on it. Sometimes there'd be a guitar and we'd sing. And the soft, sad sounds drifting out over the still water and softening their edges on the pines—well, you remember things like that.

And you remember how warm bourbon tasted, in a paper cup with water dipped out of the lake. How the nights were so unbearably, hauntingly beautiful that you wanted to cry. How every patch of light from the moon seemed deep and lovely. It was exquisite and mysterious, just because it was night.

I wonder now how I lost it, the mysteriousness, the wonder. It faded stead-

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"I can't swim," I said, and my voice was hoarse and broken.

He was silent for just a moment. Then he sucked his teeth softly. "We never thought of that," he said. "We just plain never thought of that."

I drank his whiskey.

"You never learned to swim?" he said. "Where the hell'd you grow up?"

"Why'd the hell you throw me in?"

I put my face into the wet front of his shirt and began to cry. The more I cried, the harder I held on to him, and by the time I felt better I had crawled all over him and had my arms wrapped around his neck.

When I finished and started scrubbing at my face with my hands, he gave me his handkerchief.

"I'll drive you home," he said.

It was a long drive back, seven or eight miles over dirt roads. After a mile or so, he stopped—right in the middle of the road—and said, "I want a drink. You?"

"Yes," I said, and my voice was getting less hoarse. "I sound better."

"You'll live," he said.

He offered me the bottle, and I hunted around on the floor until I found the paper cup. I poured the whiskey into that. He drank directly from the bottle. I stopped shivering. Soon there was a nice warm alcohol glow out along my fingers.

"I'm sorry I crawled all over you," I said. "I was pretty scared and you were the only thing around and I just had to grab hold."

"Any time." He started the car, and we drove slowly and carefully along.

"Let's stop a minute," I said.

"If you won't freeze in that wet dress."

"Just a minute."

I got out and walked a little away from the car into the stiff, sharp grass and looked around. There wasn't even a wind. I looked at the moon-faded stars in the sky, and at the magnificent dark slopes of trees. The moonlight was bright and blue, just touching them, just brushing them. Underneath their lightened branches the night looked immense, and soft, and as deep as could be.

It was so clear, it was so bright, and the alcohol was singing in my ears, a steady, clear humming. There'd never been a night like that, there'd never been such a clear, clear night. And silent. It would never seem like that again. I went back to the car, wet skirt dragging between my legs. "I think I would like another drink."

"Wait a minute." He kissed me. And that was like the night, too, hard and clear. I could hear him breathing. I could feel his heart beating under the wet cotton of his shirt.

In a bit we had another drink and stretched out on the front seat, and it was as quiet as if we weren't there, just the thump of an arm or leg hitting the steering wheel now and then, hardly enough to disturb the night. And the moon shone in one window and straight out the other, passing uninterrupted right over our heads. Like a river, but flowing across on top of us. And I found that it wasn't so hard to lose your virginity, nor painful either. I hadn't been told about that, I hadn't been taught about that, but then I hadn't even been taught to swim.

There's only one night like that—ever—where you're filled with wonder and excitement for no other reason but the earth is beautiful and mysterious and your body is young and strong.

He took me home, and I slipped inside without being seen. I didn't even notice if my roommate was back. I stripped off my clothes, tearing them because they were still damp and sticking to my body. I fell asleep naked on top of the bed. In the morning I put my ruined dress into a paper bag and dropped it into the garbage.

I didn't see too much of Tom after that—we hadn't really been friends before. It just sort of happened that we found ourselves together. It was the night and the time and the peculiar quality of things. It wasn't anything personal. It would have been the same with any man.

It happens like that, and it's not the less precious. It's the thing you value and not the man. It happened that way with me.

I had no trouble at college. I passed my classes and went to my parties, drank the forbidden bourbon, and held my breath during the drunken rides home. And I met John Tolliver, who was in the law scho

On our first date we went to the Chicke Shack & Roof Garden. The Chicke Shack had a bar, a long, red leather b stretching the length of the building though the county was dry. I ordere bourbon and water, as I always did. Jo Tolliver said, "They've got a real good b here so let's use it. Two Martinis."

I would have to remember that, thought. And the next time I would ord properly.

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ohn was from Somerset County. Somt was the northernmost county, with darkest, bloodiest past in the state. breeding plantations had been up e, during the first half of the ninethe century. They bred slaves and sold n, like stock. There was money in it, not much else. Even in those days ole didn't think too much of the slave ner and the slave breeder. They bought n them, but—as they did with the Jew lers—they spat into the dirt to clean the taste when they were gone. Those ed stations were always discontented seething. Slave uprisings often began re. Mostly they were stopped before y left the county, but sometimes they en't and they spread down into the of the state. There'd been a big one in 1840's, one that left a wide trail of ned houses, and bodies hanging on es.

As for the white people of Somerset unty—well, they were violent too. velers in the old days used to shiver keep their guns ready when they sed along that section of the North ace; it was robber's country. During the construction they'd gone in for family ds and for twenty years they killed each er. When it was over, just about the y families left bore the name Tolliver, the county was called Tolliver Nation. ey settled down peacefully enough and sed huge crops of cotton.

John Tolliver was unlike any man I'd r met. He carried himself confidently, that dark head of his was very ndsome.

I didn't see too much of him—we were only that once before it was time for Christmas vacation. After that came flurry of exams, and I sort of forgot out him. When he did call, it was almost bruary.

We drove over to the next county, to a é that was supposed to have terrific zas. Like all places near the university, was jammed with students, and the kebox was far too loud.

"It'll take all night to get supper," John lliver said.

"I don't mind. Anyway, noisy places are nd of friendly."

The jukebox hesitated for two seconds, hirred, and began Nat King Cole's *ona Lisa*. "That's such a pretty song," said. "I love it."

"I'm sorry I can't ask you to dance," hn Tolliver said. "I never learned."

"I don't really care for it."

"I'm glad."

"But how could you avoid it?" I said. thought everybody was forced into ncing school."

His blue eyes were level. "You don't now Tolliver Nation."

"No," I said. "No, I don't."

"There's nobody to teach dancing. If ere was, they'd only get the babies. By e time you're seven, you've got your hores to do."

"Oh," I said, "I see."

"It's not like Wade County, you know. t's just cotton and more cotton. No mberlands like your grandfather's got."

"Yes," I said, not wishing to appear too gnorant, "I guess timber is valuable."

He laughed at me. And I found that I idn't mind that at all, because his laugh as friendly and intimate.

"I haven't called you before this," he aid abruptly, "because I wanted to get nyself free from another entanglement."

I didn't know what to say, so I said, "Oh."

"I've never dated more than one girl at a time. Does that sound silly to you?"

"No."

"I work at the library every weeknight until ten," he said. "I'll pick you up then."

So every evening after work he met me at the sorority house. Every evening the same time: ten minutes past ten. Mostly we went for a drive and parked and played the radio and talked. He had very little money, and he wouldn't let me pay. So we drove to a different spot every night, and smoked cigarettes, and watched the silly little coals burn red in the dark. The first time he kissed me good night it was polite, but firm. "Now," he said, "that's enough for now. Go on inside."

He sounded like a man with a plan. And that was sort of nice. Most people I knew just drifted and let things happen to them—not John Tolliver. He ordered and directed events himself. Since no one had ever told me what to do before, I liked it immensely.

When he proposed a month later, it was in the same matter-of-fact tone. "I would like to marry you," he said. "Would you?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I would."

Rather than tell my grandfather by phone or write him, I decided to go home during the short Easter holiday. I drove down overnight, so excited and happy I didn't need sleep. I walked in just as he was having breakfast with Margaret in the kitchen. Without a word, she got up and laid another place for me. "Well," my grandfather said, "looks like you got good news this time."

After I'd told my news and had breakfast, I went with him to the back porch, while he put on the heavy boots he used for working. "Robert's finished his M.S., and he's got himself a job," he told me as he laced them up.

"I didn't know that," I said. "That's wonderful. Where?"

"San Francisco," he said. "They need engineers there."

"I bet Margaret is happy."

He looked at me, that level, surprised look, as if he hadn't seen me before. "That's a mighty proper and polite thing to say. And I do think she is."

On my way to bed, because I was terribly sleepy now, I passed Margaret, taking the dead flowers out of the vases on the hall table.

"I just heard about Robert," I said.

"He's a good boy," she said quietly.

"He ought to be getting married soon."

"Yes," she said. "He will, soon."

Then I went to bed and, before I fell asleep, I thought how much older Margaret looked. She'd always been tall and rawboned, and she still was, but now there was a thickening around her hips, and the smooth, black skin of her cheeks was lined and there were crinkles around her eyes. She had a little smattering of gray in her hair too. While I was trying to figure out her age—she was about as old as my mother and that would have been in the middle or late forties—I fell asleep.

We had a big June wedding, the biggest wedding of the year. My grandfather took over the whole Washington Hotel in town to house the extra guests.

It seemed to me that I drove over the whole state going to receptions, to cocktail parties, to showers, to dances. (John was learning to dance now. He was light and agile; he would soon be excellent. It seemed he could do anything he wanted.) Old-fashioned week-long house parties on the Gulf Coast. Hunts in the woods of the northern counties. And more dances: black tie, square dance, masquerade. . . . Two weeks before the wedding I went up to Somerset County to meet John's people. They gave no parties—weddings were nothing so special for them—they were serious, religious folk. We spent only one day there, and they were polite and kind, after their fashion, but I was very relieved to go. "You see what I mean," John said on the way back. "It isn't like Wade County."

I nodded. "Did they like me?"

"They approve of you." He smiled dryly. "Said you'd make a good wife."

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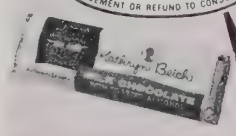

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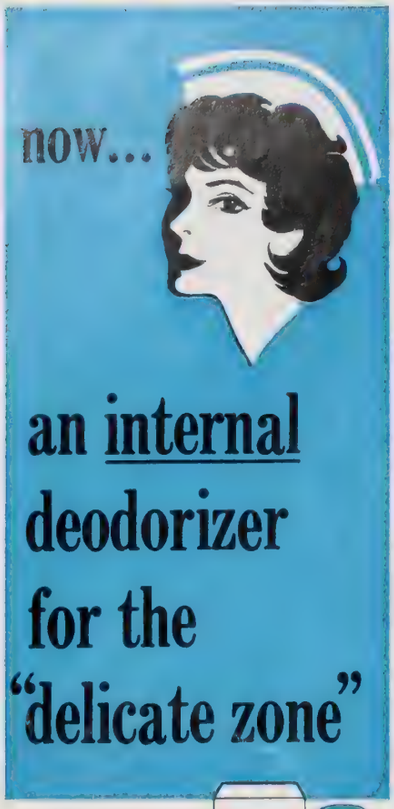

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The Keepers of the House continued

On the day of the wedding, I was so tired that I stumbled and almost fell coming down the stairs on my grandfather's arm. When the ceremony was done and the reception over, we drove off in the new convertible my grandfather had given us. I fell asleep almost the moment we left and slept half the way to New Orleans. I woke to find the car had stopped and it was way past midnight; we were parked on the Gulf Coast (you could see the water shining under the moon) and John was sleeping behind the wheel.

Two weeks later we were home; two months later we were back at the university and John was finishing his last year of law school. I was shocked at how hard he worked. I'd never seen anybody work with such fierce intensity. We had a tiny, bright apartment right by the campus, and that whole last year we were there I almost never saw him. I met him for lunch, a quick dash through the university cafeteria, and then I saw him again at night when the library closed, when he came home and pounded on the typewriter for an hour or so. He corresponded with a great many people. "They could help me someday," he said when I complained.

He was away so much—and because I had nothing else to do, I began to suspect. Finally, one evening after supper, I followed him to the library. He was working in one of the rooms on the lower floor, and from a seat on the front steps I could watch him. He stayed there hour after hour, hunched over, reading. He did not speak to anybody; he did not seem to notice that there were other people in the room. He didn't even stop for a cigarette; he hardly shifted in his uncomfortable wooden chair. I sat on the concrete steps for three hours, feeling lonely and sick, and when it was closing time I scurried home at a run to be there before him. Then, because I felt so awful, I said I had a headache and went to bed and cried silent, hot tears into the pillow. It was that night, I think, that I decided to let myself get pregnant.

When I was sure, I told him.

"It's too soon," he said softly, "but I should have been more careful too." There was a minute while he thought it all out. "It'll be all right," he said. "A child will be company for you."

He finished school, with all the honors, but there was one thing he hadn't counted on—Korea. Since he'd kept his Army commission, he was called up immediately. He was desperate and furious and raging impotently. He tore a great hunk out of the upholstered arm of a living-room chair. I just sat there, behind my thickening belly, and watched him wrench the chair to pieces. "After two years in Germany," he yelled. "Why the hell don't they take the others?"

But it didn't turn out badly for him. No matter what happened, he could turn it to his advantage. We went to Washington and John spent three years in the dim, dismal barracks of a purchasing unit's offices. But he saw something else in Washington, and he liked it. He saw a size and a scope of things that his family sitting up in Tolliver Nation had never dreamed about. He also saw a place for himself

He told me about it just before I got on the train to come home. Washington was crowded, the hospitals were jammed, and everything was horrid. I was going back to my grandfather's house to have the baby. On the way down to the station he told me what he wanted and how he proposed to go about it. It started with governor and it ended with senator.

So I went back to my grandfather's house during those bright, crisp days of early winter.

One evening my grandfather asked me, "He's going into politics?"

"Yes."

He chuckled. "Too many old men in politics in this state. You just plain get tired looking at their ugly faces. Seems like we're about ready for a brave young soldier back from a war. And you get to move into the governor's mansion—I reckon that's what he's after."

"You still don't like him, do you?"

"Don't have much taste for politics, child, and never did. . . . You still like him?"

And I told the truth. "Not as much as I did. But I love him."

"Makes a difference," my grandfather said.

One cold December morning, I sat down to breakfast. Without warning, I flooded green-flecked, ammonia-smelling water down my legs, through my robe, and into a puddle on the floor. Foolish and dull and heavy in my state, I just stared at it; I almost didn't notice Margaret, who had jumped up and was dialing quickly at the wall phone.

I shook my head. "Who're you calling?"

"The barn. He's down there."

My grandfather, of course. She never called him by name. At least to me.

Nobody answered. Margaret let it ring for a while, then she called the doctor in town. He wasn't there, and she left a message.

She put her hand to my stomach, right where the swelling of child began, and pressed it tight. Then she got me by the arm and stood me on my feet. "We got to get you to bed."

She helped me up the stairs and into my bed. I was terribly groggy; my eyes couldn't seem to stay open. All of a sudden, my body shivered and shook like a gigantic sneeze. At the end of it I screamed.

Margaret was pulling me out of bed. She had got my clothes off. Naked and sweating in the chilly room, I leaned against the side of the bed, swaying and wanting so to go to sleep. "Squat down," she told me. There was a sheet spread on the floor—I hadn't noticed that before. I squatted on it. She slipped behind me, sitting on the bed, her legs around my body, her hands holding my shoulders firmly. "Now," she said, "go on."

Two more tearing pains, and the white sheet held a puddle of blood and a baby and some slimy cord.

Margaret was kneeling beside me now; my head rested against her shoulder. She was wiping out the baby's mouth with a corner of the sheet. It was making small, chirping sounds. Then Margaret helped me back into bed. I forgot about the baby and fell asleep. When I woke, Margaret was sitting rocking by the fire, and there was a basket right beside her. She came over at once.

"They be having a drink downstairs, your grandpa and the doctor. They been having quite a few drinks." She smiled gently, but the smile faded and she said with a hesitation, "I got to call them. . . . Might be better if you was to say the baby was birthed in the bed. White ladies don't squat down to drop on the floor."

I didn't know if she was mocking me, but I didn't take a chance. I never said a word, and everybody assumed that the baby was born on a mattress, proper and decent.

Anyway, it was a girl. And I was sick with disappointment. We named her Abby.

The next one—just thirteen months later—was born in a hospital, properly.

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this baby was a girl too. Mary Lee. I d bitterly. I had wanted a boy so very ch. John, who'd managed to come down time, hung around the bed. "Don't e on so," he kept saying. "It isn't ous, it isn't that serious."

ohn didn't understand. "Oh, go away," ld him. "Please go away."

"It isn't just the baby, is it?" he asked rply. "It's something else."

hardly bothered to listen. "Go away."

"I know it is. Who's been carrying ries to you?" His tone s sharp and angry; there s even a little rasp of fear it. "Everything I do, ocent as all hell, people d with their dirty little nds."

Numbly, I lay back on my lows and looked indiffer- t while he told me how in- cent his life in Washing- n had been, but how open misinterpretation. I lis- ned; and everything he d, I understood the op- site.

I went back with him, ough, and we stayed in ashington until his tour s over. (He asked me to me. "People will stop talk- g if you're there.") Every rty we went to, I found yself looking and wonder- g: Was that the one? Was it e? But I was in love with m, and, as my grandfather id, that made a difference.

Korea ended. We came ck to Wade County, and hn set up his office right on e main street in Madison ity, next to the Rexall drug- ore. He worked, hard as he d in college. He was build- g his practice, and he was aking his political debut. very week, practically, he'd e off on a speaking trip mewhere in the state.

He was also an extremely ccessful lawyer who had a ay with judges and juries l over the state. He was a olliver, and that meant he uld call on practically all e north part of the state. is wife was a Howland, and hat meant kinship with ractically all the central ounties. As for the three or our southern counties, they idn't interest him. He usu- lly refused to speak there, laiming that their Catholic najority was hostile to him.

I sat back in my house in Madison City and watched.

We had a new house; we had built it. t first John wanted to take over one of he old empty houses around town. "It ooks better for me to live in an old house," e told me. "Substantial, like a wool suit n the summertime."

"I want a new house," I said, fearfully, ecause if I got in an argument with him always lost. I just didn't want to have im talk me out of this, so I said something 'd never said before. "It's my money."

For a minute there was a terribly mixed- p look on his face.

"Anyway," I added quickly, because I was afraid I'd said too much, "the only house I ever want to live in is my grandfather's."

He flashed his smile again. "When he leaves that to you, sure. It'll make a great place, with some money spent on it."

I built my shiny new house, and my children slept in shiny, ruffled bedrooms. The whole town buzzed when I had a contractor from Mobile do the kitchen and the bathrooms. The kitchen had every gadget that could be installed. I found out what the town thought of that from Margaret. She had brought us some quail from my grandfather, not more than a week after we moved in. She stared around the kitchen, hands on hips.

"Mighty fancy kitchen for a nigger to work in."

I never knew when she was serious and when she was mocking. I think she intended it that way.

Maybe by that time she'd noticed some of the references to John that had been appearing in papers round and about. The first one I saw was a little clipping from an Atlanta paper a cousin of mine sent me. The clipping was an interview with John. It wasn't long and it wasn't particularly interesting. It ended with a phrase that stuck in my mind: "Mr. Tolliver is a rising young lawyer and is considered to be the brightest hope of the Southern segregationists."

I showed it to John. "I saw it, honey," he said.

"You don't read the Atlanta papers, do you?"

"My clipping bureau."

"I didn't even know you had one."

"You didn't ask."

That evening—the first he had home in six weeks—he spent patiently crawling around the living-room floor with two small girls on his back. He'd also given them each a large picture and set it up in their rooms. "So they won't forget what I look like," he said. He loved them, and they adored him. Our lives moved peacefully along, the girls and I, dull and uneventful until he came home. And he brought excitement with him—he always had been able to do that.

One night we were driving to the university, where an undergraduate political club had invited him to speak. It was one of those silvery-gray winter evenings when everything is soft and delicate and the sky is a kind of pink and the ground shimmery and indistinct with fog. Lulled by that gentle light, I asked him something I'd been wondering, something the words in those clippings had reminded me of.

"John," I said, "what do you really think about the Negroes? Not what you're going to say tonight, but what you really think."

He chuckled and swerved around a stock truck with a blast of his horn. "Love 'em dearly," he said. "Like your grandfather."

The silvery light went out of the evening. It was just bleak winter country and a man driving too fast.

A few more years, pleasant, uneventful, broken only by the holidays that John had begun to afford. I remember the years by the vacations—the Jamaica year, the Bermuda year, the Sun Valley year. We went twice a year, summer and winter. The girls grew up. Crib to bed, stroller to bike, nursery school to first grade. They were handsome children, dark and blue-eyed like their father. He wanted more, I know. He asked about it once. I only said, "Let me get these launched. They're so close it's been a lot of trouble." He was waiting; he would be too proud to ask again.

And my grandfather died. It was in February, a couple of days after the big snow. Now, we never have a fall of any size in this part of the country—just a few sprinklings like hoarfrost on the ground. But this time a level, gray-green sky sifted down fifteen inches, and everybody was caught. The stock in their far-spread pastures went into a panic. They broke their fences, tore through the wire, leaving bloody gobs of hide on the barbs, and wandered into the woodlots and beyond. They were going to have to be gathered up again, a few at a time. Every man my grandfather employed was out working—looking for injured stock, mending fences.

For four mornings my grandfather left early in his truck, bouncing over the rutted, frozen lumber roads that thawed slowly into puddles of mud. For three evenings he came home staggering tired, gulped supper and went straight to bed. On the fourth evening he did not come back. When we finally found him, he was dead, collapsed over the wheel of his truck.

Funerals are a good deal like weddings in this part of the country. Only they're a

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bit quicker and a bit smaller. And that's the only way you get through them at all. But they do end, and people leave, and rooms are empty, and there is only the heaviness in your chest and the nasty taste in your mouth.

A couple of days after the funeral, I put the children in the car and went out to see Margaret. I was going to ask her what her plans were. I felt terrible. I almost threw up on the way over. And my girls, for some reason or other, had chosen this time to sing over and over, "We shall meet, we shall meet, we shall meet on that bee-u-tiful sh-o-ore. . . ."

The front door was locked. I went to the back. That was locked too. I knocked and waited. Oliver came plodding slowly up from the barns; he had seen my car. He handed me a key. "That for the back door. Didn't seem to be none for the front."

I looked at the key, an ordinary Yale key to the night lock on the kitchen door.

"Where's Margaret?"

"Been gone."

"Where?"

"New Church."

My children were chasing a big gray cat around the yard. "I didn't know she had any family there to go to. I didn't know she even thought about going back."

Oliver looked at me, patiently. "She got a house there, five, six years ago."

"Oh," I said. "I didn't know."

"Mr. William give it to her."

"Well, Oliver," I told him, "I didn't know that, either."

He smiled, a tiny curl of the black lips. "I reckon you didn't."

"Tell me where it is and I'll go see her."

He said, "She come to you."

We saw the will a few days later, and there wasn't a mention of Margaret in it.

"John," I said, "we can't let it go like that. It isn't right."

"Don't be a pea-brain, honey," he said. "Can't you figure it out?"

"Margaret's got to live."

"God save me from well-meaning people and idiots."

"You don't have to get nasty."

"Margaret's car, the one she left in—you remember that?"

"Don't be mean, John."

"It was her car. It was in her name."

"Oh," I said.

"That's one thing." He took a deep breath. "I know what you're going to say to this, because I know what you think—but a respectable man just doesn't list a Negro woman in his will as one of the major beneficiaries. Not if he's got children by her. He wouldn't embarrass his white children with his woods colts. Look, honey, I know one thing. He took care of Margaret. He left her plenty to live on, and their kids too. Trust funds when they were in school, or something like that."

"He never said anything."

In about a month Margaret sent me a message, as Oliver had said she would.

That particular afternoon I had been shopping. As I turned into our street, I noticed Margaret's car standing in front of the house. I hurried into the kitchen, expecting to see Margaret's heavy, graying head. But there was only a slender, dark boy, eighteen or so.

"Didn't Margaret come?"

"No'm. She sent me."

He was a handsome boy, and he looked familiar. "You related to her?"

"Her ma and my granny was sisters. . . . She say to tell you that she is living at New Church, if you ever have need to find her."

"Where, exactly?"

He looked puzzled. "You can't say, hardly, but anybody there'll show you. It's kind of back by the baptizing place on the river, sort of."

"What else did she tell you?"

"That I got to make sure Mr. John ain't home before I come in."

That was Margaret, self-effacing, discreet. Margaret, dark and bitter. Except to my grandfather. And what had he seen that was hidden to everybody else?

"Is she living alone?" I asked the boy.

"No'm. My ma's there, and me."

"Just three?"

"Well," he remembered, "when she first built the house, the old lady, her aunt, lived there."

"Not any more?"

"She swelled up and died."

"When Margaret first built the house—when was that?"

He scratched his head. "Six, seven years ago."

So that was how long ago my grandfather had given it to her. Oliver had known; he'd told me the truth.

"Well," I said, "tell her if she needs anything, let me know."

"No'm," he said, "she don't have to work."

"Tell her anyway." John had been right too. It had all been settled long, long ago.

"She don't want nothing." His eyes flicked over me, curiously. After all, we were related in a way.

"Tell her something else." He turned around in the door, on his face the patient, mocking mask of the Negro. "Tell her that I'll be coming up to see her. That there are some things I want to ask her."

There were so many things. . . . All the time we'd been in the same house, and not able to talk. So many things about her. About my grandfather. . . . How she'd met him, and how she'd come to move into his house, and how it had been during the thirty years she was there. And what it was like to send your children away, one after the other, when they were still so young. And never let them come back, so they wouldn't have the weight of their mother's black face. They were white, and she had made them that way.

Margaret's house in New Church was easy to find.

I asked once at the gas station and then managed the dirt roads without a single mistake. It was a new house, four or five rooms and a wide, lattice-covered porch. It was painted and neat, with a clean-swept dirt yard and beds of petunias and lantanas at the front.

Even when we didn't talk (she was still a silent woman) we communicated. It was something in the air of that house, in the musky, Negro-smelling air. I felt at home and comfortable. This was my mother—she had raised me—my grandmother too. . . . When I finally had to leave, she asked me quietly, "You tell Mr. John you was coming?"

For a second I considered lying, but then I couldn't. "No."

She didn't seem hurt or even surprised. "He's not like us." And as she said it,

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e were suddenly three of us. The other my grandfather.

the years that followed, John worked er than ever building a solid founda- for his political career, building him- a state-wide machine. "Going to be er than the one the Longs have in isiana," he told me once.

f course, he was away more than ever. once again I found myself suspecting, king on him. I couldn't help it. Some- s I fought with myself for hours. I ld try not to look at the telephone. But end was always the same. Biting my lip shivering with disgust, I would call -distance and nervously tell them the ber he'd left with me.

ohn didn't say anything for months. ally, late one night, I reached him at hotel in New Orleans. I had less to say usual, even, and he was very tired you could hear the rasp of irritation is voice. "Honey, why'd you call?"

ou could hear the annoyance and the vousness and the waspishness in my voice too.

Because I get lonesome and afraid n I'm pregnant."

I'll be damned," he said.

When he came home, he brought me a rl necklace.

oon there was the soft, bland feeling of ation. I was placid and lazy, and John k charge of the remodeling of my ndfather's house. There was plenty of ney now, and he used it well. I'd never own it was such an imposing house.

Before we moved there, our son was n, and his name was John Howland liver. He was a dark, ugly baby, jolly healthy. I was happy; I'd had a son at . There seemed to be no more problems. t a happy procession of days leading aight to the capital and that hideous vernor's mansion.

didn't tell John—I didn't want to her him—when I had a message from rgaret saying Nina was dead. And I n't tell him when I found out—later— t the news was wrong. I didn't under- nd what had begun to happen. That rgaret's children had finally grown up were beginning to have a force and an ct of their own.

One afternoon—we were still living in town then—I took Johnny into the side yard. I heard heels on the stepping-stones behind me, and saw a very tall, red-haired woman, well-dressed, as a Northerner is well-dressed. She seemed familiar, but I did not know her. I went to meet her, wondering who she was. "Yes?" I said. "Can I . . ." And I recognized her at the very time she said softly, "I'm Nina."

The girl I had played with had come back a woman. She stood smiling at me eagerly; she was very beautiful. She looked—somehow—Greek. I blurted the first thing I thought: "Your mother said you were dead."

Her face emptied out, like a glass, quickly and smoothly. "I know she did."

"Who could have told her that? Who'd be so mean? . . . But come inside."

Nina shook her head. "We've just come from New Church, and we'll go along. My husband's never seen the South, and we thought he should."

I said apologetically, "Margaret didn't mention your marriage. She really didn't."

"I sent her a wedding picture."

"When I was in New Church, she seemed fine."

"Did you see her?" Nina asked politely. "The door was locked and the shades were pulled the very minute we came in sight."

"I can't imagine why," I said truthfully.

"Come to the car and meet my husband," Nina said.

Nina's husband saw us coming, and he opened the door and stepped out to meet us.

And then I saw what had happened; then I knew why Margaret had called Nina dead.

Nina's husband was a Negro. Tall, strikingly handsome, but unmistakably a Negro.

It made sense, then, it all made sense.

Nina said with a harsh laugh, "You look just the way my mother must have looked when she got our wedding picture."

"Really"—I tried not to show that I was annoyed by the sharp edge in her voice—"I *am* dumbfounded. How could I know? I heard you were dead, and now it seems you're alive, and married too."

Her husband added quickly, "And you think she might as well be dead as married to me."

JOURNAL CREDITS: WHO, WHAT & WHERE

HEARTY BRITISH FOOD *pages 74-75*

Accessories by Tiffany

AT HOME FROM 4 TO 6 *page 145*

Cloth and napkins—Tana Lawn by Liberty of London. Silver pineapple, egg box, silver tea strainer, silver open-work side tray, silver bread dish, English King teaspoons and bread-and-butter knives—by Tiffany. Spode Rosebud Chintz tea set—by Copeland and Thompson.

THE RAIN IN SPAIN *pages 66-69*

MARCH & MENDL black slicker: Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Bloomingdale's, New York; Roos Atkins, San Francisco. PRL ALL WEATHER white vinyl: Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. NAMAN RAINWEAR white vinyl-coated cotton: Bloomingdale's, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Filene's, Boston. MAINSTREET black matelassé: Bergdorf Goodman, New York; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio; Joske's, Houston. PRL ALL WEATHER white alligator trench: Bonwit Teller, all stores; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Sakowitz, Houston. CAPEL white cotton ottoman: Bonwit Teller, New York and Boston; Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles. MAINSTREET white whipcord: Bergdorf Goodman, New York; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio. AMERICAN BAZAAR black alligator: B. Altman, New York; Filene's, Boston; City of Paris, San Francisco.

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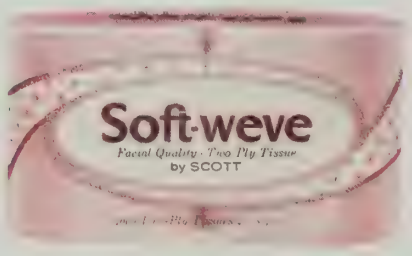

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are you losing your head

I looked at that handsome dark face and I thought: I don't like him; I should pity him, but I don't even like him. "Well," I told him evenly, "you said it, I didn't."

They both got into the car. Nina leaned across her husband: "Tell my mother you saw us."

"No," I said. "I won't. I won't do that."

She lifted her carefully shaped eyebrows.

I said, "I never could stand self-pity." I was furious now; my voice was shaking, and that made me even more angry. I did not want them to know that they had the power to make me that upset, to disturb me that much. "And I'm not going to pester an old lady just to give you a thrill."

They would call me a white bigot. Let them, I thought. To hell with them and all their problems.

I soon forgot about Nina. I had my own life. We moved to the Howland place that summer when the house was finally finished. It was a magnificent house for entertaining, the house of a man who knows what his future is.

My grandfather wouldn't have recognized his place, and he wouldn't have recognized the life that went on inside it. He'd never kept any servants to speak of. He didn't like people around his house, so he didn't have them—though everyone in town was shocked. The matter of servants is so very important around this country, this state. When John and I were living in town, we kept two—a cook, and a nurse for the children—and people clucked and thought that awfully stingy of us. Out at the Howland place we had a proper staff, and people were finally content.

We were peaceful and smug and contented. Things went on smoothly. John's plan was to run for governor and then go for the Senate. It didn't work quite like that. Things weren't changed, but they were delayed. John changed his plans slightly. He ran for the State Senate and was elected by something like eight to one.

About a week after the elections, late one night, I found John studying a breakdown of the election returns. He was doing it very carefully, polling place by polling place.

"How does it look?" I asked.

He grinned. "They came through fine, all right, white and black together."

"You did as well in the Negro precincts?"

"You shouldn't sound so surprised, honey; it isn't flattering."

"But the Citizens Council and that sort of thing."

He chuckled, the wise and knowing chuckle of a politician. "I'm just behaving the way a white man is supposed to behave. White and black both know it."

He popped up from his chair, grinning happily, and he looked an awful lot like the man I'd married fourteen years before. "Woman," he said, "let's go to bed."

He was still the most attractive man I'd ever known. I remember that night, even now. I always think of it as the end of the happy times. And in a way it was—though there were some quiet months left to us.

Margaret died. Four years to the day after my grandfather had collapsed in his truck and died in the woods. The anniversary of that day was bleak and cold an wintry, with everyone huddled inside b their fires. Margaret had not gone out a day. She never did any more, not eve into the yard; she didn't seem to care. I the late afternoon, just after the water winter sun slipped behind the ridge, sh put aside her tatting and got up from he rocker. "Somebody calling outside," sh said. And she went, without a coat or shawl, though the ground was alread lightly frozen and crackled under he heavy steps.

Her cousin and the boy waited patiently At midnight the boy bundled up and too a flashlight and looked for footprints i the frosty ground. It did not take long. He steps were plain for anybody to see. H followed them through the trees to th creek and down the creek to the crumblin old brick baptistery, and there in the lea littered, twig-crusted, leaden-green depth he found her.

That was the end of the girl my grand father had met on a cool morning washin clothes in a little creek that didn't have name. When she died, she was an ol woman—though she wasn't all that alon in years—tired and sick, and there wasn any part of the world that looked familia or comforting to her.

I wonder now what it was like livin for four years, not wanting to, only wai ing for your hold to weaken so you coul finish up and leave.

John didn't say anything; he was only little more solicitous. He called me twice day now, when he was away. And he mad special plans to be home when the bab was born—I was pregnant again. It was horrible time. I never knew whether it wa the baby moving or my own fear shakin me inside. I didn't sleep, because Margare lurked around the corners and the dar spots of all my dreams. She even called t me out of the color-streaked, ether-fille cold when the child was born.

It was a girl, and I called her Margaret I expected John to object, but he didn' "Lay her ghost?" he said.

And that was the thing with him. Jus when you thought he was stupid an dense, he would come up with the answe

Margaret had not kept the addresses o her children, but they—Robert, Nina an Crissy—got the news some way; I've neve known how. In the year that followe Margaret's death, they appeared, one b one, drifted back into my life. First, letter from Nina, its only address a post office box in Philadelphia. It was a singl line: "How is my mother?"

She had heard, then. So I wrote: "Sh killed herself January 30 last year." didn't tell her that it might have been a accident. I didn't like Nina, and I wasn going to give her a shred of comfort.

When I dropped it into the mailbox, thought: Carry that now, and see ho strong you are. Carry that behind you arrogant, handsome face. Guilt for being Negro, guilt for having a suicide for mother.

Nina'd come back to flaunt her mar riage, to hurt Margaret. But Margaret wa even, in their war of hurt-and-be-hurt Nina thought she had killed her mother And who could tell her otherwise? Wh could tell her that my grandfather's dyin had killed Margaret—that after his deat she found an earth of brass, and she hadn' been able to stand it? Who could tell Nin that it wasn't any of the children, tha

weren't that important to Margaret?—for Margaret had known from the nent they were born that she would l them away. No, Nina wouldn't be sort to believe that people died for , for weariness. If John were to die, t then? I might miss him, but I ldn't die of him. That was the differe. Neither Nina nor I was like Margaret. ther of us was as good.

while after—a few months—Robert ed. "Spokane calling Mrs. John Tolli." I wondered who I knew in Spokane. d not recognize the voice—how should "This is Robert Howland." For a mont, that did not register, either. "Margret's son."

"Oh," I said, "for heaven's sake." Here had always been called Robert Carhael.

"Can you hear me?" He had a crisp, dwestern voice.

"Of course I can. I was just surprised. er all these years, both of you turn up."

"Who else?"

"Nina."

"What did she want?"

"Don't you know? Don't you see her?"

"I don't even know where she's living."

did not believe him, even when he led, "I don't think much of her husd."

"Neither did Margaret."

"I want to ask you about her. Is it all ht or would you rather go to another one?"

"Why?"

He sounded impatient again. "Is your e tapped?"

"Now, who would tap my line?"

"Your husband's in politics. I've been ing his name around one place or the ner. His line might be."

"Oh, for God's sake, Robert, everybody miles around knows about Margaret d her children. What is there to hide?"

He hesitated for a moment. Then he d abruptly, "I heard she died."

"Who told you?"

"I don't remember."

"It was Nina," I said flatly, and he dn't contradict me. "I thought you'd ep in touch with her, whether or not you ed her husband."

"Well, answer me," he said.

"She drowned herself on January thireth."

The operator cut in. "Your three mines are up. Please deposit . . ."

So he hadn't called from his home or his fice, or even his hotel, if he was away aveling.

He didn't want anyone to know.

In the renewed silence he asked, "Did e leave a note?"

"Fixing the blame? No," I said. "You'll ve to do that yourself."

"Did she leave anything for me?"

"If you mean money"—he didn't, of urse, but I wanted to be nasty—"she ft the house and the land to the cousin ho lived with her, and about a quarter of e money, too, whatever she had from my andfather. The other three-quarters she ft to me."

"Nothing in her will about me?" He esitated, hating to lump himself with the hers: "About us?"

"Don't you remember even that much out her? When you all left here, you were one forever. She didn't have children any ore. She did it for you." That sounded silly, but it was true.

"It might have been better if she'd kept us there."

"Then you'd be a Negro in the South, grubbing in the mud. You'd be a nigger to the white people, and you'd be a nigger to the blacks."

"I've thought of that," he said quietly.

"She did what she could," I told him, "and you wouldn't have the sense nor the courage to do the same." I slammed down the phone, ending his furtive call, and put my head down on the receiver and cried with fury.

Finally I heard from Crissy. This time I wasn't surprised. I knew by now that those three kept in touch, in a manner of speaking. This was a postcard—the Bois de Boulogne in spring—and a couple of lines in clear, stiff handwriting. "I have heard about my mother"—from Robert or Nina? I wondered—"and I wish to send my thanks for your trouble. I now live in Paris, the haven of American Negroes." She had not signed it, and she had started to fill in my address on the right side. When she was half through, she'd changed her mind and put the postcard in an envelope. She wanted to avoid trouble for me. But then, she had always been the gentlest and the nicest of Margaret's children.

There were a few more months—quiet, baby-filled months. I could feel myself sinking into the deceptive softness of early middle age, the comforting round of house and four children. I drove up to the capital every week now, had lunch with three or four other women, tea with the governor's wife, and then did my hospital calls. It was the biggest hospital in the state, and I always went by, always the same routine—John had told me precisely how to do it. The first time I felt silly. I held my breath against the odor of sickness and the look of pain. Finally I began to realize that these people were glad to see me, that my visits, however obvious their purpose, broke the monotony of hospital routine. John was delighted with my success. "What a campaigner you'll make," he said. I didn't like it. No, I never did, but I was able to do it.

When you live in a place you've always lived in, where your family has always lived, you get to see things not only in space but in time too. When I look at the Providence River, I don't just see a small, yellow river that crests into flood every year and spreads its silt over the bottom cotton lands. I see the first William Howland, adventuring his way along, fresh from the War of 1812, seeking a place to settle. I see him coming along through its canebrakes and its swamps, the thin, homely face of the portrait that now hangs in the dining room. I can't ever see the ridge that rises to the west without seeing Cousin Ezra Howland, shot through the middle at the Battle of Tim's Crossing, fifteen miles away, during the Civil War, who got to the top of that ridge and no farther. They said he'd left a fifteen-mile trail of blood. He slipped off his horse and died up there, in sight of his home. His mother and his aunt and his sister, who were in the house alone, saw the hawks and the buzzards circling and went out themselves and found him.

When I drive to Madison City itself, I don't just see a small town with mangy dogs slouching about the gutters. I see the

...or using your head

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time when the bandit Whittaker brothers—all six of them—tied their boat at the river landing and came into town to rob and murder. When they left, to continue their way toward the Gulf Coast, they took the daughter of the livery-stable owner with them. People said it wasn't kidnaping, that she offered to go, so it was her own fault that she was never heard of again and that a skeleton found way south, beyond the swamps, was said to be hers.

That's the way it is with me. I don't just see things as they are today. I see them as they were. I see them all around in time. And this is bad. Because it makes you think you know a place. Because it makes you think you know the people in it.

Things fell out this way. The old governor died after two years of his third term. His lieutenant governor took the oath of office. His name was Homer O'Keefe, and he was a handsome, silver-haired man who came from the southern part of the state. He looked respectable, and he had been put on the ticket to draw the votes of the respectable, well-to-do groups. But he was a fool.

When John told me about the old governor's death, he said flatly, "Wait till you see the mess Homer makes now. Anybody coming after him is going to be swept in like Jesus Christ on Palm Sunday."

He was right, of course. I can't remember all of them, but there was a highway scandal and a welfare scandal, and a lot of other things went wrong. John looked more and more smug as we went on our usual rounds through the passing months. "Isn't there something I can do?" I asked him once.

He winked. "You're doing great."

"I'm not doing a thing."

"Why should I spoil you by telling you how to do things? You're sweet and kind to everybody."

"Don't joke with me, John."

"Honey, you're perfect for the job, and that's why I married you."

I didn't say any more because I wasn't at all sure that he hadn't told the exact truth.

I did nothing extra or special in the last weeks before the primary election. John was almost never home, and the house was quiet. I only saw a couple of reporters who wanted to see how a candidate's wife lived, and they were disappointed.

Once I got another clipping from my cousin in Atlanta. She was furious over the account of one of John's speeches. He was quoted as saying, "The contents of the average Negro skull is 169 milligrams lighter than the average white skull. His brain casing is on the average some 121 millimeters thicker. He is simply not suited by nature for equality with the white man. . . ."

When I read it, my stomach was icy stiff. Anger or fear, I didn't know which. I went into the side yard and stretched out in the sun there, waiting for the bright yellow rays to warm into my cold. That sort of bodily cold frightens me. It reminds me of death.

John did come home once during those last days of campaigning. He got a virus infection of some sort, and a very high fever. In fact, he was quite giddy when he first came home, bringing with him a doctor and a huge supply of antibiotics. After a day the fever was gone, and he was gone too.

That one night and one day he was home, I brought him cups of hot broth and dishes of ice cream, and when we were alone, I asked him, "John, you don't think that about Negroes, do you?"

"That smaller-heads and pea-brain stuff? I was quoting what's-his-name at the university. That lunatic biologist they bought themselves."

"But what do you think?"

He was serious now, very serious. "I'm a practical man," he said. "I've got to deal with things as they are. It's hell for them, but my saying so won't help them or me. You want me to be a knight on a white horse, fighting injustice. But if I did, I'd be nothing but a politician without a job and a lawyer without a practice."

"But you don't have to stay here."

"I don't have a chance anywhere else, honey, and you know that. The connections are here, the help is here, your family and mine."

He was right. Of course he was right.

"Why do you say things like that?"

"I say them because it's part of the game, and though I don't like it, I don't mind it. I'm no worse than anybody else, and I'm maybe even a bit better. That speech will win, honey. I said so little before—and not even recently—that they wanted to know where I stood. That one speech is going to get the primary for me."

It did. He won by a very large margin.

In our state the primary is the only real election. The one that is held in November against the Republican candidate is a gesture, and an empty one, toward the two-party system. The margin is usually something like thirty to one.

John no longer worked so hard, nor traveled so much. It would be a matter of routine from here in.

I sat in the quiet familiarity of my house, the house where I had lived as a child, in a country I had known as a child, and I was happy and content. My children were healthy and my husband successful.

We didn't know. We didn't know.

That fall our daughters went back to school—Abby to the seventh grade, Mary Lee to the sixth. Johnny began nursery school. Only the baby Marge and I were left. One day, abruptly, John phoned from his office in town.

"Have you noticed anything amiss? Any calls?"

"There are always lots of calls, John. You mean crank calls, or threats?"

"No. Not necessarily."

"But what?"

"There's something wrong," he said. "You can feel it all around. My father called this morning. He wanted to know . . ." He let the sentence hang unfinished.

"Did he know anything?"

"He'll find out," John said.

"Look," I said, "be practical. What could it be?"

"Damned if I know."

"Tax trouble?"

He snorted, not even bothering to answer.

"A mistress?"

"Don't be a silly jackass. As a matter of fact," he said levelly, "it's got something to do with you."

"Did Papa John tell you that?"

"He's not the only one hearing," John said, "that there's something funny about Mrs. Tolliver."

"Well," I said, "I don't have a lover, and the children have all been normal, and I don't have any close family still alive."

"I've been asked about it four or five times in the last few days. Nobody knows what, but they all know it's something, and they're leaking it out, while they check back to be sure they've got it right. It's not going to be a lie this time," John said grimly.

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would have to be a lie."
e you so sure?" he said. "What have one?"
idn't believe it. I opened my mouth ake some sort of answer to his ac-ion, and then closed it again. I couldn't of anything to say.
er a minute he said, "Well, I've got to do."
'ill you be home for dinner?" I asked

m speaking in Longview."

udied myself in the hall r. I didn't look differ- I always looked this I had the sort of face dy remembered an hour seeing it. (They remem- John, of course: He ark and thin and strik- I knew from pictures I had been a plain child. I was still plain. No, I leasant-looking. Brown neither light nor dark, the color of a mouse's Blue eyes, just ordi- eyes, under straight s. Nice teeth, fine skin ed lightly by the sun. my figure—well, breasts were too small and hips were too large—a ma- y figure: I was the per- wife for a candidate. He chosen and trained me

wondered what the rs were about. Nothing, d myself furiously. I had e nothing anyone could ct to. I had chosen the g man, but nobody ld know that but me. I had just found out. was no longer the hus- d I loved; he was simply man I had married. I k now that it was amaz- that it had lasted those en long years.

here were two days of ing. On the morning of second day, quite early, re the children had gone school, I noticed a car e up the front drive and . I answered the door self. It was a young man, I had never seen him re.
I was to deliver this," he , and handed me a plain wn envelope.
he children were laugh- over breakfast in the ing room. I closed the r on their voices, and d watching the young man's car drive vn the hill. I sat down in one of the kers and looked in the envelope: two ces of paper, clipped together. One was vsprint. I looked at it first. It was the nt page of the capital's evening paper, ed for the coming afternoon. There was picture of a man getting off a plane, rred as newspaper pictures always are. e headline was large: NEGRO RETURNS VISIT HIS LEGAL WHITE FAMILY. And n a subhead: PAST OF PROMINENT TIZEN COMES TO LIGHT. GUBERNATORIAL NDIDATE INVOLVED.

I looked at the second piece of paper. It was a photostat of a certificate of marriage. Between William Howland and Margaret Carmichael. The place was Cleveland. The date was April, 1928, two months before Robert's birth.

I sat on the bright, sunny porch and heard John's words over and over again: "Are you sure? What have you done?"

I phoned John's office. His secretary sounded like she had been crying. "Will you tell my husband that I have seen the papers." Luckily I had no more to say, because she hung up on me.

I put the clipping and the photostat back in their envelope, thinking what I had always known: that my grandfather had been a good man. That he had found a woman to fill the last decades of his life, and that he had married her. A good man. And when I thought of what would happen now, I felt sick.

I kept the children from school. I sent them down to the barns to amuse themselves with Oliver.

All around the house things went on as if it were just another day. The gardeners came and mowed the lawn and set out new daffodil bulbs in the azalea beds. They brought up two large drums of gasoline from the pump by the barns—they parked the tractor and flat-bed trailer out of sight behind the toolhouse. Tomorrow they would use that gas for their equipment. They would mow the large front field; they would grade the road too. Bringing the gas drums to the work area had been John's idea—save time and trouble, he said. He'd had a lot of good ideas. The greenhouse, for one, that he had built outside the library door. He grew lovely exotic plants, tending and propagating them himself whenever he was home. The glaziers were repairing some cracked panes there now. In the house itself there were the comfortable, familiar sounds of vacuum cleaner and floor polisher. I sat in a chair in the living room, not doing anything, not even thinking. Just waiting. I was cold. I went to the hall closet and took the first coat I saw. It was my mink. I sat quite alone in an empty room, wrapped in the skins of dead animals.

Oliver came up from the barns and peered in the living-room window, tapping the sill. "I reckon I would close the gate."

"Yes," I said. I watched him walk down the graveled road to swing shut the heavy wood gate, locking it. He came back and handed me the key. "Oliver," I asked, "did you know?"

He shook his head.

"Keep the children close to the house."

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More cars than usual seemed to be driving by on the state highway. They'd come to see. Of course. When the paper came out at noon, there would be even more.

I had lunch with the children. We talked about horses and about the new Shetland their father had promised them. Then they went back outside.

I drifted through the afternoon and evening in the same way, detached and quiet. After dinner the servants went away, leaving only the children and me. When the doorbell rang, I opened the door and stood blinking in the sputtering flash of bulbs.

I would have recognized him anywhere. He was a red-haired version of William Howland. "You must be Robert," I said. He stood and let me look. "I've been expecting you." When I said it, it seemed true. And I suppose I had, through all the long day's waiting. "Come inside."

There were two photographers. "You too," I said. "It will be chilly waiting on the porch."

We went into the living room, the four of us. "It's changed," Robert said.

"Would you like a tour of the house? It's so different I don't think you'll recognize much "

"I didn't come for that," Robert said. I looked at this child that my grandfather and Margaret had produced. You could see both of them there. Robert looked like my grandfather, feature by feature, but there was a mist of Margaret spread over everything.

He told the photographers bluntly, "I'll meet you at the car." They went quickly. Robert nodded after them. "They're glad to go. Seems they were scared."

"Not scared, Robert," I told him. "Just disgusted. You're a Negro to them."

I think at that minute he wanted to kill me. I didn't care. All through the day I had been preparing for this, and now that it was here, I wasn't tired, I wasn't afraid. "Killing me wouldn't help," I said. "And your mother and your father are already dead."

"Did she really kill herself?"

It bothered him, the way it bothered Crissy and the way it bothered Nina.

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"I expect she got tired of being alone." I got up and went to the bar. "A drink? In memory of the time your mother gave you pneumonia taking you to school in the sleet with chicken pox?"

"She didn't."

"Of course she did. She was going to educate you or kill you."

"I know that," he said quietly.

His tone stopped me. "Robert," I said seriously, "why did you come back?"

My grandfather's face looked up at me, lined with pain. "I suppose it was a clipping from an Atlanta paper."

"Oh," I said. "Oh, God, that one."

"Are you married, Robert?"

He nodded.

"Black or white?"

A flash of anger under his skin. "Don't provoke me."

"How would I know? Nina married a Negro."

He appeared not to have heard. I went on, innocently, beginning to see already what it was I should do. "What's your wife like?"

"Something like you. The same color hair, and light-blue eyes. Her name was Mallory and her father is a radiologist in Oakland."

"John will lose," I said abruptly, "because of you. For the first time in fifty years the results of the Democratic primary will be upset in the election. There's no doubt in the world that the Republican will win by a landslide. Do you know the Republican candidate? You should. Do you know about the schools in Tickfaw County closing last year? They closed the schools rather than integrate. They opened private schools for the whites. I don't think there are any schools for the Negroes. And the moving spirit of that particular bit was the man you just made governor." I allowed myself a chuckle. "Child of my heart," I told him, "you have really done it this time. You got rid of John and got something ten times worse."

He was staring at me, not quite believing.

"Does your wife know you're here?"

He shook his head.

"She married a white man," I said quietly. "What would she do if she found out he was a Negro? When she knows, what sort of difference will it make?"

He stood up and walked over to me, his face flushed waxy-white. I sat perfectly still and looked at him. "You came to ruin me, Robert," I said, "but I can ruin you, I think. I can find you, wherever you live. And I can tell my story. The black mother abandoned by her white son, killing herself with loneliness. . . . How much does your wife love you?"

And I said something that sounded horrible to me even while I was saying it. "Robert, I know what you are, and I know why you came back. And I know something else. Your skin may be the same color as your wife's, but your blood's not—and you believe that. You really believe that."

I looked at him, my grandfather's son, his only son. I looked at his face, haggard and old. He would remember me, and he would look for me all the days of his life. And I could hear my grandfather saying: Lady, lady, what are you doing?

I answered him back, wherever he w
wherever ghosts go: Why did you ha
children, for them to tear each other apa

I didn't sleep that night. I didn't ev
bother going to bed.

At breakfast time the house was s
quiet, without its familiar morning soun
There were no voices downstairs,
sounds outside. No one at all had co
this morning. The whole staff was stay
away. They expected trouble.

I went outside briefly and looked arou
The yard and the big front field were co
pletely deserted. Like the house staff,
farm hands had not come. Their equ
ment was still parked behind the t
house: their tractors and mowers and gr
ers, and all their attachments, and
gasoline drums. But no one had come
work. No one at all.

The morning passed, quiet and emp
By afternoon I stretched out on the b
not bothering to undress. At once I
into a heavy sleep. I didn't even h
John come in; he had to shake me. Fo
moment, muddled and drunk with sle
I smiled at his familiar shape. Then
cold, grim face came into focus; I reme
bered and sat up. He had a newspap
The picture of Robert and me at the fr
door.

"Why did you let him in?" John ask

"He rang the doorbell," I said, as if t
explained everything.

"If I'd been here ——"

"Well, you weren't. There was nobo
to tell me what to do." John looked di
He hadn't shaved for a day or so, and
eyes were bloodshot and swollen.

"I will take care of him, John," I s
"I've started already."

He had been looking out the windo
busy with his own bitter thoughts. Now
turned back to me, and it was obvious
hadn't heard me.

"Look," he said, "why? Why'd he ma
her? Do you know?"

It was incomprehensible to him.
incomprehensible as trying to chew u
stone. He didn't understand that th
were people who might want to try.

I said, "He couldn't let his children
bastards, even if their mother was a Neg
He knew they weren't going to be k
around here. Even then, he knew that t
would send them away."

"My God," John said, "he must h
been out of his mind."

I shook my head. "I think maybe
understand."

"Then you're crazy as he was. And w
about that Robert? What'd I ever do
him? Why'd he have to come back?
I'm through in this state. I couldn't
elected garbage man, and I couldn't ge
charity case."

"Where will you go?"

"Home. For a while."

And I started to say: This is your ho
But I didn't, because I knew better.
wasn't. He was a Tolliver, and his ho
was in Somerset County, with his blo

"Look," he said, "why don't you t
the children and go away for a while?"

"Where?"

He pulled a piece of paper from
pocket. "Here. It's a school in New
leans. They'll be safer. I'm thinking
them."

"I know you are." He was. He lov
them. He was doing his best. "I'll se
them there, but not just now. . . . Is th
going to be trouble?"

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"How the hell would I know? I'm just telling you what I think."

"If I left," I said, "they'd probably burn this house."

"I wish it'd been burned to the ground before I ever saw it."

"Yes, I know you do. But I'll stay."

"My God," he said. And he walked toward the door.

"Are you coming back?" I asked him.

"No."

Then he was gone, and all the things we hadn't said still hung in the air and buzzed around my ears. I thought: That's that. That's all. I loved him once, but I'm not sorry to see him go.

After lunch I took the oldest aside. "Abby," I said, "I want to talk to you."

"I know," she said solemnly.

"Who told you?"

"Oliver."

Of course.

"Oliver said we'd be run out. I wouldn't care if I never came back."

Child, I thought, you don't even know it's possible to love a house and land that much.

Abby said, "Nobody's here today."

"They're staying away because they think there'll be trouble."

"Will there, Mamma?"

She did not look frightened, so I told her the truth. "I think so."

"You keep the children here, Abby," I said. "I'm going down and talk to Oliver."

I found him tinkering with the latch on the back gate. "I didn't know that needed fixing."

"Wasn't broke," he said. "I'm keeping myself busy."

"You expecting trouble?"

He was an old man, a very old man. He kept working on the latch. "We done took the stock from here over to the east lot."

"For safekeeping?"

"Big target," he said. "Them animals cost money."

"Go on home, Oliver."

He did not seem to hear me. "There's cars parked down the road right now, behind the rise, where you can't see them from the house."

His own calm was contagious. "What will they do?" I said.

He shook his head. "Mr. John been gone?"

"Yes."

"Coming back?"

"No." I suppose I should have been ashamed, but I wasn't. John's leaving was just a fact, like the cars down the road.

"I figure to stay."

The sun went down, and the early-winter dark began in the hollows and slipped up the hill. Abby kept the children amused and quiet, and only now and then I'd feel her eyes watching me. I fixed supper for them myself, fumbling and searching for pans and pots and dishes in my unfamiliar kitchen. Then I called the children in.

Abby said, "Oliver took the ponies off."

"He'll bring them back."

Her eyes studied me quietly for a very long time. Whatever she saw seemed all right.

I left them eating. I went to John's gun rack—the one that had been my grandfather's—and took down three shotguns. Oliver came to the door and watched me.

I loaded the 20-gauge first. "For somebody that never could shoot, you remember how to load right well," Oliver said.

I began loading the two big 12-gauge. "Double-naught buckshot," I said. I put the three guns on the hall table. And then I called the state police and told them that I thought there was trouble.

Oliver was still standing there, silently. I asked him: "You think they'll come?"

He didn't answer, and he didn't have to. They wouldn't come until too late.

The children came out of the kitchen.

"Abby, take them to the playroom and let them watch television."

"Mary Lee can do that, Mamma," she said. "And I'll stay with you."

There was a flurry of shooting down by the roadside, out of sight. Abby understood before I did. "The stock mostly always come down to the fence at dusk," she said, and her large eyes blinked a few times.

So they were killing the cattle. I glanced at Oliver.

"I ain't had time to move nothing excepting the dairy cows. There's quite a few steers they got to practice on."

Abby said, "The steers came down to see what the cars were parked for."

The irregular popping went on. Oliver cocked his head at the window. "Heard but one shotgun. Rest are pistols."

"That's why it's taking so long to kill them," Abby said calmly. I shivered, and she saw me. "I'm sorry, Mamma."

My baby, I thought. You were born on the floor in the bedroom upstairs and Margaret wiped your face and cleaned your mouth and tied your cord. And Margaret is dead, and you aren't a baby, standing there with your pinched, white face, talking about how many shots it takes to kill a steer.

In the next hour they left their cars and their target practice and drifted on up the road toward the house. They smashed through the locked gate and straggled up the graveled way until they stood in front of the house. Some of them sat down, and some of them hunkered down and smoked. They all seemed to be waiting. Then we saw why. The others, down below the hill, were firing the big barn. You could see the steadily growing glow.

I had plenty of time to study the group outside. They were men, all of them, and some of them were men only barely. One couldn't have been more than fifteen. I recognized them all. Some were small farmers: They scratched out a living on their cotton farms just the other side of town, and shared that scanty living with their sharecroppers. They were dirt poor—their kids had bellies swollen with worms—but the rest of the people out there weren't. They were respectable; they had a house and a car and money in the bank. They were the good people out there.

The men down at the barn had trouble firing it. One by one, the entire group in front of the house left and drifted down there to help. It was quite a way—a good quarter-mile—and the wind was wrong so you couldn't hear anything much. You could see them milling about, knocking over rail fences and smashing small windows. There were a couple of flat pops. I looked at Oliver. "I reckon they found the cats," he said.

Abby shivered. Her young body shook all over. The thought of the cats terrified her. Against the firelight we saw a man swinging something by its tail. He let go, and the dark shape sailed through a window and into the blaze.

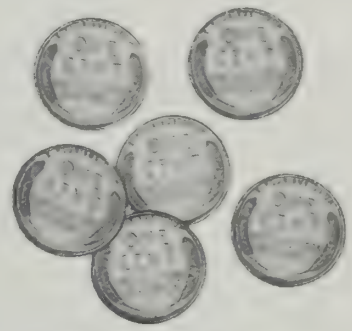
Abby said, "Oh. Oh!" She was green.

"Abby," I said firmly, "go get the children. Don't wake Marge. Mary Lee is to carry a blanket for each of you. Run."

"Oliver," I said, "do you know those big drums of gas back by the toolhouse? The tractor's still there. Can you hitch up and drive to where the cars are parked?"

His bright eyes glittered and shifted like oil in the light.

"They'll all be watching the burning," I said. "They won't be thinking of that. You go ahead. It'll take you longer."



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THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE *continued*

He went, carrying his own shotgun across his arm.

I fixed two bottles of milk for Marge, and picked up a box of cookies for the others. "Abby!" But they were already coming downstairs.

We went out the back door, across the half-lighted yard. There was a little scuffling and a clank of metal as Oliver cleared the tractor. "I'll leave the children up by the spring," I told him as we passed. We crossed the yard and slipped through the back gate and cut across the corner of a pasture, as fast as we could. The barn was down the slope on the other side of the house, so it wasn't likely anybody would see us, but even so I was glad when we finally reached the path in the deep, sheltering woods.

"I know where you want to go," Abby said. "I'll go first."

I carried Marge in one arm and got my fingers around Johnny's fat wrist while Abby led. We were climbing steeply, and Johnny began to whine. "You take the blankets, Mamma," Mary Lee said. "I'll take him." She rolled the blankets tight as she could, and I tucked them under my arm. Johnny clambered on her back and clung there, arms and legs wrapped around her, his sleepy head dangling on her shoulder.

"There." I motioned to Abby. You could hear the spring now, its steady sound loud in the quiet night. I spread a blanket and put Marge on it, covering her carefully. She hadn't waked. I spread the other blankets. "Stay till I come back for you."

I hurried down another way, brushing through tangles of vines and scrambling over rocks. I found a way through the woods and came out on a low hummock; some people said it was an Indian mound.

I felt eyes. Negroes, in the dark that matched their skins, were watching. I remembered something my grandfather had said: "When there's anything going on, the woods gets so full that you can practically see 'em heave and shift with all the goings and comings."

Why don't they help me? I thought bitterly. And I answered myself just as bitterly: Because I'm white, and anyway there isn't anything they could do that wouldn't make things worse.

I scurried down the hummock. Oliver was waiting in the fold of the slope, in the shadow of a rhododendron bush. He was sitting on the tractor seat, small and black and shriveled. The wheeled platform with the gasoline drums was hitched behind. "All right," I said. Oliver shifted gears and slowly edged out of the shadow. I trotted along behind; we had barely a hundred yards to go. I looked back once. I couldn't see the house itself, but I could see the glow in the sky from the burning barn beyond it. I didn't look again.

There were about a dozen cars parked on the road or pulled off into the field. Oliver stopped by the first of them.

These drums were exactly like the big cans of kerosene that used to stand on sawbucks by every kitchen door. On their lower front edge they had a little spigot. Over the mouth of the spigot we had installed a length of hose. It had worked fine fueling the tractors and the graders and the mowers, and it worked fine now. I opened the spigot, held the hose up high to keep the gas from splattering around and wasting. Oliver waited, the motor clucking in neutral.

I opened the first of the car doors, bent inside and, with my hose, soaked the seats and walls. I finished the next cars and sprinkled the dry grass around them. Once I even opened a gas tank and stuffed a handful of dry grass in the top. I don't know if that worked. It was just something I thought I'd try. I went from car to car, soaking the grasses beneath them, drenching as much of the seat and wall as I could reach. Then we set the fire.

We stood a moment or two and watched the flame grow. A patch, a blob of light, pushed forward like spume by the wind. Then the blobs joined and spread into a line, and the line grew from a flat thing on the ground to a thing with height and width, and a crackling voice.

Hastily, Oliver drove the tractor back the way he had come. I scrambled up the Indian mound, panting, with the singing of gasoline-fed flames in my ears. I stumbled and fell full length, the breath jarred out of me, my tired body aching and resisting and wanting to stay huddled against an earth that seemed so warm on the chill, windy night. But I got up and ran through the sheltering woods, circling back to the house. And all the way I kept worrying: Will it be there? Will they have gotten to it in the little while it was left alone?

When, through the last fringe of trees, I could see that the house stood white and untouched, I stopped and felt sick with relief. Oliver popped out of the dark, on f this time; he had left the tractor hidden the trees. I asked: "How long before th can't put out the fire back there? How lo will that take?"

"I never done nothing like that befor

"Oliver," I said, "you go stay with t children. I'll mind the house." I add "They'll be scared out of their wits there, and Abby too proud to admit it."

I went back into my house and I cal the state police again. "There's a ba burning and a dozen cars afire, and next thing somebody will get killed. Y wouldn't come last time, but these are Howland cars, and they aren't Howlan that are going to be getting shot, so may you'll come now."

I hung up and knew this time th would come. I took the shotguns and we to sit on the front porch. The yard w empty. The crowd was all down by t barn.

But now that wasn't the only glow in t sky. There was another one, one that creased steadily, over the hill to the rig The wind brought me the smell of burni from that direction, just as it carried aw the smell of my own barn going down ashes. Once I heard a sort of muffled plosion. That was how a gas tank sound

I was lightheaded and exhausted; began to giggle. They were shooting ste and cats. The Howland they wanted w dead. His Negro wife was dead. Th children had disappeared. And so th were wrecking the only thing that was l of him, of them. First the barn and th the house.

They had finally gotten the barn to bu satisfactorily. And the glow below t

—mine—got brighter and larger. Al-
's like that. This one piece of ground
, fought over, blood spilled, outlaws
Civil War raiders, and before all of
n the Indians. And modern raiders
, who came in cars instead of on horses,
shot at cats and steers.

heard a car racing up the hill, engine
ring at the steep, fast climb. It was a
d, a blue Ford. It spun off the drive and
shed through the fence, across the front
d; it was taking the shortest possible
te to the barn. There were two men in
They had come late and, passing along
road, they had seen the second burn-
. The car roared up to the barn, its horn
ring wildly. I couldn't hear, but I knew
y would be shouting. They were waving
ir arms, and the whole group was mill-
about. Some jumped in the car, and
e more hopped on the back, before it
n around and raced away. I saw it
nce slightly as it crossed the edge of the
e bed, smashed over a lawn chair. It
uld pass directly in front of me again. I
ked up the 20-gauge. For a fraction of
second I wondered about the load. I
med to remember that number-four
t was what you used for geese, and if
t was true it wouldn't hurt a man too
ch. I wasn't at all sure, but I thought
ut it only for an instant as I swung the
rels up. Even if they had been loaded
h rifled slugs, I would not have stopped
w. I pulled both triggers. At that range,
en I couldn't miss. The car swerved
ay sharply, brushed a fender against a
dogwood, crashed through another sec-
n of the fence, bounced down the small
p to the road. It righted itself and sped
, a bit of white picket fence stuck to its
mper.

As for the rest, most of them went racing
t. They hadn't quite seen what had
pened, or they didn't understand, but
y went streaming on by, without so
ch as a glance in my direction. They
nted to find out what had happened to
ir cars.

waited a bit to be sure they were gone.
en, taking a loaded shotgun, I walked
und the house, just looking, as if I'd
er seen it before. The house itself
dn't been touched. They hadn't even
ne near the back; the lawns there were
ooth and clear as ever. They had gotten
the south side, the side toward the barn.
n's greenhouse was destroyed. I looked
the shattered panes reflected brokenly
the bright-yellow light of the barn, and
vondered when that had happened. I
dn't heard anything—it must have been
ile I was firing the cars. I thought of
n's orchids—the stiff ones and the soft,
nbing ones, all of them dying in the cold
ht air, their foliage and blossoms tat-
ed by the glass slivers.

The chairs that stood on the flagstone
io had been tumbled about and broken.
ere were a couple of dead cats and a
nd pup in the bottom of the empty
mming pool, smashed and huddled
inst the concrete.

circled the house, slowly, finding
hing else disturbed. When I was sure of
t, when I was quite sure that I had
cked everything, I looked across the
ltering hill to the glow of the burning
s. I heard sirens coming close; all at
e they died away into a strangled yelp
the cars stopped. In the sudden silence,
re was a lot of shouting. I looked
efly at the house behind me, lit dimly
by those two distant fires; it was white and smooth and lovely and unruffled. It would belong to my children. It would come to them the way it had come to me. Howlands were not run out, nor burned out.

The excitement and the fear left me when I saw that people had expended whatever energy and violence they had within them. Leaving only a bitter taste, a nasty taste in the sight of things as they really were. Aimless anger had burned a barn, had killed steers and cats and a couple of hounds.

And my own anger? Given a little time, I would work my own anger in more deliberate ways.

First, John. I would ask for a quick divorce. I had nothing more for John, and there was nothing I could have from him. I wanted only what was mine. I wanted back everything I had brought to the marriage. Every bit of it.

And the people of the town, who had come in the night to destroy me, to destroy my grandfather? They would have to be paid back too.

My grandfather was a very wealthy man. He owned the whole county—all the best timberlands, half the grazing land, most of the stock. He owned a lot of the buildings in town, even the hotel. Wade County was still Howland country, and I was taking it back. There was precious little around here that didn't belong to Will Howland, one way or the other. And now they'd see it shrink together, they'd see Madison City go back to what it was thirty years ago. Maybe my son would build it back. I wouldn't.

I would close up the Washington Hotel. Board up the front—big boards, right across the head of the steps. Then I'd sell all my stock, excepting the children's ponies. Without cattle, what would happen to the slaughter yards and the packing plant and the trucking business that had just begun to make money? And the lumber business—that's the big one around here—and half of it was my land. I'd do no lumbering now, and all the people who made money out of my land would lose it. This town was going to shrivel back to its real size. It wasn't Will Howland you burned down, I told them all, it was your own house. You bastards, I told them, you bastards . . .

"You didn't think I could save this house," I said, looking around in the dark for my grandfather. It seemed I could see him standing in the dim corner of the porch, looking at me.

And he wasn't alone. That corner was crowded with people, only I couldn't exactly make out who they were.

You do what you got to do, he answered me.

"You were right about John," I said. "But I loved him then."

Do what you got to do, he said again. And I began to recognize the people with him. Some women, some men. Some tranquil-looking, like their pictures that lined the dining-room walls. Some hurt and bloody. Cousin Ezra who had died up on the ridge during the Civil War. The first Will Howland himself, scalpless and bloody from Indians. The young man who'd burned to death in the Wilderness in Virginia. And their wives: plain-faced and unsmiling, coy and gay.

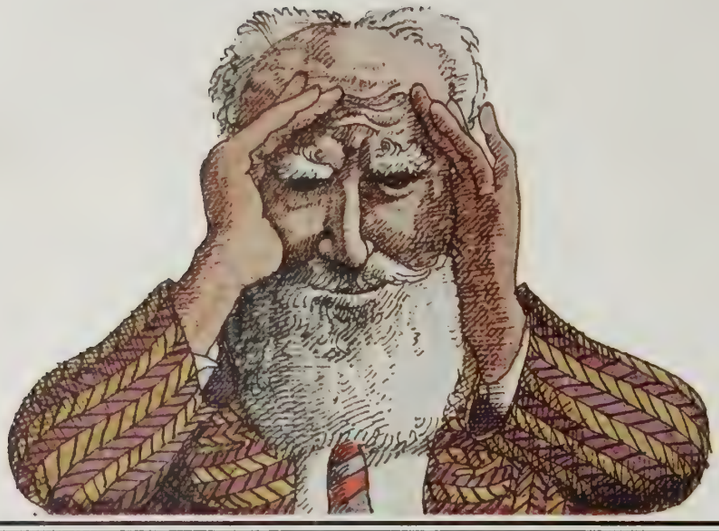
I said to them all: "I bet you didn't think I could."

Do what come to you to do, my grandfather answered me. Then he and all his kin, like paper dolls drawn from the grave, disappeared.

I wondered why Margaret hadn't been with them. Maybe they wouldn't admit her as belonging with them. After all, she was a Negro. Will Howland and his wives—I wondered how they were all getting on together.

But Margaret hadn't been with them. All of a sudden I realized why. She was not one of my ghosts. She would haunt her own children, not me. She was not part of me.

I stood on that cold, wind-blown grass and saw what I had done. I saw that it wasn't bravery or hate. It was, like my grandfather said, necessity. And that's pretty poor comfort, but at times it's all you've got. ■



His views on morals and marriage were seasoned with wit and laughter that purged his audiences of sentimentality.

GBS and the Fair Sex

Bernard Shaw was brought up in an Irish household of strong women and weak men (including an alcoholic father whom he and his mother left behind when they emigrated to England, and a dipsomaniacal uncle who took his own life by thrusting his head into a carpet bag and closing it). His family was a picture that Shaw painted over and over again in his plays: Ann and Tanner in *Man and Superman*, Eliza and Higgins in *Pygmalion*, Caesar and Cleopatra, and on and on. The result was a series of remarkably single-minded plays and prefaces extending over a period of about 50 years, from *Widowers' Houses* in 1892 until the eve of the Second World War when his last play was first produced.

He once said, "I am not an ordinary playwright in general practice. I am a specialist in immoral and heretical plays."

His heresy was in his wit and laughter. His wit forced his audience to listen and to remember. The laughter purged his listeners of sentimentality, and allowed him to deal with sex, morals, marriage, politics, economics, more straightforwardly than any other first-rate writer of the century.

Women were one of his favorite subjects. He looked up to them as having more good sense, more sanity, more love, less fear and hate, and more possibilities for good than men. He asserted this belief in the strongest possible terms when he called one of his plays *Man and Superman*.

Shaw loved women, and spent much of his time and energy trying to convince them by his wit that they are the most important people in the world today. The wise and amusing things that he said himself and through his characters are evidence of that devotion.—THOMAS C. F. LOWRY.

THE MOST UNSCRUPULOUS

Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions . . . that is the secret of its popularity. And a woman seeking a husband is the most unscrupulous of all the beasts of prey. The confusion of marriage with morality has done more to destroy the conscience of the human race than any other single error.

Man and Superman

CHARACTER AND SALVATION

When you meet a man who is very particular about his salvation, look out for a woman who is very particular about her character; and marry them to one another: they'll make a perfect pair.

Getting Married

THE ECONOMIC SLAVERY OF WOMEN

To ask a young man his intentions when you know he has no intentions, but is unable to deny that he has paid attentions; to threaten an action for breach of promise of marriage; to pretend that your daughter is a musician when she has with the greatest difficulty been coached into playing three pianoforte pieces which she loathes; to use your own mature charms to attract

(*Continued on page 130*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALTON LAWLER

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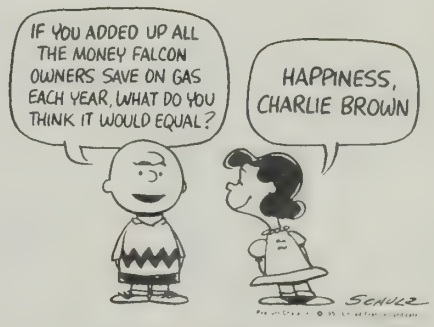
FALCON SQUIRE WAGON

Night had fallen over the kingdom when the little princess and her guardians arrived in a magic chariot. Magic, because all the bumps disappeared under the sorcery of a wider tread, and longer springs. A fairy tale? Try a new Falcon Squire and let it cast its spell on you!



TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

men to the house when your daughters have no aptitude for that department of sport; to coach them, when they have, in the arts by which men can be led to compromise themselves; and to keep all the skeletons carefully locked up in the family cupboard until the prey is duly hunted down and bagged; all this is a mother's duty today. . . .

Preface, *Getting Married*

The moment a cold starts give her this tablet

Guaranteed best-tasting aspirin for children's fever and pain!

Recommended 4 to 1 by children's doctors among all naming a particular brand*

**in a national survey*

Best way to avoid upsetting a sick child is never to offer her aspirin she'll resist—but give her the one she'll like best, St. Joseph Aspirin For Children.

Try it . . . you'll see *why* children like it. First, whiff its pleasant orange aroma. Then taste its flavor. That's *real orange*. There's no artificial chemical flavoring; no sour or medicinal after-taste. And how creamy-smooth it is in your mouth! It doesn't have that common *gritty* feeling.

Children immediately notice the difference. And thanks to some 224 manufacturing tests and control checks, it's the *highest quality* aspirin that you can give your child.

That's why, in a national survey directed to thousands of children's doctors, St. Joseph Aspirin For Children was recommended *4* to *1* over any other, by those doctors who named a particular brand!

Each St. Joseph Aspirin For Children tablet is exactly one-fourth of an adult 5-grain dose. You can take it yourself. It's just as effective, grain for grain, as adult aspirin—and of course it *tastes better!*

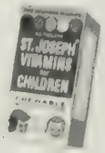
Is it any wonder that this children's aspirin outsells all others? It's the *mother-and-child favorite*. Ask for it by name: St. Joseph Aspirin For Children.

. . .

GUARANTEE—Money back from maker if your child and you don't like the taste and smoothness of today's St. Joseph Aspirin For Children better than any other aspirin for children.

NOW, candy-tasting vitamins for the whole family . . . *in a formula doctors approve!*

All the vitamins children or adults normally need to take. 5 delicious flavors. Get St. Joseph Vitamins For Children. They taste best!



SIX MONTHS AFTER

. . . if she had known as much about marriage the day before her wedding as she did six months after, it would have been extremely hard to induce her to get married at all.

The Quintessence of Ibsenism

HALF THEIR LIVES

. . . women spend half their lives telling little lies for men, and sometimes big ones.

Captain Brassbound's Conversion

CHANGEABLE WOMEN

Changeable women . . . are more endurable than monotonous ones, however unpleasant some of their changes may be: they are sometimes murdered but seldom deserted; and it is the ups and downs of married life that make it bearable.

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

No healthy man or animal is occupied with love in any sense for more than a very small fraction indeed of the time he devotes to business and to recreations wholly unconnected with love. A wife entirely preoccupied with her affection for her husband, a mother entirely preoccupied with her affection for her children, may be all very well in a book (for people who like that kind of book); but in actual life she is a nuisance. Husbands may escape from her when their business compels them to be away from home all day; but young children may be, and quite often are, killed by her cuddling and coddling and doctoring and preaching: above all, by her continuous attempts to excite precocious sentiment, a practice as objectionable, and possibly as mischievous, as the worst tricks of the worst nursemaids.

Preface, *Getting Married*

DIVORCE

. . . a woman may have an incorrigibly unfaithful husband, and yet be much better off than if she has an ill-tempered, peevish, maliciously sarcastic one, or was chained for life to a criminal, a drunkard, a lunatic, an idle vagrant, or a person whose religious faith was contrary to her own. Imagine being married to a liar, a borrower, a mischief maker, a teaser or tormentor of children and animals, or even simply a bore! . . . Adultery, far from being the first and only ground for divorce, might more reasonably be made the last. . . .

Preface, *Getting Married*

DOMESTIC CHANGE OF AIR

I know one lady who has been married five times. She is, as might be expected, a wise, attractive, and interesting woman. The question is, is she wise, attractive and interesting because she has been married five times, or has she been married five times because she is wise, attractive, and interesting? Probably some of the truth lies both ways.

Preface, *Getting Married*

MARRIAGE AS A MAGIC SPELL

. . . the marriage ceremony is quite useless as a magic spell for changing in an instant the nature of the relations of two human beings to one another. If a man marries a woman after three weeks of acquaintance, and the day after meets a woman he has known for twenty years, he finds, sometimes to his own irrational surprise and his wife's equally irrational indignation, that his wife is a stranger to him, and the other woman an old friend. Also, there is no hocus-pocus that can possibly be devised with rings and veils and vows and benedictions that can fix either a man's or woman's affection for twenty minutes, much less twenty years.

Preface, *Getting Married*

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

But the actual result (of the marriage service) is that when two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive, and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal, and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part. And though, of course, nobody expects them to do anything so impossible and so unwholesome, yet the law that regulates their relations, and the public opinion that regulates that law, is actually founded on the assumption that the marriage vow is not only feasible but beautiful and holy, and that if they are false to it, they deserve no sympathy and no relief. If all married people really lived together, no doubt the mere force of facts would make an end to this inhuman nonsense in a month, if not sooner; but it is very seldom brought to that test. The typical British husband sees much less of his wife than he does of his business partner, his fellow clerk, or whoever works beside him day by day. Man and wife do not, as a rule, live together: they only breakfast together, dine together, and sleep in the same room. . . . A man as intimate with his own wife as a magistrate is with his clerk, or a Prime Minister with the Leader of the Opposition, is a man in ten thousand.

Preface, *Getting Married*

HEART'S DESIRE

Sir: there are two tragedies in life. One is to lose your heart's desire. The other is to gain it.

Man and Superman

■

FALCON FUTURA CONVERTIBLE

Show-off? No use denying it.
That's just what Falcon is.
But with that slim new look...
plush new ride
who's got a better right?
Even its gas bills
are something to brag about.
They're so refreshingly low.

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

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This is Fortrel!
the fiber that keeps its promise™

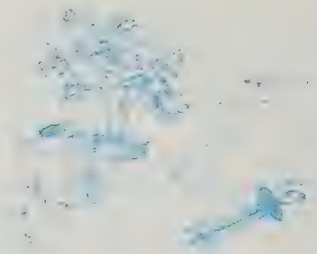
Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

The promise: Century's blazer suit needs little or no ironing

When your beloved blazer combines with an A-line skirt, that's news! But when it appears in a little plaid made with Fortrel—that's really happy news! Wear it wrinkle-free, knowing it needs just a dip in the suds and a drip dry to be ready to go. In Galey and Lord's Fortrel polyester and cotton yarn dyed plaid. Blue or pink. Sizes 8 to 18. Blazer about $8; skirt about $7.

For the store nearest you carrying this Century suit, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS



INSTANT COOK

Go international with your speedy meals. Convenience foods, when they travel in imaginative company, know no boundaries. For instance, a favorite French casserole, *Riz au Thon,* can be yours in minutes when made from packaged precooked rice, canned tuna fish and spaghetti sauce. Or go south of the border with Chili-Cornbread made from canned chili con carne and cornbread mix. Here's a variety of quick and easy recipes to brighten your winter menus this year. Try hot dogs foil-packaged with a piquant mustard-chili sauce and forget about washing messy pans. Apple-Cinnamon Crunch is a perfect cold-weather dessert. Who would guess it started out as a coffee-cake mix?

RIZ AU THON: (1) Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in ¼ cup butter or margarine. (2) Add 2 cups packaged precooked rice and sauté until straw-colored. (3) Stir in 1 can (8-oz.) spaghetti sauce, 1¼ cups water, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil and simmer for about 3 minutes or until most of the liquid is absorbed. (4) Add 1 can (7-oz.) tuna fish, drained and broken into bite-size pieces, and 2 hard-cooked eggs, cut into eighths. Heat for 2 or 3 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

CHILI-CORNBREAD: (1) Heat 2 (1-lb.) cans chili con carne in a shallow 2½-quart casserole in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 15 minutes or until bubbly. (2) Meanwhile, prepare 1 package (12- or 14-oz.) cornbread mix according to package directions, adding 2 tablespoons each chopped green pepper and ripe olives. (3) Pour over the hot chili con carne and continue baking for 20–25 minutes or until golden. Makes 6 servings.

SAVORY HOT DOGS IN A PACKAGE: (1) Combine ⅓ cup dark seedless raisins, ⅓ cup bouillon, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons pickle relish and ½ cup chili sauce. (2) Slash the tops of 8 frankfurters 2 or 3 times; place 2 frankfurters on each of 4 squares of aluminum foil. (3) Lift up edges of foil to keep sauce from running out. (4) Spoon raisin sauce on top of meat; close and seal foil packages. (5) Bake in hot oven, 400° F., about 20 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

PUFFY BLUE-CHEESE CANAPÉS: (1) Combine 1 package (3-oz.) softened cream cheese, 1 jar (5-oz.) pasteurized process cheese spread with bacon, 1 tablespoon or ½ envelope (7/10-oz.) blue-cheese salad-dressing mix. (2) Cut 36 two-inch rounds from sliced bread and toast on both sides. (3) Spread each round with cheese mixture. (4) Toast until mixture is golden. Makes 3 dozen.

COFFEE-RUM PARFAIT: (1) Whip 1 cup heavy cream until stiff. Flavor with 2 teaspoons instant coffee, 1 tablespoon rum and 6 tablespoons confectioners' sugar. (2) Layer in parfait or dessert dishes with mixed gingersnap and chocolate-wafer crumbs (about 2 cups). Chill. Makes 4–6 servings.

APPLE-CINNAMON CRUNCH: (1) Combine topping mix and cake mix from 1 package (14½-oz.) cinnamon streusel coffee-cake mix. Sprinkle one half of the dry mix in the bottom of a greased 9x9x2-inch pan. (2) Top with 1 can (1-lb.-4-oz.) apple-pie filling. Sprinkle remaining half of mix over the apples. (3) Pour ½ cup water over all and bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 35–40 minutes or until golden. Serve slightly warm with cream. Makes 6–8 servings.

NEWS FLASHES FOR THE COOK

GOOD NEWS FOR BABIES (and their mothers) is Pet Milk Company's new premixed and sterilized feeding unit, the Pet Formula Nurser. It is fully disposable and equipped with presterilized nipples. The unit needs no refrigeration or warming (baby drinks at room temperature), and after feeding it is thrown away. There are four different formulas available through a doctor's prescription. Cost is $7–8 a week.

LUMPS IN THE GRAVY? Try the new Good Seasons gravy and sauce mixes from the General Foods Kitchens. Onion Sauce Mix, a creamy white sauce containing flecks of green onion, and Sour Cream Sauce, which is guaranteed not to curdle when used in cooking, are among the eight different mixes. Each is about 25 cents and requires just the addition of a liquid to make a smooth, delicious sauce or gravy. Also new from General Foods are three new Birds Eye frozen vegetables: Small Onions with Cream Sauce, Green Peas and Potatoes with Cream Sauce, and Rice and Peas with Mushrooms. Good as is, or used in casseroles.

HERB-SEASONED CROUTONS: Kellogg's Croutettes can be used for stuffing (one package will stuff a six- to eight-pound bird), or to top soups and casseroles, or in Caesar salad. About 29 cents for a 7-oz. box.

FROZEN PARFAIT CAKES from Pepperidge Farm are deliciously different. Each cake has four layers—two of chiffon cake and two of creamy whipped flavored filling. They are available in five flavors: Pineapple, Chocolate, Devil's Food, Strawberry and Chocolate Fudge. Ready to eat right out of the freezer, each cake serves 6–8. —LOIS STILWILL ■

ASTER WORLD IT IS

Jean Todd Freeman

w require your presence
for all pleasure.
l this is harsh: that my bright
world I loved
ong alone, and that calm peace
I proved
olitude, and all my hard-won
treasure
harmony—all, all by love destroyed.
s a new world now, one that demands
ur presence every hour, your voice,
your hands,
ur life, or all life darkens as in cloud.
d yes, a vaster world it is, and
grander.
w I have seen it, there is no refusing;
way again but yours of loving,
losing
peace between the sunlight and
the thunder,
must I live, all hope on you
depending
no made this new world, and
control its ending.

EY SAY

Elizabeth McFarland

'here's a pretty little filly
With a tossy Morgan mane!
always fancied saucy girls
I never favored plain,
Or thought young things grew character
By skimping on their smiles.
omething of you about her, ma'am——
She'll take you through those stiles!"

Oh, I can't claim appearance
In anyone so fair. . . ."
f you want a dappled foal, they say,
Just get a dappled mare!"

What a rosy little fellow
With that robin-redbreast chin!
Those cheeks, ma'am, must be
comforting
As russets in the bin.
like the handsome way he stands
As he's a right to do
With something brown about the eyes.
Puts me in mind of you."

"Oh, I don't see
resemblance;
The boy is not like
me. . . ."

An apple never falls, they say,
Much distance from the tree!"

And the tree, the lucky tree, they say,
Is known by the fruit thereof.
Thank you, my brown-eyed pippin,
Thank you, my pony, my love.

I KNOW YOUR WAY

By Marjorie Lee

I know your way: the block at which
you turn
On such and such an avenue; the store
Three houses down the street, two
from your door;
The maple at the curb; the ivied urn.
I know the picture where the
stairs begin;
The rug that stretches through the
final hall;
And if I know too surely—after all,
Who is to blame but you who let me in?

Leading to Rome, as all roads ever will,
Whatever start I make, it is the same:
The chosen window backs
your flowered sill;
The chosen bell is labeled with
your name.
And so it is: by every brick and sign
I know your way—but who will show
me mine?

PAGES FROM AN OLD BOOK ON MAP MAKING

By Jane Hess

To make a map you need an Abney level
For the hills, a plumb bob for the slopes;
For distance, wadsticks cut from saplings;
Table plane, a traverse compass, ropes,
An even pace by which to mark the yards.

And for the drawing afterward obtain
A smooth board, and paper of fine texture
That will take a narrow line, a pencil
Sharpened with a pocket knife, a rule
Of steel, an eye for seeing space in plane.

Rivers will be wider, and a road
Less crooked after you have set
the scale.
Blend the water colors evenly,
Draw from memory such minute detail
As fluctuating shores, the break of cliffs,

And set the whole within a
finished border.
Master the art of framing countrysides
And you can weld haphazard hills,
the rivers
Never running straight,
the winding roads,
The intervals of ocean, into order.

Discover the new seasoning, 100 years old

Q: What is the Name?
A: It is Tabasco, the original liquid pepper seasoning.

Q: How do I use it?
A: You use Tabasco by recipe measure, the way you use lemon juice, chopped onions, or spices. Many people also like to add the "gourmet dash" of Tabasco at the table.

Q: Will it make food too hot?
A: No. Tabasco adds *subtle* aroma and flavor. It is a *complete* seasoning – a blend of salt, vinegar, and mellow peppers. These have been aged like fine wine, in oaken barrels for three years.

Q: How should I try it the first time?
A: Add 3 or 4 drops of Tabasco for each cup of gravy, barbecue sauce or salad dressing and mix well. Or see recipes on carton.

Write for
40-page recipe booklet. Send flap from Tabasco carton or 10 cents to TABASCO, Dept. LH-1, Avery Island, Louisiana

Tabasco®

There *are* imitations –
be sure the brand is Tabasco

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THE MILKMAN'S LITTLE BOY

By Mary O'Neill

I just love our milk-bill days;
Then I see the boy who
talks two ways.

He and his father come up the walk
Doing their family finger talk.

The boy rings the bell, says, "How
do you do?
We've come to collect milk money
from you."

When my mother says, "Now,
what do we owe?"
You should see how his fingers go—

Like acrobats and elastic bands
As he asks his father with his hands!

His father answers with fingers flying
And in an instant the boy's replying.

My mother pays from her open purse
And remarks the heat is
getting worse.

His father wipes the sweat
from his face,
Then with lightning speed and
dazzling grace

His fingers do a jig of joy
In front of the eyes of his little boy

And the little boy turns to us to say:
"My father says, 'Thank you and
good day!'"

TWO LITTLE CHILDREN TALKING

By Polly Toland

Oh, boy! It's going to be fun
in heaven.

We'll help God and Jesus make
the rain come down.
We'll splash in His big bathtub,
and wash God's car,
and make all the people on earth
wet with water drops.

We'll growl and roar
and make thunder louder than ever
before.
We'll light matches behind the stars
and running with them make the
lightning zig.

We'll tear up clouds and throw
the pieces,
like cotton, like feathers from a pillow,
down as snow, and God won't say,
Tidy up, children. He'll never say that.

And yes, oh yes, I know! We'll
get another life
and we'll use our old life as
ghosts to frighten,
Oooowwww! in the dark, making
people jump!
God and Jesus will laugh.

they say, laughing.

Oh, boy! Oh, boy! I can't wait till
I'm dead.

HERE AT THE BRINK

By Jean Todd Freeman

You might have spared me this, but
chose to trust me
To look unswerving into every danger.
The face you show me now is
darker, stranger,
Both bold and quiet; still, the face
it must be.
And shall we speak so lightly after this?
Or will we walk the way of no reversal?
Is this the first scene in a long
rehearsal
Of awful games too close to the abyss?
All love is risk. If you must be
so daring,
Strike me with truths I would not
hear, if choosing,
Show me your strength by such
contempt of losing,
Then what defense have I against
deep caring?

Here at the brink of love, poised
for unmasking,
Let us be sure we want what we
are asking.

GAS STATIONS

By Louis Ginsberg

Gigantic, flamboyant
Flowers of light,
Gas stations
Kindle the night.
The luminous blossoms
Condense and hoard
Countless vistas.
Here panoramas
Are neatly stored.
Autos, like dragonflies,
Apple-green, geranium-red and
opaline,
Moor themselves a moment there
To siphon horizons in.

From 1 jar

NEW
CREAMY DRESSINGS
WITH YOUR
PERSONAL TOUCH

Wait 'til you taste what a jar of Best Foods and a dash of imagination can do! Dreamy new dressings better than anything off a shelf.

Best Foods is *Real* Mayonnaise, with unique delicate flavor that highlights but never hides the goodness of other foods and seasonings. Even when thinned, its full-bodied creaminess gives dressings an ideal texture. Yes, it takes Best Foods, America's favorite mayonnaise, to bring out the best in these new creamy dressings

1. POLKA DOT
1 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped onion
Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over vegetable or gelatin salad, seafood or tomatoes.

2. CRANBERRY BLUSH
1/3 cup cranberry juice cocktail OR 1/4 cup cranberry sauce
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
2 to 3 tablespoons chopped pecans or walnuts
Fold cranberry juice OR sauce into Real Mayonnaise. Chill. Add nuts just before serving. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

3. GINGER CRUNCH
3 tablespoons milk
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup slivered candied ginger
1/4 cup slivered toasted almonds
Blend milk into Real Mayonnaise; fold in slivered ginger. Chill. Add almonds just before serving. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

4. CHEESY FRENCH
1/2 cup BEST FOODS French Dressing
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup cottage cheese
Fold French Dressing into Real Mayonnaise. Lightly fold in cottage cheese. Chill. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over tomatoes, hearts of Western iceberg lettuce or vegetable salad.

QUICKIES:
Blend 1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise and 1/4 cup of any of the following: fruit juice (canned, fresh or frozen), maraschino cherry juice, tomato juice, milk, light cream, pickle juice, French Dressing or prepared mustard.

# of Best Foods... a new world of tastes for salads

1. POLKA DOT

2. CRANBERRY BLUSH

3. GINGER CRUNCH

4. CHEESY FRENCH

this is no place for "second best"... bring out the best with real mayonnaise ...BEST FOODS

Dishwasher giving you spots? Look!

WATER DROPS—See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on dishes. Drops like these dry into ugly spots and streaks.

CASCADE—Because of Cascade's "sheeting action," drops don't form. Cascade with Chlorosheen does it—and only Cascade has Chlorosheen!

Cascade's amazing "sheeting action" eliminates drops that spot!

Nothing beats Cascade at getting dishes clean. Cascade's remarkable "sheeting action" even eliminates the drops that cause ugly spots. Water ripples right off in clear-rinsing sheets. Dishes, glassware and silver come from your dishwasher as spotless and sparkling as possible, all ready for the fanciest table without the need for towel touch-ups.

And Cascade is rated safe for china patterns. The makers of Castleton, Flintridge, Franciscan, Lenox and Syracuse china—through the American Fine China Guild—have verified Cascade's unsurpassed safety to delicate patterns.

What's more, every leading dishwasher manufacturer recommends Cascade. So do women everywhere. They've made it America's favorite dishwasher detergent by far!

Give your dishwasher the best—Cascade—it's got "sheeting action"

OLD TALE RETOLD

By Ruby Fogel

"Crafty," he said, while gazing in my eyes
which others always said were innocent;
and this agreed, I never could surprise
him later with a proof of good intent.

"Dizzy," he said, while gazing in my mind
which others all proclaimed as bright
and deep;
if this were so, how would he ever find
the inner depths where outer
shallows sleep?

"Mischief," he cried, while gazing in
my heart
that spun a web and tangled him within.
But—crafty, dizzy, mischievous apart—
had I committed even a little sin

to snare him fast before he could decide
no fly should take a spider for his bride.

AFTER-DINNER CHIVALRY

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

When the dinner dishes are piled sky-high,
And I'm so tired that I'm reeling,
My lord's not a guy to avert his eye.
My lord is a man of feeling.

"You leave those dishes!" He points
to the stacks,
And sweet is the smile adorning
His face as he adds, "You go relax.
Save 'em till in the morning!"

ON THE DEATH OF THE MAN WHO INVENTED PLASTIC ROSES

By J. Peter Meinke

The man who invented the plastic rose
Is dead. Behold his mark:
His undying flawless blossoms never close
But guard his grave unbending through
the dark.
He understood neither beauty nor flowers
Which catch our hearts in nets as
soft as sky
And bind us with a thread of
fragile hours:
Flowers are beautiful because they die.

Beauty without the perishable pulse
Is dry and sterile, an abandoned stage
With false forests. But the results
Support this man's invention;
he knew his age:
A vision of our tearless time discloses
Artificial men sniffing plastic roses.

AMOUR D'ESCALIER

By Kate Barnes

Long-distance telephone calls are
all the same;
They page one, the god of love is
on the wire!
One runs to answer it and tells him,
panting,
That one is fine and that one's
cold is better.

My darling, please do not
misunderstand me;
Without your letters I think I would
have died!
As for the three racking minutes at the
neighbor's telephone,
Well, I am badly afflicted with
staircase love.

And staircase love is wanting to
have told you:
You are my sun, my moon, and all
my longing,
And is left with the horrid memory
of real love
Which talked about the weather and
begged you to drive slowly.

SPRING WATER

By Cosette Middleton

Who tastes spring water, sharp and wild,
Exciting as a thunderclap,
Can never quite be reconciled
To water from a well or tap,

Or fountain water bubbling warm
And flat in school or store or park;
Spring water, like a sudden storm,
Is clean and tingling as a spark.

Spring water travels cool and far,
To tumble in a rocky creek;
Who drinks spring water tastes a star,
Or glaciers from a mountain peak.

OPINION

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

That man is great who, lacking wealth,
Can eat from earthenware
As if it were fine silver,
And he, a millionaire.

But so is he who, having great
Riches, still is able
To use silver like the earthenware
On a humbler table.

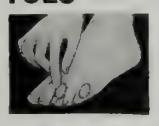
eet Hurt?

eglect Of This Complaint n Affect Your Whole Body!

Uncomfortable feet can affect your appearance and general well-being —even your disposition. Yes, when your feet hurt, you hurt all over!

Most common foot troubles *can be relieved and prevented.* Daily Foot Care is the answer! If your face and hands hair need care every day, *your feet de- it even more!* Get into the daily habit t now. Start today with proven and ed Dr. Scholl's Foot Aids.

CORNS—SORE TOES



Scholl's Zino-pads quickly ve pain, remove corns. shoe pressure; soothe, ion. Prevent corns, sore . Also sizes for callouses bunions. 19¢, 45¢.

TENDER FEET

Scholl's Foot Powder hes tender, chafed, hot, piring feet, eases tight s. Helps dispel foot odor. 50¢, 90¢; Spray-on $1.25.

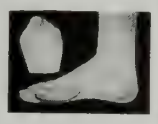
HOT, TIRED FEET

Scholl's Pedicreme quickly ves, refreshes feverish, er, tired feet due to exer- or fatigue. Soothing, ing, vanishing. $1.00 tube.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Scholl's Solvex stops lete's Foot itch, kills i on contact. Aids heal- Powder, 75¢. Liquid and ment, $1. Spray, $1.50.

BUNION PAIN



Scholl's Bunion Reducer oft rubber, relieves pain n shoe pressure, hides e, helps preserve shape of e. 75¢ each. *Leather ion Protector,* $1.25 each.

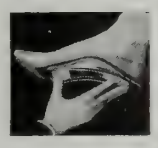
PAIN AT BALL OF FOOT

Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cush- loops over toe, nestles er ball of foot. Made of Latex Foam to relieve n, burning, callouses. es day-long walking ease. h color. Only $1.00 pair.

IKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles nion your feet from toe to . Made of soft Latex m. Washable. Give urious walking ease. n's, Women's 60¢ a pair.

WEAK ARCHES



Scholl's Foot-Eazer and rcise relieve tired, aching , rheumatic-like foot and pains, fatigue, when due weak or fallen arches. ht, flexible. Adjustable as dition of arches improves. n's, Women's $8.00 pair.

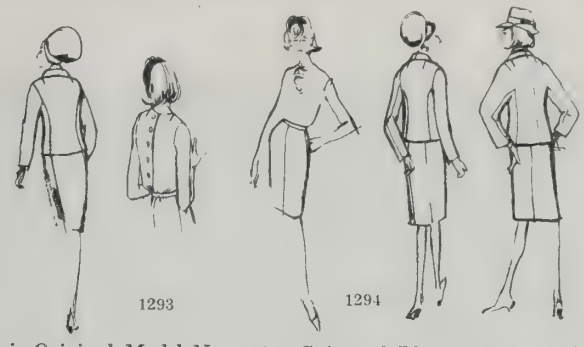
Your Feet Deserve The Best!

Dr Scholl's

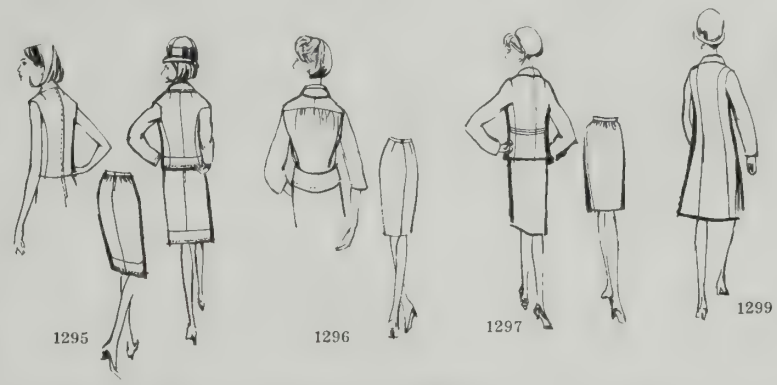
FOOT COMFORT® AIDS

At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores, r. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops Everywhere

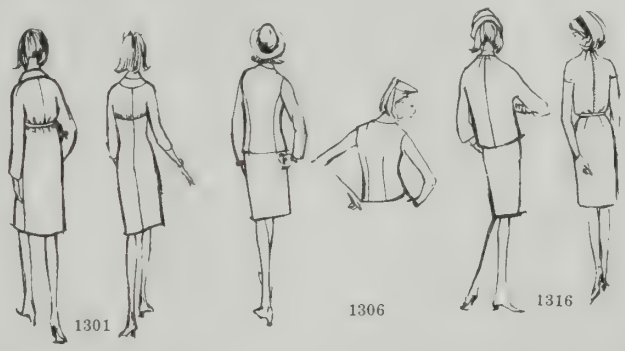
WINNING COLORS AT THE ASCOT HEATH *continued from page 73*



Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1293: Suit and Blouse, designed by Guy Laroche, 10–18 (31–38), $3, Canada $3.50. Suit with contrasting collar and facings requires 2¼ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14. Blouse, jacket collar and facings require 2½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1294: Suit and Coat, designed by Balmain, 10–18 (31–38), $3.50, in Canada $3.85. Suit shown requires 2½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14. Coat shown requires 2¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1295: Suit and Blouse, designed by Christian Dior, 10–18 (31–38), $3, in Canada $3.30. Suit shown requires 2⅝ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14. Blouse shown requires 1⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1296: Suit, by Cardin, 10–18 (31–38), $3, Canada $3.30. Suit requires 3⅛ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1297: Suit and Coat, designed by Irene Galitzine, 10–18 (31–38), $3, in Canada $3.30. Suit (only) requires 2⅝ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1299: One-Piece Dress and Coat, designed by Emilio Pucci, 10–18 (31–38), $3, in Canada $3.30. Coat (only) lined to edge requires 2½ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1301: One-Piece Dress and Coat, designed by Guy Laroche, 10–18 (31–38), $3.50, in Canada $3.85. Coat shown requires 2⅞ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14. Dress shown requires 2⅜ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1306: Suit and Blouse, designed by Fabiani, 10–18 (31–38), $2.50, in Canada $2.75. Suit shown requires 2⅝ yards of 54″ fabric, with/without nap, size 14. Blouse shown requires 1¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1316: Suit and Blouse, designed by Nina Ricci, 10–18 (31–38), $3, in Canada $3.30. Suit shown requires 2¼ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14. Blouse shown requires 1⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14. Available after February 5.

STORES FEATURING FABRICS:

Atlanta, Ga.: Rich's, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.: Hutzler's.
Chicago, Ill.: Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Peoria.
Cincinnati, Ohio: Shillito's.
Cleveland, Ohio: The Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio: Lazarus.
Dayton, Ohio: The Rike-Kumler Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.: L. S. Ayres and Company
Miami, Fla.: Burdine's Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.: Dayton's.
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale's.
Philadelphia, Pa.: Strawbridge & Clothier.
Pittsburgh, Pa.: Joseph Horne Co.

Buy Vogue Patterns at a store in your city. Order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; in Canada: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. Patterns sent third-class mail. If you desire them sent first-class mail, include 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered. *Calif. and Pa. residents add sales tax

Way back when, mother wondered

There's nothing wrong in being a "doubting Thomasina" about Tampax. You may feel that since you can "get along" with pads—why change?

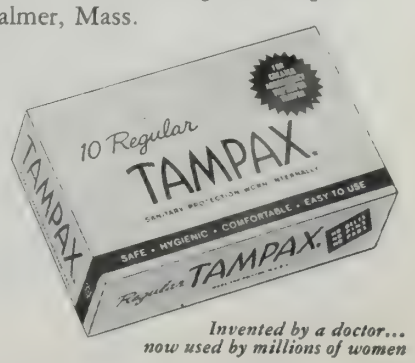
Millions of present-day Tampax users once shared your doubts. But once they changed, it became clear to them that Tampax really *does* make an enormous difference. You feel so secure when odor doesn't bother you . . . when there can be no telltale outlines . . . when disposal isn't difficult any more . . . when you can't even feel your protection, once it's in place.

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOR

o o o

Tampax® internal sanitary protection was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not. We know how many of them we have sold, and we can assure you that millions of women have used billions of Tampax.

Try Tampax . . . this winter. Enjoy most of its advantages right now. You'll get the final advantage next summer, when you'll be able to swim any time of the month. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor... now used by millions of women

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

Mixed colors, elaborate patterns are hallmarks of an elegant period of decor.

On the street where Eliza lives, sequestered from and yet part of the Edwardian grace into which Professor Higgins has thrust her, is Miss Doolittle's bedroom, a private world that owes as much to Cecil Beaton's childhood memories as it does to its function as a set for *My Fair Lady*. Appropriately, designer Beaton (shown at right in the richly decorated study of his London town house) has created therein the roomy comfort of an era that rebelled against the conformity and elaborate clutter of Victorianism. In the photograph at left, and on the pages that follow, we bring you the signs and trappings of Edward VII's benign revolution, plus some decorating trends from our own marketplace which recall the happy, individualistic patterns and colors of the pre-World War I period. The space, the comfort, the very patterns of fabric, wallpaper and scrollwork, suffuse security and a return to homely tastefulness. In Eliza's bedroom, the brass and German silver of the bedstead, the comforting kerosene night lamp, the padded windowseat, the bentwood washstand, even the sunny foliations on wall and arch and valance, speak quietly of an elegant respect for the individual. Here is the era of paradox, of serene assertiveness, of private strength; of the beginning of a change to convenience, warmth and delicious ritual; of mix-and-match, air and light, curve and gentle variety. Houses grow solariums, Oriental rugs accent smooth floors, spacious bathrooms gleam with brass plumbing, heated towel racks, decorated tile and commodious tubs. Comfort and privacy and a casual air of order have returned. Wallpapers are swirled and flowered, wicker furniture blends with trellises, blue and white appears again in ceramics and fabrics. It is a time of simplicity enhancing rich design, dappled sun through stained-glass tracery, sanctuary from the outside hubbub. Edwardian tastes represent a rebellion, but they are not striking innovations. Today, as in the final decade of England's great Victorian era, they are refinements of even stronger stylistic reactions, partaking as much of the tastes they revolt against as those they change to. Sixty-four years ago, artistic rebels had begun to chafe under the elaborate pressures of late Victorianism. The Edwardian thus leans toward simplicity, although it retains much that is graciously fanciful. In our era Edwardian fancy can again represent reaction, this time against the stark functionalism of contemporary decor. The contemporary home, too frequently a cramped reflection of much that seems impersonal in our age of steel and glass, is profiting from at least a slight pivoting in the direction of Edwardian grace and individuality.

continued

Passport to another age. These present-day materials for an Edwardian mood are all designed to help you create your private world-within-a-world. Use some of the wallpapers, floor coverings and wicker furniture patterned after those of the Edwardian era. The wallpapers, from left to right, are: "Treillage d'Abricot," available with matching fabric (see page 139), Louis W. Bowen, Inc. "Malabar" and "Farmington," Woodson Wallpapers, Inc. "Chinese Lattice No. 2," Louis W. Bowen, Inc. "Greenhill," an Edwardian William Morris design, Cowtan and Tout, Inc. "Grille," Woodson Wallpapers. All are available through decorators. The floorings, (from back to front) are "Castenet," a vinyl available in 6-foot-wide rolls, Mannington Mills, Inc. "Barcelona" vinyl tiles, ⅛ inch thick, Amtico. "Applause" vinyl, Robbins. Delft tile, "Pomegranate" pattern (also available in four other patterns), 6-by-6-inch squares, made of vinyl by Amtico. The white-painted wicker princess love seat and temple table are imported from Hong Kong and are sold in this country by Mayhew-Copley.

continued

WHO WON...when the best-known stannous fluoride brand was clinically compared with Colgate's famous Gardol formula?

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY WON! And here's why! Colgate—the toothpaste your family likes best because it tastes best and freshens breath, too—is now clinically tested and confirmed a **leader in reducing new cavities.**

This newest clinical study on tooth decay took place under university supervision.* Results of over half a million brushings by children were analyzed by an impartial electronic computer. Compared with the best-known stannous fluoride brand, Colgate's Gardol formula is unsurpassed in reducing new cavities, even among children at the most cavity-prone age!

This clinical fact is wonderful reassurance—particularly for mothers. Now even your youngest child can use Colgate Dental Cream in the complete program of regular care your dentist recommends. Follow his advice on diet, as well as how and when to brush. And notice the way Colgate with Gardol freshens your breath (stops mouth odor instantly for most people).

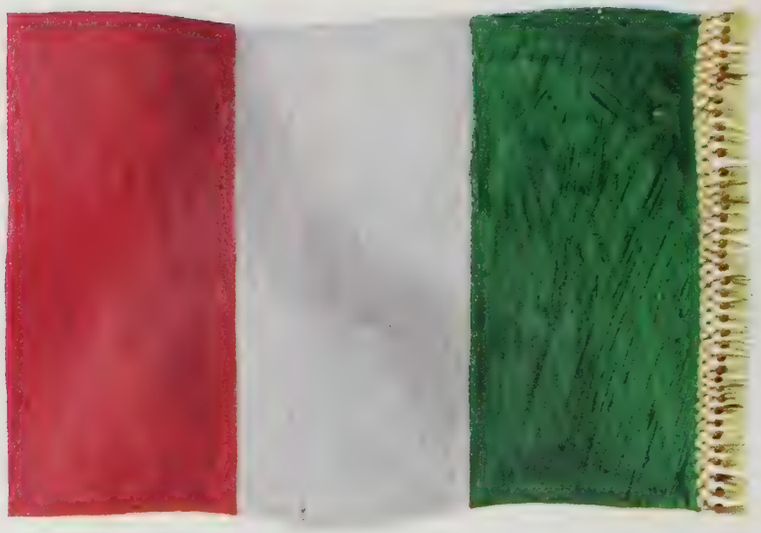
No wonder Colgate's the world's largest selling toothpaste. Helps stop bad breath—tastes best, too! And Colgate is a leader in reducing new cavities. Be a One-Toothpaste Family with Colgate. It's just got to be the best toothpaste you can buy.

*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

Colgate with Gardol—a leader in reducing new cavities

Gardol is Colgate's Trade Mark for Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

©1963, Colgate-Palmolive Company



Arrivo! Meet! The! New! Kraft! Italian!

Best news for salads since lettuce! Now Kraft Italian is more tantalizing than ever. It has all the *verve* you look for in Italian-style dressings—vivid herbs and spices and pearly bits of onion and garlic afloat in a sophisticated blend of aromatic vinegars, lemon juice and pure, clear vegetable oil. But you will notice a new, golden *smoothness*. Shake up a bottle and see! Try it on *Zucchini Salad:* Marinate finger strips of unpeeled, cooked zucchini in new Kraft Italian Dressing. Add sliced olives and celery, chopped onion and parsley, tender spinach leaves and lettuce. Now toss with more Kraft Italian.

The spice of variety... KRAFT DRESSINGS*...these wonderful kinds:*

KRAFT FRENCH • ROKA BLUE CHEESE • MIRACLE FRENCH • KRAFT COLESLAW • KRAFT OIL AND VINEGAR • CASINO BRAND • KRAFT HERB • CATALINA BRAND • THOUSAND ISLAND

A fountain of Edwardian fabrics. A sampling of fabrics for draperies and upholstery harks back to the gay colors and patterned designs of the carefree Edwardian period. From left, "Pembroke," a screen-printed heavy cotton, 36 inches wide, Cyrus Clark Co., in department stores. "Persian Climber," on heavy percale, 48 inches wide, Gian, Inc. "Floral Trellis," glazed chintz, 50 inches wide, Kent-Bragaline. "Versailles," on cotton-twill, 40 inches wide, Gian, Inc. "Treillage d'Abricot," 51% linen, 49% cotton, 49 inches wide, Kent-Bragaline. "Romanesque," a tilelike pattern on cotton twill, 48 inches wide, Gian, Inc. "Malabar," a paisley pattern on heavy cotton, 50 inches wide, and "Farmington," a percale, 48 inches wide, Woodson Wallpapers, Inc. "Osborne," a screen print on cotton, 36 inches wide, Cyrus Clark Co., in department stores. Unless otherwise noted, fabrics are available through decorators. Some matching wallpapers are shown on page 136. The flooring, "Promenade," is 12-inch squares of ⅛-inch-gauge vinyl by Amtico. Through decorators and fine flooring shops.

continued

CECIL BEATON

A corner of a warm winter garden. In his country house in Wiltshire, Cecil Beaton exercised his talent for creating an atmosphere of graceful informality, a private world-unto-itself that decorators, once again, are seeking to recapture. The blue-and-white china, the Brighton-style wicker rocker and chair, the marble paving and verdant goldfish pool, all have their counterparts in today's decorating schemes. Wallpapers, flooring materials and wicker furniture shown on pages 136 and 139 can be used to embellish a garden room in any house. All have been chosen to conjure up the open, natural-but-secluded atmosphere once achieved only in great, glassy conservatories, and to suggest ways in which a sun porch—or a dining-room corner—can be made to bloom throughout the year in even the most contemporary of settings.

continued

REGULAR OR NEW FAMILY SIZE PACKAGE

Only Royal gives you real Butterscotch flavor in quicker cooking, creamier setting pudding.

CHOCOLATE · DARK 'N' SWEET CHOCOLATE · VANILLA · BUTTERSCOTCH
LEMON PIE FILLING · CUSTARD · TAPIOCAS

Reach for Royal
new richer recipe puddings

The luxurious Edwardian bath. Like the Grand Tour, this was an item of infinite comfort and variety. This particular one, in which Eliza is given her movie bath, brings back the splendors of space and elegance for the ablutional ritual. Every fixture pleases and accommodates, from the steam-heated towel rack to the marble-topped Victorian stand, with its pitchers of hot water ready to top off m'lady's tub. The sheer luxury of space, key to the room's beauty, is enhanced by generous details. A copper kettle on the latticed stove steams up the room with relaxing humidity. The seven-foot, brass-legged tub, deliciously deep, invites unhurried, up-to-the-chin soaking. The cheval glass, with its full-length mirror, flatters the slim and rebukes the plump. The washstand is conveniently broad-rimmed; a separate dressing table takes an overflow of cream jars and cologne bottles. A bathside stool is padded with toweling. Opaque windows, decorated tiles, a ewer with bands of gold luster—all lend a feminine character to the room. Brass fittings for the bathroom are already returning in popularity, and other elements of Eliza's bath have their modern counterparts. The general effect is one of solidity and leisure. A "proper" bathroom, as we all know, can reflect one's personality. The tight, functional-and-fast bathroom, a place for hurried splashing, is being rejected by a growing number of architects and remodelers in favor of arrangements that invite dawdling. Not only is more space being allotted to the bathroom in contemporary planning, but many features of a more gracious era are reappearing with modern variations. One type of new tub, for example, is made of "manufactured marble," is as deep as Eliza's, and resists staining in the bargain. Opaque windows, decorated tiles, ornate fixtures, electric towel-warmers, full-length mirrors, and even saunas (a highly glorified version of the teakettle-heated Edwardian bathroom) are being installed in contemporary homes. The bath, always a touchstone of man's deepest yearnings toward comfort, is again achieving a respectable status in society. Whether you're hunting for a new house, remodeling an old one or dressing up a bath you already have, you could do worse than borrow ideas from the Edwardians, who knew how to bathe in style. ■

"Proportioned what?"

Proportioned Kotex Napkins

Now Kotex comes in 4 proportioned sizes. You choose the width, depth, and length that meets your absorbency needs.

Each napkin has a moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering of finest denier.

That's why nothing protects like Kotex.

Which proportioned Kotex napkin protects you best?

REGULAR
Medium width, depth and length. Designed for average needs.

SLENDERLINE
Narrowest, deepest. Shorter than Regular. Compact for comfort.

SUPER
Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.

NEW SIZE!

MISS DEB
For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

KOTEX and SLENDERLINE are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corporation

New Juice

MEET THE MERRY BERRY JUICE—CRANBERRY JUICE! DRINK IT STRAIGHT, MIX IT, LOVE IT

New Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail is utterly different because it's tart, tangy, tantalizing. It's great on the rocks all by itself. Sparkly mixed with soda or ginger ale. Delicious blended with orange juice. Or make our tall punch from cranberry juice, pineapple-grapefruit juice and a touch of soda. Create! Invent! You can! With Ocean Spray in pints or quarts.

GO CREATIVE WITH OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

Cranberry
FRAPPE

For each glass, beat a heaping tablespoon of vanilla ice cream into 2/3 cup of cranberry juice cocktail. Serve well chilled in icy glasses.

Cranberry
PINK PIE

Use cranberry juice in place of water in making lemon gelatin. Fold in one cup of heavy cream, whipped. Chill in baked pie shell.

Cranberry
SALAD

Use 1 tablespoon of unflavored gelatine for every cup of cranberry juice. Fold in apples, nuts — or orange and grapefruit sections.

Cranberry
SYRUP

Boil equal quantities of cranberry juice and sugar for ten minutes. Chill. Use over ice cream, grapefruit, pancakes and so on.

Cranberry
FRUIT CUP

Drain off the syrup from canned fruit cocktail and substitute cranberry juice cocktail. Wait for compliments. You'll get them!

Entertain graciously with the fine old English social custom of serving afternoon tea for an

AT HOME FROM 4 TO 6

The gracious ritual of gathering for tea and conversation before a cheery fire has long been a favored English tradition. Eliza Doolittle's first excursion into polite society took her to one of Mrs. Higgins's teatime "at homes." The afternoon tea can bring its own special charm to the American scene because it adapts easily to today's desire for relaxed conversation, and because it appeals to those who drink sparingly or not at all. Moreover, in the election year ahead, it could become the informal setting for countless political gatherings. Our tea table, set in Professor Higgins's library beneath a portrait of Gladys Cooper, combines heirloom silver and delicate china with an Edwardian decorating theme—pattern on pattern. (Accessory information on page 119.) Dundee Cake (foreground) and raspberry-filled Victoria Sponge (rear) dominate the delicacies served with the tea. *(Continued on page 146)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY RIES

BROIL IT CHILL IT

Peel it, halve it, section it, slice it, dice it, top it, squeeze it, salad it, sweeten it, ladle it, mold it, mix it, blend it, boil it, fry it, whip it, beat it, heat it, freeze it, curry it, spice it, preserve it, flambeé it, decorate it, marinate it, get it!

READ ALL ABOUT IT in "101 Ways to Enjoy Florida Grapefruit." To get your free copy, write to Florida Citrus Commission, Dept. LHJ1, Box 148, Lakeland, Florida.

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT IS GREATFRUIT

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Traditionally, muffins, crumpets and hot buttered toast were the mainstays of a "proper" English tea table. Today, there is an endless variety of delicious tidbits to offer: warm, buttered Currant Scones, tiny cupcakes frosted in pastel colors, miniature tarts filled with lemon-cheese, cream-stuffed Brandy Snaps, jam-filled English Matrimonials and Apricot-Nut Bread. With such an enticing array, any guest will agree with the sentiments Eliza expressed to her hostess, Mrs. Higgins: "How kind of you to let me come."

How to Make Good Tea

Preheat the teapot with scalding water. Place one teaspoon tea leaves or a tea bag per person in the pot. Pour bubbling boiling water directly over the tea, then let it stand (brew) for no less than 3 minutes, no more than 5. Never boil tea. Even if you like weak tea, it must be prepared this way, for the full flavor of the tea, then weakened with the addition of hot water. To prepare tea for 40–45 servings, bring 2 quarts cold water to a boil in a saucepan, preferably glass. Remove from heat and immediately add 1 cup tea leaves or 36 tea bags. Stir to immerse tea leaves. Cover and let steep 5 minutes. Strain into a teapot. When ready to serve, accompany the tea with a separate pot of piping-hot water. Pour approximately 2–3 tablespoons of the tea concentrate into each cup, then fill with the hot water.

Instant tea is gaining in popularity. For best results always follow the directions printed on the container.

To find your favorite brew, experiment with the numerous blends of tea now available in specialty shops and supermarkets—black tea from India, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra, green tea from Japan and China, oolong tea from Formosa.

CURRANT SCONES

2 cups flour
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
1 teaspoon baking soda
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup currants
3 eggs

(1) Sift the flour with sugar, cream of tartar, baking soda and salt and sift again. (2) Using a pastry blender or two knives, cut the butter or margarine into the flour mixture until it resembles fine bread crumbs. Add the currants and toss to distribute them evenly. (3) Add 2 slightly beaten eggs and mix with a fork until mixture forms a ball and leaves the sides of the bowl. (4) Roll or pat out into a circle about ½ inch thick and 8 inches in diameter. (5) Place on baking sheet. Brush top with slightly beaten egg. (6) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 15 minutes or until golden. Cut into small wedges; split and butter to serve. Makes 12–14 wedges. For a large party this recipe may be doubled or tripled. After baking, cool, wrap and freeze. Thaw and warm before serving.

TONGUE-AND-CHUTNEY SPREAD FOR SANDWICHES

1 jar (1-lb.-1-oz.) tongue
⅓-½ cup chutney
⅓ cup finely chopped apple

(1) Slice then chop the tongue into sma pieces. (2) Chop the chutney into ve small pieces; include some of the chu ney liquid, as this will help "bind" t mixture. Mix in the apple. Use as a fillin for white or whole-wheat or brown bre and cut into small sandwiches in assort shapes. Makes about 2 cups filling.

SALMON PASTE FOR SANDWICHES

1 can (7¾-oz.) salmon
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
Pinch salt and p
1 teaspoon vinega
¼ cup melted butte or margarine

(1) Remove bones and skin from salmo but reserve liquid. (2) Combine salmo liquid, bread crumbs, salt, pepper a vinegar. (3) Mix with a fork until w blended. (4) Smooth into a shallow dis (5) Pour melted butter or margari over the salmon. Refrigerate. (6) L stand at room temperature for 30 mi utes before serving time to soften bu ter. Gently mix butter into salmon a spread mixture on assorted shapes white bread. Makes 1 cup paste.

WATERCRESS SANDWICHES

½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup finely chopped watercress
1 teaspoon grated onion
¾ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon peppe
1 loaf sandwich bread

(1) Cream the butter or margarine. A the watercress, onion, Worcestershi salt and pepper. (2) Slice the sandwi loaf into very thin slices, no more th ⅛ inch thick. Cut into rounds with 1½-inch cutter. You will need 72 roun Cover with a moist towel to keep so (3) Spread half the rounds with t watercress butter and top with rema ing rounds. These are also delicious w paper-thin slices of cucumber on top the watercress butter. Mixture mak about 3 dozen sandwiches.

APRICOT-NUT BREAD

1½ cups dried apricots
¾ cup sugar
5 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda
2¾ cups flour
1 egg, well beate
1 cup plus 1 tablespoon buttermilk
3 tablespoons melted shorten ing or salad o
1 cup chopped walnuts

(1) Wash and drain the apricots and into small slivers. (2) Sift sugar, baki powder, salt and baking soda with t flour. (Save out 1 tablespoon flour dredge the apricots.) (3) Mix the with the buttermilk and add to ingredients with shortening or oil. M ingredients just enough to dampen. F in the nuts and the apricots, which ha been dredged with the reserved 1 tab spoon flour. (4) Pour into a greased a floured 9x5x2¾-inch loaf pan. Bake moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 ho Turn out, cool on rack. This bread sli better the second day; serve butter For a large party make several loav Wrap and freeze. Thaw completely fore using. *(Continued on page 1*

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TRY THIS DELICIOUS NEW "FLAVOR-SEAL" WAY TO COOK VEGETABLES

Measure 1 tablespoon MAZOLA Corn Oil into skillet or saucepan. Add seasonings and 1 package (10 oz.) frozen vegetables or 3 cups (about 1 lb.) prepared fresh vegetables, washed, drained, not dried.

Cover tightly. Cook on medium to low heat until just tender (8-12 minutes). Time varies with type and tenderness of vegetables.

During cooking, shake or move pan several times to prevent sticking. For starchy or stalky vegetables, add up to 3 tablespoons water. For frozen vegetables, turn frozen block frequently during first part of cooking, to thaw and break up.

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21 Kraft flavors...all fresh-fruit good

 continued from page 146

DUNDEE CAKE

cup butter or margarine
cup sugar
eggs
cups flour
teaspoon baking powder
teaspoon salt
cup milk
teaspoon vanilla
Grated rind of 1 orange
¼ cup chopped blanched almonds
1½ cups currants
1 cup raisins
6–8 blanched almonds, split (garnish)

Cream the butter or margarine with sugar until soft and fluffy. Add the s, one at a time; beat well after each dition. (2) Sift the flour with the bak- powder and salt. (Set aside 2 table- ons to sprinkle over raisins and cur- ts.) Add the flour alternately with milk to the creamed mixture. Mix tly by hand after each addition. (3) x in the vanilla, orange rind, chopped onds and the currants and raisins, ich have been tossed in the reserved ur. (4) Spoon into a greased and ured 9x5x2¾-inch loaf pan. Deco- e the top with split blanched almonds. ke in moderately slow oven, 325° F., 1 ur and 15 minutes or until done. Cool pan 10 minutes before removing to a e rack. Makes 10–12 tea servings.

VICTORIA SPONGE SANDWICH

up butter or margarine
easpoon vanilla
up sugar
ups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
4 eggs, well beaten
½ cup raspberry preserves
Confectioners' sugar

) Cream the butter or margarine and nilla. Gradually add the sugar and ntinue creaming until very light and ffy. (2) Sift the flour and baking wder together. Add alternately with e well-beaten eggs. (3) Spoon into 2 eased and floured 9-inch layer pans. ake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for)–25 minutes. (4) Cool for a few min- es in the pan, then remove to cake cks. (5) Just before serving, spread e layer with raspberry preserves. Top ith second layer. Sprinkle confection- s' sugar over the top. Slice into wedges. akes 10–12 servings.

LEMON-CHEESE TARTS

) small baked tart shells, homemade or bought

Filling:

cups sugar
Grated rind of 2 lemons
Juice of 3 lemons
½ cup butter or margarine
6 eggs, beaten

se your favorite pastry recipe if making omemade tart shells. (1) Mix the sugar, mon rind and juice. (2) Melt the but- er or margarine in the top of a double oiler. (3) Add the sugar to the beaten ggs, beating continuously. Slowly stir nto the melted butter or margarine. (4) Cook in a double boiler until *very thick*, bout 45 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool, cover and refrigerate. Use to fill art shells. Makes about 2½ cups, enough or 20 Lemon-Cheese Tarts.

MOSS ROSE TEA CAKES

1 package white-cake mix

Frosting:

½ cup butter or margarine
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅓ teaspoon salt
1 package (1-lb.) confectioners' sugar
¼ cup cream
Chopped blanched pistachio nuts
Food coloring

(1) Prepare the batter according to package directions. Bake in tiny muffin tins, 1½ inches in diameter. The package of mix will make 6–7 dozen tiny cupcakes. (After they are baked and cooled, these cakes should be kept covered until frosted to prevent drying out.) (2) *Frosting:* cream the butter or margarine until light and fluffy. Add the egg, vanilla and salt and blend well. Gradually add the sugar, beating well. Add the cream, a tablespoon at a time, until desired consistency is reached. (3) Frost the tops of the cakes and sprinkle with the nuts. Decorate with rosebuds by stiffening remaining frosting with a small amount of additional sugar. Tint a soft shade of pink with a drop or so of red food coloring and press through pastry tube. These tea cakes may be baked and frosted as much as a week before the party and frozen. To prevent damage to the decorations, do not wrap them until they are frozen.

ENGLISH MATRIMONIALS

1½ cups flour
1 cup brown sugar
1¼ cups rolled oats
¾ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup raspberry jam

(1) Mix together the flour, sugar and rolled oats. Work in the butter or margarine until mixture is crumbly. (2) Press half evenly into the bottom of a greased 8x8x2-inch baking pan. Spread with jam. Press remaining mixture over jam, covering it completely. (3) Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 40–45 minutes until golden. Cool and cut into squares. Makes about 1½ dozen small square English Matrimonials.

BRANDY SNAPS

¼ cup light corn syrup
¼ cup molasses
½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup flour
⅔ cup sugar
1 teaspoon ginger
Sweetened whipped cream
Brandy (optional)

(1) Heat corn syrup and molasses to boiling point. Stir in the butter or margarine and remove from heat. (2) Sift together remaining dry ingredients. Add gradually to molasses mixture, mixing well. (3) Drop by half teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet about 3 inches apart. These cookies spread considerably during baking. (4) Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 10–12 minutes. Remove from pan one at a time and roll over the handle of a wooden spoon. Remove carefully. Just before serving, fill with sweetened whipped cream flavored, if you like, with a little brandy. Makes about 1½ dozen cookies. This recipe may be doubled or tripled. Store the *unfilled* Brandy Snaps in an airtight container; fill just before serving. ■

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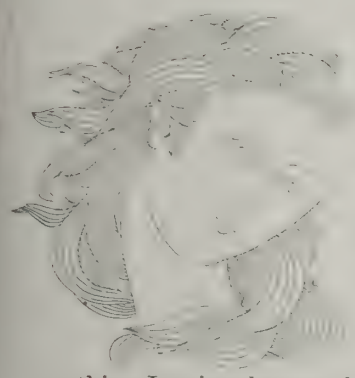
"Always an adventure in good eating"

A noted poet examines the classic characteristics of

REAL WOMEN

By Robert Graves

One of this century's major poets, Robert Graves also possesses an enviable reputation as a Greek scholar, a novelist and an essayist. Like so many other great English poets who exchanged the climate of London for that of the Mediterranean, he makes his home on the island of Majorca. Among his best-known literary works are "I, Claudius," "The Greek Myths," "The White Goddess," and three volumes of verse, each called "Collected Poems."



THE MOST IMPORTANT historical study of all, utterly dwarfing all economic and political ones, is for me the changing relationship between men and women down the centuries—from prehistoric times to the present moral chaos in which both sexes have become equally confused about their roles. But I am a poet by calling, and have lived outside ordinary civilization for so many years that anything I write about real women must read oddly. Except perhaps to real women themselves, and the occasional man whom some accident of birth or experience tempts to agree with me.

A real woman, by my definition, neither despises nor worships men, but is proud not to have been born a man, does everything she can to avoid thinking or acting like one, knows the full extent of her powers, and feels free to reject all arbitrary man-made obligations. She is her own oracle of right and wrong, firmly believing in her five sound senses and the intuitive sixth. Once a real woman has been warned by her nose that those apples are tasteless, or assured by her fingertips that this material is shoddy, no salesman in the world can persuade her to the contrary. Nor, once she has met some personage in private, and summed him up with a single keen glance as weak, vain or crooked, will his mounting public reputation convince her otherwise. She takes pleasure in the company of simple, happy, undemanding women; but seldom or never finds a friend worthy of her full confidence. Since she never settles for the second best in love, what most troubles her is the rareness of real men. Wherever she goes, her singularity will arouse strong feelings: adulation, jealousy, resentment, but never pity for her loneliness. Real women are royal women; the words once had the same meaning. Democracy has no welcome for queens.

It would be wrong to identify the real woman with the typical wild one who, after a difficult childhood, has left home early to live by her wits at the expense of men. The wild woman is incapable either of friendship for other women, whom she cannot fail to regard as rivals, or of love for a man, her declared enemy. But at least she keeps her eyes open and ridicules the view that women must enthusiastically accept this glorious modern world of plenty bestowed on them by their hard-working menfolk, and that they enjoy being passionately swept off their feet and afterward treated with amused indulgence. There was never, of course, any truth in the comic-strip legend of a primitive he-man who would grab his woman by the hair, threaten her with a knobbed club if she refused his advances, and haul her off panting ecstatically to his cave. In ancient Majorca, the island which I have made my home for more than 30 years, the woman, not the man, owned their cave; and, according to the Roman historian Strabo, if he took things too much for granted, she would merely say, "Begone, and take your possessions with you," and out he had to go—the children were hers in any case.

To reach some understanding of real women, one must think back to a primitive age, when men invariably treated women as the holier sex, since they alone perpetuated the race. Women were the sole agriculturists, guardians of springs, fruit trees, and the sacred hearth fire, and lived unaffected by any notions of progress. Tribal queens never thought in terms of historical time, but only of seasons; judged each case on its own merits, not by a legal code, as real women still do; and showed little regard for trade or mechanical invention. Chance discoveries or new techniques in arts and crafts were welcome, so long as these neither upset tribal economy nor enhanced the importance of individuals. It was the queen's task to restrain men from letting their ambition or intellectual curiosity override practical common sense, as it is still the woman's task to ask her husband: "Must you kill yourself making money? Haven't we enough for the next five years at least, even if you stopped working altogether? Surely you don't enjoy your martyrdom?" But even if he cared to listen, social pressures compel him to provide for his family until he drops dead.

History begins with the emergence of men from female rule. They had at last discovered that a woman cannot conceive without

DRAWINGS BY EUGENE KARLIN

A real woman neither despises nor worships men, but does everything she can to avoid acting like one.

male assistance—and brooded over the implications of this surprising fact. After long whispered conferences it was agreed that men ought to claim their freedom. They asked, "Why should descent be reckoned in the female line, not the male? Why should a man when he marries go to the woman's home, not contrariwise? Why should a woman, not a man, sow the seed corn? Why should women control the tribe? Surely men are the true creators, sowers of seed, and therefore the holier sex, as well as being physically stronger?" Thus the male habit of reasoning from irrelevant facts, rather than relying on woman's practical wisdom, began the war between the sexes that has been raging ever since.

Men gradually usurped women's prerogatives in farming, magic, handicrafts, war—the Amazons are no mere figment—and government. The story is epitomized in a classical Greek myth: how the goddess Hera pitied a poor, bedraggled cuckoo and warmed him at her breast. This cuckoo was her brother Zeus in disguise, who ravished and humiliated her by seizing throne and scepter. Later, when Hera and her kinsfolk rebelled against Zeus, he hung her from the vault of heaven, with an anvil tied to each foot. . . .

Men consolidated their victory. They reckoned descent in the male line, brought wives to their own homes, invented historical annals, legal codes, weights and measures, standing armies, engineering, logic and philosophy. On the excuse of protecting the weaker sex, they placed woman under male tutelage: henceforward she must serve her father's or husband's domestic needs as though not only spiritually but mentally inferior to him.

Greek myths record an occasional dramatic protest against this state of affairs: how the 50 Danaides stabbed their husbands, the sons of Aegyptus, on their common wedding night, and were punished in hell for this crime; how the Lemnian women murdered theirs for importing concubines from Thrace; how Amazons attacked Athens. . . . Yet, as a rule, the sex war has been fought sporadically in the home between father and daughter, husband and wife, mother-in-law and son-in-law. Only isolated regions, such as Galicia, Majorca and Pictish Scotland, kept their matriarchal traditions.

It seems puzzling that the real women of those days let all this happen to them. The sole reason I can suggest is that they thought far ahead. Since man had a certain undeveloped intellectual capacity, of which it would have been wrong to deny him full use, the real women sat back patiently, prepared to give him a free hand for some hundreds or thousands of years. Only a long series of disastrous experiments could make him realize the error of his headstrong ways. Eventually he must return to them in willing and chastened dependence.

Priests of the new male gods even modified the ancient myth of a sole goddess who had created the world, giving her a male assistant; and in *Genesis*—a comparatively late book—Jehovah creates the world entirely by Himself; and models Eve, the first woman, from man's rib! It is added that this woman's disobedience to God caused man to stumble and sin. In fact, the story is based on a Hebrew pun: The same word means both "rib" and "make to stumble." According to Hesiod's contemporary Greek myth, an inquisitive woman named Pandora opened a divine jar entrusted to her and let loose on mankind all the evils that now plague us. Yet "Eve" was originally a title of the sole creatrix; as was also "Pandora."

Financial pressures of men's own making brought about the recent so-called emancipation of women. Grown daughters could no longer stay idling at home, a burden to their parents and to themselves until married off. Industry was booming and, with

appropriate moral safeguards, they might fill the widening gaps in manpower. Women, who can now earn and keep their own money, even when wives, and have been granted the franchise—"franchise" originally meant "freedom from being a serf"—need show men no gratitude for this liberality. Their freedom is still limited. They remain citizens of the second degree, auxiliary male personnel barred from all the highest offices; and would never have got where they are so quickly had it not been for two world wars and such loveless male inventions as machine guns, submarines, bombing planes and universal conscription.

Strangely enough, it is easier to be a real woman in backwaters of Christianity or Islam or Hinduism, where codes of behavior have not changed for centuries, than in urbanized Europe or America. There she knows what part she must play, and can guard her inborn dignity. Although the husband, as head of the family, makes all decisions, he will never dare overrule even her unspoken protests. Among Majorcan peasants who live beyond the tourist range, no man would ever think of buying or selling so much as a hen without his wife's approval. She is always referred to as *la madonna,* titular guardian of the home.

What is home? In ancient days it meant a clan settlement, a camp or kraal, ruled by elders, where men had comrades and women their gossips, and children ran about in packs; and where a happy man-woman relationship could exist in some small corner away from the communal bustle.

Among us Westerners, because of man's jealous insistence on marital privacy, *home* has shrunk from settlement to farmhouse, thence to the cottage, thence to the 10-roomed apartment, thence to three rooms and a kitchenette with the usual labor-saving devices, in a huge residential block full of utter strangers. The housewife has her washing machine, telephone, television, refrigerator, electric cookstove, car and door keys, to pay for which a husband must be out working all the week. She cannot regret (because she never knew) the easy companionship of her great-grandmother's day: quilting bees and husking bees, taking the cousins to do a week's washing down at the creek, lending a hand with the shearing and harvest, making jams and pickles, getting up round dances, singing and playing practical jokes. But no real woman can ever accept the present situation.

Man's logic has defeated itself. Boredom often drives the married woman back to a job as soon as she can leave her children at a nursery school; or to infidelity; or to an analyst. Home is home for only two days of the week. Which is why some paternally minded industrialists take advice from professors of sociology and plant their employees all together in a wholesome suburban neighborhood, where the company's standards of taste and respectability must rule their lives. Husband obeys boss; wife obeys husband, and preserves amicable relations with her fellow company wives or else. . . . Spouses are thus shackled by a well-paid job to which the husband need no longer commute, by house, garden and swimming pool, by children, by hope of advancement and the prospect of a pension. Any sign of noncompliance is scored against both. No real woman can ever accept this situation either.

Attempts to liven things up socially are all too often masked under the dubious name of charity. It is characteristic of a real woman never to support public charities—on the ground that she neither knows the persons to whom her money goes nor has any assurance that it will be properly distributed. She gives only to those whose needs are familiar to her, and then from friendship, not pity. She will not be found at bridge clubs or at cocktail parties. Bridge, which is, after all, a money contest between individual players, cannot be a substitute for the good humor of a communal washday; nor can a cocktail party for the intimate gossip of a quilting bee.

Wild women take advantage of this artificial state of affairs by exploiting the dormant dissatisfactions of husbands. One of them told me the other day, "Yes, you may call me a mean, greedy, undependable, lazy, treacherous, spendthrift bitch. That's true enough a good part of the time; but it isn't the whole story. In fact, I've given myself to myself, and to no one else. My beauty is my own, and I take good care of it. If I choose a lover, I grant the lucky fellow no rights over me; and if he has sense, he won't claim any. As for breaking up a home, nobody can do that unless it's already cracked!"

A real woman likes beautiful things of her own choosing. She prefers a handleless cup, a backless chair, a mattress on the floor and a packing case for the table to good taste conferred on her wholesale by interior decorators. There is an 18th-century English song, *Sally in Our Alley:*

Her father, he sells cabbage nets
And through the streets doth cry 'em.
Her mother, she sells laces long
To such as care to buy 'em—
Who'd think such rascals could beget
So sweet a girl as Sally?
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley . . .

The lover was a square: an honest, idealistic London apprentice, intent on becoming a journeyman, a master craftsman and eventually a rich merchant—perhaps even Lord Mayor:

When Eastertide comes round again,
Oh, then I'll have some money—
I'll save it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my honey . . .
And when my seven years' time is o'er
Oh, then I'll marry Sally,
Ay, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not in our alley!

Their broken-down, foul-smelling alley was a settlement, a home, the denizens of which were bound together by common poverty, shiftlessness, pugnacity, humor and a hatred of landlords and police. Yet no well-planned housing estate can ever compete with its spirit, which a Sally was always found to keep alive. From 1940 to '43 the German blitz leveled what remained of these alleys, and their sites are now occupied by large all-glass office blocks. The last of the Sallies found herself in a suburban life-box—one of hundreds built to the same design and set down in parallel rows—longing for a return to poverty, vice, dirt and even flying bombs.

Marriage, like money, is still with us; and, like money, progressively devalued. The ties between these two male inventions get closer and closer. Originally marriage meant the sale of a woman by one man to another; now most women sell themselves, though they may have no intention of delivering the goods listed in the bill of sale. Not only is the wife, on an average, five years younger than her husband, but she lives statistically longer. So money power passes progressively into the hands of women. Also, divorce legislation (forced on guilt-ridden legislators by nagging spouses) grossly favors the wife. A youthful rival figures in most divorce suits, and though she and the wife seldom act collusively, they share an old-fashioned insistence on the honorable state of

Marriage, like money, is still with us; and, like money, progressively devalued.

marriage, which enriches both. Wild women will commit matrimony when things go hard for them, without the least thought of keeping their obligations. The entranced husbands never know what has hit them, nor do they profit by the experience.

The United States, though often described as a matriarchy in all but name, remains patriarchal. Matriarchy, to be effective, needs real women. When women organize themselves intellectually on masculine lines, they merely stimulate the feminization of men, who, for terror of husband-hunting viragoes, are apt to seek refuge in the cul-de-sac of homosexuality.

Though men are more conventional than women and fear to infringe the Mosaic law (Deuteronomy XXII, 5) which forbids their wearing of women's clothes, women have no scruples about flouting the companion law: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man . . . for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord. . . ." Even matrons now unblushingly wear blue jeans zipped in front.

The pseudopatriarchal trend encourages women to respect legality, which they had hitherto found distasteful. A real woman, giving evidence in a court of law, scorns factual truth. Should her sense of equity run counter to the formal demands of justice, she will perjure herself in replies of cool and convincing honesty. When obliged to exercise a vote, she scorns the male axiom that the majority is always right.

A few real women survive in the old royal sense among West African queens, who rule with a silver knot-of-wisdom scepter and claim the moon goddess Ngame as their remote ancestress. A "knot of wisdom"—known in English as "the true lover's knot"—is the sort that tightens more securely the harder you tug at either end. Symbolically it means, "My command can never be disobeyed!"

In civilized society royal women have neither thrones nor territorial queendoms, but the moon inspires them still, and they can wield formidable powers in times of emergency. Yet, since they avoid becoming public figures—the personality cult is another male invention—their names pass into history far more seldom than those of notorious wild women. A remarkable exception was Elizabeth I of England, whom her poets addressed as Cynthia—"The Moon"—and whose cynical disparagement of herself as "but a weak woman" concealed an unshaken faith in her royal wisdom. Elizabeth ruled through awe and love, was on playful terms with her ladies-in-waiting, inspired her male subjects to feats of heroism and flights of poetry never known before or since among the English, always said "No" to a doubtful petition and then slept on it.

A real woman's main concern is her beauty, which she cultivates for her own pleasure—not to ensnare men. Though she despises fashion as a male financial business, she will not make herself conspicuous by a defiance of conventions. The materials, colors and cut of her clothes, her hair style and her jewels are all chosen to match a sense of personal uniqueness. She can dress in advance of fashion, yet seem to lead it; and to any irregular features she may have, she lends a lovely ugliness denied to common beauty queens. Perfect detachment from the artificial or second-hand keeps her face unclouded. She has no small talk on current topics, and will suddenly vanish from a party, however grand, as soon as it grows boring.

If she plays games, it will be for fun, not competition; and if up against a win-at-all-costs opponent in tennis or golf, she will take care to lose handsomely—as one who competes only against herself. If she drinks, it will be because she likes the taste; and if she smokes, it will be for the same reason, not to steady her nerve.

She misses real men—men who would recognize her potentiality and agree that our world, despite its appearance of rational organization, is a wholly haphazard one, clanking on noisily to its fate along a random course once defined as "progress." And that a calamitous collapse must come before a new start can be made—from the point where the sex war was first declared and woman's conservative instinct as the guiding force of humankind repudiated. Because womanhood remains incomplete without a child, most real women marry—preferring simple, affectionate husbands who cannot understand them. This is not a renunciation of real love, since they agree with the 13th-century Countess of Narbonne: "Conjugal affection has absolutely nothing in common with love. We say 'absolutely,' and with all consideration, that love cannot exist between husband and wife."

Man's biological function is to do; woman's is to be. This difference is not a contrast of mere activity with mere passivity. "To be" is indeed a full-time occupation. A real woman has no leisure in the modern economic sense—leisure as a consumer's relaxed insistence on commercial entertainment—but is always thinking, taking stock of herself, setting a stage on which actors can perform. If she paints or writes, this will be for her own private amusement, not to satisfy ambition; and if forced to earn her livelihood in this way, she repudiates the public personage forced on her by dealers and critics.

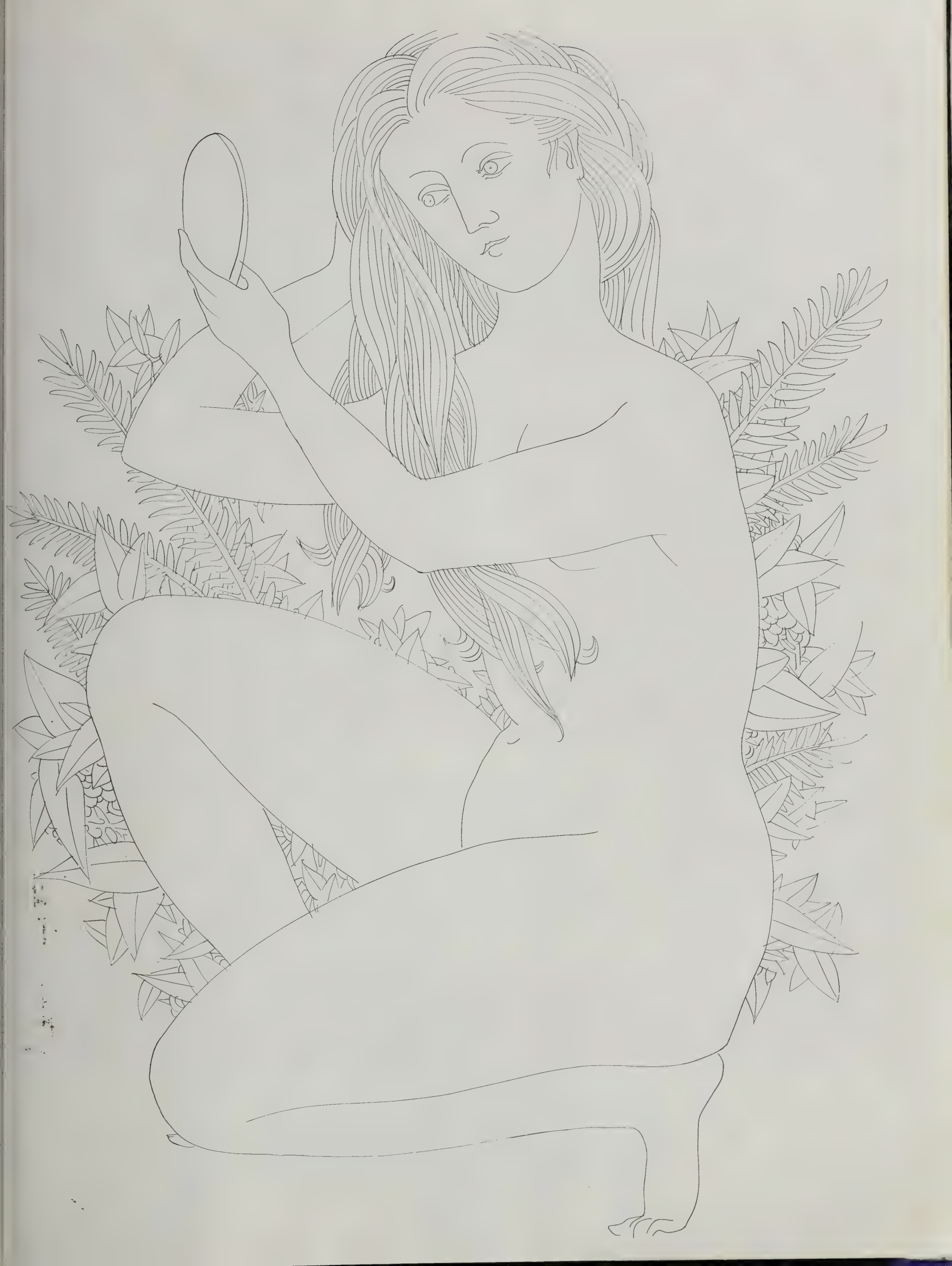
A real woman is content to dress with a difference, to make her home unmistakably her own, to illuminate any company she enters, to cook by instinct, not by the cookbook. This is her evidence of being, the proof of which lies in her sense of certitude. She is no feminist; feminism, like all "isms," implies an intellectual approach to a subject; and reality can be understood only by transcending the intellect.

Mental institutions on both sides of the Atlantic house hundreds of young, beautiful, silently brooding girls, victims of the sex war—defeated before they could come to terms with life. Their tragedy has been brilliantly described in *The Ha-Ha*, a novel by Jennifer Dawson, whose heroine is almost a real woman, because: "she never just plays a game with herself or other people, and refuses to learn the rules of society—meaning the worthy, useful, ordinary women who are so busy finding husbands and houses and good income brackets that they just haven't time to be conscious of themselves, and who see the world as an inventory, a container of so many things, and other people as so many tin-openers to undo it for them."

The friendly and intelligent staff of the mental institution cannot persuade her that she should realign herself with the orderly outside male world. Being not quite real enough to escape defeat by pretending conformity, she loses all pride in her appearance, ceases to concentrate on any self-imposed task; and when at last she desperately breaks out, the police, we know, cannot fail to fetch her back for sedation and still closer surveillance.

A real woman somehow avoids suicide, or virtual suicide, or the mental institution; but is always painfully aware of having been born out of her true epoch; considered as either the past, or as the long-distant future. A sense of humor saves her from defeat "This is not worthy of me," she will remind herself 10 times a day, "but to preserve my inner self I must once more act an alien part."

None of her women neighbors, idly content with money and what it will buy, feel any need for drastic change in the man-woman relationship; she treats them politely, and has patience. If she ever comes across a real man, the thin thread of human hope—that eventually the world will make practical sense again—cannot yet have snapped. ■



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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

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Cover: Our cover girl had eyes for March and the months beyond when she chose her suit from The Long Pull, our fashion feature on pages 60–65 (more between-season wardrobe brighteners and a closer look at her suit there, too). For other would-be spring beauties, practice the beauty prescription on pages 66–67. Flowers that bloom in the spring are yours for embroidering, see page 38. Photograph by J. Frederick Smith.

The authors: Emily Genauer, art critic of the New York *Herald Tribune,* has been judging art for more than 30 years and has written three books on the subject. . . . June may be known as **Margaret Laurence** Month, as she has three books—a novel, a collection of short stories and a travel book—scheduled for publication then. . . . As Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, **Katie Louchheim** is the highest ranking woman in the State Department. . . . **André Maurois,** the French historian and biographer and author of 40 books, has been married twice (his first wife died in 1924). . . . **Robert O'Brien,** a free-lance writer, says his four children have been subject to only "the usual" run of non-serious accidents. . . . **Katherine Anne Porter's** audience grew to best-seller proportions with the publication of her novel *Ship of Fools.* . . . **Rosalind Wilson,** who is completing her first novel, makes her first magazine appearance in this issue. . . . **Peg Bracken** and **Dorothy Cameron Disney** are familiar to *Journal* readers for their contributions on etiquette and marriage, respectively.

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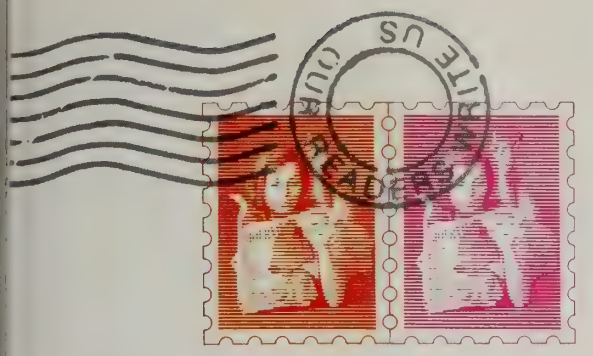


) NEWS

Editors: For over ten years I have a *Journal* subscriber (in New Zea-) and many a time have thought of ng to you. Somehow that letter has been written—until today.

he event which prompted me was sudden, tragic death of your Presi-, Mr. Kennedy. As we are so far d of you in time, we woke up to the dful news at 7:30 a.m. Somehow news always seems worse early in morning. It shocked and stunned nation so much even the General tion was forgotten. Many thou-s of us got up at four o'clock in the ning to listen right through the ral ceremony. Flags flew at half-t and every town and city and re-e country farm observed a two-min-silence in his honour.

ur tribute as a nation to the great is to establish a John F. Kennedy norial Fund to bring the best of erican scholars to this country to g our two countries closer together. ven shock would not have made me own and write. What forced me into ere the headlines here that, when s of the shooting was broadcast in schools, high school pupils actually hed. What is wrong with a nation brings its children up to hate and de? How does America, the cham-n of freedom, look to the world when sort of thing happens?

am a post-primary teacher, and I n you could see my classes. Maori Pakeha (white) sit together, work ether, eat together. No troops stand he gates of our schools so Maoris can e in. If anyone tried to rouse any al bitterness, he would be laughed at crank.

f people could be taught not to think ut colour, and to love instead of hate, could truly say, "His sacrifice helped bring the peace and freedom for ch he died."

MRS. DAWN PERRSON
Kawerau, Bay of Plenty
New Zealand

r Editors: What is happening to our nderful country? The events of the t few weeks have been almost too ch for me. The date, November 22, burned across my brain by an as-sin's bullet, the threat against the new esident's life—no matter how triv-y made—makes me afraid for that w President, and the price put on a ung man's life in California stares me the face.

My husband and I are raising four ldren. We try day by day to teach em to love thy neighbors, to do unto ners, to turn the other cheek. Will it enough? We have seen our flag fly in eign countries and have been so proud of all it stood for. Now I look at the 50 white stars on a field of blue and I worry—not that it will be destroyed by foreign bombs but that it will be eaten up from the inside out.

What can we do—how do we explain to a tearful eight-year-old why a man must be shot and die, why God's house can be bombed, why threats, why a price is put on a man's life?

VIRGINIA POSTLETHWAIT
St. Petersburg, Fla.

FIVE FISCHERS

Dear Editors: How wonderful to find in the midst of all the garbage about divorce, artificial contraception and juvenile delinquency, an article about good parents who love their children and are willing to work and sacrifice in order to give them a Catholic education. The story of the Fischers was worth the price of my four-year subscription to the *Journal.*

MRS. PAUL F. DEWITT
Denver, Colo.

Dear Editors: Haven't Mrs. Fischer's medical attendants ever heard of natural childbirth?

I went to classes and read books on a method of natural childbirth known by the tongue twister of psychoprophylaxis, and have had two babies easily and happily without any drugs. Because I was educated in the functions of birth and my mind and muscles fully trained from many exercises, I found labor and birth to be no more than extremely hard work, amply and joyously rewarded. I certainly felt no climactic final pain as Mrs. Fischer described.

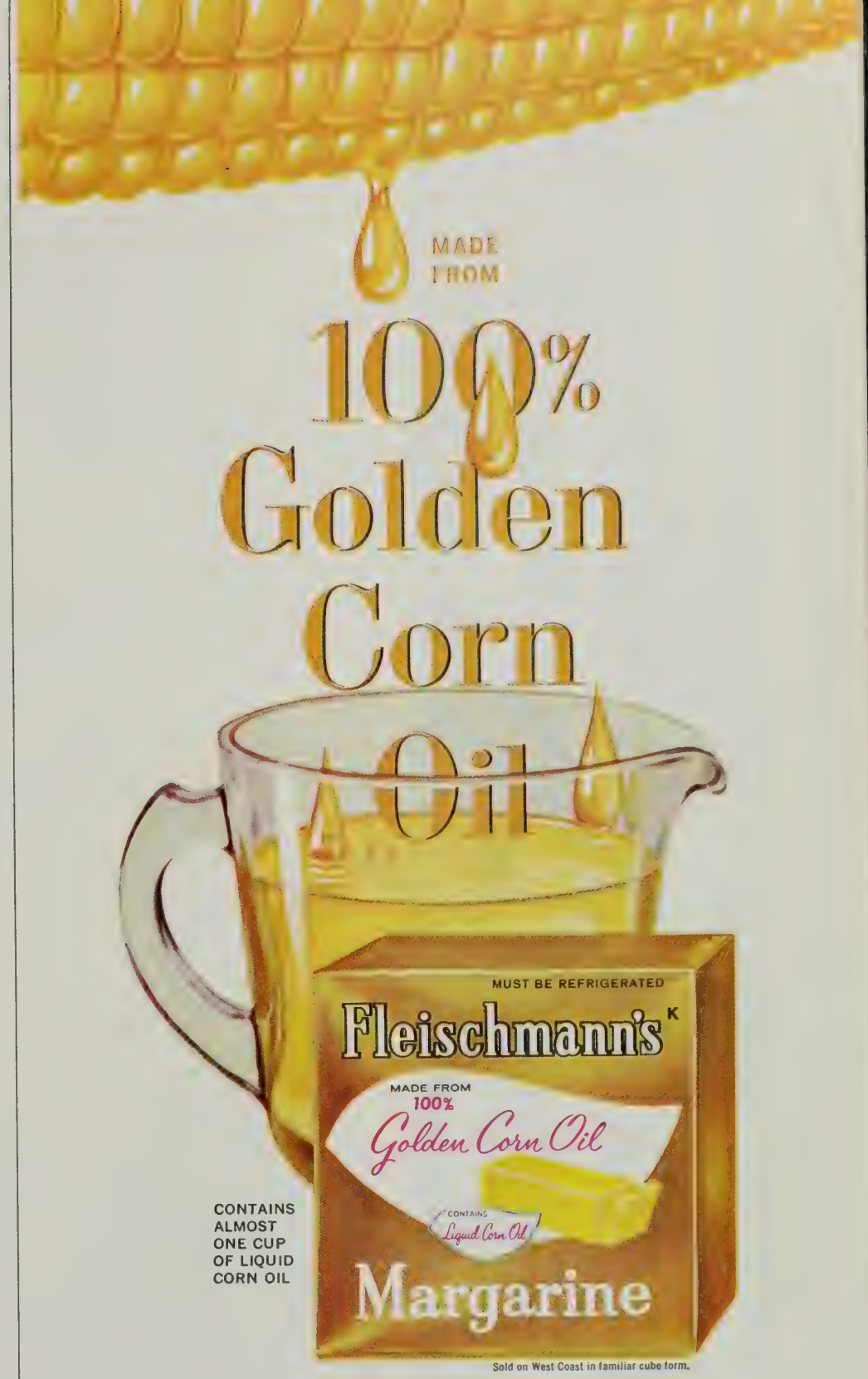
Isn't it about time some vigorous magazine blazed a trail through the jungle of our doctors' backward ideas on this little-known and often misunderstood subject?

MRS. FELICITY MCMAHON
Arlington, Va.

SEX ON CAMPUS

Dear Editors: Judge Barron's TOO MUCH SEX ON CAMPUS (January–February, 1964) deserves comment. Undoubtedly she has succeeded in saying what countless parents have been dying to hear. In effect: "We are not to blame for the sexual misconduct of our youth. All we need are more stringent rules to keep youth in line."

If Miss Barron's article does anything, it points to the fact that what is needed is a general reformation; an emotional reeducation of our basic attitudes toward sex. Youth is finding that sex is not dirty, evil and damning. As long as parents and authorities are appalled by an "atmosphere (*Continued on page 10*)



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suggesting that sex (is) exciting, desirable, *even* healthy," we will have rebellious youth unable to cope with their inevitable feelings of guilt and the emotional upheaval which result from the (perhaps unintentional) breaking of the rules.

JIM BARTELS
Washburn University
Topeka, Kans.

IN DECEMBER

Dear Editors: I am so thrilled and delighted to be a part of the beautiful pattern layout in your December issue. It is truly lovely and everyone looks so festive in their holiday clothes.

The quality, color and originality of each picture should please everyone . . . I know that I couldn't be happier.

Please thank everyone for me. I have been a *Journal* subscriber for many years and respect the constant high standard and thorough enjoyment I receive from it each and every month.

You might be interested to know that I sent for the charming mattress-ticking skirt and bag which were featured a few months ago. I am having such fun completing them both and they are becoming the envy of all who see them. I wouldn't be surprised if I see myself coming and going . . . it's the best $13 investment I ever made.

JANIS PAIGE GILBERT
Los Angeles, Calif.

APPEALS TO CONSCIENCE

Dear Editors: I hate to say this, but I must: As the *Journal* is becoming slicker, it's becoming sicker.

I'm a fairly prolific magazine reader, but the *L.H.J.* is the *only* magazine to which I've regularly subscribed during the last 10 years (which encompass the birth of four children). And this is why: your editorial content has been *consistently* far superior to that of other women's magazines.

You've been concerned with broad, basic social problems which are in women's sphere—not just in an issue now and then ("What will sell *this* month?") but as a continuing policy of courageous presentation. The areas of childbirth, education and social welfare come immediately to mind. In all of these you've continued to expose problems and offer forthright solutions.

These are the things which have made the price of a *Journal* subscription well worthwhile to me. However, as they are disappearing, so must my loyalty.

Signs of moral crises and change are all about us. Please, I beg, don't abdicate your conscience! We women need it!

MRS. MARVIN POMEROY
Chico, Calif.

Dear Editors: Since I have been a reader for 11 years, I have noticed that your publication, more than any other in its field, has always attempted to serve the public good. My question is this: Are all children little blond, blue-eyed girls? Would it be possible for this magazine to more nearly reflect the true wonder of the many different persons that compose our country?

I know that decisions on layout are dictated by economic considerations, but I also note the concern of your staff to express the advancement of humanitarian causes. Therefore, I ask you to consider, as a regular part of your format, the inclusion of photographs of all Americans. This would allow all children pride, so that they can feel they belong and are loved. All children are beautiful.

MRS. HILBERT W. FREY
Reseda, Calif.

ABORTION

Dear Editors: Re your article on abortion.

Each age has its own form of social cruelty, and we still laud ourselves on our attack against the unwed mother. For one of the least-spoken reasons against abortion is that the unwed mother would get away with her "sins"—sins we did not dare commit ourselves. So we ask her to pay for them, but in our zeal we forget the one who may be hurt the most, the child. I happened to live near one of these illegitimate children, and this I wonder: How many of those women who would have cried out to save this child's life, would permit their own children to play with him, or later have him marry one of their daughters?

MRS. C. W. YOTHERS
Fairfield, Calif.

DOCTOR SCHWEITZER

Dear Editors: Commenting on your interesting article about Dr. Albert Schweitzer, I wish to say that the quotation at the very end is not accurate. He is quoted as saying, "God bless and protect all living beings and let them sleep in peace," but what he actually said is so much more inclusive, and greater, than the word "being" suggests, that I think it is important that it be corrected. What Doctor Schweitzer said in the prayer he composed at the age of five is, "Protect and bless *all things that have breath;* guard them from all evil, and let them sleep in peace."

It is important to clarify this aspect of Schweitzer's philosophy ("reverence not simply for human life but for all creatures that live, everywhere. . . .") because this is the new and revolutionary message he brings to the world. Whether the world is ready to receive it is not now known. To be cruel to animals must first be recognized as being immoral, and unworthy of our human heritage. When the rightness of ethical treatment of *all* life is accepted by man we will have come one more labored step further in the long procession of life. At present animals are "things" to many humans, and commodities to some others. This is why society permits the present organized cruelties of slaughter and vivisection. If the world survives, this will one day be thought uncivilized and contemptible.

MRS. ROBT. CASSADY
Charleston, W.Va.

NEW MAIN DISH IDEA FROM BEST FOODS

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HOT TUNA PIE

2 eggs separated
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1-1/4 cups BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
2 (7 ounce) cans tuna, drained and flaked
1 (10 ounce) package frozen peas and carrots, cooked
1 cup chopped green pepper
1/4 cup chopped pimiento
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 cups mashed potatoes
Melted NUCOA® Margarine

In large bowl beat egg yolks, salt, pepper. Blend in crumbs and 1 cup Real Mayonnaise. Stir in tuna and vegetables. Turn into greased 1-1/2 quart shallow casserole, smooth top. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven until thoroughly heated, about 25 minutes. Meanwhile, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form; fold in 1/4 cup Real Mayonnaise. Spread on top of casserole to 1 inch from edge. Using pastry tube, pipe potatoes for border; brush with melted margarine. Broil until golden-brown, about 2 minutes. Serves 6.

HOT TUNA BUNS

4 hamburger buns
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1/2 cup chopped FANNING'S Bread and Butter® pickles
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup grated cheese

Split buns; spread with part of Real Mayonnaise. Sprinkle each half with tuna, chopped pickle and onion. Spoon remaining Real Mayonnaise on top and sprinkle with grated cheese. Broil until lightly browned. Serves 4.

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

A DOUBLE LIFE WITH A SINGLE PURPOSE

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Being married to one woman and engaged to another was Thad's revenge against a too-competitive world.

"My husband wants two wives," said 28-year-old Vera, a gray-eyed, slim-waisted blonde, nine years married and still childless. "If Thad could have Evelyn, and have me, too, he would be satisfied. Or so he has plainly indicated.

"I don't blame Evelyn for the smash-up of my marriage. I gather she is a nice person from a good family. They live in a prosperous suburb twenty miles from us. Thad deceived Evelyn, too, deceived her whole family. Somehow he convinced them that he was a single man, free to marry.

"Six weeks ago Evelyn's parents gave a party at a swank country club and announced her engagement to Thad. A social note, along with Evelyn's picture, appeared in her hometown newspaper. Somebody sent the clipping to me, wrapped in a blank sheet of paper. I got it on a Monday morning. Thad had been gone on Saturday, the evening of the party, and all day Sunday. Extra laboratory work was his excuse.

"The Monday mail arrived as we were at breakfast. When I read the clipping, I must have turned pale or gasped or something. Anyway, Thad jumped up from the table, grabbed my shoulder, and asked if I was ill.

"I handed him the clipping. Thad didn't turn pale, not he. His expression didn't change. He kept on holding my shoulder, as though his thoughts were only for me, and he denied everything.

"He said that Evelyn was a complete stranger, but I recognized her picture. I told Thad I'd seen her months earlier, talking to him in a parking lot. He then admitted he knew her slightly. Next, under pressure, he admitted he had taken Evelyn dancing a few times—she seemed 'lonely'—and as a result he had felt obliged to accept several dinner invitations to her home. He was more interested in her family than in Evelyn, he said. He found their home more restful and enjoyable than ours.

"To the very end of that conversation—it seemed unreal, like a nightmare—Thad insisted there was nothing serious between him and Evelyn. The newspaper announcement of an engagement must be a practical joke of some kind; Thad said he intended to ignore it.

"His unruffled calm, as he piled one lie on another lie, was maddening. I ran to the bathroom and slammed and locked the door. For quite a while Thad begged me to come out and let him continue with his so-called explanations. He pounded on the door.

"Finally he left the house. It was only then I broke down and had hysterics. After I had pulled myself together I phoned my office—because we have no children I have always worked—and reported I was sick. It was true.

"I felt even sicker after I telephoned Evelyn's home, pretending to be an out-of-town acquaintance. Luckily she wasn't there. When I congratulated her mother on her daughter's 'engagement,' I learned that the newspaper announcement was no joke. Evelyn's mother fully expected my husband would soon be a member of her family.

"For the next two hours I sat at the telephone checking up on Thad. Previously I'd been too proud to question his activities, despite the hints dropped by acquaintances, the flimsiness of some of his stories, my own common sense. I discovered I had been living for almost three years in a Never-Never Land.

"Thad's double dealing began even before he became involved with Evelyn. Three years ago he was a junior in medical school, studying hard for his exams and worried about his prospects. I did my best to boost his morale, but I did not overdo my encouragement. I knew how annoyed he was by his mother's bossiness and meddling. My mother-in-law, a fanatically ambitious schoolteacher, lives in Maine, three thousand miles away, but she was on Thad's back. She wrote him daily letters to lecture him and buck him up.

"In February Thad told his mother by long distance that he had passed his examinations, but had decided to cut down his full-time schedule at school in order to accept a wonderful opportunity in a research laboratory; he said he would complete his medical studies in night classes. Not a word of this was true.

"The fact is he flunked his examinations and was dropped by his medical school. The research laboratory was a myth. For the past two and a half years he has been employed as an insurance adjuster. Evelyn's father is his boss. Thad met her after he joined the company.

"When I confronted Thad with his long record of lies, evasion and deceit, I offered him a divorce. He declined, saying that I misunderstood his relationship with Evelyn, and swearing that he regarded her merely as a good companion. She had no sexual appeal for him, he said, a statement I find hard to credit. Certainly my own physical appeal for him has slackened; it has been at least six months since we made love.

"When Thad wouldn't agree to a friendly divorce, I threatened to sue him on grounds of infidelity. He promised he would resign his job next day and say good-bye to Evelyn. That same weekend I followed him in my car and saw him meet her. Seeing me in his rearview mirror, he stepped on the gas and raced off. An hour later he was home again, no doubt wondering what I would say. I said nothing, nor did he.

"It has become impossible for Thad and me to hold a normal conversation. Often I am so filled with hate or grief I can't talk. If Thad asks some idle question, I may lose my temper or else find myself close to tears, then I run to my room and lock my door.

"I am sure he is still seeing Evelyn, although I have no proof. He tells me he has a new job, and he leaves the house regularly every morning; but I don't know where he goes. Many of his lies are pointless. The other evening he walked in at midnight. My control snapped. I screamed accusations at him, and he shouted back that he had to work late. I didn't believe him.

"In the morning I found out he had spent the evening baby-sitting for neighbors. If Thad had only phoned me and explained, I would have gladly joined him. I can't understand why he left me to suffer for hour after hour, imagining dreadful things, when he was watching television two doors away.

"It isn't Thad's nature to be cruel—or it didn't used to be. Even now he professes to be concerned about my health. I'm healthy as a horse, except for nerves. Several times in recent years when I've been overtired *(Continued on page 20)*

ABOUT THIS CASE:

Surveys of marriage counseling from coast to coast over a quarter of a century reveal that there has been no change in the problems usually presented. In order of frequency, the major complaints still have to do with sex, in-laws, children and finances. Sometimes all of these are involved. However complicated a situation may appear to be, an experienced counselor usually deals with it in four to eight interviews, seeing each partner separately for one hour a week. Are there many hopeless cases? Of course; plenty of them. Occasionally the counseling may have to be much more prolonged. But the case described here illustrates how a very bad marriage can be turned into a very good marriage by a determined couple who have the help of a qualified marriage counselor. The counselor in this instance was William Zehv.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc. D.,
FOUNDER AND ADMINISTRATOR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS

This series is based on information from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization which has a staff of 70 counselors and is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with the couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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or too tense, I've blacked out and been unconscious a few seconds—something that never bothered me. I have no patience with psychosomatic ailments, my own included. I don't appreciate Thad's sympathy any longer.

"When I first met Thad back in Maine, his tender heart and consideration for my comfort were appealing to me, but that was long ago. I was nineteen and he was twenty-one. My parents had a summer place in the small town where Thad's mother teaches. My parents were unenthusiastic about our romance, but they admired Thad's ambition—he was then in pre-med school—and they agreed to our marriage.

"Thad's mother objected violently. She wasn't reconciled, even though I dropped out of college and took a job to help him complete his education. It was mainly to escape from her that Thad attended medical school in California. For nine years I have tried to be a good wife. Yet—obviously since my marriage has failed—I have failed.

"I sometimes wonder whether Thad blames me for our move to the Pacific Coast, and his subsequent troubles in medical school. I also wonder if he blames me because we have no children. I have always wanted children and don't know why I haven't become pregnant.

"I can't understand what has happened to Thad. I don't think Evelyn can make him happy, since he's made it clear he doesn't especially want to marry her. I would like to help him, but I am baffled by the problem."

"I don't really know whether my wife or I should apply for a divorce," said 30-year-old Thad, a slim, handsome man. He was being interviewed at the American Institute of Family Relations.

"Sometimes I wish I could get away from all women. I have been so bedeviled by Vera and Evelyn recently that I've often been tempted to disappear.

"In boyhood I was bedeviled by my mother, a widow and the only college graduate in a large, blue-collar family—she had seven brothers and two sisters working in the local carpet factory. Mother decided when I was kindergarten age that she would bring me up to become a famous doctor.

"Her discipline was rugged. I remember one time—I was around ten years old—when my school marks slipped to fourth highest in the class. Mother had expected me to stay in the number-one spot. Every weekend hordes of uncles and aunts and their families came to call on us. That Sunday Mother showed my disappointing report card to every visitor, and made me kneel in the corner and pray I would improve. Well, I graduated at the top of my high-school class and was voted the most likely to succeed.

"I went on to a small church college in Canada, and after two years transferred back to Maine, where I met Vera. When her parents agreed to our marriage—they were summer people and I stood a little in awe of them—I thought I could lick the world. After I got my bachelor of science degree, Vera and I moved to California. I wanted to get out from under Mother's smothering wing, and I was eager to test myself in a big university with tough standards.

"In those days I was cocky and high on life in general. Vera was working at a secretarial job and everything was going smoothly. Then one night I had a foretaste of the troubles ahead. I was studying at the kitchen table and Vera was heating a pot of coffee. Suddenly I heard a peculiar, choking sound. As I looked up she fell forward. I grabbed her, and carried her to the couch in the next room. She recovered a few seconds later, and blamed her blackout on fatigue.

"I said nothing then, but to me her seizure seemed to show all the symptoms of an epileptic attack. Next day she saw a physician at my request. Unfortunately she picked a man in general practice. His diagnosis, to Vera's satisfaction, was 'nerves.' I'm sure he was wrong. Since then she has had other blackouts; she refers to them as 'nervous spells,' and refuses to consult a specialist. She won't even discuss the matter. If I bring it up, she walks out of the room. I am almost certain she has a form of epilepsy called 'petit mal,' and I live in terror that she may have an attack on the street someday and be killed in traffic.

"Worry creates worry, I guess. Anyhow, I wondered why Vera didn't become pregnant. Both of us wanted children—or so I thought. A gynecologist found nothing wrong with her, so I wondered if the fault was mine. I tried to talk to Vera about it, but there are a lot of things Vera never would discuss.

"Somewhere along the line—I can't say just when—I began to lose my faith in my luck, my destiny, myself. I got to the place where I doubted my scholastic ability, my ability to learn. Vera tried to be encouraging, I know, but her encouragement depressed me.

"When I flunked my junior examinations I wasn't surprised. It was as though I had been riding for a fall for a long time. I braced myself to repeat the courses. Then I received a real low blow. I was summoned to the dean's office and notified I had been dropped because my superiors felt I was temperamentally unfitted for the practice of medicine.

"At that point I caved in, plain gave up. I lacked the nerve to break the bad news at home—Vera had devoted years of secretarial work to my medical education. She probably wouldn't have nagged or complained. But I would have known what she was thinking by the injured way she would have looked at me, by her silence. I couldn't face the prospect. Nor was I in the mood to cope with Mother's reaction to my failure. Consequently I kept still about my troubles.

"After considerable solitary brooding, I decided I must start a new career. It was then I took the job as an insurance adjuster with Evelyn's father and got acquainted with her. Months passed before Vera asked questions. Whenever I was late coming home, she assumed I was at the university library, or at the fictional laboratory I had invented. She would go to bed. Oddly enough, for quite a while I hoped Vera might wait up for me some night *(Continued on page 23)*

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Macaroni Casserole Italiana

1 (8-oz.) package macaroni
1 (15½-oz.) can Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat • ¾ cup grated cheddar cheese

Start oven 400° F. Cook macaroni according to package directions. Drain. Put half the macaroni in bottom medium-size casserole. Top with half the spaghetti sauce. Sprinkle half the cheese on top of sauce. Repeat layers ending with cheese. Bake 30 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Just pouring from the can shows how smooth slow simmering has made this sauce. Stir. It's thick with tender beef. Enjoy the tang of tomatoes and spices even as it heats. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat is made from a recipe handed down for generations. So are the other sauces . . . Sauce with Meat Balls or Mushrooms. See how they add zest to your meals.

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and make a scene. She had every right to be angry and suspicious, but nothing happened.

"I should be ashamed to admit it, but a time came when I actually enjoyed my false position. I was living two lives and getting away with it. I should have told Evelyn I was married, but she is a divorcée, several years older than I am, and she asked no questions. And then, when I became fond of her parents, I was in so deep I didn't know how to extricate myself. When Evelyn *did* start to ask questions, I automatically gave her false answers. It was as though someone else had control of my tongue.

"Maybe if Evelyn and I had carried on a red-hot affair, I might have had more pangs of guilt. But I'm no Casanova. In fact, I don't think I'm as highly sexed as the average man. Evelyn's main appeal for me was her sense of humor, her happy-go-lucky disposition. She knew how to make me laugh, and my life had been mighty short on laughter. Evelyn didn't prod me. In the beginning, that is. Nor did she expose me to the silent treatment. Vera is like my mother, wary of jokes and fun, slow at making friends. Evelyn is everybody's friend.

"It is impossible for me to explain the buoyant excitement I felt during that period of double living. Somehow, I felt I was getting back at the dean and the university. I was stimulated by the constant challenge to my wits, and I kidded myself that I was handling a unique situation with poise and assurance. I lived through each day all keyed up, ready for anything and filled with the sense of power. I would get by.

"Why I wanted to get by or what I expected to accomplish, I just don't know. My sense of power was illusory, I realize that. I'm sure both Evelyn and Vera only pretended to believe my tall tales. It was Evelyn, I think, who sent the newspaper clipping to Vera. And I am certain that Evelyn threw the engagement party—a complete surprise to me—to arouse the interest of another man she had on the string.

"That's no excuse for me, of course. I can't defend my conduct. When Evelyn's father fired me, I was glad. And I'm glad the truth finally came out. The strain had become too great. I talked to Evelyn for the last time a week ago. She is wearing the other man's ring.

"I now have a well-paid sales job with a big drug company. My medical background got it for me, I guess. Or maybe my gift of gab. If Vera wants to take the chance, perhaps we can reassemble our marriage and start again."

"I approached this marriage problem with hesitation," said the counselor, "but it was eventually solved. It had all the qualities of melodrama—Thad's double life and the dutiful wife, patiently bearing with his mysterious absences, tolerating his improbable fictions for almost three years. In fantasy living Thad found a retreat from reality. Although Vera was unaware of it, she, too, had turned her back on hard, straight thinking.

"Vera, like Thad, was sadly lacking in self-confidence. Her upbringing—unlike his, but in its way equally unfavorable—offered little opportunity for the development of a well-balanced personality.

"Vera was the baby, the only girl, in a family with four sons. Because of an accident in her infancy—at ten months she was almost drowned—her parents became overcautious in rearing her, safety conscious to an extravagant degree. As a little girl Vera wasn't permitted to swim, to sail, to skate, to participate in any sport that presented the slightest hazard. These rules limited her friendships, shut her off from contemporaries. In her teens, whenever she was invited to an evening party, her father drove her to the party and home again. His caution further cut her off. Thad was her only serious admirer.

"Vera was an inexperienced bride, Thad an inexperienced groom. The couple's sexual relationship was unsatisfactory from the beginning, but they were too shy to discuss the trouble. They virtually abandoned lovemaking, both wondering why they had no children.

"Thad's mother brought him up to believe that it was unmanly to admit error, weakness, ignorance in any field. She taught him to regard failure as a calamity. So he refused to acknowledge his failure at the university, hiding the truth as he had hidden smaller failures from his mother in boyhood.

"Vera, too, was hiding from a painful truth—the possibility she might be an epileptic. She ran away from her fear and locked the door and wouldn't talk. Later, she accepted Thad's flimsy stories without protest, and again hid from fear. If she demanded explanations and forced a showdown, she was afraid she might lose him. Hence, she pretended nothing was wrong until the pose became impossible. She swallowed her anger and suspicions, held back tears, and for many months created a wholly artificial situation, filled with frustration for both.

"Thad told lies to conceal his fears, which were largely centered on his doubts that he measured up to other men in intelligence, strength and masculinity. By a process of distorted logic he concluded that he had been unfairly treated by the university—forgetting that he was competing in a tougher scholastic league—and he argued that the way to fight the injustice was to demonstrate his brilliance. Maybe he was a failure in medicine, but he could prove to the world (and, more important, to himself) that he had brains and could succeed if only at intrigue and deception.

"I counseled Vera and Thad once a week for eleven months, sometimes in joint sessions. Our progress was slow and unpredictable. When Vera unleashed her long-suppressed emotions, she burst forth at Thad in a fury of incoherent rage. He defended himself just as violently and incoherently. At one point Vera hired a divorce lawyer, and next day Thad hired a lawyer. Within a few weeks the lawyers were dismissed. It was then clear that the nine-year marriage had value for both Vera and Thad.

"In our early interviews the two talked and argued in circles on every issue, with neither hearing the other. As a result they remained ignorant of each other's views, feelings, thoughts, motives, hopes, goals. I suggested they break this cycle with deliberate effort.

"First Vera was invited to talk for ten minutes on a subject of mutual concern where they differed, expressing her grievances as cogently as possible, with no interruptions from Thad. Next he got the floor for ten minutes, and she listened. After the two presentations there were twenty minutes of silence during which each tried to grasp the meaning of the other's remarks.

"This arbitrary procedure, which helps many couples who have lost contact, helped Vera and Thad to communicate with each other—an art they had never acquired. When they learned to communicate and came to a better understanding of each other's inner natures, they grew closer. When they frankly discussed their sexual difficulties and accepted a little sound professional advice, the difficulties gradually were eliminated. Their lovemaking became mutually enjoyable and more frequent.

"When they discussed their fears with each other, the fears dwindled to sizable proportions. Once they faced their fears openly, they could take action.

"Vera consulted a neurologist, who discovered she had a mild case of epilepsy, easily controlled with medication. No more blackouts. She is no longer secretly ashamed of her slight handicap. Indeed, if the opportunity presents itself, she casually mentions her condition to new acquaintances. After Vera realized her coolness and reserve were a legacy from childhood and its discouraged friendships, she tried to be warmer, more cordial. This was done for Thad's sake. Both of them benefited when they enlarged their circle and interests, branched out socially.

"It was Thad's belief he had escaped from his mother's domination by moving to California, whereas he had merely escaped her physical presence. At the age of thirty he was still emotionally bound, still afraid to cross or disappoint this formidable woman. Toward the end of our counseling, Thad made a weekend flight to the East with Vera's heartfelt approval. Confronting his mother, he told her that he had flunked out of the university, had given up any thought of a medical career, and would make further plans without maternal interference. The visit, anticipated with dread, wound up fairly amiably.

"Thad's decisive action gave him a feeling of strength. Not too long after his return, to the couple's delight and amazement, Vera became pregnant. To a psychologist the long-desired pregnancy was not astonishing at all. Vera and Thad had stopped pretending, had triumphed over their fears and tensions. They had learned to feel comfortable with each other. Parenthood frequently results from this happy condition.

"When their baby daughter was six weeks old, Thad and Vera proudly brought her to my office. As a counselor, I was proud, too, seeing the radiance of their faces as evidence of a marriage that would last." ■

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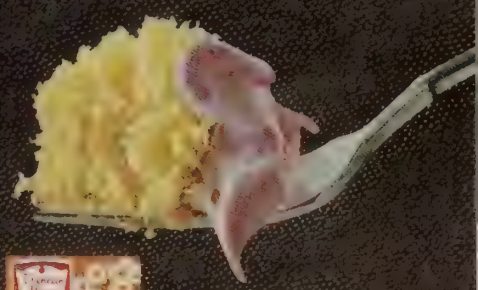

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HOW TO COPE WITH THE SOCIAL TANGLE

By PEG BRACKEN

A trusty guide to the social amenities: avoiding bores, adopting status symbols and perfecting the social lie.

Rules about etiquette vary greatly, depending on your country, time and tong, as well as your own ideas of what is important. Once only a proof of good breeding, manners are now an indication of your warm heart and good intentions as well.

In the matter of conversation, there are many small problems with which we must come to grips: introductions, perilous topics, answering questions and fielding compliments, bores and how to be reasonably courteous to them.

Also to be dealt with is the Social Lie; for social lies, now that I think about it, seem to dart like minnows through any discussion of etiquette. Without the Social Lie life would be harder, and it is hard enough already.

Names and introductions: A big trouble here is that people are often too slow to help each other. Someone—whose name is at the tip of your tongue, and stays there—simply stands waiting to be introduced. Only when the gathering silence is thick enough to walk a mouse across does he tell the people what to call him.

(And sometimes he never does. In this case, all you can do is mutter, "Of course I know you, but I simply can't remember your name," or "Introduce yourselves, please, I'm dim today"—neither of which covers you with any social glory.)

The fact is, everyone owes it to everyone to announce his own name whenever he may have to be introduced—otherwise, that long muddy silence is all his fault. Also—for purposes of general ease—when he meets someone out of context, he can remember that he's out of context himself. Like the dry cleaner. He is easy to recognize behind his dry-cleaning counter because you expect to see him there, but not at the next table in the Coffee Shop. And he is probably having the same problem with you.

Never mind if you can't remember the names of new acquaintances, especially when you're meeting many people at once. This parlor trick is hardly worth learning, for it usually makes people suspicious. The person who can do it has to prove he can, and so, he uses your name too often.

"I agree with you, Mrs. Carrington-Smithers," he says, "but on the other hand, Mrs. Carrington-Smithers, did it ever occur to you that. . . ." What does occur to you is that he's going to put you on a mailing list. You wouldn't trust him an inch.

On avoiding bores: The subject of bores is one to be approached with diffidence, because nearly everyone occasionally bores someone else. It is only that some people are quicker than others to detect the glazed look in the eye of the listener.

Now, you certainly can't say what subjects are dullest. Everyone has his own private list. Art, Annapolis, Antibes, Agee, Adolescence—you can name several for every letter in the alphabet, depending on who you are, who's talking, and the mood you're in.

Well, nobody ever said life was a six-ring circus with you clapping all the time. So, where good manners are concerned, the main thing is to perfect some techniques of getting away from bores, when this is at all possible (and try to remember to intersperse one's own monologues with a few delightful flashes of silence).

Let us consider the Homesteaders, who set up housekeeping beside you on the sofa, at a social gathering. You can see yourself growing old with the Homesteaders, going hand in hand into the sunset years with them. Yet you wouldn't hurt their feelings for the world.

Now, this should be a lesson to you. Next time, *don't sit down on that sofa.* Or anywhere else, if you can avoid it. Be late to these things, for it's the early birds who get shoved into the nests; latecomers can stay on their feet.

If you do arrive early, perch with noticeable discomfort on a chair arm. Of course, this is a better move for a man than a woman. Providence has provided that women look best from above. But in any encounter with the Homesteaders, mobility comes first.

In this situation a woman can look stricken, clutch hopelessly at a shoulder strap, and murmur, "I'm so sorry—*would* you excuse me?" Now she must head for the bathroom or the bedroom, but at any rate she has weighed anchor.

A man, too, can use the exclamation-and-mutter, possibly something about car lights or car keys. He must step outside then, but fresh air will taste good; and he can get lost coming back.

Either sex, of course, can remember the imperative phone call, or hunt for a nonexistent place to set a glass down, or for cigarettes, or for a book in the bookcase in the next room, exactly the Homesteaders' type. Or keep a sharp eye out for a replacement, and hail it cordially. If it is Charlie Snootful, already snockered, so much the better, for he won't see what's about to happen. All that is needed is a "Listen to this, Charlie. . . . Homesteader, tell Charlie what you were just telling me. . . ."

Finally, there is a good maneuver which demands no props, only practice. It involves edging away on a rising burst of words which should sound like the start of a story but is actually an exit line. Talking with enthusiasm, often over one's shoulder, one moves purposefully away.

As we have noted, it's hard to make any sensible flat-footed statements about what subjects are dull. More rewarding is a look at some that are best avoided because they might make one look foolish or hurt someone's feelings, which is nearly always bad manners.

For instance, *Age.*

Age is a truly perilous topic with men and women alike. Some people count each birthday pridefully, like another Purple Heart, but some don't. It is unwise to say "people our age," unless you're certain your new acquaintance graduated with you, or unless you're sure he is vastly older than you are.

"Middle-aged" is also a dangerous word, being wide open to personal interpretation. Some people wait longer than others to strike their colors.

Thus, a woman should be careful about giving up her seat in a public conveyance to a woman she considers older. Maybe the other woman doesn't see herself that way, and this unsought courtesy could spoil her week. Shoes are a good clue. If she is wearing reasonably high, slender heels, let her stand. If she has settled now for honest arch supports, give her your seat.

Bodily ailments: These are always bad conversational fodder. It is truly breathtaking how many people don't want to get acquainted with your gall bladder. (You can tell intimate friends about it, with color slides if you like, but it isn't advisable in general company.)

More important, when a new acquaintance discusses these intimate matters, that acquaintance is marked forever after in your mind as "the man with the bile duct" or "the lady with the sore feet."

I know an attorney whom I can never see without thinking of his kidneys. This is because of an evening when, as his dinner partner, I was treated to an unforgettable tour of his urinary tract. Had he thought about it, I'm sure he wouldn't have wanted to live in my mind in quite this way.

A good name for what is the matter with you—when something obviously is, but you don't care to say what—is a term often used in religious communities: *petites misères.* This covers any of those small bodily infirmities which you'd generally prefer to leave unspecified. *(Continued on page 31)*

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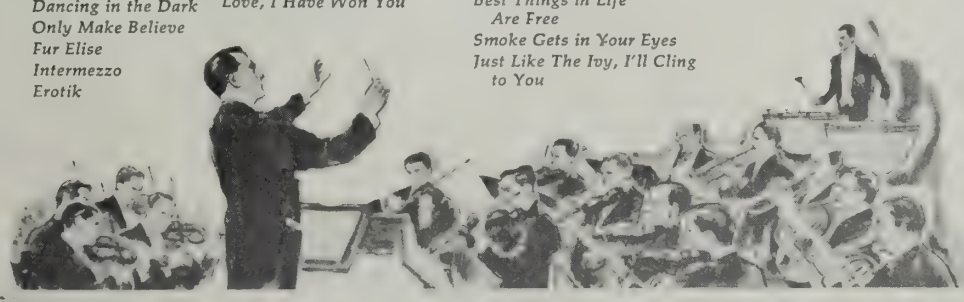

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Sometimes "the man with the bile duct" will talk of little else.

Some people's *children* are outstand-g, and some are what might be called standing—that is, they stand in well th the family and the group, but will obably set no worlds afire once they're rned loose. It is bad manners to brag out an outstanding child to other others, who may not be blessed with e. Their feelings will be hurt, far ore than if you'd bragged about your nk account, which could be laughed as merely gauche.

Nor should a wife brag about her *sband*, even though she married a e pearl. This bores other wives and o has them suspecting that the lady th protest too much.

A good topic to stay away from, at st until you've seen each other's arters, is *décor*. Your Upper Bo-mian friend may be pained right wn to the soles of his chukka boots your Early Williamsburg living room, d you may think his African masks e early Halloween. But if neither of u has made any snide remarks before-nd, no harm has been done.

Many a budding friendship has been ghted by. one blithe remark about reen-stamp modern" or "deviationist mes" or "cozy-wozy Victorian" or *ou* know, *maple* people." This is too d, for the followers of all these schools ve their virtues. Many maple people ow the outdoors, and Victorians ten know books, and green-stamp ople usually pay their bills, and the mes group are often inventive cooks. ese are all points to be considered.

The area of *status symbols*, too, is ved with eggshells. One problem is at you are not always sure exactly at someone's status symbol is.

The possibilities are many. It may be game, such as polo or stud poker. Or attitude, such as hating one's psy-iatrist and loving one's pharmacist. an arduously acquired habit, such as ing only French walnut oil in the dress-g for green salads. Or a possession, ch as a 1914 Stutz Bearcat. Or a lack a possession, such as having no tele-sion set.

Any one of these distinctions can be dolent of status in one section of the untry, and just plain redolent in an-her. It is hard to think of a status mbol—with the possible exception of tting a 21-gun salute—that can't be e-upped by someone else, or outdated tomorrow.

When adopting a status symbol, it is ise to choose one you really like, so at when its status value wears off u don't mind having it around (or not having it around, as in the case of the TV). This is especially true when the symbol is an expensive possession. You can easily stop ordering that walnut oil from France, but it's not so simple to pretend that the Stutz Bearcat never happened. It is because of its evanescent nature that one must show respect for someone else's status symbol, or at least be noncommittal, once one has discovered what the symbol is.

Conversational crosscurrents: Often, in a group of four, A and B are discussing something interesting, but C—who is sitting beside you—will neither listen nor let you. Thus, there are two loud voices instead of a conversation.

It is wholly permissible in this case to lean forward with rapt attention toward A and B, murmuring to C, "Excuse me, but I think we just missed something fascinating!" It doesn't always work, but it's worth a try.

The impulsive confider: Sometimes an overburdened soul will confide, all unasked, that she weighs 142 pounds and has an uncle in jail for car-stealing (or other items equally personal). Proper etiquette does not oblige you to confide back. You may reply simply, with something like "Fancy that!"

Then, too, there is the backbiter—usually a brand-new female acquaintance—who deposits in your lap a load of unpleasant tidbits about her husband and the rest of her family. The only workable response to this is, "How interesting, but I don't believe a word of it!" This helps shorten the conversation, and may keep her from hating herself in the morning.

The cut direct: This is bad form and, worse, it's bad tactics. It shows your adversary how much you're bleeding.

Whether she stole your color scheme or your spouse, the way to greet her is with a shrewd mixture of barely concealed amusement and solicitude. She will then get the uneasy hunch that you know something *she* doesn't.

Which brings to mind those people who remark, "Now, I'm a person who always says just what I think." But these people seldom think anything pleasant. They think, *That so-called best friend of yours is a trollop, let's face it,* and then they say it.

You may respond, with gentle courtesy, "I know her far better than you do, and I know you're mistaken."

Or you may say, "Thank you for your interest—I know she will appreciate it."

Or, if you like more catsup on your conversation, you may say, "Well, it takes one *(Continued on page 32)*

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 continued from page 31

Your children may seem outstanding to you, but . . .

to know one," and go on to other matters.

Awkward questions: Some questions are simply unanswerable.

For example, a woman I know—forced to renege at six P.M. from a dinner I was giving for her and her husband—said several times, "And I'll bet you went to a lot of trouble! *Did* you go to a lot of trouble?"

Well, I didn't want to make her feel worse by saying I'd gone the whole route and dragged out the party hats and the nut cups. Still, I didn't want her to think I hadn't even dusted off the table.

Have you stopped beating your wife?

Then there are the too-personal questions. For instance, about children. Some couples with children regard the lives of childless couples as being pointless and empty. They are unfortunately prone to ask, "Why don't you have any?"

There are, of course, many possible reasons—physiological, financial, professional, and just plain personal. (Some childless couples regard the lives of childful couples as being dull beyond belief, bounded on three sides by pabulum, plastic pants and Pooh Bear, and on the south by Disneyland.)

But childless people are more polite and don't say these things, nor do they ask questions like, "Why in the world did you bother to produce a little creature like that?" which would be just as courteous.

Best to steer clear of the whole subject.

"May I ask what a company like Amalgamated Widget pays a man in your husband's position?"

"Yes indeed! Ask all you like."

"I'm curious—what did that watercolor cost?"

"Twice as much as it's worth."

You may, of course, be blunt, and say, "I'm sorry, but I can't answer that question."

You may say, "I haven't the faintest idea."

You may say, "If you'll forgive my not answering that question, I'll forgive your asking it." (This usually wilts the hardiest question-asker.)

Then, too, just as some questions can't or needn't be answered, some shouldn't be asked.

When something devastating has happened to a friend, it's important to remember that you don't know about it (even though you've heard about it on the grapevine) until your friend tells you. Because maybe you're an island in the sun to your friend, a chance for him to pretend it never happened.

Now, to the pleasanter pastures of The Compliment, which is a lovely thing. A compliment should be brief, and contain a conversational hook. Such as, "What a good-looking suit! Did you find it in San Francisco?" (Personal compliments used to be Out, but now they are In, and a good thing too.)

The complimentee can then say a simple "Thank you—yes, we had a fine trip there," which will take care of the situation nicely. (There's no need to complain about how the skirt fits, or that you're not sure about the color.)

The word "little"—except when it is applied to a woman's waistline—can be dangerous. *I love your little place, little car, the little book you wrote.* Maybe his lot looks big to him. Maybe he thinks he drives a big car, wrote a big book.

Then there is the compliment with fallout. Such as the 11-year-old boy, forced to escort his 12-year-old cousin to a dance. His parents insisted that he pay her a courtly compliment, too, so he did his best. For a girl as overweight as she was, he told her, she sure didn't perspire very much.

And consider:

"Your hair is graying so becomingly!"

"That's a lovely Rousseau print of yours, and it's getting so popular now!"

"I love that dress on you—it's especially good for your type of figure."

Or: "You have a new hairdo—I like it *so* much better!" Which, of course, has her wondering how on earth she must have looked before. It's better to say, "You're looking even prettier than usual." That is, if you more or less mean it, which is important. For a compliment should assay at least 60 percent truth to 40 percent geniality or it is hardly worth giving.

Telephone conversations: Some etiquette books talk at length about telephone manners without getting down to fundamentals, such as that it's unwise to press the telephone to your rib cage in making a frank aside to someone in the room. Nearly always your voice can be heard at the other end of the line. It is even risky to utter asides while covering the receiver with your hand.

The Big Three for the telephoner are:

1. To give his name immediately. Most people hate guessing games.

2. To ask immediately thereafter if this is a convenient time to talk.

3. Come to the point.

Of these, No. 2 is most often overlooked, which is surprising when you think of the *(Continued on page 36)*

A step ahead

May we fit you for a range?

Most dealers just sell you a range. We make sure *ours* fits. From work-height studies and other experiments, we found that the average-size housewife (5'4") requires not one but two working heights for maximum surface-cooking comfort.

The result you see above is the first really great new range idea in years: a marriage of the modern wall oven with the most comfortable surface-cooking platform ever developed—the new two-oven Terrace Top® flameless electric range available only from Westinghouse.

The front units are lowered to 33". Just the right height for stirring, blending, flipping, beating (much less fatiguing than standard height units). The back surface units are two inches higher than the front ones but still lower than counter height. Perfect for foods that don't require constant attention.

Only our Terrace Top gives you this unique split-level cooking platform . . . a big, roomy oven down below . . . plus a spacious second oven up top (with Rotisserie) conveniently placed at eye level.

Why not stop in for a fitting now at your Westinghouse dealer's store.

Remember . . . *you can be sure . . . if it's* **Westinghouse**

This bra has a B½ cup size. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

Ever wonder why most bras feel good one day, awful the next? It's because you change from day to day. (You could measure a B cup on Tuesday, a B½ cup on Friday.) The bra that fits perfectly when you buy it may not fit at all next week.

What you need is a bra that changes as you change from day to day. Warner's Tomorrow® bra. Each cotton cup floats in mesh of nylon and uncovered Lycra® spandex. It stretches to adjust to each side of you. Why does Warner's call the bra Tomorrow? Because it fits perfectly tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow—as perfectly as it fits today. The Tomorrow bra in black or white. A, B, or C cups, 2.50. D cup, 3.50. **Tomorrow by Warner's®**

NEW! FROM DuBARRY... A NO-MESS, NO-DRIP WAY TO COLOR YOUR HAIR!

Push-button easy...color lasts for weeks!

color foam by Du Barry®

Pffft . . . it even comes out foam! It's fun to add color to your hair with COLOR FOAM! It's as simple as changing your make-up. Sit at ease in front of your mirror and—with your eyes wide open—foam lively new beauty and glowing highlights into your hair. You can *see* what you're doing. No mess, no drip, no run.

Blends in gray with new perfection, too . . . all with push button ease!

COLOR FOAM gives you that shining young look hairdressers recommend. Leaves hair soft and natural-looking, marvelously manageable. Takes just 6 minutes. Color stays lovely for weeks. 10 flattering shades from palest blonde to Black Sable.

Available at fine drug and department stores everywhere.

© 1964 DuBarry

The most elegant name in cosmetics... Du Barry

The word gets around

...that Beauty Mist is especially for the woman who wants beautifully fashioned seamless nylons...but who likes to keep her stocking purchases at a dollar. Slip your legs into Beauty Mist. You will be so in love with Beauty Mist fit and flattery, you'll feel expensive all over. And only you will know how little you paid.

beauty mist
SEAMLESS STOCKINGS

 continued from page 32

The committee chairman who attacks by telephone can be fended off by "the social lie."

many rather uninterruptable things one does in the course of a day. And not asking disconcerts the polite telephonee, who, caught off guard can't always think of a courteous way to break in and break off.

As for Point 3, in our basic rules for telephoners, the caller must come to the business at hand promptly, so that the callee may don the proper hat with no fumbling. If your caller doesn't do this, the conversation limps along and you tend to limp along with it—after all, something pleasant, some exciting invitation, may be in the offing. And perhaps, with this unworthy thought in mind, you show more cordiality than you otherwise would. But then, when the boom is lowered, and you're invited to head the Clean-Up Squad for the Rummage Sale, the notion is more depressing than it would have seemed in the first place.

Now, about answering.

"Hello" is the correct way to answer the telephone at home, although a simple "Yes?" will do, if you can give it the properly cordial, rising note.

If your caller should riposte with "Who's this?" you are privileged to replace the receiver gently upon its cradle.

If, in answering, you want to hurry things along, or if you happen to answer the telephone in someone else's house, you may properly say "Drydens' house." *Not* "Drydens' residence."

This, by the way, is a good thing to teach children. A wee piping voice is better than nothing, if it isn't talking about Teddy bears; and even a very small child can learn to answer the telephone in this fashion.

On identifying yourself: A man, identifying himself, simply says, "John Dryden."

An unmarried girl or woman does likewise: "Johanna Dryden."

And so does a married woman, when she is making a social call, or receiving one. "This is Johanna Dryden," she says, not "Mrs. John Dryden." To the plumber or the grocer she'd say "Mrs. John Dryden" because her married name is probably better known to the plumber and to the store.

And so to the social lie.

Here, as in so many areas, I can fairly lay claim to as much ineptness as the next person. Yet hindsight is a great teacher. I have seen clearly, so many times, what I should have done. Also, it has been my privilege on occasion to watch good social liars at work.

For instance, take the proper telephone handling of the Vague Invitation. Mrs. Meanswell telephones you with a cordial, nearly breathless "Are you busy Friday night?"—a question no one should ask, yet people do. You can't say you're not busy. Her next line might be, "Then come to our little girl's piano recital—she's playing *Amaryllis!*"

On the other hand, the Meanswells—as you happen to know—give good theater parties, with champagne after the show and all sorts of jazzy goings-on. So you can't say you *are* busy.

What you say, with a harried note, is this: "Really, I wish I knew! We've an awful duty-thing hanging over us that I'm expecting a call about, any minute."

This is known as Hand-Forcing. Unless she is totally obtuse, Mrs. Meanswell will have to show her cards. If it's a Royal Flush, you can call her back in half an hour with the glad news that you've squiggled out of your obligation. If it turns out to be *Amaryllis* after all, you've still a way out.

The second technique, equally helpful, is the big No, buttressed by the fuzzy lie and the fast elision—of great value in getting out of jobs you don't want to do.

Often, in this world, the spirit is willing but the flesh can't stand any more. Busier than six people anyway, you are wondering if there'll ever be time to improve your forehand or get acquainted with the kids or your immortal soul, or do some of the things that are sinful or slothful or fattening.

And here comes another job, usually over the phone because the caller is ashamed to look you in the eye.

1. You say a positive NO, spiked with amazement—a note of "you-can't-mean-this-seriously!"

2. You follow it swiftly with a fuzzy reason why. Houseful of guests or a doubled office load are all right, though not as foolproof as a good physical ailment. In this situation forget the *petites misères.*

It's secondary that you're pegged as the one with the liver, just so you're pegged as the one to leave alone.

So it's good to have an ailment handy, even though you must invent one.

3. Then, lightning swift, with never a comma, you move the subject away from yourself: ". . . this miserable back of mine, and I know you can find someone *dependable* to sort the underwear for the bazaar, and isn't it great the enthusiasm everyone's showing about the new gym?" Just keep moving and stay out of the clinches.

This, then, is the technique. Of course, it takes practice. But is there anything truly worthwhile that doesn't? ■

PENTHOUSE. A magnificent tuxedo. Natural, gold, green, charcoal brown. $599.50

Only the slim, handsome Simmons really hides a bed

There is only one
HIDE-A-BED

It's made only by
SIMMONS

Great things are afoot with the improved Hide-A-Bed® sofa by Simmons.
It's pared down, trimmed down, slimmed down to be exactly the sort of handsome sofa you're looking for.
The Golden Value styles are sofa-priced from $199.95 to $599.50. And you get a bigger choice of fabrics and styling details from Simmons than you do from any other sofa, with or without a bed. Plus beauty you can see, comfort you can feel, quality you can rely on.
Find yourself a delightfully new Hide-A-Bed in the bedding department of most stores. These days, that's the smart place to look for a sofa.

The plus of a bed for the price of a sofa.

JOURNAL ORIGINAL NO. 9

EMBROIDERED LOOK-ALIKES

These mother and daughter skirts were dreamed up especially for *Journal* readers. The felt appliqué (no edges to turn under) and simple embroidery give a gay, boutique effect. The border design is stamped on the skirts; seam and zipper are already sewn. Waistband and hem are all that's left for you to fit and finish. You can order additional fabric to make a matching top of your choice—or, pick a blouse or sweater to echo one of the embroidery shades. We found these motifs so intriguing that we framed them for wall decorations and made them into pillow covers as well. They lend a bright, decorative note to a bedroom or hall. Both are available in sets of four—the pictures with, or without, the hand-finished wood frames shown opposite. The fabric for all items—wool and nylon basket weave—can be ordered in black or white. Mother's skirt comes in one adjustable size which fits up to a 30-inch waist; the daughter's is available in two sizes to fit through 6–7–8 and 10–12. All kits contain full, easy-to-follow directions. Please see order blank for complete details. Fill out coupon, enclosing personal check or money order (no stamps, please). New York City residents add 4 percent sales tax. Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders. Please allow four weeks for delivery.

Ladies' Home Journal
Dept. JNM, P.O. Box 84, New York, New York 10046

Please send me the following items for which I enclose $ _____.
All kits come with either black or white background fabric of wool and nylon basket weave; they also include felt appliqués, wool embroidery yarn, and easy-to-follow instructions.

			Check Background Fabric Color BLACK	WHITE
_____	Adult Size (through 30-inch waistline) JNM-9/L	$ 9.98	_____	_____
_____	Child's Size (6-7-8) JNM-9/S	$ 6.98	_____	_____
_____	Child's Size (10-12) JNM-9/M	$ 6.98	_____	_____
_____	Additional yard of fabric 54 inches wide JNM-9/A	$ 3.29	_____	_____
_____	4 Stamped pillow tops, backing, self cording, material for pillow form (finished size approximately 9 inches square) JNM-9/P	$ 6.98	_____	_____
_____	4 Stamped pictures (no frames) JNM-9/N	$ 3.98	_____	_____
_____	4 Stamped pictures and 4 wood frames with leaf lip, including brass ring for hanging (no glass) overall size 8⅞ inches square. JNM-9/F	$17.98	_____	_____

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For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich you only need to 'lather once'!

DEBBIE REYNOLDS starring in "THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN." An M-G-M Picture

If you're over-washing your hair, stripping away the oils, leaving it dry and hard to manage, 'lather once' with rich instant foaming Lustre-Creme!

Then your hair will behave beautifully, as Debbie Reynolds' does... look clean and lustrous, yet have more life and body, so it's easy to manage.

And to hold your lovely hair style softly in place without dulling, sticky hairspray build-up, use LUSTRE-CREME SPRAY SET. Available in 2 sizes.

NEW 'Lather Once'® Lustre-Creme® Shampoo

Kaiser Cooking!

A new way to make Short Ribs tender and juicy

Bargain cuts cook fork-tender in "Quilted"® Kaiser Foil. Beats old-time pot roasting. Rich juices are in! Pot washing is out!

RANCH STYLE SHORT RIBS

2 lbs. beef short ribs	½ cup California Burgundy wine
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce	2 tablespoons chopped onion
1½ teaspoons salt	2 tablespoons wine vinegar
Dash of cayenne pepper	1 tablespoon prepared mustard

"Quilted" Kaiser Broiling Foil

Place meat on sheet of "Quilted" Kaiser Broiling Foil big enough to cover ribs completely. Combine all other ingredients. Cup up sides of foil; pour [illegible] over meat. Fold foil across top to make a packet; triple fold to seal ends. Place packet in shallow baking pan. Bake in mod[illegible] 350°F., for 1 hour. Open foil, then bake ½ hour longer or until done. Makes 4 servings. For more recipes and *100 uses for "Quilted" Kaiser Foil* booklet write Dept. K. 274 Brannan St., San Francisco, Calif. **KAISER FOIL**

1100 WINNERS!

VERMONT MAID SYRUP'S

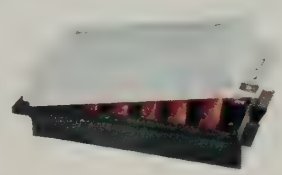
Morning, Noon'n Night Sweepstakes

JUST CHECK WHEN YOU LIKE VERMONT MAID SYRUP BEST! ENTER NOW!

100 First Prize Winners! Westinghouse All-Electric Cooking Sets

1. Big Immerse-A-Matic Griddle! 2. Non-stick Waffle Baker! 3. 8-cup Coffee Maker! 4. Deluxe Toaster! 5. Portable Mixer!

500 SECOND PRIZES
Westinghouse Portable
Electric Greenhouse



500 THIRD PRIZES
Westinghouse "Dog-o-matic"
Hot Dog Cooker

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1. Write your name and address on official entry blank or on a plain piece of paper. Enclose a plain white liner from the cap of Vermont Maid Syrup (Regular or Buttered), or a sheet of paper on which you have handwritten the words VERMONT MAID in block letters.

2. You may enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope to:

VERMONT MAID SWEEPSTAKES
P.O. BOX 87-E
MOUNT VERNON, N.Y. 10559

All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 15, 1964 and received no later than May 30, 1964.

3. Anyone residing in the United States or its possessions may enter except residents of Wisconsin, and any other state or locality where prohibited by law, and except employees of Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., and its advertising agencies (and members of their families).

4. Prizes will be awarded as listed in the sweepstakes announcement to winners selected by blindfold drawing under the supervision of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, whose selections are final. Only one prize will be awarded in a family.

5. Liability for federal, state or other taxes imposed on prizes is the sole responsibility of winners. All winners will be notified by mail. Send self-addressed stamped envelope with your entry for list of winners. All entries become the property of Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., and none will be returned. This sweepstakes is subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

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Enclosed: a plain white liner from the cap of Vermont Maid Syrup (Regular or Buttered), or a sheet of paper on which you have handwritten the words VERMONT MAID in block letters. Check below your favorite Vermont Maid Syrup time.

☐ **MORNING**
Pancakes! Waffles!

☐ **NOON**
French Toast! Hot Biscuits!

☐ **NIGHT**
Dessert Pancakes! Ice Cream Topping!

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

If you want to enjoy tomorrow what you don't drink today...
TOMATO
JUICE
Get it in GLASS
Tomato juice tastes good day after day when you buy it in glass. Glass never changes the taste. Resealing's a cinch—just twist. Next time you buy tomato juice, get it in glass!
Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

The Sweet Monotony of Marriage

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

"What would you call a marriage in which the husband is entitled to only one wife?"

The young American girl to whom this question was put by her teacher answered, "Monotony."

The student was not far wrong, but I would like to show that monotony is the most charming part of married life; that it is more apparent than real.

A Don Juan, to escape monotony, bounces from one adventure to another, savoring the emotions of a new encounter, the pleasures of the hunt, the satisfaction of conquest. For him, life is exciting and definitely full of pleasures. But is he happy? I have studied such characters often, and I do not think so.

Remember Byron! This deceived sentimentalist ran around the world without ever finding the lovely girl he was seeking—gazelle-eyed, sweet and pure, entertaining and passionate. Often a pretty face would give him the illusion that he had found the beloved, the heroine of his latest poem, and he sincerely believed that this new love would bring him everlasting and unsurpassed joys. A few days later he would discover that his latest divinity was, like all human beings, the slave of everyday realities; that her mood depended on her health; and that the sweet gazelle eyes could become hard and wild when wrath overcame her. Byron would then run away.

Such a flight solves nothing. Some day or other, a man must begin with another woman, fresh, unknown. After the first days of emotional pleasure an inevitable period of struggle arrives. Differences in tastes inspire quarrels; boredom creeps in between hours of sexual delights.

This is true also of marriage—or is it? Probably, but social threads bind and hold a couple. Marriage is a marvelous institution, the result of a mutual attraction which causes a man and woman to link themselves together for life.

Some months later, attraction has evaporated for the lovers, or rather, their phantoms, and husband and wife are face to face as human creatures with flesh and nerves, and it is too late to cast off their bonds. A family is already being created. Some couples are unreasonable and will not tolerate this merging of dream into reality, and they will divorce. But the huge majority of married couples will avoid those breakers and soon will be sailing on the quiet waters of monotony.

It is only at this stage that they will discover the real happiness of marriage. To become accustomed to the daily routine of married life, even for a man and a woman full of confidence in each other and eager to find happiness, is no easy task. Up to the wedding day, husband and wife have lived alone and free, each with his own room, with his own

thoughts; free also to choose his or her occupation. Once married, each has a companion who is entitled to some rights and who wants to exercise those rights, to know what you have done during the day, and who is not ready to allow you to forget him even for a few hours. "A penny for your thoughts!" one of them asks, and an answer is required. Or it may be that a husband brings into the house his usual untidiness while his wife imposes a tyranny of order.

No—getting accustomed to each other is always a long task. Your habits, feelings, desires, have to be well-grounded. It is only after the first year that marriage can roll on at a normal speed.

How can such an adaptation be acquired outside married life? Of course, there are some free unions which are happy and last a long time; they are really a kind of marriage. But if such a free union is to end in the same sea of monotony, why not take the safest channel? No marriage is perfect, and even the most loving of couples meet with hours of disagreement. In the long run, these little quarrels lose importance and become familiar. A wife knows perfectly well how her husband reacts when in anger; she is always aware of his mood and knows that behind the clouds the sun is ready to peek out.

Yes, monotony is more apparent than real. A long time ago, Honoré de Balzac, a true bachelor, always ready for courtship with some lady, was deeply attracted by the idea of getting married, yet was afraid to do so. A very wise friend of his, a married woman faithful to her husband, slipped this remark into one of her letters: "You must not think that life always needs new aspects. The various hues are the best thing life can offer us. You must understand what treasures you can find in the fact that this hour—such a pleasant one—will be the same tomorrow, then later, and always. Dried-up souls will find there only boredom; for ordinary people it will represent a security and a pleasure; but for you, you may find in such an hour the greatest refinement."

What a pretty sentence! It is true that life does not offer anything prettier than its hues, and it is on the landscape of a quiet life that these hues take on their loveliest colors. To give a present to your wife or husband on an anniversary is a mere ritual. But to choose a gift with love, to guess the wishes of your partner, to run from shop to shop to find the exact present that will bring fulfillment creates a real rainbow of pleasure whose hues delight both partners. There is quite a difference, and such a nice one at that, if, when you have a new frock, your husband's eyes are sharp enough to notice it and pay you a compliment before you have had time to ask him if he likes it. The wife who is capable of listening with interest to the description, repeated and repeated, of the future hopes of her husband, brings a sweet hue to their relationship and soothes the careworn mind.

In marriage there cannot be complete monotony, since a couple travels together through space and time, with new events and new people always to be found. Each year, each season, brings fresh hues to married love. Couples, like nature, have their burgeoning spring, their glorious summer, their melancholy fall. Together, husband and wife discover new landscapes and new countries on holiday trips which give new shades to love. A couple is not the same in Spain as in Sweden; at the seaside as in the mountains.

On the long road of life, new friends bring new ideas, new riches, sometimes also new dangers, but dangers that animate the daily routine. Whoever loves with strength learns, when necessary, how to renew himself. Each day you empty your bag of seductions. Nevertheless, seducing remains necessary, and you manage to find other means of seduction. Even old age is full of delightful hues. A pretty face ages well, and one takes pleasure in finding, beneath the crown of white hair, the smile you loved when the curls were fair or dark. Marriage is by no means a monotonous affair, for the partners themselves change. When you marry you don't become linked to a single woman or a single man; you are bound to all the women or all the men she or he will become.

Let's also say that monotony has some aspects that are rapturous and touching. Zulma Carraud was right indeed when she underlined to Honoré de Balzac the fact that it is soothing to think how similar the hour a couple lives is to other hours to come. Yes, similar to the hours of tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and to any future day.

Juliette Drouet, who was in love with Victor Hugo as if she were his wife, went for a long walk with him each day. Always, when they reached a certain little door, she used to say: "Carriage door for footman, sir"; and a few steps farther on, when a larger door came in sight, he used to answer: "Door for coach, madam." This tiny sketch was part of the sacred song of their love, and it amused and pleased them.

After many years of marriage, the intimacy between a couple is so close that each guesses what the other is thinking and will say. In fact, a happy husband journeys in his wife's thoughts in the same way that he traverses his garden slowly each evening after dinner. . . . He awaits the same sentence at the same place, knowing that at such and such a bend of the lane he will see blossoming red roses. The roses are always of the same red and the words of the sentence full of the same harmony. Oh marvelous sweetness of monotony! ■

EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK YOU HAVE LOADS OF

"CAN-DO"

WITH A SHELF-FULL OF

Libby's

Peaches Peach Ice-Cream Sandwiches are such an easy dessert. But glamorous! Just cut cake and brick ice cream in matching squares . . . alternate them . . . and top with a Libby's Peach Half. Garnish with maraschino cherry and mint, if you wish. And note those Libby's Peaches. They're big, juicy, golden beauties—the kind you'd pick from the trees yourself!

OVER 250 FAMOUS CANNED & FROZEN FOODS ARE LABELED LIBBY'S—THE MOST EXPERIENCED FOOD PROCESSOR IN THE WORLD

Prepare Libby's Frozen Peas (according to directions on package). While peas are heating, add a small can of mushrooms. Drain, season and top with butter. What a delightful dish! . . . because you start with *Libby's* Frozen Peas and *they're* the ones with that fresh-from-the-pea-patch flavor.

FROZEN ORANGE JUICE

Daytime, nighttime, mealtime, between-times, Libby's Frozen Orange Juice is a flavor-*full* and nutritious refresher. The new Libby's is the truest, richest juice ever frozen—with twice as much fresh orange essence as any other. Your first sip will tell!

PEARS

Bell-Ringer Salad: Drain two Libby's Pear Halves on paper towel. Spread with softened cream cheese; press together; add "blush" with red food coloring. (For extra cream cheese ruffle, use pastry tube.) And it's tasty as it's pretty. The basis is those firm, tender, sweet-as-honey Libby's Pears!

DEEP-BROWN BEANS

He-man main dish that feeds a lot for little. And well, too! Deep-Brown Beans topped with onion slices and heated in th till bubbling. Serve up with rounds of brown bread. Those Tender, deep-brown goodness; wonderful sauce. 3 styles: wit and Tomato Sauce or Molasses Sauce, and Vegetarian in Tomato

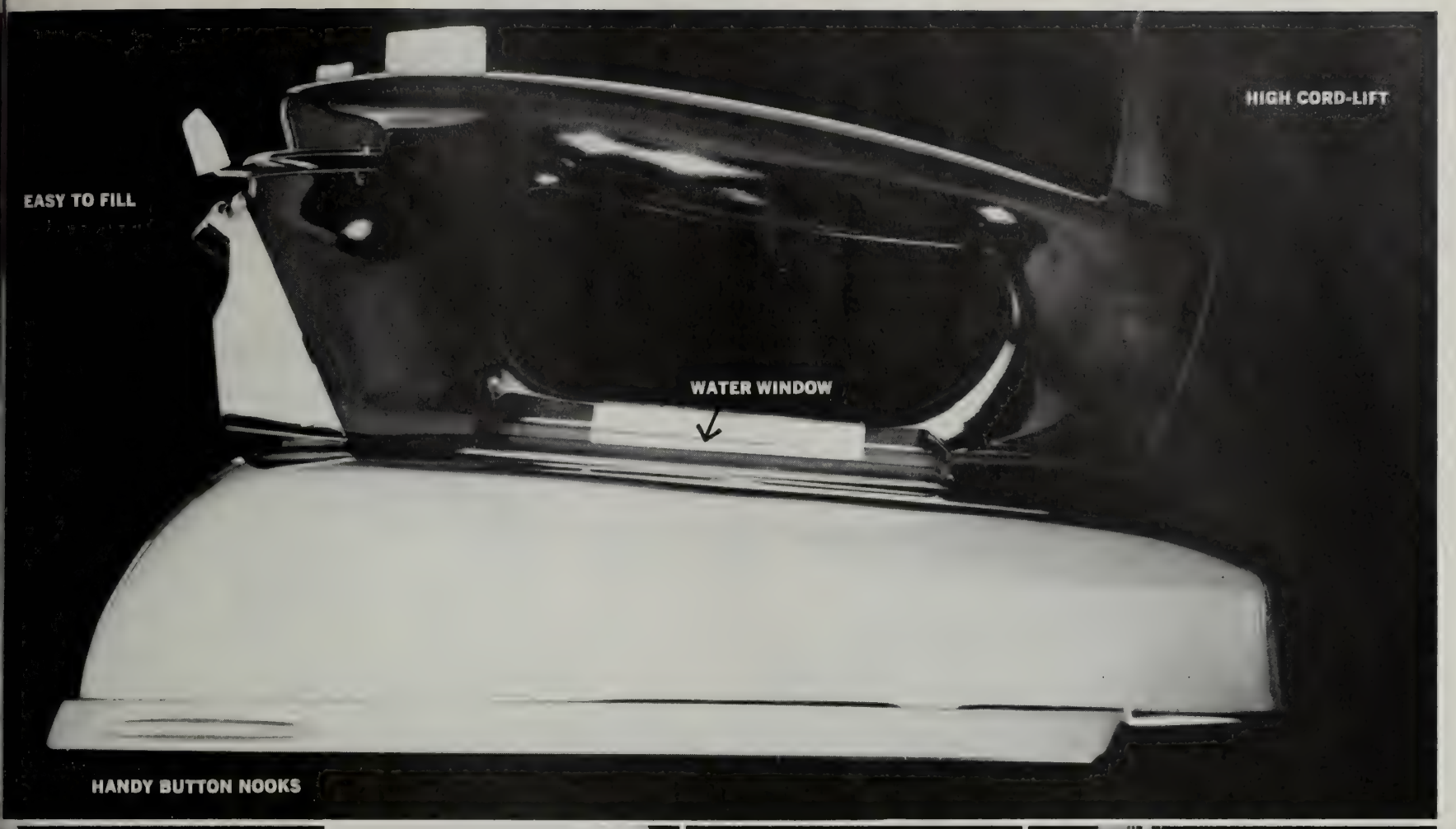
BEEF STEW

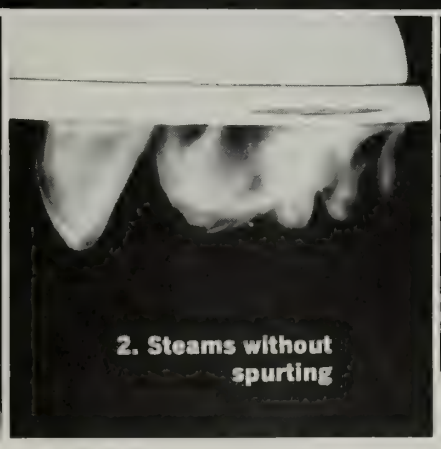
Such a good way to "fill them up"—simply! Heat Libby Beef Stew till it's piping hot; top with green pepper ring and Libby's Catchup. Libby's is the *beefed-up* beef stew loaded with chunks of tender, lean beef in extra-mea brown gravy.

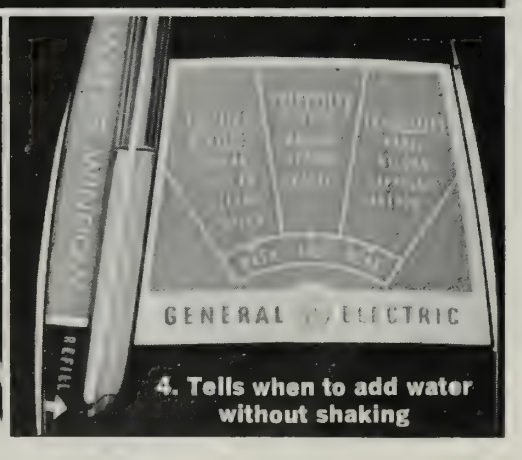
TOMATO JUICE

"The most tomato-y tomato juice there is" fits into your picture any time of day—or night. Rich in flavor, low in calories (only 25 to a 4-oz. glass).

General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron (the one with the Water Window):



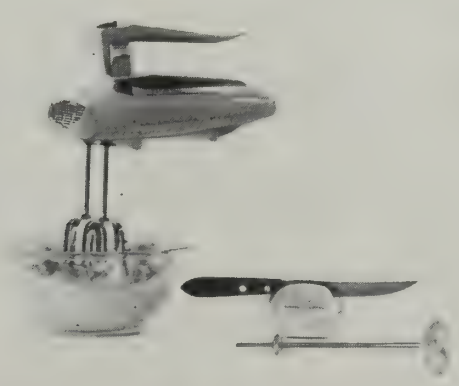




Ends your most common ironing problems

3 more General Electric Appliances that do more for you

G-E Coffee Maker reheats without reperking!



Portable Mixer has knife sharpening attachment!

G-E High-Dome Skillet is a handy server, too!

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, PORTABLE APPLIANCE DEPT., BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

WHY CHILDREN HAVE ACCIDENTS

By Robert O'Brien

DRAWING BY MARK ENGLISH

Parental preoccupation will cause most of the nineteen million injuries children will suffer this year.

In a second-floor bedroom a young housewife in a New York suburb paused to rest in the midst of moving-day toil and confusion. The house was ominously still, she thought. She called to her children, Mark, five, and Joanie, six. No answer. She looked down into the yard; they weren't there. In exasperation, she hurried downstairs, searched the first floor, the basement. Then she heard a faint, muffled pounding—and her heart stopped. She ran to the kitchen, threw open the door of the refrigerator that she'd cleaned out and unplugged for the movers. Squeezed inside, already drowsy in their airtight prison, were Mark and Joanie, minutes away from tragedy.

What had happened? "It had been an upsetting week," the mother said. "The day the movers were coming, the children just got on my nerves. I told them to go downstairs, outside—anywhere—and play. They found the empty refrigerator and decided to hide in it. Somehow the door slammed shut. Somehow—thank God—Joanie had the sense to keep pounding."

It is an ironic fact of American life that millions of conscientious mothers spend vast sums of money every year to straighten their children's teeth, fit them with glasses, ply them with costly shots and vitamins, buy them muscle-building bicycles; yet so many don't know that accidents—most of them preventable—are the greatest threat to their children's health and welfare.

According to the U.S. Children's Bureau, 19 million American children under 15 will be injured—some seriously, some fatally—in accidents in 1964. If you have a child under 15, the chances are one in three that one of those hurt will be yours.

The nature of these accidents can't be foreseen. Kids will fall out of moving cars, tumble out of tree houses, wander into wasps' nests, stuff things up their noses, devour aspirin as if it were penny candy.

Moreover, warnings will get you no place. Pediatricians hear it every day from incredulous mothers: "If I told him not to do it once, I told him a hundred times." Up until the ages of five or six, warnings just don't register.

And yet, you can't watch over them every minute of the day, particularly if you have two or three. Even if you could, safety authorities tell you that's not good; that your children will become "overprotected."

Well, what's left? Is it simply a matter of padlocking the medicine chest, clearing the roller skates off the stairs, lashing the baby to the crib, and hoping for the best? Is it a question of "kids will be kids; they'll always get into mischief"?

Not at all. In the last few years, accidents have been the subject of ever-widening study by doctors, psychologists, sociologists and safety experts. It's their conviction that nine out of 10 child accidents can be prevented, if mothers remember to do just one thing. This is to beware of the times when they and their children are temporarily caught up in emotional tension and are under stress.

Some parents have suspected something of the sort all along. But now it's been spelled out by a specially trained team of medical investigators from Boston's famed Children's Hospital Medical Center. In the first study-in-depth of its kind, members of this team probed into the causes and circumstances of 186 accidents that resulted in admission to the Center for treatment of injuries. Says Dr. Roger J. Meyer, team leader, "Every child appeared caught in a web of enclosing developmental and personal circumstances which progressively drew him toward the injury."

What kind of "enclosing developmental and personal circumstances"? Mainly those for which a preoccupied mother, temporarily distracted, was responsible. The team report says, "The majority of children were acutely hungry at the time of injury. . . . Often children were at their most tired time of the day, with characteristically far less parental supervision than at other times of day."

What really happened? In the jargon of psychology, "stressful family-life factors"—financial insecurity, marital discord, fatigue, pregnancy, loneliness, worry, fears, dieting, moving to a new home—prevented mothers from giving children, *at that particular crucial moment*, the thought, the attention, the *love* they needed to avoid an accident. The theme of temporary stress threads through the Children's Hospital report from beginning to end.

An example is another accident that happened in a Connecticut neighborhood. While a young mother was on the telephone one morning her five-year-old Johnny found a bottle of shoe polish, drank it and wound up in the hospital, fortunately quite safe, and obviously pleased about the whole thing. The family doctor pieced it together. The family had just arrived in town from the Midwest. Making new friends, getting settled, adjusting to the routine of a new school for her other children had understandably cut into the mother's happy relationship with Johnny. Johnny remembered how it had been in the hospital, during his tonsillectomy. "Nurses were always bringing me ice cream," he confessed. "That's why I drank what was in the bottle—so they'd take me back there."

Sometimes the stresses are more pronounced: either the child is tired and hungry, and, consequently, emotionally unstrung; or the mother is tired and under conflicting pressures. Here, for instance, is a case history from the Boston report:

"Billy, 22 months old, ingested a dozen iron tablets which had fallen to the floor unnoticed during the process of moving that day to a new home. His pregnant mother was unusually tired, had failed to provide him with his usual nap or dinner, and had not been able to keep an eye on him during the process of moving."

In another family, two-year-old Alan swallowed 40 "candy-flavored" aspirin tablets in lieu of breakfast. Where *was* his breakfast? "His mother—fatigued from having spent a sleepless night with Alan's ill baby sister—had overslept." And how did Alan get the cap off the aspirin bottle? He pried it off with his little baby teeth.

Accidents like these explain what accident researchers mean by "multiple causation." A complex tangle of precariously balanced circumstances and feelings sets the stage. Fortunately, the same research also reveals ways of fighting back—mature, sensible steps that mothers can take to defuse potentially explosive situations, and thereby protect their children.

Know your children. This means more than knowing what your children like to eat and drink, whether they get carsick, how far *(Continued on page 51)*

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C. TOP SECRET . . . new fashion discovery! Its patented expandable "Huglet"* topline snugs this classically beautiful mid-heel pump to your foot for pure perfection of look and fit.

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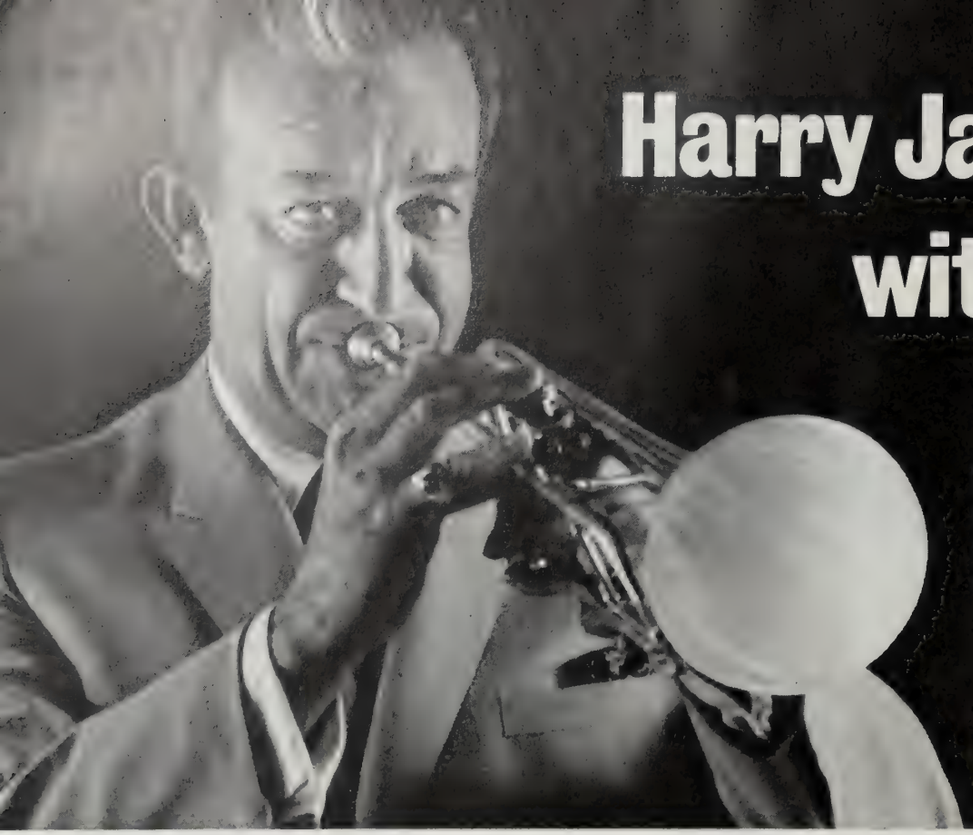

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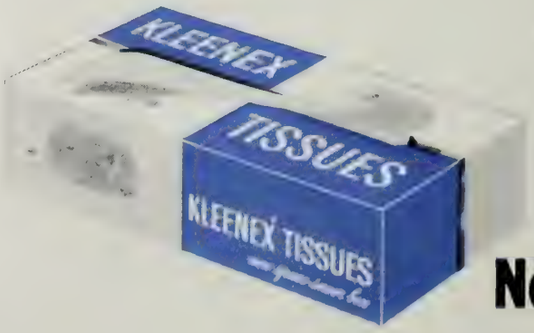

New!

 continued from page 46

hey can count. It means *really* knowing and understanding their capabilities, limitations, problems and emotional eeds. Two factors, says Dr. Bernard H. Fox of Cleveland's Laboratory of Experimental Psychology, play vital oles in accidents for which a parent s partly or wholly responsible: "... ignorance as to children's capacities, and nability to assume the position of the hild in his own world."

Mrs. O'Connor hadn't stopped to hink that Johnny might feel lonely, ejected and unsafe; Alan's mother idn't realize that he could decap an spirin bottle with his teeth. Hence ccident researchers speak of being "out f phase" with one's children, and in 87 ercent of the accidents studied by the Boston team, this fault was a major ontributing factor.

Actually, it's relatively simple for nothers to get "in phase" with their hildren's physical development, and to eep it in mind when household affairs re absorbing attention. Mothers know, or instance, that a one-year-old will ut *anything* in his mouth, and that he vill, out of sheer curiosity, stick his inger in an electric fan. It is known that two-year-old can turn a doorknob nd strike a match; that a three-year-ld loves to scramble up and down tairs. Mothers would be wise, before etting involved with dinner, ringing elephones, arguments between other oungsters and their husband's arrival rom work, to see that the preschool tot n the family can't, out of boredom or eevishness, get himself into mischief.

Sometimes a child will develop a light physical handicap that will lead o accidents. For many months we hought that our daughter Brenda, now even, was "accident-prone." She was lways the one who, filled with exitement, would run out the door and nto the yard, and then, moments later, imp back, crying, with a cut or a bruise rom a fall. It developed, in second rade, that she had been mildly nearighted. Needing glasses, she had never een quite soon enough the toy beside he steps, the board that one of her isters had left in the grass. Today, most afety experts agree that there is no uch thing as "accident-proneness." Some children are temporarily more usceptible to accidents, and usually for good reason, as in Brenda's case.

There are children, for example, who eem to have accidents after they have een punished or scolded, or in some way have suffered a loss of self-esteem. Dr. Nelson N. Foote, General Electric ndustrial sociologist, told a recent Association for the Aid of Crippled Children conference on accident research, "For many children who wonder how much they are loved, taking chances becomes a way of provoking a caring response. Sometimes the daredevil is seeking the affection of his parents, sometimes of his peers, sometimes both."

Give yourself a break. Doctors and safety experts have found that homes in which mothers pace themselves through periods of tension and stress—relaxing their standards, expecting less of themselves rather than more—are homes that avoid child accidents. Anything that reduces a mother's tensions will help prevent accidents to her children.

"To reduce the risk of accidents," says Dr. Robert J. Haggerty, chief of the Child Health Division of Children's Hospital in Boston, "be on the lookout for days when things seem to be going wrong—the onset of menses, or the catching of a cold, just when relatives are coming for dinner, or you're supposed to be playing bridge in the evening. These are times to ease up, to cut corners on the frills, to pamper yourself a little. If you're really sick, try to get some help. It may be cheaper than having an accident." (The average medical bill for each of the 186 accidents in the survey was $410.)

Doesn't it make sense? If the baby is hungry, tired and cross, and you're working against the clock in the kitchen, and *you're* hungry and tired and cross, why not slow down before someone somewhere in the house gets hurt? Give the baby a piece of bread, a cracker, a cookie—something to tide him over until you can feed him. Pick him up, and sit with him, and let him know that he's loved. Dinner and housework will fall into perspective, where they belong.

Look up, not down. It is peculiarly and beautifully true that happy homes have fewer accidents. Along with the 186 preschool children admitted to the Boston hospital for accidental injuries (four of which were fatal), the team also investigated, as a comparison group, the lives and backgrounds of 103 other preschool children in Boston—children who were not hospitalized for injuries during the study year.

The groups were similar in every aspect; yet, during the whole study year, only one child of the second group was accidentally injured—he fell and broke a leg on moving day. How do the researchers account for this group's remarkable, accident-free record? Was it more careful about mechanical hazards—medicine and matches, rusty nails and stair gates and supervision? No, it wasn't that; the hazard factor was about the same in both groups. As far as the researchers could tell, the all-important difference was that most of the homes in the second group were relaxed and happy ones—homes where a mother's love was in the air, homes with a positive, optimistic, count-your-blessings environment, homes where people *cared* about each other, not just on good days, but on bad days too; homes where children were respected as individuals; homes where, if the house just couldn't get vacuumed that day, the husband would understand.

Said Mrs. Joanna Bluestone, the team's medical researcher, "These homes had a good deal more emotional stability than the accident group."

The other day, as I was turning into our quiet, dead-end street, nine-year-old Molly, the brown-haired, blue-eyed daughter of one of our neighbors, pulled her bicycle carefully over to the side of the road, and waited for me to drive by.

I stopped. "Do you always do that when a car is coming?" I asked.

"Yes, I do," she replied.

"You sure are careful," I said.

"Yes," she nodded gravely. "Mommy and Daddy would feel very sad if I had an accident. I wouldn't want *that* to happen." Somehow, you knew it never would. Love was on her side, and wouldn't let it.

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A famous haircoloring artist tells why you should use a special colorfast shampoo if you color or lighten your hair

"The more beautiful your haircoloring, the more important it is to *keep* it beautiful," says Leslie Blanchard, Color Director for the fashionable Antoine Salon, Saks Fifth Avenue, and originator of many exciting haircoloring effects. "We use color to achieve the utmost in flattery for a woman—to play up her best features, and add life and elegance to the simplest styling.

"With haircoloring so important, naturally I like it to stay the way I design it—clear and fresh looking. I don't want to see it turn cloudy or change after a shampoo or two."

Mr. Blanchard explains how he handles this important shampoo problem: "Now we have a very special answer in Clairol Shampoo. It's special because it's colorfast—that is, it won't change hair color."

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THE SPOTLIGHT SHIFTS IN WASHINGTON

A new First Lady moves to center stage.

The evolution of the role of First Lady in America during the past half century has been, in its way, almost as dramatic and sweeping as the expansion of the role of the Chief Executive. Regardless of how much distaste the First Lady may possess for public life, her role can no longer be a private one; she acquires indirect power when her husband takes the oath of office as President of the United States. This power or influence, a complex and delicate mixture of various social, political and moral forces, bears upon nearly every important situation and tradition in our national life. Of one of the two ladies pictured above, we know quite a lot. Her grace and charm as a White House hostess, her quiet pride in her family life, and her heroism in the face of a senseless tragedy have been brought to Americans in hundreds of pictures and articles. We know less of the wife of President Johnson. In the pages that follow, *Ladies' Home Journal* presents a warm and human report of an exclusive White House visit made by Katie Louchheim, a longtime friend of the new First Lady, shortly after Mrs. Johnson moved into the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Louchheim is well qualified for this assignment since, in addition to her acquaintance with Mrs. Johnson, she is a familiar figure on the capital scene. Now a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State—the highest rank ever achieved by a woman in that department—she is a former Vice Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. This magazine is also proud to publish (on Page 58) a poignant and remarkable personal essay on Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy by Katherine Anne Porter, one of America's most distinguished writers. We feel that Miss Porter's essay of appreciation is one of the most eloquent and moving tributes ever to appear in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

BY KATIE LOUCHHEIM

HER INTEREST IS PEOPLE

Mrs. Johnson believes women can do much to relieve ills of mankind.

Claudia Alta Johnson is unique. As a longtime friend, I am certain that, for her, every human being is important. Shortly after the Johnsons moved into the White House, the First Lady and I talked of the continuity of her interests, and of the future. We were in the family living room. Yellow roses, barely opened, stood on the small table before us. Pale-yellow slipcovers, soft chintz and the jewel tones of a small Persian rug complemented the mahogany pieces of the Federal period.

By the desk, Mrs. Johnson had hung a colored photograph of the late Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. We talked of the birthday parties she used to give him, inviting all the children of the Texas delegation. Mr. Sam would say, "This is the nicest thing anyone ever did for me," and he never missed an opportunity to praise Lady Bird Johnson.

I remember sitting with Mr. Sam in the drawing room of Washington's F Street Club, in 1955. Lady Bird, accompanied by her husband, then majority leader of the Senate, had just appeared in the doorway. There was a flurry. High-ranking officials began pushing past lesser notables. The Speaker pronounced judgment, punctuating his remarks with a forefinger: "That is the greatest woman I've ever known," he said. "She's good and she's kind. She hasn't a mean thought, and she's got more sense than most men. The smartest thing Lyndon ever did was to marry her. He's just lucky."

Speaker Rayburn was right. In Washington, a city where every talent is suspect and every drawing room crowded with critics, witnesses to the First Lady's social assets vie with one another to describe them. "She is indefatigable. How does she always manage to be gracious, act as if she wasn't bored, look as if she never tires?" says a friend who campaigned with her in 1960. "She manages so well," explains the wife of a Presidential aide, "because she is self-disciplined and possesses a natural reserve of energy. The two together make it possible for her to use this energy effectively and do so many things so well in so little time."

But the real reason, I suspect, is that her first love is people. Four-H clubbers, grassroots politicians, Nobel Prizewinners, eggheads—the First Lady is people-oriented. It would be difficult for her to pretend that sort of thing. Washington is small-town. Gossip takes the place of parlor games, hypocrisy is passed with the canapés. People who wear masks in public are quickly exposed. Anyone who has been in public life for 27 years, as Lady Bird has, has been tested many times and dissected at every dinner table. The First Lady always emerges with her legendary reputation for sincerity intact, because she is real, she is natural, and she is consistently honest with herself. Even Washington cannot alter those ingredients of character. Lady Bird, as her intimates can attest, has only one face.

What is she made of? Why, when one describes her to strangers, does she sound almost too perfect? How can she manage to keep every woman friend and yet make men describe her as beguiling?

Self-discipline, the kind that comes with responsibilities, is only part of the answer. A deep religious sense is another part. When the President was stricken with his serious heart attack in 1955 and it was touch and go whether he would recover, friends who knew of her dedicated faith gave her a cross to keep by her side during her lonely night vigil.

"She has great inner strength," says former Congressman Homer Thornberry (now a judge), perhaps the closest friend the President and his wife have. "An ordinary woman would go to pieces under stress, but not Bird. Her children are remarkable; they will do all right in the White House, because she taught them early on how to deal with problems of public life. And she has such good judgment. The President and I will be discussing some problem and he will say: 'Let's ask Bird.' We'd discover she already had all the facts and had made up her mind."

Inner strength is most often a virtue allotted to men. So are good judgment and the reasoned reply based on knowledge of facts. It would never do for a well-bred Southern lady to admit to possession of the tools of the intellect. Lady Bird's deceptively feminine demeanor serves as a suitable disguise for a woman of stature and substance.

Men find her beguiling because she is at once a good conversationalist and a better listener—a difficult and little-practiced art.

Women friends, on both sides of the political aisle, are devoted because she has never lost kinship with them. The highly competitive biographical market has been flooded with anecdotes that invariably begin: "She was so kind, she wrote to me, she came to see me, she rescued us."

My own files contain letters from the President and Mrs. Johnson, all full of warm friendship.

In the fall of 1960, the Vice Presidential candidate called late one evening to ask me please to go "campaigning with Bird." The hour and the personal request were both typical.

Of course I went, and watched with admiration Mrs. Johnson's increasingly successful struggle to master her shyness. "Thousands of barbecues and hundreds of speeches helped," and she adds, "Lyndon expects a lot of me and so I've learned not to be afraid anymore."

Despite her own protests to the contrary, the First Lady is by disposition, experience and inclination what President Lyndon Johnson calls a "can-do" woman.

What can and will she do as First Lady?

She will do the routine jobs expertly. She has graduated with honors from more receiving lines, charity bazaars, ladies' lunches and head-table endurance contests than any of her predecessors. Her expression is naturally alert, and she is modest without being self-conscious. She suffers fools cheerfully. She admits that she doesn't bore easily, and she never complains of her feet.

Acting as the late President's hostess on occasions when Mrs. Kennedy could not be present, seated between visiting dignitaries who spoke no English, she plowed right in with the same intelligent enthusiasm and dependable charm that helped elect her husband to the House and then to the Senate.

But Mrs. Johnson is also an innovator. Before taking off with the Vice President on his goodwill missions, the State Department, at her request, prepared lists of important women in the countries she was about to visit. Her schedule, separate from the Vice President's, always included visits with women "doers"—doctors, journalists, scientists, social workers, senators, judges—and stops at whatever projects they had evolved in their efforts to eradicate the various ills of mankind.

In the fall of 1962, after Mrs. Johnson's trip to Greece, our Ambassador's wife, Eve Labouisse, wrote describing her visits to urban community centers, day nurseries for children of working mothers, farm schools for boys and handicraft centers. "These meetings were not formal in character and their objective was personal contact and interesting *(Continued on page 126)*

Mrs. Johnson with daughters Lynda (center) and Lucy in former Washington h

BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

HER LEGEND WILL LIVE

The nation cherishes two memories of Jacqueline Kennedy—the lovely look of vita

I saw Mrs. Kennedy only twice—first, at the Inaugural Ball in the Armory in Washington; second, at the dinner in honor of the Nobel Prizewinners, in the White House. In each of these glimpses she looked like all her photographs, those endless hundreds of images of her cast on screens and printed pages everywhere through the short, brilliant years of her public career beside her husband; only, in breathing life she was younger, more tender and beautiful. She had the most generous and innocent smile in the world, and her wide-set eyes really lighted up when she spoke to her guests. Old-fashioned character readers of faces believed that this breadth between the eyes was the infallible sign of a confiding, believing nature, one not given to suspicions or distrust of the motives of others. It might very well be true. On account of this feature, a girl reporter described her as resembling a lioness. I do not think she resembles a lioness in the least, but I am ready to say she is lionhearted. A merrier, sweeter face than hers never dawned upon the official Washington scene—so poxed with hard-bitten visages, male and female, that bring joy to nobody—but even the swiftest of first glances could not mistake it for a weak face. It was and is full of strong character and tragic seriousness lying not quite dormant just under the surface, waiting for the Furies to announce themselves.

Certain members of her family, and long-time friends surmised these latencies, but could not name them—someone of them called her a "worrier." This is obviously not the word to name her special kind of hand-to-hand immediate concentration on the varied demands and emergencies of her days all through her life as we have known it—which may be called the ordeal by camera—but it is easy to see how a bystander, no matter how near the relationship, might misread her, never having seen in action the austerity, the reserve force and the spiritual discipline which no one expects in so young a creature. There had not been any occasion sufficient to call them out. She had been such a fashionable sort of young girl, brought up in the most conventional way: the good schools, the travel, the accomplishments and sports, the prepared social life. The whole surface was smooth as satin; she even wore clothes almost too well, a little too near the professional model. But she outgrew this quickly and was becoming truly elegant at an unusually early age. She had the mistaken daydream that many very nice girls do have, that to be a newspaper reporter and go about pointing cameras at perfect strangers was a romantic adventure. She got over this speedily too, and became herself the target of every passing camera and every eager beaver of a reporter who could get near her. And what a record they gave us of a life lived hourly in love with joy, yet with every duty done and every demand fulfilled: nothing overlooked or neglected.

Remember that veiled head going in and out of how many churches, to and from how many hospitals and institutions and official functions without number: that endless procession of newly sprung potentates to entertain royally! And always her splendid outdoor life—water-skiing with Caroline, both their faces serenely happy, fearless; driving a pony cart full of Kennedy children, the infant John John on her lap; going head-first off that hunter at the rail fence, and in perfect form too, her face perhaps not exactly merry, but calm, undismayed. An expert, trained fall that was; one would have to ride a horse to know how good it was, and what a superb rider Mrs. Kennedy is. There is another snapshot of her going at a fine stride on her beautiful horse; and always that lovely look of quiet rapture in her high-spirited, high-stepping play. She never seemed happier than when swimming or skating or water-skiing, or sailing, or riding, or playing with her children. Who will forget the pictures of her in sopping-wet slacks, bare feet, tangled hair, blissful smile, on the beach; with her husband near-by, rolling in the sand, holding Caroline, still in her baby-fat stage, at arm's length above him?

All of us heard, I'm sure, some lively stories of the pitched battles of early marriage, and there were dire predictions that little good would come of it. Nonsense! What would you expect of two high-strung, keen-witted, intensely conscious and gifted people deeply in love and both of them with notions of their own about almost everything? It was not in the stars for that pair to sink gently into each other's arms in a soft corner, murmuring a note of music in perfect key. It seems to have been a good, fair, running argument in the open—heaven knows there was no place for them to hide; eyes, ears and cameras were everywhere by then—and we know that things were coming out well. We could see it in their expressions as time ran on, and the cameras intercepted their glances at each other, saw them off guard at moments of greeting, of parting, their clasped hands as they came out of the hospital after Patrick was born—anybody could see that the marriage was growing into something grand and final, fateful and tragic, with birth and death and love in it at every step. Their lives were uniting, meshing firmly in the incessant uproar and confusions of the most incredibly complicated situation imaginable. But they were young, they were where they wanted to be, they loved what they were doing and felt up to it; and they dealt every day, together, in their quite different ways, supporting and balancing each other, with a world in such disorder and in the presence of such danger, international and domestic, as we have not seen since Hitler's time. And the entertainments, the music, the dancing, the feasting—there hasn't been such a born giver of feasts in the White House, a First Lady who recognized that a good part of her duties were social, since Dolley Madi-

nd rapture when with her family, and the final stately dignity shown to the world at the terrible farewell.

son. Mrs. Kennedy had the womanly knack of making even dull parties appear to be pleasures. But the manner of the President and his wife to each other was always simple, courteous and loving, without gestures, without trying. It was a pleasant thing to see, and I began to be grateful for those swarming pestiferous cameras that could show me such reassuring steadfastness with such grace and goodness.

The only moment of uneasiness I ever saw in Mrs. Kennedy's pictured face was at the first showing of the Mona Lisa in Washington, when somebody concerned in the arrangements did something awkward, I forget what; she looked distressed. We know now she was expecting her fifth child, five within a period of little more than seven years: she had already lost two, and was to lose Patrick. Every child had cost her a major operation or a serious illness. This is real suffering, and yet she ceded nothing to the natural pains of women, but bore her afflictions as part of her human lot, rose and went about her life again.

I remember so vividly how she looked at the Inaugural Ball. In that vast place more fit for horse shows than balls, the stalls where we sat were railed in with raw pine, champagne was chilled in large zinc buckets such as they water horses in at country race tracks; there were miles and miles of droopy draperies and a lot of flags, and a quite impressive display of jewels and furs and seriously expensive-looking clothes. Also we listened to a peculiarly pointless program of popular songs: first, the *Sidewalks of New York* kind of stuff, then Negro jazz, not the best of its kind either; besides two or three bloodcurdling little ditties dedicated to Mrs. Kennedy; and I believe, I am not certain, that they were sung and played by the composers, young women who should have been warned off. It was acutely embarrassing; and altogether it was the oddest mixture of international grandeur and the tackiest little county fair you ever saw. I love county fairs, and I love grand occasions; but I don't like them mixed. So I remarked on the spot —still having the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in mind's eye—that we would never, it was clear, as a nation, learn how properly to conduct our ceremonial events.

The taking of the oath, outdoors in January, if you please, had been a series of *gaffes*. But that was over, and the young First Lady came to the big Ball at the Armory, one of five or six, I believe, going on all over town, and sat there in her white gown, motionless as a rose on its stem, watching her husband adoringly. She went away early, for John John had been born seven weeks before.

Later, by a year or more maybe, at the dinner given in the White House for the various Nobel Prizewinners, and runners-up, we were having cocktails in the East Room, and I saw and greeted all sorts of delightful old acquaintances I hadn't seen for 20 years and may never see again—I seem nearly always to be somewhere else! —when the strains of *Hail to the Chief* gave us the cue to set down our glasses and turn toward the great door. There was no roll of drums, no silver-trumpet fanfare, no; just a wistful, rather wiggly little tune, very appealing and sweet, and there stood the President and Mrs. Kennedy before us, amiable and so good-looking and so confident, with all the life and all the world before them, and why should it ever end? Very happily and easily we formed a long line and went past them shaking their hands lightly —think of all the hands they had to shake every day!—and then we went on to dinner and a merry party afterward, and it was all so gentle, and reassuring, in that lovely house, so well done and so easy.

Atmosphere, tone, are very elusive things in a house, and they depend entirely on the persons who live there....The White House that evening was a most happy place to be, and I shall never see it again, for I wish to remember it as it was then. What style they had, those young people! And what looks....

Then I went to Europe and came back a year later, on All Souls' Eve, to Washington. And now I am writing this, on the 22nd of December 1963, on the day of the Month's Mind Mass, and the memorial lighting of candles at the Lincoln Memorial. The perpetual light that Mrs. Kennedy set at the President's grave can be seen from almost any point in this city. This light is only one of the many things Mrs. Kennedy asked for and received during that night of November 22.

I have a dear friend whose beloved wife died not long ago, and he wrote me an account of her going away, and he said: "I never heard of, or imagined, such an admirable performance!" I knew exactly what he meant, and within a few days I witnessed Mrs. Kennedy's performance, at the great crisis of her life, and it was flawless, and entirely admirable; I have no words good enough to praise it. The firmness with which she refused to leave the body of her husband, keeping her long vigil beside him, but not idly, not in tears, planning and arranging for his burial to the last detail. What relentless will she showed, fending off the officious sympathy of all those necessary persons who swarm about tragic occasions, each anxious to be of service, true, but all too ready to manage and meddle. She refused to be cheated of her right to this most terrible moment of her life, this long torment of farewell and relinquishment, of her wish to be conscious of every moment of her suffering: and this endurance did not fail her to the very end, and beyond, and will not fail her.

What I think of now is the gradual change in that lovely face through the fiercely shattering years when she and her husband raced like twin rockets to their blinding personal disaster which involved a whole world. Among the last pictures I remember is Mrs. Kennedy as she stood with her two children in the cold light of a late-fall day—and you don't have such perfectly well-behaved children at their age unless you have known how to love them and discipline them!—watching the President's coffin being carried from the White House on its way to the Rotunda. She stood there staring a little sidelong, as if she could not dare to look directly. The first shock was over, that head-on collision with death in one of its most wasteful and senseless forms had taken place without warning, as it always does, but the dazed blind look was gone from her eyes, replaced by a look of the full knowledge of the nature of Evil, its power and its bestial imbecility. She stared with dawning anger in her eyes, in the set of her mouth, yet with the deepest expression of grief I have ever seen, a total anguish of desolation, but proud, severe, implacable.

No one who witnessed that three-day funeral service, in presence or by screen, can ever say again that we, as a nation, cannot properly conduct the ceremonies of our state. We have been well taught. ■

Big business has no monopoly on the long-range plan. Well-dressed women invariably look ahead, plan ahead for all fashion contingencies. Some clothes have built-in long-range plans. Consider the fashions on these six pages. Right now they give your wardrobe a glorious new spring feeling. Later on, undoubtedly, they'll settle in as your all-season favorites, having weathered not only spring but most of summer too. Here: A sensational starting point for a long-range plan, in red-and-white-striped cotton velours, navy-banded at cuffs and neck, to wear now, later, indoors, outdoors, on city streets or summer beaches. S.M.L., $9, by Catalina. This long pullover will see you through

THE LONG PULL

This well-checked trio—a suit and two dresses that skim the figure—is walking into your life right now, will march along with you from March through June, can catch up with you again after summer ends and fall begins. In the long run they all have what it takes for The Long Pull. Far left: Butterscotch-and-white suit of spun rayon. 8–16, $59.98, by Handmacher-Vogel. Jane Irwill white turtleneck of Du Pont Orlon. White fake alligator bag, Roger Van S. Left: Black-and-white double-buttoned check dress of J. P. Stevens worsted wool. 6–16, $45, by Sloat. Black straw hat, by Betmar. Right: Black-and-white dress of sheer worsted wool crepe, with white cotton organdy collar. 6–16, $29.95, by Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl. Roller by Adolpho. Crocheted gloves by American Astral.

This black-and-white polka-dot long-sleeved shirt has a strong pull for The Long Pull. Wear it tucked in or over a skirt, pants or shorts. Let it peek out of a pretty suit jacket. Black polka dots dance on airy white Arnel crepe, through the long, lazy days of summer. 8–16, $20, by Toni Owen for Owen-Morgan.

In red and white, this pin dot long-sleeved blouse is ruffled and ready for The Long Pull. Wear it with a skirt or pants, or try it under a suit jacket and let the ruffles show. White pin dots on red silk surrah, 6–16, $25, by Sylvia De Gay for Robert Sloan. For shopping information, see page 125.

BEAUTY AN EYE TO SPRING

Before you, a simple set of clues to help send the

Now is the time—while March winds still blow—to take a long, searching look in your mirror. Now is the time to assess winter havoc and to act—to bring your skin, your hair, your figure, your whole self-image into prime spring condition. When that first day of spring arrives (it's closer than you think—March 20), look again, and see a new prettier version of you. Now, a multitude of easy ways to dewinterize:

Start at the top: Hair that's been lashed close to your head all winter by scarves and woolly caps needs air and exercise. Take action with two hairbrushes used simultaneously (good for circulation). And remember, the strokes that count are the ones that start at the scalp, glide down to polish the full length of the hair. After a few days, you'll notice that your hair will have more gumption and bounce, and gone will be the static electricity (a side effect of winter's cold-outside, warm-inside climate) that interferes with a new spring hairdo. And notice the wonderful new sheen.

If a close look at your hair reveals a tired, run-down condition, then shampoo with Ogilvie's new Conditioning Shampoo with Protein. It will improve your hair's health and protect it against further damage (protein is to hair what starch is to shirts). If you're shedding more than a normal amount of dandruff, then search out Head and Shoulders Shampoo. It makes dandruff disappear, doesn't leave hair limp and tired out. Hair, incidentally, is taking a new turn for spring. The oracles report it will be shorter ("flatter in back but still high at the crown," says Monti). Enrico Caruso sees the layered cut returning ("more flattering to an over-thirty face"), and Kenneth sees prettier hairdos (some short, some long), even curls, in your 1964 hair-oscope. And take note, since even the prettiest hairdo is subject to maintenance: The new Rayette home hair dryer dries long hair in 20–30 minutes, short hair in 10–15 minutes. And it's portable. You can take it with you on a trip.

And everyone is seeing red—light and blondish—it's the newest tint shade. Clairol makes it easy. They have four different ways to add it to your own hair so that you can consider red hair as a passing fancy or a permanent acquisition. The shade scale is unlimited—you, or you and your hairdresser, decide on the color. Helene Curtis has a new product aptly named Bright Idea—it's a styling lotion and color pepper-upper, all in one. And for another spring lift: Helene Curtis's Tender Touch, a salon permanent which maintains the proper moisture balance in your hair, gives a remarkably shiny, lustrous result even to normally dry hair. And, of course, it goes without saying that it leaves behind superb body (all the better to hold on to your new spring hair style).

Spring makeup offers you both a new color scheme and surface for your complexion. The look and finish are moist, as produced naturally by a walk in the mist, and the skin tones are fair with a taste of honey. Rouge, known by almost any other name (look for Bloom, Blush-On, Pastel Tint, etc.), adds a fresh wash of color and delineation to your face. Speaking of your face, Helene Curtis has a new protein lotion—Magic Secret—that smooths away lines and wrinkles. Each application lasts about eight hours. To augment your top eyelashes, use a textured mascara like Max Factor's Lash Full. Use pale gray or beige eye shadow to shape the eye, and where the eyebrow peaks, underline it with white liner or shadow. Lipsticks are blooming in new peachy and pink colors. You might try Helena Rubinstein's World's Fairest Peach, Elizabeth Arden's Wild Pink.

Because it's your complexion that has faced up to all kinds of wintry weather in a virtually unprotected state (next year we're going to plump for a winter-weight makeup), it is certainly deserving of a program that will help it appear re-

BY DOROTHY ANNE ROBINSON
BEAUTY EDITOR

inter-weary beauty on her way toward a sensational comeback this spring.

freshed and glowing for spring. Start a nightly routine with a rich lotion or cream. The new ones disappear even before you turn out the lights—no grease, no glare. Elizabeth Arden's Liquid Night Cream, Alexandra de Markoff's Allevia, Charles of the Ritz's Special Formula Concentrate are excellent choices to be considered.

Winter takes its toll of other skin areas too. Your neck, for example, is probably rough and discolored from coat-collar rub. (Estée Lauder's Throat Creme will restore it to smooth, velvety low-neckline condition.) Your entire body skin is undoubtedly thirsty for oils and lotions. (Try Softique; or, if you have extra-dry skin, call for Polyderm Bath Oil for Dry Skin.) Wintry chapped hands can be made as smooth as kid gloves with Scandia's Polished Hands. Pretty Feet erases pump bumps and winter boot rubs on the backs of your calves.

Unless you're a dedicated skier, you've probably missed your outdoor exercise these last few months. But if you hate the 1-2-3 bends, why not consider a Relaxacizor—it inches you away while you watch the telly or read. For do-it-yourselfers, Debbie Drake has a new flower-printed Fitness Mat that comes with its own special exercise booklet. You should see results in 10 days.

HAIR STYLE BY MONTI PHOTOGRAPH BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

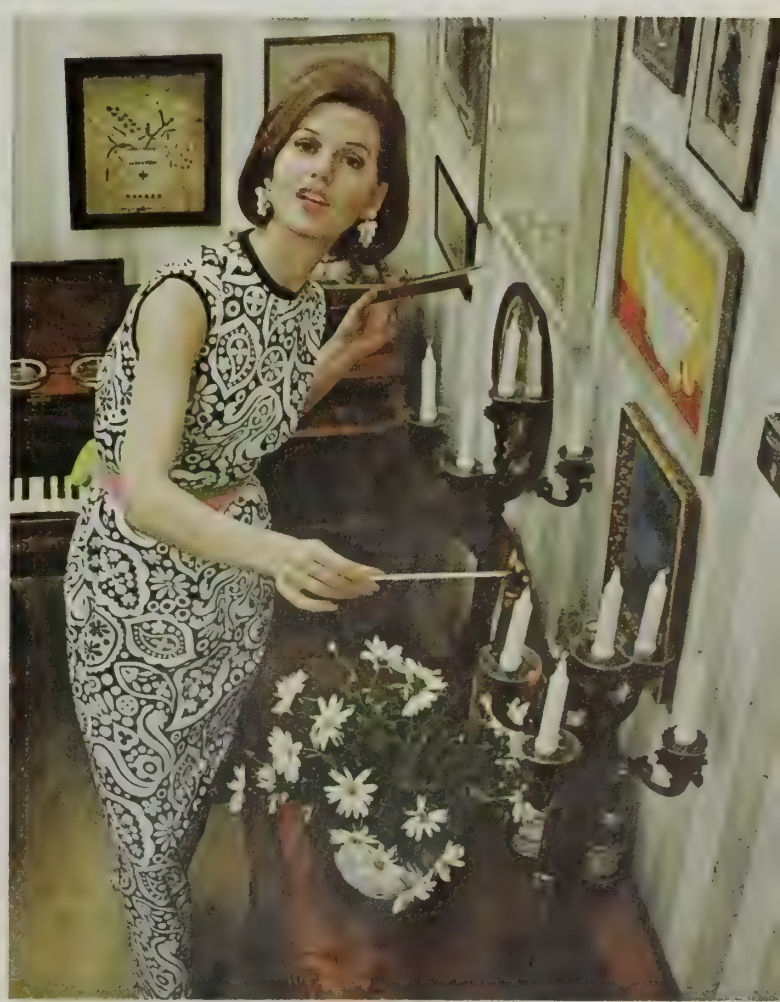
"When I'm not working, I like to paint, read Russian novels—Tolstoy is my favorite. I love candles and flowers and things like that. I love delicate French furniture. I love long at-home skirts and evening clothes and a special hairdo to go with each outfit. As much as I love to wear dungarees, I think there's a time and place for them (the country). I'm a fiend for vibrant colors and bright prints."

BY NORA O'LEARY PATTERN EDITOR

PATTERN FOR LIVING: CITY

We took one pattern, made it up twice, for two different people, two different ways of life.

JUST TO PROVE how versatile a pattern can be, we asked two beautiful young women—one single and living in New York City, one married and living in a New York suburb—to join us in a delightful experiment: First we studied each young woman's habits and habitat, then we cut the fashion pattern (twice) to fit the life pattern—each in entirely different fabrics and colors. The pattern we chose (Vogue 6208) creates a whole little capsule wardrobe of interchangeable parts: a suit, a shirt, a shell top, an evening skirt and pants. Now, on these two pages, meet our first beautiful experimenter: Anne Snyder of Philadelphia, a green-eyed fashion model with a model figure—tall (5 feet 8½), sleek but not skinny. For the last two years Anne has been living and working in New York City, which she dearly loves, particularly for its fabled conveniences: "There seems to be something for everyone and a store for everything." Since the mainstream of Anne's life at the moment is her modeling career, we planned her wardrobe for the sophisticated life she leads both on and off the job. For getting to and from appointments (opposite), a black silk linen cardigan suit by Couleur, with a bright-pink Dacron shantung shirt (Anne's favorite color) by Crown. We matched the suit skirt with a shell top for a two-piece-dress effect (Anne, above, reading). For a lounging-around-the-house outfit (above, at easel), the pink shirt again with green pants in silk linen. And an extra: an apron of a brilliant cotton print by Stehli. For at-home entertaining (right), the shell again, with matching evening skirt, of a bold black-and-white cotton print by Tiger. We added two more extras to Anne's wardrobe: Mobcaps to cover rollers (models often wear rollers to work), one to match black-and-white shell (posing with camera), the other, to match pink shirt (with Eileen Ford, head of the Ford Model Agency).



"I love candles when I entertain. I'm a romantic at heart."

I think every woman is conscious of her appearance. I think that every model is acutely conscious of her appearance. It becomes a habit."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO

"I love to shop—for food, for clothes, for almost anything. I usually plop Tracy in her stroller and take her right alo

"I'm very sports-clothes centered. I own lots of bulky sweaters and pants and things like that. I like to wear pants around the house. Blue and green have always been my favorite colors. I think I own one cocktail dress. I always take time out to get dressed up when Dick gets home. He notices. Dick loves sports cars. We're on our third Porsche. Tracy keeps me very busy. I take her to the playground every morning, sit and gab until noon with the other mothers, then I go home to give Tracy her lunch. While she naps, I do all the little odds and ends of housekeeping. I'd love to have three or four children."

PATTERN FOR LIVING: COUNTRY

This time we cut the pattern to fit a more casual, less cosmopolitan way of life.

"I like informal buffet suppers."

HERE, MEET THE same pattern you just read about on the previous pages, patterned to a new environment, a new personality. This time, the beautiful experimenter is Gail Jacoby, a brown-eyed, strawberry blonde, country wife. She lives with her husband Dick, a junior bank executive, and her two-year-old daughter Tracy, in a quiet suburb near New York City. It's the kind of informal living Gail has grown up with and thoroughly enjoys. To meet the requirements of Gail's daily day, we planned a wardrobe that is flexible enough to cover a range of activities from quite casual to quite formal. For a local shopping trip or lunch with friends (opposite), we made the cardigan suit this time in a rich bright-blue silk duppioni by Couleur—with it, a shell top of blue-and-white striped cotton double-knit by Heller. For rush trips to the station to meet Dick's trains, we added a matching mobcap to cover all hair emergencies. We sent the suit to the city (above, inspecting sports cars) with a white shirt of Dacron shantung by Crown, then removed the jacket (above, feeding Tracy) for a country skirt and shirt look. For Gail's busy day at home we combined the blue-and-white-striped shell with pants of matching blue (above, baking a cake with Tracy), added a hairband in the shell fabric as an extra dividend. For formal at-home evenings (right), we made a long evening skirt and matching shell top in a silk taffeta print by Gourdon. For less formal entertaining (above) we combined the white shirt and the long skirt.

"When I entertain quite formally, I like to give small, intimate sit-down dinner parties."

SEE PAGE 125 FOR BACK VIEWS AND ACCESSORY INFORMATION.

DEEP SEA DELICACIES

No need for

diet doldrums during Lent; the sea around us is full of high adventure for the palate.

There's no longer any reason to dread mealtime monotony during Lent. Many delectable varieties of fresh, canned and frozen seafood are now available all over the country. Even if you live hundreds of miles from the sea, you can now eat from it gourmet style. Here, eight stimulating seafood dishes for family dining or entertaining—each with its own distinctive flavor and texture. Clockwise from left: Baked Sea Bass, stuffed with herbed crumbs and raisins; Seafood Normandy, a classic shellfish thermidor; Broiled Lobster, filled with buttered almonds; Oriental Butterfly Shrimp, with sweet-sour Flower Drum Sauce; Bouillabaisse, a hearty fish stew; Coquilles St. Jacques, scallops and mushrooms with Parmesan; Mussels Marinière, steamed in the French manner; Barbecued Salmon Steaks with avocado butter. These recipes can be found on following page.

BY ELAINE WARD-HANNA FOOD EDITOR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY RIES

BAKED RAISIN-STUFFED SEA BASS

1 whole sea bass (3–4-lb.), or red snapper, or blue fish, or striped bass
2 cups toasted fresh white bread crumbs
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped celery
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
½ teaspoon marjoram
½ cup raisins
3 strips salt pork or bacon

Sauce:
3 tablespoons blanched shaved almonds
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Garnish:
Lime slices
Cucumber slices
Parsley

(1) Have the fish boned for stuffing (the head may be removed if you prefer). Leave on the tail. Sprinkle cavity with a little salt and pepper. (2) For the stuffing, mix together all ingredients except the salt pork or bacon. Stuff the fish and secure the edges together with needle and thread. Place the fish in a lightly greased baking pan, and top with strips of salt pork or bacon. Or, if you prefer, dot with a little butter or margarine. (3) Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., allowing about 14 minutes to the pound, basting occasionally with pan drippings. (4) When fish is tender it will flake with a fork. Transfer to a hot platter and remove the salt pork. Keep warm. (5) In a small saucepan, sauté the almonds in the butter or margarine until lightly golden. Stir in lemon juice and parsley and pour over the fish. Garnish with lime slices, cucumber slices and parsley. Makes 6 servings.

SEAFOOD NORMANDY

3 (1–1½-lb.) lobsters or 3–4 lbs. frozen lobster tails
1 lb. shrimp, cleaned and deveined, fresh or frozen
1 tablespoon shrimp spice
1 can (7½-oz.) Alaska king crab meat
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
1 cup light cream
½ cup milk
3 tablespoons tomato paste
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon garlic salt
Few drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning
Pinch saffron shreds
Pinch curry powder
Pinch ginger
2 tablespoons brandy
1 tablespoon sherry
Hot, cooked rice

(1) Cook lobsters or lobster tails in boiling salted water to cover for 10–12 minutes. Split, crack claws, remove all meat and cut into bite-sized pieces. (2) Cook shrimp in boiling salted water with shrimp spice added, just 2–3 minutes, until they begin to turn color. Do not overcook. Strain broth and reserve. (3) Drain crab meat and cut into bite-sized pieces. (4) For the sauce, melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet. Stir in the flour and slowly blend in 1¼ cups reserved shrimp stock, the cream and the milk. (5) Add the tomato paste and seasonings. Cook and stir over low heat until sauce is smooth and thickened. Add the brandy and sherry and heat a few more minutes. (6) Add lobster meat, shrimp and crabmeat and cook gently until heated through. Serve with rice. Makes 6 servings.

BROILED LOBSTER WITH ALMOND STUFFING

8 live 1½-lb. lobsters
2 quarts soft white bread crumbs
2⅔ cups chopped blanched almonds
1 cup butter or margarine
2 large cloves garlic, crushed
¼ teaspoon liquid hot-pepper seasoning
1½ teaspoons dried tarragon
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup tomalley and all the coral, mashed and mixed (optional)
— — — — —
Melted butter or margarine for broiling and basting

(1)Have lobsters split and claws cracked. Remove green tomalleys and coral and save. Wash lobsters well and remove intestines (black threads). (2) Prepare stuffing by sautéing crumbs and almonds in butter or margarine until golden brown, stirring and turning often. Add the rest of the ingredients. (3) Place lobsters on broiling pan, shell side down, and brush with melted butter or margarine. Broil about 6 inches from the heat for 10 minutes, basting frequently with melted butter or margarine. (4) Fill lobsters with stuffing and place under broiler again just long enough to brown lightly. Serve with melted butter or margarine, sautéed potato balls or frozen tiny potato bites, lemon wedges and watercress. Makes 8 servings.

BUTTERFLY SHRIMP WITH FLOWER DRUM SAUCE

2 lbs. large shrimp, fresh or frozen (with tails on if possible)
2 eggs
3 tablespoons water
1 lb. bacon, cut in thirds
Cooking oil for frying
1 tablespoon brandy or sherry

Sauce:
2 cups water
1 cup catsup
2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons cooking oil
1 lemon slice
1 tablespoon ground almonds
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
— — — — —
3 cups shredded lettuce

(1) Remove shell and intestinal vein from shrimp. "Butterfly" the shrimp by cutting down halfway through the shrimp lengthwise along the vein line on the outer edge. Flatten shrimp out. (2) Beat the eggs slightly with the water. Place a bacon piece on cut side of each shrimp and dig into egg mixture. Drain slightly. (3) When all shrimp are prepared, fry a few at a time, bacon side down, in enough hot oil to cover the bottom of a large skillet. Cook over high heat until shrimp begin to turn pink, 3–4 minutes. Sprinkle a little sherry or brandy on top of each shrimp. Cover and cook a few minutes more until shrimp are tender. Drain on paper towels. Keep warm while you cook remaining shrimp. (4) Sauce may be prepared ahead, and reheated before serving. In a saucepan, mix all ingredients except cornstarch. Bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes. (5) Mix cornstarch with a little cold water and stir into mixture. Cook and stir until sauce is thickened and flavors are blended, about 10 minutes. Strain. (6) To serve, arrange lettuce in a heated serving dish. Place shrimp on top, with tails upward. Cover, so shrimp stays hot while serving. Pass sauce separately. Makes 4–6 servings.

Recipe courtesy of Flower Drum Restaurant, 856 Second Avenue, New York City.

BOUILLABAISSE

3 fillets flounder or haddock, fresh or frozen
1¼ lbs. shrimp, shelled and deveined, fresh or frozen
1¼ lbs. scallops, fresh or frozen
2 dozen mussels (optional)
4 (1½-lb.) lobsters, split and cleaned
2 cups chopped onion
1½ cups chopped celery
2–3 cloves garlic, crushed
½ cup olive or cooking oil
½ cup chopped parsley
2 (1-lb.-4-oz.) cans tomatoes
3 cups beef stock or 2 cups beef stock and 1 cup sauterne
1 tablespoon salt
¾ teaspoon thyme
¾ teaspoon paprika
¾ teaspoon saffron shreds
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
½ teaspoon ground fennel
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper

(1) Put flounder or haddock in top of a double boiler (add no liquid to the fish); cover and cook until fish is white and firm. Cool. (2) Meanwhile, sauté the onion, celery and garlic in the oil in a heavy kettle until lightly browned. (3) Add parsley, tomatoes, beef stock and wine. Season with salt, thyme, paprika, saffron, monosodium glutamate, fennel and cayenne. Bring to a boil. (4) Put in the shrimp, scallops, mussels if you wish, and the lobsters with the tails and claws separated. Cover and simmer half an hour. (5) Take out the lobsters. Remove lobster meat from shells and return meat to kettle. (6) Break flounder or haddock into bite-sized pieces and add with their juice. Bring to a boil and serve in bowls. Pass hot, buttered French bread if you like. Makes 8 servings.

COQUILLES ST. JACQUES

1 lb. scallops, fresh or frozen
1 lb. mushrooms, sliced
5 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup dry white wine or fish stock
¼ teaspoon thyme
1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup light cream
¾ cup buttered soft white bread crumbs
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Thaw scallops if frozen. Cut large ones in quarters. (2) Sauté mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Stir in lemon juice and set aside. (3) In a pan, combine wine, thyme, bay leaf, salt, pepper and scallops. Bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer 10 minutes. Drain and reserve 1 cup of the broth. (4) Make a cream sauce with remaining 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, flour, reserved scallop broth and cream. Cook until smooth and thickened, do not boil. (5) Add scallops and mushroom mixture to sauce. Spoon into 6 scallop shells and top with buttered crumbs. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., until crumbs are golden, about 10 minutes. Makes 6 servings. This recipe may be prepared ahead, refrigerated, then heated at serving time.

MUSSELS MARINIÈRE

4 lbs. mussels
2 onions chopped
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 stalks celery chopped fine
¾ cup butter or margarine
1 cup water or dry white wine or half water, half wine
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice

(1) Wash and scrub the mussels and debeard them (remove vegetation from shell). (2) Sauté the onions, garlic and celery in 6 tablespoons butter or margarine in a large kettle. (3) Lay the mussels on top. Add the water or part water and wine. Season with the salt and pepper and 2 tablespoons parsley. Add 2 more tablespoons butter or margarine. (4) Cover tightly and steam until the shells open. Do not overcook; they are done when the shells open. (5) Using a slotted spoon, transfer mussels to a soup tureen or a bowl and sprinkle with 2 tablespoons parsley. Cover with lid or napkin. (6) Add lemon juice and ¼ cup butter or margarine to the broth in the kettle. Boil to reduce a little and strain. (7) Serve the broth in small dishes and dip mussels into broth as you would steamed clams—or pour broth over mussels and serve in large, flat soup dishes. Pass hot buttered French bread. Makes 4 servings.

BARBECUED SALMON STEAKS WITH AVOCADO BUTTER

6 salmon steaks (about 3 lbs.), fresh or frozen; or swordfish or halibut steaks

Marinade:
1 cup cooking oil
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons barbecue spice
¼ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon pepper

Avocado Butter:
½ cup softened butter or margarine
¼ cup mashed avocado
1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon garlic salt
½ teaspoon barbecue spice

(1) Put all marinade ingredients in a jar, cover and shake well. Arrange fish in broiler drip pan and pour the marinade over fish. Cover and chill for about 4 hours, turning the fish occasionally. (2) Avocado Butter: Whip butter or margarine by hand or electric mixer, until light and fluffy. Fold in remaining ingredients. Cover and refrigerate until ready to use. (3) Drain half the marinade from salmon and set aside. Broil salmon in marinade about 2 inches from the heat for about 4 minutes. Turn steaks, spoon on remaining marinade and broil about 7 minutes or until fish flakes easily with a fork. Transfer steaks to a hot platter and top each with some avocado butter. Pass the rest. Makes 6 servings, about 1 cup avocado butter. ■

TO: The woman who needs meat-less recipes

SUBJECT: Meatless meals made marvelous with soup

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT TESTED RECIPES

TUNA NOODLE BAKE

1 can Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup
1/3 to 1/2 cup milk
1 can (7 ounces) tuna, drained and flaked
2 cups cooked noodles
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 slices tomato, cut in half

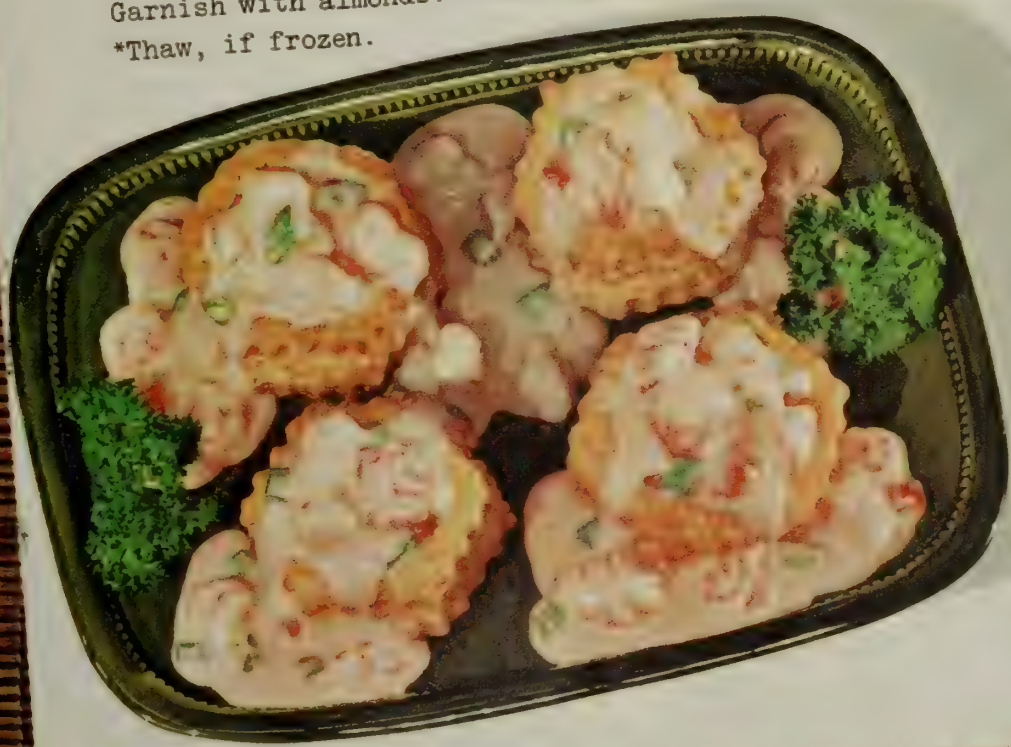
Empty soup into bowl; gradually blend in milk. Mix in tuna, noodles, and parsley; spoon into shallow baking dish (10x6x2"). Top with tomato. Bake at 350°F. for 20 minutes. 4 servings.

SAUCY FISH FILLETS

4 fish fillets* (1 pound)
1 package (10 ounces) frozen asparagus spears, cooked and drained
1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup
2 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Slivered toasted almonds

Wrap each fillet around several spears asparagus; fasten with toothpicks. Arrange in shallow baking dish (10x6x2"). Combine soup, milk, lemon juice; pour over fish. Bake at 400°F. for 20 minutes or until done. Garnish with almonds. 4 servings.

*Thaw, if frozen.



SHRIMP A LA KING

1/4 cup chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Shrimp Soup
1/2 cup milk
1 cup diced cooked shrimp
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
4 Pepperidge Farm Patty Shells, or rice

In saucepan, cook green pepper in butter until tender. Add soup, milk, shrimp, and pimiento. Heat; stir now and then. Serve in patty shells. 4 servings.

Shrimp à la King is one of 608 recipes in Campbell's new 200-page cookbook, "Cooking With Soup"... yours for 50¢ and 3 Campbell's Soup labels. Send money and labels to COOKBOOK, Box 432, Spring Park, Minn. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1964. Good only in U.S.A. & Puerto Rico. Void if restricted or forbidden by law.

'AND HAVE NOT LOVE, I AM NOTHING'

By MAX WYLIE

A bereaved father writes abo

The newspaper details of the loss of our daughter Janice, murdered with Emily Hoffert, in August, have been widely publicized. To those who know our small family here in New York, we seem to be taking the lash of this unspeakable horror without flinching.

This is not so.

It is even possible that we will finally break up with grief, or be broken down by frustration. The frustration, perhaps, of never finding the killer. The frustration of a daylight double killing so wild and furious that the lack of a findable clue, or a guessable motive, combine maliciously, as if daring the mind to snap.

Most of all, there is the smothering frustration of the senseless waste of so much goodness, so much love; the waste of all those thousands of hours that preoccupy the minds of parents everywhere; the pervasive, continuous, powerful sense of responsible protectiveness all parents feel toward their children, whatever their age. Janice was 21.

In our own case, toward our two daughters, our sense of protectiveness was extreme. True, both of them went off to camp at early ages (six). And we permitted one of them to go out to Montana for an entire summer to a real working ranch—not a dude ranch—when she was 13. And permitted the same daughter to work as an apprentice in a summer theater when she was 16. But these permissions don't seem inconsistent today with the attitude we held then.

In trying to learn how to bear the unbearable, have we discovered resources of endurance not given to others? Have we secrets of adjustment, of special accommodation? Have we anything in our experience—joint or individual—or anything in our inheritances that we can describe for the direct benefit of others? To others who, loving their children, are crushed without warning under a catastrophe such as ours?

Surely no man, except in war, can prepare himself for the fact or the sight or even the possibility of such insane savagery as cut down our daughter Janice.

At odd times, of course, such things are happening to other people. We hear about them. We read about them. On rare occasions—once or twice in a lifetime—something truly hideous overtakes someone we may know, or know of.

But to *me?* To *my* family!

In these months of trying to make the mammoth effort to accept what has happened, and in making a further effort to think affirmatively, I have tried to recapture useful moments from my own life—a not very impressive one in any of its profiles—hoping to uncover some true substances that can be offered as comfort to others. Some of this review has been instructive to me, and may help other parents carry on in the face of a loss as swift and total as ours has been; a loss whose meaninglessness is so absolute.

First of all, believe that this *could* happen to you. Comparable calamities are happening somewhere in the lawless and psychotic areas of America every hour. If it is well to count your blessings, it is wiser to consider your vulnerability. The horrors that our family saw took place less than 500 feet from the rooms where I am writing these words—rooms in which I have felt safe and useful for more than 20 years.

I am obliged to reject the words of St. Paul when he said: "All things work together for good to them that love God." I am obliged to reject the adage that tells us no man is given

s daughter's tragic murder—a crime which shocked the nation.

oads heavier than he can carry. Whenever we are given oads too much for us to carry, we collapse. The collapse nay take the mild form of malingering, or flight, or of actual reakdown. Or the more extreme form of suicide. The most amiliar form is about us all the time, of course: mental illness.

It helped me—and I think it will help you if you need elp—to get rid of all the rubbishy platitudes as soon as you an face the fact of your loss. God's hand is in none of these orrors. The most sustaining single sentence that came to s in over a thousand letters came from Janice's doctor: 'This did not happen for the best; this happened for the vorst."

That was the truth of it. And that sentence, cold as it is, aid out the tragedy flat and bare and clean and final.

Another sentence comes back to me. And it is the theme of vhat I wish to relate. In its simplicity, the short sentence s unforgettable: "We are here to give thanks for the life f Janice Wylie."

For the *life* of Janice Wylie. That meant something. And t came from a Presbyterian minister—the Rev. Dr. Paul Austin Wolfe.

We her parents, and our other daughter Pam, had had anice—the excitement and the exuberance of Janice, the un and the fresh joy of her—for 21 years. Only one week efore she was struck down, we had attended the funeral of child of 11 months, the daughter of some young friends. ater, comparing our loss to theirs, I experienced anew the reat meaning in "the life of Janice." All the days of her 21 ears, every one (and many of them troublesome) had been ich. That way, indeed, we were blessed.

What years they were, the years of Janice's life! And for he emphasis to be put there—at a memorial service where riends had come to say good-bye—has been healing and upportive to us. This direct affirmation of life has turned ur minds and our private feelings into a hillside that will lways be lovely to look upon, for Janice's life, the swift brief pan of it, was indeed a victorious life. Few knew this. But anice had much to overcome. And she did it. She did the vhole of it.

Janice was born in the Evanston Hospital, outside of Chiago, in 1942. She was an Rh baby. The Rh factor had been liscovered only two years before, but today's techniques of retesting and of exsanguination were not then known. anice, the infant, was born with the bronzed look of jaunlice. The doctors said, "She's so perfect in every other way, vhat a pity she can't live!"

In their Rh diagnosis they were right, of course, but unsure of treatment. She was immediately given a heroic blood transfusion direct into the buttocks. In the next 10 days he had six more. Her back became tattooed with vitamin-K hots. Her tiny ankles were nicked in search of veins large nough to receive a needle, another ounce of blood, another our of life. Pediatricians from all over northern Illinois nd Wisconsin kept coming in to look at her, wondering vhat kept life in her.

What did? Who knows? In any case, Janice was the first Rh baby to survive in that hospital's history. After the long ospitalization, we had a special nurse for 10 weeks in Lake Forest where we then lived.

"When I knew Janice was going to live," my wife one day said, "I knew she was born for something special."

I thought back to a time when I was eight, when my brother Phil had been taken, with a burst appendix, to the little hospital in Delaware, Ohio, where we lived for five years as youngsters. Doctors knew as little about a ruptured appendix in 1912 as they did about the Rh problem in 1942. Father watched the operation. (He had that kind of nerve, and concern.) When the deep incision was made, pus flowed over the abdomen. The surgeon set down his scalpel. "It's too late. It's no use. He's gone."

"Go ahead," Father ordered. "Finish."

Phil was in the hospital 11 weeks. Surgeons came up from Columbus and down from Cleveland to get a close look at a 10-year-old boy recovering from general peritonitis.

Born for something special? My brother Philip? Later this same wiry mechanism was to survive a scalding case of scarlet fever. Still later, cholera—a disease which almost always kills and which left Phil with arms like broom handles. I saw him hobbling feebly back from Russia, broken, hollow-eyed, irrecoverable. But he came back. All the way.

Perhaps a sense of possible disaster has always been close to the porches of the family mind, or subconscious, of the Wylies. I remember coming in from play when I was only three. This was in Cleveland. My father was weeping. I had never before seen a grown-up in tears, and I was shocked and fascinated. Father kept lifting up, then setting down, my little sister Verona—up and down, up and down. I went into the kitchen. Here was our colored cook-baby sitter-cleaning woman and comforter—Rebecca. She was holding a tiny pale baby, rocking and humming and weeping. She seemed in odd rhythm with my father in the other room. She seemed to be trying to talk to this tiny baby, trying to warm it at the coal range. This was in October, and chilly. I sensed calamity, something I knew I'd not be able to understand. Something I'd have to ask Phil about. Something for grown-ups.

Mother was upstairs—dead. In those days most babies were born in their mothers' bed at home. That was all right if everything else was all right too. But Mother died of hemorrhage. She was 29. Her sixth novel had just been published—*The Ward of the Sewing Circle.* Her fourth baby, Genevieve, died in Rebecca's arms while preparations were being made to bury Mother, and the dead child was put in her mother's arms, in the same casket where she is now.

In the two years after Mother's death and before we left Cleveland, there were weekly visits to the cemetery, Father always distant, ill-tempered, locked in sorrow. We three children—Phil, Verona and I—always seemed in the way.

I am recalling some of this because it bears directly on the affliction of death that has again visited my family. How much of yourself—as a parent, as a person—did you give or do you now give your children? How much are you giving up for them? Especially, how much *time* do you give them? And what is your coordinate of accessibility? What measure of confidence, of real confidence, have you won?

If you have given all that you had of all you could to your children, that is your best *(Continued on page 104)*

Last August 28, a savage killer invaded an apartment on New York's upper East Side, and with repeated blows stabbed to death two career girls. One victim was Emily Hoffert, 23, the daughter of a prominent Minneapolis surgeon, a graduate of Smith College, and a novice schoolteacher. The other was her room-mate, 21-year-old Janice Wylie, daughter of writer Max Wylie, pictured above, and a niece of Philip Wylie, the novelist. Signs of the crime were first noticed by Patricia Tolles, a third room-mate. She summoned Max Wylie from his nearby apartment, and it was he who discovered the girls' bodies, bound with torn sheets and hidden behind a bed. Since then, horrified people have sent the Wylies thousands of letters expressing sympathy; and fear has shadowed career girls in New York; indeed, in every large city. The New York police continue to pursue their massive investigation, but, as we write this, the killer's identity remains unknown. Meanwhile, the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal *have asked Mr. Wylie, author of four novels, six books on broadcasting, three plays and many radio and TV scripts, to record his reactions to the most terrible experience a parent can endure. We believe that what he has written will help others face the unforeseeable crises in their own lives. That is his purpose in telling this story, as it was ours in seeking it.*

MARK ENGLIS

OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED

by Peter De Vries

McGland was a brilliant poet who took all the liberties traditionally granted under poetic license. But he forgot poetic justice.

Gowan McGland had in the course of his career as a poet encountered the normal share of hostility, indifference and even contempt toward his craft. None of these was as hard to bear, however, as the state of mind typified by his present American hostess, Mrs. Springer. She was a poetry lover. She worshiped beauty in all its forms, and was forever telephoning the guest cottage where he lay temporarily imprisoned, penniless between reading engagements, to share a passage from the masters with him, or call his attention to the sunset. It was to ask whether he had seen the sunset that she rang him up now from the main house, a twelve-room Scarsdale residence where she lived with her husband, Carl B. Springer, vice president in charge of television at an advertising agency, and known as C.B.S.

"See whah?" McGland muttered thickly, for he was suffering from a hangover.

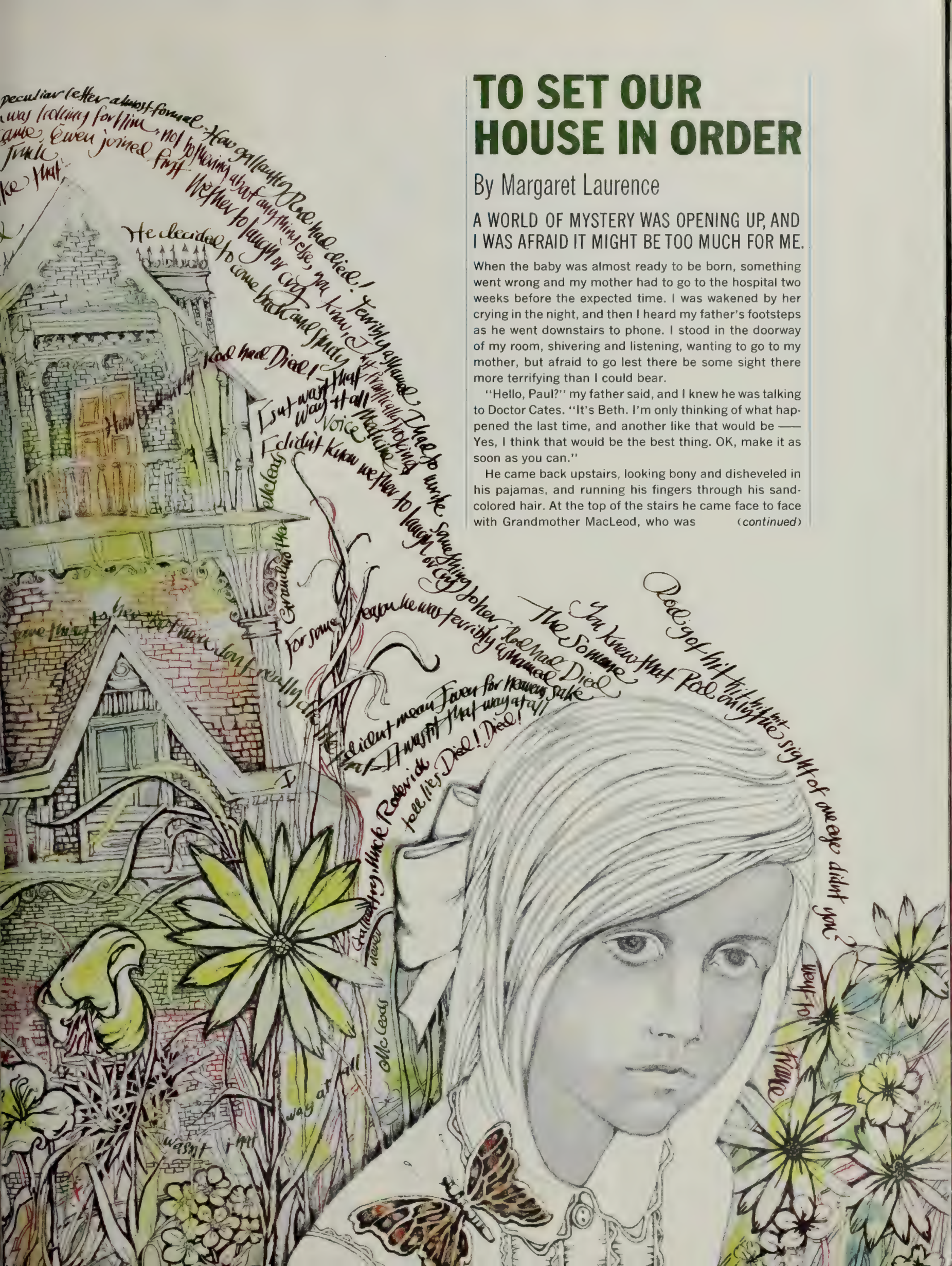
"The sunset. When you didn't immediately answer, I thought you might be outside writing an ode to it."

Something in the sheer novelty of the idea that poets any longer wrote about sunsets, much less consciously seated themselves on stumps to celebrate their effects, stung McGland into new life. But only momentarily. Her promise to drop in and read to him a relatively little known *(Continued on page 114)*

PETER DE VRIES'S *first novel,* But Who Wakes the Bugler?, *was published in 1940, and it soon set in motion the still growing opinion that he is our leading American humorist. His later work includes* No But I Saw the Movie, The Tunnel of Love, *which in its play form ran on Broadway for a year, and* The Mackerel Plaza. Our Revels Now Are Ended *is a section from his tenth book,* Reuben, Reuben, *recently published by Little, Brown.*

©1964 BY PETER DE VRIES

Even and Rod went to France
The Perfumes! Rod was still
He lied about his eyesight
Oh Glory!
Even tell the nade to!
He decided to come back
Rod had proper sight
Rod always think the things
applied to have him
afterwards!
Uncle Roderick
McLeods never tell lies
They were both only
He must have lied about his eyesight
Lies! Lies!
Grandmother
disadvantage
Died!
Even wasn't there
Grandmother
Uncle Roderick
Rod was at
Beth?
Men laughing


peculiar letter almost formal
Terribly ashamed
He decided to come back and study
Voice
Grandmother
Uncle Roderick
Aunt Catherine
Aunt Flora
Aunt Jessie
Aunt Ella
Aunt Ethel
Aunt Mary

(Continued) standing there in her quilted black-satin dressing gown, her light figure held straight and poised, as though she were unaware that her hair was bound grotesquely like white-feathered wings in the snare of her coarse nighttime hairnet.

"What is it, Ewen?"

"It's all right, Mother. Beth's having—a little trouble. I'm going to take her to the hospital. You go back to bed."

"I told you," Grandmother MacLeod said in her clear voice, never loud, but distinct and ringing like the tap of a silver spoon on a crystal goblet, "I did tell you, Ewen, did I not, that you should have got a girl in to help her with the housework? She should have rested more."

"I couldn't afford to get anyone in," my father said. "If you thought she should've rested more, why didn't you ever —— Oh God, I'm out of my mind tonight. Just go back to bed, Mother, please. I must get back to Beth."

When my father went down to open the front door for Doctor Cates, my need overcame my fear and I slipped into my parents' room. My mother's black hair, so neatly pinned up during the day, was startlingly spread across the white pillowcase. I stared at her, not speaking, and then she smiled, and I rushed from the doorway and buried my head upon her.

"It's all right, Vanessa," she said. "Honey, the baby's just going to come a little early, that's all. You'll be all right. Grandmother MacLeod will be here."

"How can she get the meals?" I wailed, fixing on the first thing that came to mind. "She never cooks. She doesn't know how."

"Yes, she does," my mother said. "She can cook as well as anyone when she has to. She's just never had to very much, that's all. Don't worry, she'll keep everything in order, and then some."

My father and Doctor Cates came in, and I had to go, without saying anything I had wanted to say. I went back to my own room and lay with the shadows all around me, listening to the night murmurings that always went on in that house, sounds that never had a source—rafters and beams contracting in the dry air, perhaps, or mice in the walls, or a sparrow that had flown into the attic through the broken skylight there. After a while, although I would not have believed it possible, I slept.

The next morning, though summer vacation was not quite over, I did not feel like going out to play with any of the kids. I was very superstitious and felt that if I left the house, even for a few hours, some disaster would overtake my mother. I did not, of course, mention this to Grandmother MacLeod, for she did not believe in the existence of fear, or if she did, she never let on.

I spent the morning morbidly, seeking hidden places in the house. There were many of these—odd-shaped nooks under the stairs, and dusty tunnels and forgotten recesses in the heart of the house where the only things actually to be seen were drab oil paintings stacked upon the rafters and trunks full of outmoded clothing and old photograph albums. But the unseen presences in these secret places I knew to be those of every person, young or old, who had ever belonged to the house and had died, including Uncle Roderick who got killed on the Somme and the baby who would have been my sister if only she had come to life. Grandfather MacLeod, who had died a year after I was born, was present in the house in more tangible form. At the top of the main stairs hung a mammoth picture of a darkly uniformed man riding a horse whose prancing stance and dilated nostrils suggested that the battle was not yet over, that it might continue until Judgment Day. The stern man was the Duke of Wellington, but at the time I believed him to be my Grandfather MacLeod, still keeping an eye on things.

We had moved in with Grandmother MacLeod when the depression got bad and she could no longer afford a housekeeper; yet the MacLeod house never seemed like home to me. Its dark-red brick was grown over at the front with Virginia creeper that turned crimson in the fall until you could hardly tell brick from leaves. It boasted a small tower in which Grandmother MacLeod kept a weedlike collection of anemic ferns. The veranda was embellished with a profusion of wrought-iron scrolls, and the circular rose window upstairs contained many-colored glass that permitted an outlooking eye to see the world as a place of absolute sapphire or emerald, or if one wished to look with a jaundiced eye, a hateful yellow. In Grandmother MacLeod's opinion, these features gave the house style. To me, they seemed fascinating, but rather as the paraphernalia of an alchemist's laboratory might be, things to be peered at curiously but with caution, just in case.

Inside, a multitude of doors led to rooms where my presence, if not actually forbidden, was not encouraged. One was Grandmother MacLeod's bedroom, with its stale and old-smelling reek of medicines and lavender sachets. Here resided her monogrammed dresser silver—brush and mirror, nail buffer and button hook and scissors—none of which must even be fingered by me now, for she meant to leave them to me in her will and intended to hand them over in their original flawless and unused condition. Here, too, were the silver-framed photographs of Uncle Roderick—as a child, as a boy, as a man in his army uniform. The massive walnut spool bed had obviously been designed for queens or giants, and my tiny grandmother used to lie within it all day when she had migraines, contriving somehow to look like a giant queen.

The day my mother went to the hospital, Grandmother MacLeod called me at lunchtime, and when I appeared, smudged with dust from the attic, she looked at me distastefully.

"For mercy's sake, Vanessa, what have you been doing with yourself? Get washed this minute. Not that way. Use the back stairs, young lady. Get along now. Oh, your father phoned."

I swung around. "What did he say? How is she? Is the baby born?"

"Curiosity killed the cat," Grandmother MacLeod said, frowning. "I cannot understand Beth and Ewen telling you all these things at your age. What sort of vulgar person you'll grow up to be, I dare not think. No, it's not born yet. Your mother's just the same. No change."

I looked at my grandmother, not wanting to appeal to her, but unable to stop myself. "Will she—will she be all right?"

Grandmother MacLeod straightened her already straight back. "If I said definitely yes, Vanessa, that would be a lie, and the MacLeods do not tell lies, as I have tried to impress upon you before. What happens is God's will. 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away.'"

Appalled, I turned away so she would not see my face. Surprisingly, I heard her sigh and felt her papery white and perfectly manicured hand upon my shoulder.

"When your *(Continued on page 127)*

RETRACTION *We have received the following letter from Mr. Roy D. McCord of Gadsden, Alabama:*

Gentlemen: December 18, 1963

As the Attorney for Mr. Dewey Colvard, Sheriff of Etowah County, Alabama, and his staff of deputy sheriffs, I am asking you to retract portions of "Sophronia's Grandson Goes to Washington," by Lillian Hellman, as printed and published in your December, 1963, issue of *Ladies' Home Journal*, and more particularly this portion of said article:

"The day before the march on Washington I had talked with two girls and a boy from Gadsden, Ala., and as they described the electric cow prodders used on them by the police, I remembered the match put to the girl of so many years ago, in that town so close to Gadsden. That night two drunks had wanted a girl—desire had been part of the cruelty. But there could be no desire, although there could be many other things, in putting an electric cow prodder to the breast of a girl. The Southern tightly held fantasy that the black man is, or can be, the enemy is no longer mild chatter among kindly white people whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers once owned slaves. What is called poor white trash came down among them with the industrialization of the South and, fastening on an ignorant and cruel belief, took action.

"The young Negroes from Gadsden said, 'We had a lay-in in front of the Court House. They wanted us to stop, but we wouldn't. So they got out the electric cow prodders, and it's awful when you're sweating, it's just awful how it comes through you. But nobody screamed except one boy when they put the cow prodders to his pants. You know, the place in his pants. Then they took us all to prison, and we prayed and sang. In the Alabama State Penitentiary there were one hundred seventy-five in one cell with no beds and no cover and dirty food twice a day. A couple of the boys got sick, but there was nothing to do. Then one boy got himself an appendicitis attack, and we asked the sheriff for a doctor we knew, but he said no nigger doctor was coming into his jail. So later he got what he said was a white doctor, and this somebody doctor gave the boy two aspirin. The next day the boy got real bad, so they carted him to the hospital and he was lying in the hospital bed when another sheriff and two cops came, saying to him, 'You, boy, are you really sick or just making up?' The boy said to himself he wasn't going to answer. That made them mad, so they got out their electric cow prodders right in the hospital room and put them to the boy, and all he could do was just lie there and holler.' When I asked how the boy came out, they said he was better, much better than the boy who had had the electric cow prodders put to his testicles. He still drags his legs, and the doctor said maybe he always would."

I call your attention to the fact that it is absolutely and wholly untrue that anyone, the Sheriff or any of his deputies, ever placed an electric cow prodder to the breast of any girl. I also call to your attention the fact that it is wholly untrue that prisoners were fed dirty food twice a day and had no cover. I call your attention to the fact that it is wholly untrue that the Sheriff, or any of his deputies, ever said "no nigger doctor was coming into his jail." I call to your attention the fact that it is wholly untrue that another Sheriff and two cops came to the hospital and stated, "You, boy, are you really sick or just making up?" I likewise call to your attention the fact that it is wholly untrue that the Sheriff, or any of his deputies, put an electric cow prodder to the boy in the hospital. I call to your attention the fact that it is wholly untrue that the Sheriff, or any of his deputies, put an electric cow prodder to anyone's testicles.

The article, as written and published, is slanderous, false and untrue, and as such Attorney I demand full retraction of not only the above matters but all other printed insinuations and slurs against my clients, the Sheriff of Etowah County, Alabama, and his deputies.

Yours truly,
/S/ Roy D. McCord

As requested by Mr. McCord, attorney for Sheriff Colvard and his deputies, the Ladies' Home Journal *and its publisher retract all statements complained of in "Sophronia's Grandson Goes to Washington."*

—THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Lillian Hellman makes the following statement:

I was evidently misinformed about minor matters of fact. For example, I quoted the young Negroes from Gadsden as saying that a boy who was lying in a hospital bed had cow prodders put to him by a sheriff and two cops. The Curtis Publishing Company has been informed by the Sheriff of Etowah County that neither he nor his deputies used the cow prodders on the boy. I therefore wish to apologize to Mr. Colvard because, as a white woman born in the South, and whose roots are most affectionately there, I do not blame any white Southerner for not wishing to be unjustly involved. But the fact remains that the cow prodders were used on the boy I wrote about by men I cannot identify at this minute of going to press. My article, in all important matters, tells the truth and I wish to disassociate myself from the above retraction. What is true should not be obscured by the fear of lawsuits.

—Lillian Hellman

Newsy, tempting "tote your own tray" meals—bright with the special spicing of flavory Miracle Whip

TRAY GAY

Party Lunch Tray—Center attraction . . . *Tuna Terrific* with the matchless flavor of Miracle Whip. Combine 1½ c. (7-oz. can) drained, flaked tuna, ½ c. sliced celery, ¼ c. chopped green pepper, 1 tbsp. chopped onion, and enough luscious, creamy Miracle Whip Salad Dressing to moisten. Soften 2 env. unflavored gelatin in ½ c. tomato juice; dissolve over hot water. Add 3½ c. tomato juice and 2 tsp. grated onion. Chill in 4 individual ring molds till firm. Unmold on lettuce; fill centers with tuna salad. Serve with pea soup, and strawberries and pineapple for dessert.

Teen Treat Tray—featuring a delicious new sandwich idea, *Burger Puffs*. Beat 2 egg whites till stiff; fold in ⅓ c. Miracle Whip. It's Miracle Whip that gives these sandwiches their lift and adds the teasing taste. That famous flavor comes from gently-blended spices. For *each* burger, spread a slice of toast with Miracle Whip. Cover with hot broiled beef patty, onion slice, tomato slice. Top with Miracle Whip mixture; bake at 400° until lightly browned. Makes 6 sandwiches. Serve with oranges and ice cream floats.

THAT NIGHT THEY HAD THEIR OWN METHOD OF COMMUNICATION—A PERFECT VEHICLE

THE SHELLS

It was eight-thirty or so on a chilly September evening by the sea. Mr. Disraeli Baker was settled in his easy chair—tranquil and comfortable, having just removed a Shimmelpenninck-Duet cigarillo from the humidor. A russet fire was going with pale fragments of driftwood in it, which gave off sporadic conical blue flames. The curtains of the big living-room window were back, making the lights of the Rosenbluth house on the adjacent point

)R UNDERSTANDING. AFTER SHE LEFT HIM, THERE WAS ONLY THE POUNDING OF THE SEA.

isible. It was cozy. When he was a young man e had pictured himself in a craggy castle on a torm-tossed island. As an architect he had ven satisfied this personal longing and sim-ar ambitions of some of his clients. More han one island in the Thousand Islands and ff the coast of Maine bore monuments to his solated baronial period. But Baker Point on he bay with the shapes and lights of other ouses in sight always had called him back.

He warmed his brandy glass with his hands, humming a little, the monotonous chant characteristic of the long and truly deaf. The melody of *A Wandering Minstrel I* was recognizable; but the sound was boring and scratchy, like dried leaves in a rusty flute. He was deaf: not the deafness of the miniscule hearing aid behind the ear, nor the microphone held out from the chest, nor the hear-only-what-one-wishes sort, but stone deaf, cold stone tomb deaf. He could be reached via ear trumpet, but only with great offensive yelps. Occasionally when playing poker with friends, he wired himself up with a battery box set on the table, but something always went askew, and it went off with a great buzzing roar interspersed with static. Lip reading he had never learned, and it irritated him when people stood in front of him acting out charades. A pencil and pad *(Continued)*

By Rosalind Wilson

PAINTING BY TOM LOVELL

Rubbermaid Shelf-Kushion® gives beautiful, lasting protection: rubber cushions china, glass from nicks, knocks and scratches . . . wipes clean quickly. Snips to fit. Two sizes: 11¾″ wide for wall cabinets, 22″ wide for base cabinets.

Rubbermaid
MEANS BETTER MADE

WRITE FOR FOLDER SHOWING ALL RUBBERMAID PRODUCTS
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"Coca-Cola" TRADE-MARK

Coca-Cola=Coke.
Both trade-marks mean the same thing and identify only the product of The Coca-Cola Company.

"Coke" TRADE-MARK

were always near for anyone who wished to communicate. He had been to all the great specialists in myriad offices with sounding pieces crossed with wisps of metal delicate as tiny fishbones and the air machine like an elaborate coffee grinder under glass. Finally it was with a mixture of hostility and pride that he watched one doctor after the other fail. The last had been a genius who had handled his cotton swabs the way a great painter wields his brushes. But it was useless.

He felt a presence and looked up to see his grandson, Bill, standing near him, obviously dressed for the party at the Rosenbluths. Pure white ducks, navy blazer, a strong aura of lavender refresher straight from the bottle on his grandfather's bureau. He had the slightly chilled look of fair people caught by the sea late in the season with only their summer clothes for cover, like poor plucked lambs.

Bill was his grandfather's favorite, the most unlike him of any of his family. All the others had tried to follow him in architecture: the endless notes to colleagues trying to get these relatives jobs, which they always gave up; the trouble in his own office when one of his relatives began dabbling there. Bill wanted to be a recording engineer. And although he spent summers with his mother and father at another house on the point, he kept all his recording paraphernalia in his grandfather's cellar.

"Well, Bill, going to the Rosenbluths?" The social event of the late season had become a party for Mr. Rosenbluth's mother, who had arrived the night before from Europe. Everyone liked the Rosenbluths, who had bought the old Todd place a few summers ago. "I thought of going myself. I'd like to meet the old lady. But the shaded lamp, the open book, call more and more these days." He pushed the dish of after-dinner mints toward his grandson, who winked at him. "It's a fairly big party, isn't it?"

Bill took the pad and pencil and wrote, CREAM OF THE COUNTY.

"Will there be any entertainment?"

Bill strummed an imaginary guitar and did a few Cossack dance steps, sinking back on the rug.

"Oh, Prince Shouvoloff and his daughter will be there. *That* should *send* old Mrs. Rosenbluth. I would have gone, you know, if it had just been a few people. I would like to meet her. Tell her I am sorry and I am expecting them for Sunday dinner."

Bill nodded, reached up for the pad and pencil and scrawled: THE OLD LADY TELLS FORTUNES. SHE CAN SEE THROUGH BOXES TOO.

"Tarot cards, I suppose." Mr. Baker smiled. "I'm too old for fortune-telling," he said somewhat sadly. "They say the gypsies are dishonest, but no more so than people who want their future for nothing except a few coins in someone's palm."

DIG THAT GRAMPS, Bill wrote.

Mr. Baker laughed and waved to Bill as he left. "Remember now, my respects to Mr. Rosenbluth's mother."

Eddie, the chauffeur and handyman, came in and nudged the fire. Eddie's wife Ellen bustled around, removing the brandy glass, leaving a bottle of Saratoga Geyser Water by Mr. Baker's chair and some Huntley and Palmer biscuits on a silver tray. They were going to visit the Rosenbluths' servants.

"The fiddles are tuning up. The strains of the waltz have begun. You people had better get going," he said, teasing them.

GOOD NIGHT, Ellen wrote. WE WON'T STAY LONG.

"Oh, I'll be all right."

He rather enjoyed his house when everyone had left. But then he had always been the person who liked to stand on the pier and wave good-bye while other people sailed. He sank back in his chair and shifted himself a little to feel the fire on another fragment of his body, placed the latest Crime Club selection on his knee and, with the security of a man who has an unattacked mystery at his command, ruminated a little bit—of the past, and a little *(Continued)*

"She's a great buy for a quarter, but wait till you hear the real bargain part—she's going to have kittens."

SALAD AND VEGETABLE ALL IN ONE BOWL

GREEN BEANS PIERRE

MADE WITH TENDER-CRISP DEL MONTE GREEN BEANS

Hearty and satisfying with the rich flavor of DEL MONTE Blue Lake Green Beans, this sophisticated salad can double as a vegetable, too! Firm yet tender, these green beans are great either hot or chilled—plain or in an unusual recipe like this one. Try them and see: ❀ Mix ¼ cup olive or other salad oil, 2 Tbsp. wine vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. each of dry mustard, crumbled dried tarragon, sweet basil, parsley, garlic salt and pepper. Pour liquid off 1 No. 303 (1-lb.) can each of DEL MONTE New Potatoes and DEL MONTE Cut Green Beans. ❀

(Don't the clean-snipped beans look tempting? No strings. No question about DEL MONTE.) ❀ Dice potatoes, mix with dressing and green beans; chill at least 1 hr. At serving time, toss mixture with 2 Tbsp. chopped onion and 1 or 2 tomatoes, coarsely cut. Taste; add more salt if needed. Pour into a bowl lined with lettuce; garnish with caper-stuffed anchovies or ripe olives, if desired. Serves 4 adults. Nice to serve with broiled meats, or chicken. (See? You can count on DEL MONTE® Brand Green Beans for the good eating that means real value always. Enjoy them soon!)

continued

of his walk on the beach that afternoon. How he loved this piece of land! The variety in so small a space, grass on the inlet side, rocks on the Rosenbluths' breakwater side and the sandy tip end of the point (with shells and old horny horseshoe crab husks) leading into the wide bay. He could still hear the roar of the sea beyond if he put a shell to his ear. The book slid off his knee. His chin dropped onto the soft corduroy of his jacket.

It was several hours later when he raised his head to see a woman sitting opposite him. She had on a red dress with a beige cashmere coat thrown over her shoulders. She had very white hair and an olive complexion. A handsome woman about his own age. She had been leafing through his mystery story. Her eyes, when she looked up, were dark and gentle.

"I am Mrs. Rosenbluth," she said in a low, beautifully pitched voice with suppressed volume. "I came away from the party to take a little stroll and saw you through the window. My son and his wife have written of your kindness to them so often."

He rose. "How delightful. May I offer you some brandy, a drink of any sort?"

"No, thank you. But I have been eyeing those," she said, with a gesture toward the biscuits.

He hurriedly passed them and rattled the fire. "I felt sociable tonight," he said, "but not like going to a large party. We can have a quiet visit."

"Well, Handy Andy . . . now what?"

"How nice of you not to mind my intrusion. I think your grandson a most attractive boy. He gave me your message."

"I think he is pretty nice too. I suppose the guitars are twanging full blast over there now. Cigarette?"

She shook her head. "Yes, I listened a little while, did a few parlor tricks and left. I longed for a little air. It's a fine party though."

"Bill was looking forward to your tricks." He lighted a cigarillo. "Do you really see through boxes?"

"Not *really*. I never say, 'Oh, it's a pencil, a card, a handkerchief in the box.' I say, 'There's something white there, or round or square,' and after a series of statements and people's reactions to them, you can make a pretty good guess. It's part intuition, part science. An old aunt taught me. You know what I should love is one of your cigarillos." She noticed how steady his hand was as he lighted it. Although she sat erect with the air of a woman who has been indomitable in many situations, her hand wavered. "Your first name fascinates me. Disraeli. You aren't Jewish—how did you come by such a name?"

"Quite simple," he said. "My mother admired Disraeli." Actually it had been one of those cases of the person turning out very much like the name. Although he wasn't a clever man and in no way politically minded, he had always got along very well with women, and, like the original Disraeli, had a strong feminine streak in his being without appearing in any way effeminate. Women had always talked to him, depended on him, put their trust in this strong reflective character. Even now, in his seventies, women of all ages responded to him. There was still a rich color in his cheeks and strength in his parched, beautiful hands, long, slender and untapered. "I should think you would be tired," he said, "just arriving and running into this party your first evening."

"No, the boat trip was a delightful rest." She fingered a little Fabergé box on the side table.

"That belonged to my wife."

"How long has she been dead?"

"Twenty-one years. I still miss her. Your husband?"

"He died fifteen years ago." She put a carnation, which had been tucked in her belt, to her nose and sniffed it. "Then I began interfering in my son's life. So one day I pulled up stakes and went back to Italy, from whence I came. My father was a Russian Jew who moved to Italy and became a cobbler there. Of all things! His shoes became quite famous."

He could understand now the air of indestructibility about her, in her very frame. She was the product of European

never a dull menu when yo

Jewish life, that life, like a slow, silent eel, gliding under the crashing waves of brutal events.

"I am glad to return to America and see my son and his wife once more ——" She left the sentence trailing and rummaged around in a large beaded purse hanging on a rather massive silver frame, with a picture of a turreted Rhine castle worked in the beads. She seemed reassured that everything was there. "Did your wife die suddenly?"

"No. She was sick for years with various ailments. We traveled a great deal from one doctor to another. Some said it was hypochondria. But she died!" He got up. "Please, please let me offer you some refreshment."

She motioned him back. "Tell me more about her."

"She was the prettiest person I ever saw. Not the most beautiful, but the prettiest, even at the end when she became so nervous the walls of her room had to be covered with felt to keep the noises of the household out."

She tied and untied the thick white chiffon scarf around her neck agitatedly. "That must have been hard on you." Her voice had almost a trill to it.

He remembered he had heard that she had been a singer. "Everyone said what a saint I was. One of the doctors said to me, 'Your wife is mad.' But she meant more to me than anyone else ever has or will. In her good periods she had all the capacity for involvement I never had. I think my tendency to sit on the sidelines and watch her made her unhappy. But because I was the calm one, I was the saint." He opened the bottle of Saratoga Geyser Water, which immediately, true to its name, shot up.

Mrs. Rosenbluth began to look at him with a kind of mellow, humorous sympathy.

"She was very gifted. She wrote poems," he said hurriedly. "You're musical, aren't you? You sang professionally. Your son and his wife brought music back into the old Todd house. Old Fanny Todd would have loved to see that room used as it should be."

"Oh, I didn't really sing professionally, anything to amount to. Just little parts in a few operettas, one of the little maids in *The Mikado*—that sort of thing. We always had a great many musical people around, and I gave lessons for a while." She sat forward in her chair and averted her head. "We always had music." Her voice changed from abruptness to sadness like a carillon.

"My family too. It's one of the few things I mind about being deaf. I can't hear the carols at Christmas or my grandsons singing *We Three Kings of Orient Are*. 'Myrrh is mine and bitter perfume locked within a cold stone tomb.'"

"How long have you been deaf?" She spoke so low he had to strain to hear.

"A year after my wife died. One of the children came in the room in the middle of the night and turned the light on. I woke up suddenly deaf."

She put her hand to her throat again, cupping it over her scarf, bringing it up and down.

"Would *you* have liked some Saratoga Geyser?" he said. "There are cartons of it."

She laughed. "Oh, no. No. Perrier, yes. But Saratoga is too alkaline for me. Do you still do any architecture?"

"Not seriously. Only for a few friends or on a consultation basis. My last piece of account was the orchestra shell at City Gardens."

She nodded. "Is there no hearing device which helps you?"

"None," he said proudly.

She gave him a sweet smile, the party smile of a woman who has used it on a great many men with success. There was nothing insincere about it—simply not an amateur smile. "But you know with all these new discoveries in communications, messages bouncing off stockholders' satellites . . ." She waved her hands. "And astronauts coming and going through all the ways of space, who knows?"

"I'm used to my deafness now. Tell me more about your singing. What other operas were you in?"

"Oh, second-string productions of little Strauss things. I never really wanted a career. I married early and was content simply to be around musical people."

"Do you ever sing now?"

"Never."

She gave him a winsome, ironical glance. "You know what they say about singers: As soon as they perfect their technique, the voice goes. While writers can still write and architects draw their plans."

"If their lives haven't gone to pieces," he said. "Do let me give you something."

She suddenly looked tired in the way of dramatic women, who pull themselves together for an occasion. She was crumpling her handkerchief. The carnation had fallen on the floor with some of the petals strewn around its torn stem. Her face, which until a moment ago had retained the reflection of what once must have been a lush and sensuous beauty, was gray.

"*Now*. A glass of brandy," he said briskly. He went into the dining room and got a glass. Her hands shook so when she took it she had to hold it in both hands and bend over it. He watched her. Some color came to her face.

She raised her head. "People think when you become old all the emotions wither and you should be resigned and calm." She threw back her head and drained the glass, then set it down hard on the table. "I *am* overtired. Actually I am happier than I have ever been in my life before. Aren't you going to have a brandy too?"

He got himself a glass and poured some more for her. She started to fondle her coat.

"Don't go. Why are you suddenly in such a hurry?"

"I must." She quickly had the coat on before he could help her. She rose. "A very good chess player once told me the most important thing in chess is to have a plan. Even a bad plan is better than no plan." She bent down and threw the remains of the carnation into the fire.

"I have no intention of letting you go home alone. Just a minute and I'll get the car."

She took his hand in both of hers and looked up with a conscious smile. "No. Please no. It was so pleasant to be out in the air."

"Then let me get my coat and walk with you."

"Please." She let go of his hand and put her hand lovingly on his sleeve. "It means so much to me, after having been cooped up on the boat and thrown with all those people at *(Continued)*

know your KRAFT cookery

For Colds and Flu...

DOCTORS RECOMMEND:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin to reduce fever and relieve pain

REPORTING on a Government-Financed Study of Five Leading Pain Relievers, an article in The Journal of The American Medical Association showed that Bayer Aspirin was unsurpassed by any of them for speed and strength of relief. The report also showed that Bayer Aspirin was as gentle to the stomach as any product tested, including the higher-priced buffered product. On the other hand, the two combination-of-ingredients products tested upset the stomach considerably more often.

the party, to just take a little toddle for myself. It's only a few minutes."

"I would ask you to call when you get there only I can't hear the phone. I like to walk too. It was lovely on the beach this afternoon."

Her laugh was hearty. "Like a young girl on her first date calling her parents." She started walking to the hall, paused and strolled to the window where a great bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums was massed in a crystal bowl. "My favorite flower." She slipped one in her belt and gave him one which he put in his lapel. At the door she picked up a large flashlight she had left there. "Thank you. Thank you so much for such a pleasant time."

He looked at her black satin slippers. "Let me give you some boots. It's dewy out there now."

"I never was a woman who liked to be cluttered up with umbrellas and boots." She swung her arms back and forth gaily, with the light in one hand and the bag in the other.

"You're all coming for Sunday dinner, you know," he said.

"Happy Sunday. Happy day," she cried. "You know I was sitting on the porch this afternoon. Some girls came to use the beach. They were so playful, bobbing in and out of the water like porpoises. My son was about to tell them it was private, when we heard one of them say, 'It's such happy water today.' So we didn't have the heart." Her tones had become very hoarse and she seemed to speak with a great effort. He was taut trying to hear her voice which receded.

"It has been such a comfort to know my son has such a wonderful neighbor. Good-bye dear, darling Mr. Baker. May there be many happy days for you and walks on your beach." She pulled her coat collar around her throat and stepped lightly out on the flagstone walk and into the damp darkness.

He went back into the living room and put the fire screen up, turned off the lights and went slowly up the stairs, clutching his book. He read awhile, then tried to sleep. But for a long while there was a pounding in whichever ear was turned to the pillow. Nothing but a pulse against a sounding board of linen and down; it was like the pounding of the sea to him, the way it had hit the cliffs so long ago on his rockbound island in a storm. Tomorrow he would walk around his placid shore in the sun. Contented in the thought, he fell asleep.

The next morning he went downstairs at his usual hour, eight-thirty, with a spring in his step. The living room was unattended. The ashtrays were still full—the remains of the fire still there; and the water in the large crystal bowl which held the chrysanthemums murky. It was most unusual. After a party Ellen and Eddie were even more meticulous than usual. He went into the dining room. No place laid. Through the swinging doors into the kitchen. Untouched. He wandered out to the terrace. Way down on the point he could see people, and the Rosenbluths' station wagon with its balloon tires pulled up on the sand. It started moving, turned off the sand onto the slender tar road. In a minute the wagon dropped Bill off at the driveway.

Medication works quickly, for hours

break "itch-cycl ...stop skin itc

even embarrassing itch

Now you can get fast, blessed relief fro tortures of itching, chafing, rashes, dry eczema . . . even embarrassing *membran* (vaginal and rectal itching).

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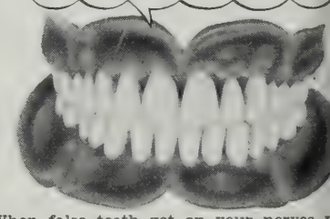
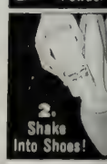


When false teeth get on your nerves dentists give special FASTEETH powde helps hold teeth in place—helps keep from slipping or dropping down when talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTE cushions tender gums so you can bite ha and eat easier, faster with greater com FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak clearly without embarrassment. FASTEE alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate (denture breath). At drug counters everyw

60 SECONDS EVERY MORNING HELPS
Keep Feet Cool, Comfortable All Day!

Don't suffer from tender, tired, hot, perspiring feet! Every morning apply Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder to feet and shake into shoes. Helps soothe away soreness all day. Eases tight shoes. Dispels foot odor. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 19¢, 50¢, 90¢. At all stores.



Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDE

Ie obviously hadn't been to bed. His zer and ducks were wrinkled. He took grandfather's arm and propelled him) the house. Taking the pad and pen- he wrote: MR. ROSENBLUTH'S THER IS DEAD. SHE TOOK SLEEPING LS LAST NIGHT AND FELL ASLEEP BY E OLD BOAT. SHE HAD CANCER OF THE ROAT AND ONLY A FEW MONTHS TO E.

Iis grandfather doubled up for a ute. "Get me a brandy."

Bill filled the glass left from last night.

"Who found her?"

IER SON. SHE LEFT A NOTE. THEY ND IT THIS MORNING. THEY THOUGHT EN SHE DISAPPEARED THAT SHE HAD NE TO BED EARLY.

"You know she came to see me last ht."

Bill shook his head.

"We had such a pleasant visit. She ke of a plan."

Iis grandfather often said people had ken to him when he meant written.

"It troubled me a little at the time; she seemed so tired, I didn't like to ss her about anything. How are the senbluths taking it?"

WELL, Bill wrote. THEY KNEW SHE S DYING.

Mr. Baker didn't go to the funeral, but he sent every chrysanthemum on the point. A short time afterward Bill brought a note from Giorgio Rosenbluth, thanking him and saying: I HAVE TRIED TO CRY OVER MOTHER. BUT I CAN'T. I ALWAYS THOUGHT SUICIDE WAS NOTHING BUT MURDER. NOW I DON'T. IT WAS SO HUMILIATING FOR HER TO SPEAK THROUGH THAT TUBE, SLOW AND RASPING. SHE HAD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VOICE I KNEW, UNTIL THEY OPERATED. YOU COULD HARDLY UNDERSTAND HER ANYMORE.

He handed the note back to Bill and waited for him to read it.

"I understood her better than I have anyone since your grandmother," he said gravely.

On his afternoon walks, he would stop by the old boat drawn up on the shore and bow his head a minute. Sometimes he would throw a flower or sprig on the water.

He was to live into his late nineties—over two decades more—and to wave to many people as they sailed away from piers, and perhaps eventually even to people launched by rockets into space where all the strange fiber and web of communication begin. ■

A NEW LOOK AT LIGHT *continued from page 137*

) Counterweights regulate the height of the metal shade of night-light from iffel's Arrodoluce collection. $47.50. (2) For close work, Luxo lamp adjusts to y position. $24.50 with clamp, or $29.00 on stand base, from Harry Gitlin, 7 Third Ave., N.Y. (3) Borrowed from industry for home use, a hanging lamp th metal shade is $24.00 from Harry Gitlin, 917 Third Ave., N.Y. (4) Desk lamp th adjustable twin reflector shades is $42.00. Nessen Lamps, Inc. (5) To focus art, an adjustable cylinder spot at $45.00, and (6) A swivel "eyeball" spot at 7.50. Both Italian imports from Stiffel's Arrodoluce collection. (7) Lampette s transformer in base, uses auto headlight for a bulb, and telescopes. $19.95 Bonniers, Inc., 605 Madison Ave., N.Y. (8) "Bat Lamp" from Scandinavian sign, 15 E. 53rd St., N.Y., has universal joint, allowing shade to be moved to cus light without harming wiring. $45.00 through decorators. (9) Metal louvers just to diffuse light in hanging lamp designed by Verna Panton for George nier, Inc., 305 E. 63rd St., N.Y. $65.00 through decorators. (10) Stiffel floor mp has magnetic sphere "eye" to focus on music or book; requires special -volt bulb. $100.00. (11) Movable shade to direct light is feature of enneled metal floor lamp from Scandinavian Design, 15 E. 53rd St., N.Y. $45.00 rough decorators. (12) Floor lamp with arm that can be raised, lowered moved horizontally is $39.50 from George Kovacs, 888 Madison Ave., Y. (13) 13-inch-high rectangle at $27.00 aims light toward ceiling. (14) Thirten-inch-high cylinder at $21.00. (15) Floor version of "eyeball" lamp, $9.75, rows light in any direction. (16) 9-inch-high cylinder at $15.00. All four, ailable from Harry Gitlin, 917 Third Ave., N.Y., light plants and dark corners.

Girls come in all sizes
(thank heavens)
and so do Spanky Pants
(thank Carter's).
Pretty-prints, pastel-tints,
in as many styles and sizes
as there are girls
and women to wear them.
And love the smooth
feel, fashion, fit of these
softest cotton-knits.
Remember, everything
Carter's is made
with Carter's care.

Spanky Pants
in prints, pastels and white.
Women's sizes, S-M-L,
65c to 95c
Jr.-figure sizes, 7 to 15,
79c to 89c
Teen sizes 8 to 16
79c to 89c
Girls' sizes, 2 to 16
69c to 89c

Carter's

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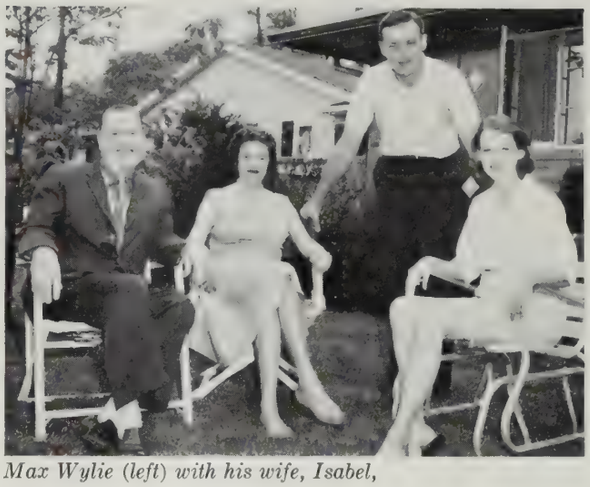
Did you ever receive a kitten like this?

Or a love letter from Rome? Or an invitation to supper at Maxim's?
No? Well, start wearing the fragrance that can take you places!

'Bond Street'
from $2.50 by Yardley



Max Wylie (left) with his wife, Isabel, and their older daughter, Pamela, who is married to John Sullivan, a New York attorney.

investment on this planet. Knowing that we did all that we knew how to do for Janice (as we always did for Pam too) has brought some easement to the memory of days that are forever gone.

No American family of four has ever had more fun growing up together than we did. And that is a good thing to remember, now that one has gone. We *had* the great days, the great moments. They may be happening to you right now without your realizing what riches are going into the bank, to be credited to your account when you have to make this heaviest of withdrawals.

As children we were always afraid of Father. He gave everything he had in thought and energy to his parishes, and they were usually large ones. Ministers lead complex lives, and the notes I have compared with other ministers' children have persuaded me that *no* minister can hope to rear what Americans think of as a "normal" family, whatever that is.

We were supposed to grow up without problems. Father's expectation that we always do everything right put a mark on us all. We all still wear it. It is a sort of invisible birthmark that has made us all try harder, often beyond the need of the occasion or the size and meaning of the doing. We became self-preservative among each other. Phil and I developed a friendship, rare for brothers, that I have not seen equaled until I saw the friendship that was maturing between our own two daughters, rare and real, practical and tender.

In the four years between the death of our mother in Cleveland and Father's remarriage in Delaware, Ohio, we were brought up part of the time by an indulgent, loving, superstitious grandmother (our mother's mother), and the rest of the time by Father's mother—a tyrannical, chilling shell of bigotry. She thought everything was evil, from funny papers to Victrola records.

Father remarried when he was 35. Our stepmother—her name was Wilmina Kisskaddon—came from Grove City, Pa., a small college town not unlike Delaware.

Wilmina was only 22. She was both gifted and beautiful, and in no sense—at least never to me—a "stepmother." To me she was the real thing. I believe she was (and is in his memory now) a "step mother" to Phil, who knew our own mother, being five when she died.

Wilmina Kisskaddon had to be an unusual girl to take on that load: a widowe 13 years older than she was, with thre spoiled, uncertain, fearing children, con stipated, poorly fed and undisciplined And two years apart in ages—nine seven and five. I was the middle one

Father's salary was $2,000 a year This was enough for prewar days i Delaware, where everyone was poor, bu where there was no poverty.

Wilmina brought music into the hous (she was a fine pianist), and she als brought a wholesome understanding o us children. I realized our new mothe loved Father. And now I began to loo at him with some curiosity. I knew h was head of the Anti-Saloon League, fo Phil and I had to distribute handbills a over town that quoted him, a shee called *The Independent*. Occasionally w would be chased out of someone's yard and we knew that these people wer "drinking" people who did not want t be told that the liquor traffic must go

Today it is clear to me that my fathe was a thwarted showman.

It showed in his sermons—they wer always well salted with illustration, eve acted-out anecdote, often in dialect. H was an excellent mime, he had a thrillin voice that could startle and beguile. H read poetry with a winning combinatio of aesthetic delight and old-fashione bravura. He was, in short, a tremendou crowd-pleaser, and if he had any regret it would have been that he really wante to be Teddy Roosevelt.

Very quickly he caught the universit crowd. His church couldn't hold them all. They had to set chairs in the aisles His histrionics spread from Chautauqua platforms to church shows. Our hous was always entertaining some itineran performer—evangelists mostly—Billy Sunday, Gypsy Smith, Homer Rode heaver.

At night Phil and I would hear all th exciting grown-up talk by lying on th floor with our ears to the register. Mil lions of America's children have come o age this way. One night we overheard a revelation quite shocking: Father's lif was in danger. He had sworn to close every

saloon in Ohio, and had we stayed there, I've no doubt he would have done so. He had the righteous brass of Carry Nation, and knew no more about booze than she did. There were five saloons in our little university town, and Father decided to start by closing them. One of them—The Star—was owned by a colorful Irisher who was known by the untidy nickname of "Slimey-Down." It came out that Slimey-Down had said in public that if Reverend Wylie tried to meddle in his saloon, he'd shoot him dead. And it was well known that Slimey-Down always was armed.

I think that Father secretly reveled in the risk and melodrama. It merely stimulated his activities. He was out speaking somewhere almost every night. And one night, as he was coming home late, someone did take a shot at him. The bullet passed through the crown of his derby. Father ducked and ran for it, arriving home out of breath but very pleased. Mother's efforts to appear calm were pathetically moving. And she was about to bear their first child.

It was a boy, Ted, and he arrived on the 12th of May. This seemed an augury of some sort, because Phil and I had also been born on the 12th of May, two years apart. (Verona had missed the date by only two days, arriving on May 10.) Many thought Halley's Comet—a great event in Delaware because that is the location of the Perkins Observatory—was involved in the coincidental timing of the Wylie children's birthdays. There may be other families with three sons who have the same birthday, but I never heard of such.

Father closed the saloons. A terrifying flood hit our little town in the spring of 1913, drowning 121 of the townspeople who lived on the banks of the Olentangy. Everyone who had a "spare" room took in a flood sufferer. We had a middle-aged woman in our spare room. Father took charge of the flood. He organized the university boys into rescue teams. They worked day and night, going out into the wild water in rowboats, taking people off roofs, off floating wreckage, off the exposed tops of fallen bridges. Father was in and out of the March ice water for 30 hours, then was forced home by Doctor Willy, who could see pneumonia coming. He was hardly in bed when there was a loud thumping at our front door. It was Slimey-Down. He was drunk and he was armed and he had indeed come to kill Father. Father had put him out of business and his house had been swept away and his wife drowned.

Father heard the commotion. I can still see him, in his gray mottled bathrobe, starting down the stairs. He looked sick, but he didn't look scared. He never did. And somehow, now that it was so easy, Slimey-Down couldn't shoot him. Father led him upstairs to the spare room. By now you have guessed who was up there: It was Slimey-Down's wife that we had taken in. Father had gone for her first, and sent her to our house in a horse-drawn ambulance. He could do these things. He could do anything but know and display love for his children.

One morning in early May I was mowing the grass in the front yard. A brand new Overland touring car drove up and stopped. This was in the spring of 1914.

"Is this one-forty-eight West Winter Street?" the driver asked.

"Yes." I was clinging to the cement hitching post, admiring the Overland.

The man got out and walked away. Then I made a discovery: Father's initials—E.M.W.—newly painted, were on the car's side panel. This was a surprise farewell present from his congregation. And we were on our way East.

Ted, the baby, was placed in a large laundry basket on the Overland's floor. Grandma, Verona and I sat in the back seat, Father and Mother in front. Phil took that whole trip on the outside running board, sitting on the battery box. The trip took five days. After all, it was 750 miles. Twice we had to get hauled out of mud. In those days farmers would often do this for nothing if their horses weren't car-shy, a dollar if they were. And to get to the next city, you followed a trail of white-banded telephone poles.

In late May I went to school in Montclair for the first time—barefoot. Middle Western kids always went barefoot. This was New Jersey; no one went barefoot in New Jersey. It was a different country, but it was a good one.

Another baby came—a girl this time, Margaret, as beautiful then (and now) as her mother. There were lovely times, singing around the piano, with Mother playing. There were summers at Lake George, that most limpid of all America's lakes (now ruined by outboard and neon). Things were briefly normal.

Today I see it as a sweet blessing that no man can foretell tomorrow. Mother needed some minor surgery. Our Uncle Alwin was the most famous surgeon in the northwest. Mother had never visited this side of her new family. Here she died, of anesthesia poisoning. And during the telephone and telegraph strike. Father got three words, long distance: "Come at once!" But when he stepped off the train at Valley City, N. Dak., he knew. One look at Uncle Alwin said everything.

Father never shared this grief with us. It was his own, private, more sacrosanct than the one in 1907. Of the five children, three of us were at critical stages of growth: seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen.

Phil and I were at Lake George, opening the cottage for summer occupancy when Wilmina died. About this time the Western Union telegraph strike was broken and we found a wire in the post-office mail box. It was signed by our scoutmaster and addressed to Phil. I was a Tenderfoot, but Phil was First Class with 18 merit badges. "Please meet noon boat tomorrow."

When the noon boat arrived at Silver Bay, Mr. Vreeland, the scoutmaster, surprised me by saying he wanted to talk to Phil alone. That he wanted to walk. I said we'd brought the canoe. He set his suitcase in it, turned Phil around, and disappeared. This was the 19th of June, 1919, beautiful, cloudless, quite breezy. I had to push the canoe through white water all the way to our cottage, paddling on my knees, from the waist of the canoe, there being too much wind to handle her from the stern.

They got there ahead of me. It was an even mile. I pulled the canoe up the slide, lifted out Mr. Vreeland's suitcase, and started up the steep slope to the cottage. Phil intercepted me. When he said that Mother was dead and that her body was being shipped to Montclair, I did not believe it. North Dakota was simply too far away. Nobody could believe anything that came from such a distance. Besides, there'd been two strikes—telephone and telegraph.

There was the hurried trip back to Montclair, a special stop being made by the Montrealer at the tiny junction at Montcalm Landing, my first ride in a sleeper, breakfast in *(Continued)*

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Mandel's in Grand Central, cars waiting for us at the Lackawanna station in Montclair. We all rushed to Father to embrace him, but he shook us off. I don't think he knew who we were. He was white and silent, and remained so for months.

We were driven back to Lake George. Mother was to be buried (by Father's orders) on our own property. We had a beautiful piece of land, about three acres, capped by a high knoll from which over half of Lake George could be seen. Giant white pines and immense birches formed a circle about the crown of this knoll. Father and Phil and I were on the knoll. Father had a metal tape and a stick. He measured, then scratched in the soft pine needles.

"Dig the grave here." He walked away.

Dig the grave! My God, what an order!

We went down to the tool shed and got shovels and spades, and began to dig. I guess we knew that graves were six feet deep. It was tough work. We had to go back to get axes, cant hooks and saws. In our digging, we kept running into boulders, some so big we had to roll them out on planking. Roots, some as thick as a leg, we had to chop or saw. We never saw Father, even at meal times. He stayed by himself, beside the water.

Late that first afternoon a wagon delivered mother's coffin. Men we didn't know lifted it to the ground and departed. Phil and I went on digging. We'd dig and we'd stare at the coffin. Often I would lean on my shovel and cry as if I were 10 instead of 15. It couldn't be!

That night Father's assistant minister appeared. He was a fine man—Ivar Hellstrum—who some years later was to join Harry Emerson Fosdick at the Riverside Church in New York. Mr. Hellstrum was horrified to see what was going forward; that two youngsters were doing this alone. He helped us finish. We even worked at night, with lanterns.

We kept wanting to tell Father how terribly sorry we were. Sorry for *him!* But we didn't exist.

All the time, however, something was going on within me that has brought me instruction and solace in my private agony over the horrible death that has removed Janice. And here it is: There isn't anything private about this pain. Everyone who knew Janice is feeling it, just as everyone felt Wilmina's. It is shared everywhere. Though months have now passed, people who see us on the street still burst into tears, because they loved Janice too. *They* lost her too. They'd had some of the love and the laughter and the joy; the kindness, the quick sympathy, the merry companionship, the gaiety. No one was ever so *alive* as Janice. She was always bursting with news. Her opening line, no matter what room or gathering, never varied: "Guess *what!*"

Father allowed his grief to consume him, and in so doing he not only lost Wilmina, he lost all the rest of us. That was more than he or any other father can afford. He taught me this without knowing it. I recognize the right of others' sorrow because I saw the brightness that Janice brought, not just as my daughter but as a person, into the rooms she entered—the brightness she left there. Her own flame needs no attending. It will go on glowing forever.

I am finding compensations in becoming more and more aware that the most destructive element in intense grief can be selfishness. I know that *I* wasn't the only one who lost Janice Wylie. Nor was her mother. Nor even her sister Pam. The aggregate loss, gathered from all those upon whose lives her own had impinged, upon whom her smile had flashed, her comfort settled, her kiss returned, her touch received, her counsel sought or given—and there are several thousand in the makeup of this aggregate—this represents a weight of sorrow at so many levels and of so many degrees that it has to overmatch our own.

In her whole life Janice never did anything unkind. Nor did she ever do anything that wasn't completely human. That is something else to cling to.

So, ironically, it compounded my father's loss that he should take mother's loss as exclusively his own. In hugging grief to oneself, one can only smother.

Father kept trying to bring his wife back to life. By talking to her, by memorializing her, by keeping her clothes and burying his face among her dresses. This also taught me something

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ıable: Accept the unanswerableness Death. Cherish only the days that e alive. Keep the pictures, keep a ımum of treasures, the few of real ıning. Give everything else away. ckly. Weep alone. Spurn seclusion. e old routines, and face them at once. cognize the futility of weeping beside ed where she will never sleep again. ten for the laughter that is there still. Remembering my father's self-perıating agony, remembering these pings, these cries into a vault he ld not bear to close, helped to teach in the awful moments of last sum-, what terrible wreckage—even to point of the actual dismantling of nan personality—such excessive ingence can work. I learned this:

f you do not voluntarily make the intable surrender, grief will exact penal- no man can pay; you will lose es-ces of individuality, of identity and of pose for which nature can supply no eneration. Nature is not processed for Nature is processed for life to accept two things, and one is life and the er is death.

With ropes Phil and I somehow got ther's coffin into the grave we had . We reported this progress to Father. "Gather the neighbors," he said. And other word. About 80 people—mostly tagers and people from the Silver Bay sociation—came up the knoll. It was afternoon, about 5:30. The evening r had come out. Father recited, "Sun- and evening star, and one clear call me. . . ." Mr. Hellstrum offered a ef prayer. Father walked away. It was r. Phil and I just stood there. We were t kids really, with a man-size job. We w we had to fill in the grave, but were rful to start. There were no profesıal undertakers involved in any of s. I never understood why, and don't ay.

Phil and I started tenderly, timidly; ıging from the anticipated sound of thump of that first dreadful shovel- of earth. We should be mourning, not veling. And we were doing both. We rked on into the dark, saying nothing. Maturity brings forbearance. Today an understand much more of my far (when it doesn't matter) than I ıld when we all needed him. He was fine minister and a most forceful acher. He worked ceaselessly for his ish. He was extremely good at his job, he saw the job. But he just didn't e it in him to know, or care to know, children.

In thinking of Janice, my mind now s back to a rather striking recogni-n—a form of teen-age prescience—t Phil and I developed toward our brother, Ted, then six, when we rezed without expressing it that if Ted s to be motherless, he would not be otherless. We "brought him along." the time he was ready for college, he d not only read more than most ıngsters his age, but he was a superb lete. Phil and I had started him, and rted him right.

Ted was precocious, or seemed so. He d poise, daring, tremendous physical mina (a four-letter man at Amherst), enomenal coordination.

In our honest desire to "see to him," il and I no doubt hurried the process. d knew too much too soon. And he ıld do too many things, too soon; ny of them with the easy assurance of professional. He was universally acted, and acceptable. He was goodking, indestructible, sharply curious. He had qualities of leadership that were never put to use. He wrote and published a novel while a sophomore at Amherst. He was always in trouble with the dean (he went to class when he felt like it, somewhat as Phil had done at Princeton), but was always getting bailed out of trouble by alumni pressures because he was needed for hockey, football, track or swimming. In a truly real sense, he *was* the all-American boy. He wanted to experience the whole world, and in a way he did. When 17, he wrote a sonnet (he called it *Immortality*) the last six lines of which are as follows:

I don't affect to know the mastermind
Who cast us into life—amazed and lost.
I only know that as the rampant wind
I'll drive through life and buoyantly exhaust
All joy and love until myself entire
Shall die and blow away, a sated fire.

In the mid-'30's Phil went to Russia to do some magazine articles. He took Ted with him. It became known to some Russian sailors that Ted was a good boxer. On the deck of a Russian cruiser, Ted defeated the heavyweight champion of the Baltic Fleet in four rounds.

They had other experiences, with less happy endings: being followed everywhere, searched, shadowed, heckled, harassed. On an endless journey on a mixed train out of Tiflis, deprived of water, they found a carafe in their compartment. It was polluted. This was where Phil got the cholera that nearly snuffed him out. Phil is convinced it was planted there for that very purpose. Later they were deprived of proper medical attention. Ted flew Phil to Warsaw and sent for a famous physician in Paris, who came. Phil began to recover. When it was evident he was going to live, Ted went over to the American Legation, where he had made friends, and spent the evening drinking beer. He came back to the hotel and got his room key from a night clerk at the desk. He looked in on Phil, who was asleep. Then he undressed. A few minutes later he was dead on a Warsaw sidewalk 55 feet below his bedroom. Phil thinks the Russians followed Ted and pushed him out. Murdered him, mistaking him for Phil. What Phil had planned to write about Russia was not calculated to compliment the System. Phil's notes, secretly screened and many of them stolen, may inadvertently have brought on this tragedy. No one will ever know. The American Legation could find out nothing. If the Russians don't want you to find out, you don't find out. Phil, still bedridden, had the body cremated in Danzig and the ashes flown to me.

Ted was 23. He had everything. He was one of those rare combinations who could have gone anywhere in the world. He had the courage and the perception and the brains, and he was rapidly picking up the discriminations. But now, quite suddenly, Ted Wylie—who could have crouched for the modeling of the "Discobolus"—was a small package of cinders wrapped in heavy paper.

It was Lake George again, my first day of vacation, 1936. My wife and I were just sitting down for lunch at a little summer hotel. There was a phone call for me, most puzzling, since no one except my office knew where we were. The call was from the postmistress at Silver Bay. She couldn't read Phil's cable to Father, she hadn't the control. So she read it to me. (*Continued*)

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Once again we were at Wilmina's grave, this time to set the ashes of her dead son at her feet.

Are there any easements, today, for the loss of Ted?

The wild brief violence that killed him?

The inexplicable, unknowable breathless moment that took him out of this life, as Janice, quite as inexplicably, has been taken?

Yes, there are. We can look back and know that in terms of love and time and understanding, we never shortchanged him. Never took him for granted. We, his brothers, spent a lot of time over Ted. We, her parents, spent it over Janice. Ted was worth it, and it showed. Janice was worth it, and it comes back now to bless us.

Was there ever an age so barbarous as today's? What did we, the Wylies, sow that we should reap this harvest of horror?

When you try to raise a family in New York City, if you are a salaried man (and I am), you have a most serious early decision to make. It has to do with your children's schooling. Public or private? This decision is serious in terms of money. Unless you are a very high-salaried man, you will get hurt, for private schools in New York City, schools of reputation and standing, will cost you about $2,000 per year, per child. There are no "in-betweens." Summer camp another thousand per child per season. Count on $3,000 per child per year, if you want your children to have all the advantages you can possibly squeeze out for them.

The average wage earner in New York expects to go up the ladder a little farther each year. And I did. But take $6,000 a year out of your income for two daughters, pay your income tax and your rent, keep your insurance in force, and there is hardly enough left over to get mother and father to Staten Island and back. In the 38 business trips I've had to make to the West Coast, over the years, I've been able to take my wife on only one. We've never been abroad together. We own no property, have no car.

Where did the money go? The kids got it. And welcome to it. We took pains they should not know it at the time. It's hurtful to them if they put an unbalanced construction on the meaning of the sacrifice you are making for them; if they suspected you were not gladly making it. What you want for them is that they mature normally, grow up without fear, and know the good from the unworthy. Know they belong in the world and have a right to ask the best from it, in return for the giving of the best they have been able to make of themselves.

My wife found the best school. And I found the money. Janice needed it more than Pam, for the scars of infancy were still hurting. Janice, for the first three and a half years of her life, was afraid of almost everything: sounds, faces, motion, even certain pieces of furniture. Then her doctor, a truly great pediatrician, Charles L. Wood (teaching now in Pittsburgh), suddenly understood it all: Her fears were the psychic holdovers from the hundreds of needles, skin punctures, cuts, transfusions and uncomfortable medication—oral and intravenous—that had tormented her throughout her infancy. The only world she knew was torment or the expectation of it.

Her emergence was glorious, and it was almost dramatically swift.

A thousand hours in Central Park, with a calm, highly intelligent mother, did most of the recovery work. I helped a bit, too, I think. Janice and I had a 20-minute romp every morning; unforgettable fun for me. And for her, too, I think, for she referred to them hundreds of times.

A summer camp for the very young, Hill and Hollow Farm in behind Hyde Park, helped her. Here she got over her fear of water; here began her love of animals. Here she met her peers—both boys and girls—held her first Fourth of July sparkler, made lemonade, had her first pet—a kitten called Pocket.

That was the year, too, that she sent her first Christmas card. It was to her minister, the Rev. Paul Wolfe: "Merry Christmas to Reverend Wolfe and all the Wolves. Love, Janice."

When Janice was seven, she saw a girl tap-dancing on television. At once she knew she had to learn how to do this. And at once she began—every Saturday at Carnegie Hall studios, for many years.

She could waltz, clog, buck-and-wing, soft-shoe, swing-tap, military-tap, and do fifty variations of time steps. She became a peach of a dancer. She must have gone to the Stork Club 150 times. They got to know her so well they played her "song" whenever she showed up. Other dancers would leave the floor just to watch.

But algebra was something else. And one day we had a phone call from the fine school the girls attended. "Of course," the voice said, "you realize that Janice can never get a diploma. The best she can do is get a certificate. She just can't pass algebra."

Can't pass algebra! Who says so? Janice can do anything she wants to do! Besides, I'd dropped over $50,000 in that school. Fifty thousand dollars would have paid for a lot of golf I never played, or considerably altered my wife's wardrobe. And we could have seen quite a bit of Europe together.

I picked up my hat and my spear and there were some "words" and inflections seldom heard in the offices of headmistresses. It was clear to me that Janice could learn algebra. Janice had two years to go. We compromised and I had her tutored. To be sure I was doing the right thing, I called up the former headmistress of the school—Edna Hill Robillard—though I knew it would be painful for her to talk, for she was dying of cancer.

"Don't you worry about Janice, Mr. Wylie. Scholastically or any other way. She's going to go farther in this world than all you Wylies put together. I've seen this girl grow up, and I know more about these things than you do." She endorsed the tutoring idea and approved the identity of the tutor. Mrs. Robillard was dead within the month. Janice tutored for two years. She got her diploma; better than that, she hit her final exam for a flat A.

And, better than anything that ever happened, she was one of the two graduating seniors to be awarded the "Big NB"—given each year to the two seniors who in the opinion of faculty and fellow students were considered the best all-around girls in the school. Let someone else hang up the Congressional Medal of Honor—I have Jan's "Big NB" framed beside me.

Because we Wylies, as children, saw so little of Father, vaguely fearing him, I kept my vow that were I to marry and have children, they would see me and know me and have fun with me. This was especially rewarding because I saw very early (her mother seeing it even earlier, of course) that Janice was indeed "special"; as special in her own way as Pam; that we had two remarkable and gifted daughters.

The day Pam was notified she had been accepted in the Neighborhood Playhouse School of The Theater, she dropped Bryn Mawr as if it were a hot stove lid. She was about to go into her junior year at Bryn Mawr. The day

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ice was notified, three years later, t *she* had been accepted in the Neighhood Playhouse School of The Ther, she canceled her audition for the ckettes. Janice was the youngest stut they ever took at the Neighbord Playhouse. Both girls were most ted actresses. Dancers and singers . Janice was also the youngest girl C ever employed on its Guidette ff. She merely talked (and charmed) way into it. She had the self-belief d the persuasiveness to do these ngs. She knew she "belonged."

Both sang with the Canterbury Choir. d they always sang duets in the chen every night through all the years y did the dinner dishes. This was fun them, and very good practice. (And st sweet to listen to.)

The death of Janice has removed a ly great comedienne from the Amern stage. I've no doubt of this whater. I'm a cold-blooded observer of permance values. I'm in the business, and e been in it for more than 30 years. ice had the "big stuff." She brought u right up on the stage with her, hava a whale of a time in giving a good e to you—the way Betty Hutton did en she first came on 15 or 20 years ago. And never was there a person who was much fun to be with. We took in the ole of it: ball games, Coney Island, ice ws, symphonies, a zillion movies, mual comedies, zoos, the Central Park rousel. No father has ever had a more hilarating time with his daughters n I have had with Pam and Janice. ung men are training to get to the on. I've already been and come back.

Had we no teen-age problems? Of urse. I remember one for its special mical pathos. Janice's room was wded with a half dozen other 13-yearis. The subject of conversation was seemed to me to be so): What is my st feature? One girl thought her ulder blades were her best feature; other the exaggerated prominence of r cheekbones; a third her violet eyes. e girls, of course, weren't appraising ch other's marvels, merely their own. nice was strangely silent. I peeked in st at the critical moment. Her face s screwing up into a wail, and this is at came out as she looked into her rror: "*Nothing* is my best feature!"

Later, with the maturity of 16, Janice veloped notions about the inadequacy her parents, her mother especially. Mother, you're so good about everying, it's hard for me to put my finger just what you do wrong. But there ust be something."

This theme had its variations. Here's other I jotted down (for you cannot vent this kind of talk): "Mother, I n't think why I hate you so much, t I'm sure there's a good reason."

There is this tragic irony about Janice, ose early years had been so fearammed. Once these fears were put end her, it was impossible to persuade r that New York City, at night espeally, was dangerous. Janice loved ncing beyond all other delights, and s often out late. Of the 1,000 (or 000?) parties she went to, and the rernings to our apartment anywhere m two in the morning to actual dayht, she never had an "experience," ver saw one, never knew a girl inlved in one. Nothing ugly or frighteng ever happened to Janice.

There came the day she announced e wanted her own apartment. We K'd this, for it was time—she was nearly 21. There were but two conditions: that I inspect and approve her new place, and that she be able to support herself, or be able to carry her full share if she moved in with other girls.

After finishing the two-year course at the Neighborhood Playhouse, Janice began to make rounds, as did all the other young graduating actors and actresses. She showed up for open auditions, scanned "Show Biz" and *Variety*, saw every casting director, followed every lead. Pam helped. Pam is Equity (she'd earned her "points" in three seasons of summer stock). But Jan got only an odd snatch of work at odd times. Then she landed the second lead in *The Boy Friend* at Great Barrington. And it was this kid's performance, as Maisie, that kept the show going. I've heard all the weary claims from all the weary actors and actresses who didn't make it, but who talk about "how I had 'em in the aisles in Topeka." Janice had 'em in the aisles in Great Barrington. I saw the show and the New England reviews.

She still wanted to be on her own when that show folded. For many months she worked as a waitress in an uptown Madison Avenue *boîte*—the Right Bank—that was supposed to have atmosphere. She could clear only about $80 a week there, and the work made it impossible for her to audition for parts.

Then she secured that dandy job at *Newsweek*, working under a system of automatic pay escalations that would enable her—with the pooling of another roommate, perhaps two more—to begin to enjoy what she had sought so long: her independence.

Of course, the tragic irony of that needs no telling here. I knew the building, even the apartment itself; knew the occupants, and was well acquainted with one of the girls with whom Janice would be living. No setup could have been more congenial.

On moving in—a process that Janice did by stages, since her new apartment was only two blocks from this one—the girls sensibly had all the locks changed.

But this was not enough, was it? For it was in the glare of summer midmorning—in August—that some skillful, marauding psychotic got into those rooms and did those killings. And left of his workmanship the most sanguinary, savage slaughter and insensate wreckage ever seen in this city. But of himself left no trace.

I do not believe he had come for Janice; that he had come to kill her, or kill anyone. Janice, though she'd occupied the new place three weeks, was never there in the daytime. And that is the other edge to this double irony: that I had never been apprehensive for her, except at night. The wildness and the calculated brutality, the staggering bestiality of it—in *midmorning;* and the killer as unhurried as he was contemptuous of discovery—it is no wonder such an incredible chain of "impossibles" has brought the police investigation, up to now, to stagnation.

And Emily Hoffert, the other victim, was actually moving out; was not even living there anymore and had come back for her last remaining articles.

It is enough to crack the mind. We have been through all the speculations our intelligences, memories, instincts and reconstructions can fashion. Where, as parents, did *we* slip up? *Did* we slip up? Perhaps.

I've found out a few things about locks, apartment-house (*Continued*)

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superintendents and the general penetrability of most New York apartments, even the so-called "better class" ones—those with doormen, service entrances, separate elevators for tenants and delivery boys. In the 30 years I've lived in Manhattan, the best and biggest hotels seem constantly in the news for the ease with which professional thieves move in on rich guests and Hollywood stars, and move out with their jewelry.

When a detective came to our own apartment and asked how long we'd lived here, I told him 22 years. He examined our own locks a moment, then stepped out into the hall.

"Lock me out now," he instructed.

I did so. He was instantly back into the apartment. He'd slipped the lock on our front door with an ordinary playing card. The back door was even simpler.

"Ever been robbed?" he asked.

"No. Not here."

"Lucky. Probably because you're on the fourteenth floor. I notice you have a double lock. Do you double-lock your front door when you leave your apartment?"

I told him I did not; though I could lock the second lock, I could not extract the key, once the bolt was shot, so had given up trying to use it.

I have this blunt advice to give: Change your locks to a "deadlock" type of mechanism which utilizes interlocking prongs and a pin, inseparable once they are set together. Get chains on your doors. Get a peephole put in your doors, front and back. Never open a door without knowing who is outside. A peephole costs about $12. "Deadlock" locks cost more. But these added protections will make your life much safer. They will keep out killers or thieves.

When you get your locks changed and your new keys made, go to a licensed locksmith. Call the Burglary Squad in your city for their locksmith recommendation. There is much crooked traffic in unlicensed "keys made while you wait" shops. If you don't *watch* the work while it is being done, how do you know the key-maker isn't making one for himself?

All of America's cities are aswarm with roving psychotics. Cities that have apartments are also crowded with girl-watchers, disturbed or disturbable men who spend their evenings peering through binoculars at lighted windows. And get acquainted, in the course of time, with a variety of women who should be more careful about pulling down their shades.

I believe this matter of curtains and shades can very possibly be involved in the killing of our daughter, Janice; that a chance sighting of her, from one of the numerous windows in buildings on the surrounding courts, could have set a man in motion. The rooms were not yet properly curtained. They were in process of *being* properly curtained. Even if their locks were new, were the girls absolutely positive that they were in physical possession of the only three keys in existence? Or did some crafty maniac have another?

When the superintendent of their building said to the police that it was unlikely an outsider could gain admission to the residential floors via the basement, one of the detectives slipped away, stepped down the service entrance, walked through the basement, pressed the buzzer for the automatic *passenger* elevator, which dutifully came to the basement, stopped, picked up the detective, who then rode the car to the third floor where these murders occurred. No one challenged him. Why should he have been challenged? No one saw him.

The fact is that almost anybody can enter the basement of almost any apartment at any time of the day anywhere in New York. Or anywhere in America. And the same thing goes for the main lobby of most apartment buildings. All an intruder needs to note is that the elevator is in use. Then he has the freedom of the stairs, with negligible risk of challenge. And he could be carrying keys to half the units in your building.

Don't think you're safe just because you're home. It is possible you are being spied upon this moment. Think rather that you are not safe.

All of our cities are jingling with the sound of keys that may be duplicates of the one you have in your pocket. And the man with the dupe key may be a killer. Be sure your keys are masters. Be sure you know how many there are, who has them, and that they are always carried and always kept on a chain.

Do the Wylies have "words to live by"? I think so, although none of us accepts God as the Christian churches urge us to accept Him. Though believing in the existence of a higher power, we have all, in our several ways, rejected the more formalized Personification that the average churchgoer prays to.

Praying to God will bring no comfort to any Wylie over the murder of Janice. God had nothing to do with the murder of Janice, anymore than He had anything to do with creating the hideous social deformity that is her killer.

But the existence of a higher power seems to me to be necessary, not in the contemplation of the doings (the misdoings) of man-on-earth, but in the order of creation, and the unimaginable immensity of a universe in which the Earth is a speck.

God has never protected anyone from anything, and is not in that business. We are chemical sports, only briefly to wear these present forms, already entering the undignified but inevitable, timeable attrition of devolution.

I consider myself a Christian according to my own terms. I believe in Jesus, and I think about Him a great deal. I believe truly that I think more about Jesus than does the average regular churchgoer. I believe the Christian church, in its vague concentration on God, has forgotten Jesus. And I further believe that Christianity is failing all over the world because of this. I believe if Jesus were to return today to earth and to make an assessment of what he died to set in motion, that he would consider his pain to have been wasted. My mind goes back and back, with increasing sorrow, to the crucifixion of Jesus. I know only a dozen people who *consciously* think of Jesus and who try to bring the simple truths of his teaching into all the affairs of their lives. The Christian churches have become so preoccupied with God, they have mislaid Jesus.

There can be no improvement over the exquisite simplicity of the three words: "Do unto others." That is what Jesus was all about. I try to observe this in every human contact I have.

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At 19, Janice played the second lead in "The Boy Friend" at Great Barrington, where she "had 'em in the aisles."

It is just possible the church itself—the Christian church, both Protestant and Roman Catholic—is beginning to sense its own desuetude; its suffocation in schisms, trappings and memorized banalities of no meaning whatever. And that this recognition is behind the sudden, intense desire to review and to unify.

Many years ago, while serving as an assistant bartender in a large shore-dinner place near Coney Island—I was 18 and trying to make a little precollege money—I heard another three words that became a part of my active philosophy, and have helped me look right at our dreadful predicament over Janice. They are action words, and they give me a duty toward Janice.

Like all young fellows, I had heroes. I had just finished reading a most absorbing book—*The Roar of the Crowd.* It had been written by one of my heroes—the prizefighter Jim Corbett. One evening, Gentleman Jim himself came into the service bar where I was working. In the way Quentin Reynolds uses the word, Corbett probably had more "class" than any American we ever had. He did for me anyhow. He asked me who I was and what I was doing there, and I told him. I was terribly anxious to ask him something, anything, just to hang on for a few seconds more to this dramatic and unexpected moment. All I could think to ask was, "How do you get to be champ?" He looked down at me quite seriously for a few seconds, and leaned over the bar and quietly but distinctly gave me the answer: "Fight another round."

Only a day after we scattered Janice's ashes from a plane, I had a phone call that severely shook me: My oldest friend had died suddenly. It was his daughter calling me: "Mother very much wants you to serve as one of the honorary pallbearers." I did not believe I could summon the strength to do it. But I did do it, and it renewed my strength. It doubled it. This was something I owed; something which, when faced, was a privilege to pay.

The Wylies can't let down because Janice is dead. Others live, others who count on us, who need us. Others who loved Janice as *we* did. And many others whom we need. We must live the days as they come.

Of course we break down. We can't help it. Only last week I was waiting to get my hair cut in a hotel barbershop near my office. The radio was on—Station WPAT. Then came a song I could not bear to hear: the theme music from the motion picture *Picnic.* Two or three years ago it was Janice's favorite piece. She could play it 12 times running, and sometimes did. Memories engulfed me. I had to get up and get out. Quick.

Music, odors, inflections—we're all going to get hit and get hurt. And it isn't going to pass. We know it is something we must learn to expect. Perhaps we should be glad our responses are so sharp, though these months the pain seems sharper still. We have to fight this off. And right here there is something that helps: Janice herself couldn't bear our sorrow if she were to know of it. She could bear, I think, the staggering brutality of her own extinction if she knew that those who loved her most were bearing it. She had a quick, dismissive phrase that sent her own disasters, large and small, scattering: "Tough darts."

I've said little about Pam, now 25. She must go on, too, as the rest of us. And she knows this. She may not know quite why, being young, but I know: Before she is 30, Pamela will deliver a written work of permanent value and of profound insight to the library of American fiction. And it will be but the first of many.

The heart bleeds, but does not break. Heartbreak is gratuitous wreckage. It is futility. In its way it is disloyalty too, not only to the one who is lost but to all those remaining who knew and loved. Heartbreak is for the weak and the hopeless and the half-alive. The whole purpose in living is in serving. Heartbreak *is* death.

So I say farewell, Janice, my darling. Thank you just for *being!* You were the larkish one; brave, merry, full of sun, full of song. You were vivid. You were loyal. Those who knew you—though just by sight—were lucky. We who had you and had your love—we were the luckiest. Twenty-one years of joy—that is richness enough. And it is your joy that has given us the courage to be cheerful. Our remembrance is our gratitude; our gratitude, remembrance. For us, those 21 years will just go on and on. And so will you.

"I come not to participate in hatred but to share in love."

Janice's ashes were scattered over the Adirondacks that she loved so—over its mountains and lakes. The words of Dr. Paul Wolfe keep coming back, freshening my family's spirit each time we think of them: "We come to give thanks for the life of Janice Wylie." ■

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treasure from Tennyson on which she had stumbled threw him back into the funk from which, lying in bed, he had been roused by the ringing of the extension.

McGland was one of those people who combine tremendous ambition with overpowering inertia—a juxtaposition present in creative talent oftener than is generally realized. He had read most of the literature on the psychopathology of sloth, including a monograph on Doctor Johnson, without being convinced that anyone really knew very much about it. But its victims know it to be a curse and a cross. Oh, the first discovery that one is to be henceforth the tormented fulcrum of apathy and aspiration!

McGland had been born in a small village on the north coast of Scotland, "between the snarling river and the mumbling sea," as he had written in one of his first published poems. They had spared him the inhumanity of regular employment—or, rather, the ethereal skill with which he read them did, for it was his record albums and public recitals that earned him his living and swelled his vogue. He carried on these triumphal tours as he had and would carry all through life a chronic apprehension about his teeth, of which he had a poor heritage. The boy Gowan (so named for the Irish on his mother's side) had lost two in a fist fight, and since then several more through natural causes, through those scorpions lurking in his gums, till at last his smile was an octave of bright counterfeits about which he felt more self-conscious than he had been about their sad forebears. They were affixed to the five still evenly distributed across his upper jaw, one more, the cunning artificers had told him, than the absolute minimum on which a bridge could be suspended. "Lose two more, that is, and they will all have to ——" No. His mind recoiled in horror from that specter. Cursing fate for the mouthful of chalk it had dealt him, he had resolved to decline that final humiliation it had cooked up for him. That would be for him the moment of truth. That would mean that, for Gowan McGland, this planet was no longer habitable. In the long, strategic retreat that was human life, he saw himself as backing toward his grave tooth by tooth and poem by poem, and he would drop into it voluntarily, thank you, with a few of each still left in his head. Meanwhile, he indulged to the full the wenching his celebrity made possible for him, clasping every willing woman like a poultice to his abscessed heart, slaking in as many arms as possible the thirst for pleasure in the race with Time. For, at thirty-five, he was a caricature of his likenesses—particularly of the now famous charcoal sketch by Henry Hulan, who had caught the faun's head of fifteen years and forty pounds ago, with the brooding, grape-dark eyes and the hair curling down over the clear brow in scrolls as perfect as the scrolls from a carpenter's plane.

Mrs. Springer skipped across the threshold and into the room with a laugh, spotted from the sudden shower through which she had darted from the main house. She was all wool and a yard wide. She wore black slacks and a blue silk blouse, at the open throat of which a Liberty silk scarf was knotted.

"Please don't get up," she told the prostrate McGland, smiling over the bed on which he lay disposed, in an open shirt of his own, and a pair of C.B.S.'s clam diggers, gripping a splat of the headboard. He had a look at once jaunty and exhausted. She clutched a heavy brown volume which an inborn pessimism told McGland was one of those anthologies of which the contents are divided into basic human categories such as Love, Grief, and Nature.

"Marie hasn't tidied up," she said, taking in the room with a glance. They both knew the maid was afraid of McGland.

The guest house in which he lay imprisoned was a converted barn, if it was not a backslidden cottage. McGland's clothes lay everywhere, bottles and soiled tumblers littered the furniture, as did the debris of more than one tray sent over from the kitchen. A cold fried egg stared at him like a reproachful eye. A necktie was screwed into the carriage of the typewriter supplied by the management. McGland pressed out, in this way, the two cravats which he carried on his triumphal tours, twisting them into the roller to the place where they had become wrinkled from the frequent knotting, and leaving them in overnight.

Mrs. Springer settled herself in the cane chair beside the bed and began to read—with expression, for he was apparently to be spared nothing:

"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea;
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever."

"Isn't that effective?"

McGland nodded, out of a boredom so abysmal it was almost Nirvana. He supposed he should put himself out more for Poetry Lovers, that race against whom he and his contemporary kind had so sinned. "That sempiternal slut, the Sea," he had himself written. How could you explain to this woman the principle of the antipoetic, that essence the pursuit of which had haunted poets since Baudelaire? Let her daughter Lorraine explain it, the girl who had got all this started, up at Bennington where she'd accosted him after a reading. "Don't be silly, of course Mother would be glad to put you up. I'll telephone. . . ." A girl with a rousing figure, she was, and teeth like a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and none is barren among them. A Bennington girl who had defined a mother as "a wad of contributing factors." Sick, he closed his eyes and dreamed of her.

"But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver—"

At last, however, it was over, and Mrs. Springer was on her feet saying, "Come over for a drink, when you've shaved and all. C.B.S. will be home in a foul humor—that tobacco client of his is test-marketing a mentholated cigar, and things are going badly—but the Haxbys may drop in. C.B.S.'s sister and her husband. He's that brilliant dentist? So do come have a cocktail."

McGland was never gladder to see anyone's back. He lay on his own in an ecstasy of relief, after she had gone, savoring the peace of the room. He had no more than begun to do so, however, than the door opened again and Mrs. Springer stood beckoning to him.

"Come outside. I want to show you something."

"What?"

"A rainbow."

"Can't."

"But a *rainbow*. Hurry."

Somehow (as writers of rotten fiction said) he dragged himself out of bed and through the door. Going to look at something beautiful in nature was, he supposed, pursuing his line of thought of a moment ago, a kind of amends he "owed

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people," those millions of offended and bewildered Appreciators for whom Mrs. Springer was surrogate, whose comfortably recognized "sentiments" of Love and Evening and Spring he and his sort had hacked to ribbons with the meat ax of the Absurd. Yes, it was the least he could do, this token, if rather hypocritical, obeisance to Beauty, this after all rather arduous pilgrimage to the out-of-doors.

"See? It's stopped raining here, but there's just enough over west there to catch the last rays of the sun."

McGland blinked into the cruel light, and presently made out an overarching radiance that somewhat surprised him: he had almost thought them obsolete. He nodded slowly in contemplation, shading his eyes beneath the still throbbing katzenjammer. He found that the sudden stir had made him queasy too.

"'My heart leaps up when I behold ——'" Mrs. Springer began.

McGland turned and plunged back into the cottage, when threatened with the Wordsworth in its entirety, realizing as he did so that he should perhaps have run around behind it to be sick. However, the nausea passed without incident, and Mrs. Springer was at last got rid of, leaving him once more to his peace. After half an hour's rest, and then a bath, he felt distinctly better. He had brushed his teeth since eating last, but he brushed them again.

He scoured each survivor lovingly, and rinsed his mouth out with beer. With the cunning artificer's removable handiwork removed, he confronted himself squarely in the glass and gave himself his jack-o'-lantern grin. "You'll look like that someday," he said. It was to warn himself to gather rosebuds while he might, to hurry, hurry, to let no woman's reproof or man's derision, or the memory or fear of such reproof or derision, sway him from the course of action justified by the batting average firmly fixed in his mind: *one out of ten.* The single overture that paid off was surely worth the nine humiliating slaps across the cheek.

Now a clean shirt and so off to the main house. Who knew what this sister-in-law, Mrs. Haxby, might be like?

Lucille Haxby was not all wool, and she was certainly not a yard wide. A slender, slightly stooped, pretty ash-blond woman of forty, she was an actress *manquée* with a modest history of wandering off into the moral marshlands surrounding the arts—which accounted in part for her husband's intense jealousy. Jack Haxby instinctively spotted McGland's roving eye (his term for a gaze that never left his wife all evening). He was a barrel-chested man with a dented nose that gave him the look of a handsome prizefighter, but recently retired. Early on, he wanted to know why McGland had, at thirty-five, not yet married and founded a home of his own.

"I consider the home an invasion of privacy," McGland said.

Quips such as this were not in all honesty quite that impromptu. They were part of a now rather substantial *obiter dicta* with which he interspersed his public readings. He had made that same remark at Swarthmore, where he had advised the young to pioneer if possible a more humane and flexible form of the institution in question, when it came their turn. "Adultery has probably stabilized more marriages than it has shaken," he told an audience on still an-

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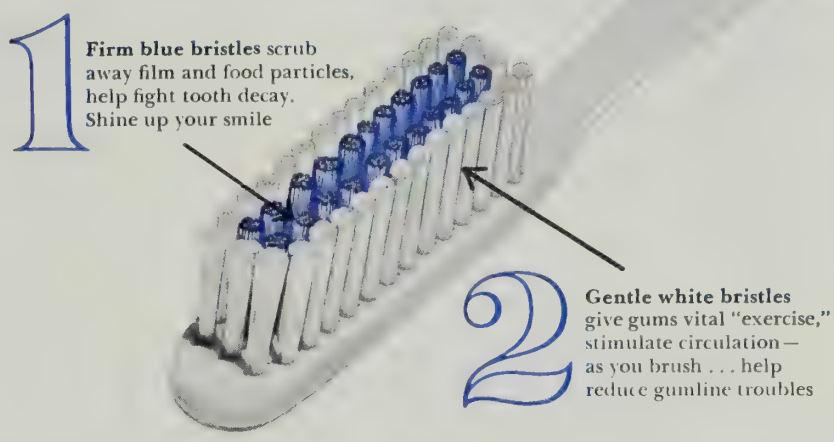

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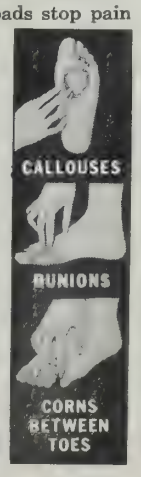

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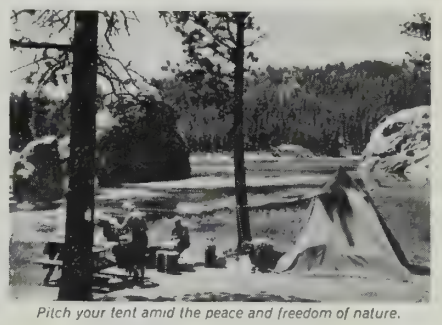

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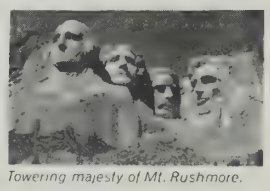

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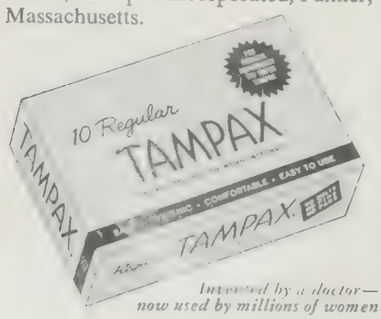

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other campus. Asked to explain that by a woman instructor who rose during the question period, McGland recalled for her Alexandre Dumas's maxim, that the chain of wedlock is so heavy it needs two to carry it, and sometimes three. The changing mores which McGland thus both noted and urged would, if anything, make sexual standards the more exacting, in real life as well as fiction. "A hundred years ago, your Hester Prynne was given an A for adultery. Today she would rate no better than a C-plus," he said. He advised the young not, in future years, to regret their youth but always to behave as though they still had it. "If you look back," he said, "you'll turn into a pillar of society." He deplored the male fidelity that is no more than fear of a wife equated with the mother—a particularly American malaise which McGland called "infectious mammanucleosis." There were detractors in the land who regarded all this talk itself as a marginal masculinity racing its motor, and there had been that ultimate scurrility he had seen scrawled on a Village fence, "Gowan McGland is pure as the driven snow."

Lucille Haxby was, at any rate, quite won by his roguish charm, as so many women were, and offered to call for him in her car the next day and take him for a spin. Three days later McGland arranged to move into a neighboring motel, on an advance wangled out of his lecture agent. Mrs. Springer telephoned the instant her maid gave her this message, to say she would be right over to the guest cottage. She must speak to him. It was urgent.

"Is it that you don't *know* where to draw the line, Gowan?" she said, pacing agitatedly among the confusion of things he had been packing. "Or that you know but don't care?"

McGland sat sideways at his desk as she lectured, glancing at a poem he had started:

The world is riddled with betrayal
And checkered with the heart's alarms;
So put away those lamentations
And hurry to my faithless arms.

The lines were in the nature of some experiments in rather stricter verse forms than he had generally worked in. Perhaps a series of conventional love lyrics would result. As he brooded over the draft, he also surreptitiously worried about in his mouth a ball of typewriter cleaner, a newfangled puttylike substance called Kwik-Kleen that had fascinated him in a stationery store. "No more fussing with messy and combustible liquids," a note accompanying the directions said. "Just press Kwik-Kleen on the keys and presto—the dirt becomes engraved into it." Why not equally so in the case of teeth? he had thought, and bought the item to try. It certainly didn't taste bad. Perhaps he should make a habit of carrying a quid of it on his person, as an extra hygienic precaution between brushings.

"We used to have a term, 'moral imbecile,'" Mrs. Springer went on, warming to her subject. "Is that what we must think you, Gowan, who could so abuse our hospitality as to ——? My own sister-in-law. *Lorraine's aunt. C.B.S.'s sister!* Are you eating something?"

"No," said McGland, covertly disgorging the wad. He lighted a brand of cigarillo he had become partial to in the States, and tried to listen a little more closely.

"Those are C.B.S.'s rubbers you've been using for house slippers, that bathrobe hanging there —— But forget that part of it, forget us. It's the principle of the thing. Do you simply refuse to accept that there are limits to what we can get out of life, even as a sexual anarchist, but must go on grabbing, grabbing and again grabbing at everything in skirts? A legend in your lifetime indeed!"

"I'm sorry." McGland's voice was toneless, and he stared at the floor. He let the cigar go out as she spoke, till it hung, defunct, in a corner of his mouth, as though, in a fit of contrite renunciation of all fleshly habit, he had dropped even smoking midway a cigar, and would smoke no more.

Mrs. Springer paused. Then, after a deep breath, she said, "Forget about us. Forget even about Lucille—she's a child in many ways. What I've really come to warn you about is Jack Haxby."

"He's a dentist, isn't he?" McGland asked, speaking again without inflection, the dead butt flapping in his lips, a flicker of curiosity in his eyes.

"Yes, and one of the best in the country. What I'm trying to tell you is that his moral standards are as high as his professional ones, and they're the highest. Stage people come to him, actors fly in from Hollywood. I can't answer for the consequences if he finds out there's anything between you."

"There's nothing between us."

"Perhaps not. But do you know what Jack said about you?"

"What?"

"He called you a lying, wenching, cheating, drinking blackguard."

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'Oh, I think he's a good deal more than that.'"

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, Gowan, I don't know!" Mrs. Springer stood clutching a necklace of heavy glass beads. "Just take to heart some good advice once. Are you going to the dinner Lucille invited you to Saturday?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes. And we shall hope to see you on your good behavior, Gowan."

The Haxbys' dinner party had started off with a bang, but now most of the men were ill from the mentholated cigars C.B.S. had passed out with the compliments of his client. Haxby was quite irritated with himself for having let his brother-in-law make guinea pigs of his guests in this way. He was eager to talk about his pet project, accelerated reading, a cultural hobby with which he currently relieved the strains of a practice that was as arduous as it was distinguished. He had become an advisory vice president of the local branch workshop of the American Reading Clinic, whose merits he was impatient to explain to three business executives present, conceivable prospects for the course. However, with all three of them green from the effects of the cigars, the moment was not auspicious. "They're putting too much menthol in them," C.B.S. said. "That's the sort of thing we want to find out."

Haxby looked over toward McGland, who had strolled away from the half of the L-shaped living room to which the men had been herded for their brandies,

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and was peering around the bend in it to where the ladies were sipping their *crème de menthes*. McGland had declined the mentholated cigar, and so felt fine. Background "mood music" issued from stereophonic speakers set in two corners of the ceiling at the elbow of the room, but their gentle strains did little to soothe Haxby, who was irked with McGland for not having accepted a cigar. As he watched him, he pondered the mystery of sexual prerogative. How could a man no more prepossessing than that have his pick of women anyway? Yet there they were, vying with one another for the chance to be included in some small way in the growing McGland legend, even for the privilege of doing his laundry, which God knew they must pitch into the automatic washers with eyes averted. He was a poet having a vogue; that part was all right. But it baffled and infuriated Haxby to see refined women like his wife take a shine to a satyr in tweeds that had obviously never been pressed and socks that, literally, did not match. One was a red-and-white check, while the other was red with gray clocks. There had been a comedian twenty-five years ago with a joke about that: "I've got another pair just like it home."

"McGland," Haxby found himself calling, "do they have speed reading in England yet?"

"What reading?" McGland asked, returning. He finished off his brandy as he strolled.

"Speed reading. Accelerated reading."

"Oh, those places where they teach you to read *War and Peace* in one night or some such rot? Not that I know of. Tell me about them."

Haxby reached for the brandy bottle on the large circular table the men were sitting around, and as he did so one or two tried to catch McGland's eye, without success.

"I'll be glad to," Haxby said, refilling McGland's extended snifter, nearly to the brim. "The fact is that we still all read more or less at a child's pace. Our eye doesn't pause over every word, to be sure, but it does on every third or fourth word. On that stage most of us remain arrested." Haxby set the brandy, for which there were no other takers, back on the table. "At about twenty per cent efficiency. A page every three minutes, say. Well, with proper training we can up that to a page a minute, then two pages a minute, then five. Till, yes, we can read a whole book in an evening."

"What for?" McGland asked, taking a seat.

"What for?" Haxby looked around, inviting the others to share his amusement. "Ask Shotwell here, or Jumbo Harper. Or even C.B.S. How many miles of business reports have you boys got piled up on your desks and in your briefcases? Eh, Jumbo?"

"Plenty," Jumbo Harper answered with a smile. He was a sandy-haired man of a size implied by his nickname. A look of two-fisted practicality made him resemble those businessmen seen in charity posters leaning across their desks and saying, "It pays to hire the handicapped."

"Of course, as far as office reports are concerned," Shotwell began, "I've gotten so that I can delegate ——"

"There, hear that?" said Haxby. "He has to have others do his reading for him. But he needn't if he corrected his reading *rate*. Six months in one of our workshops and he can get through everything he has to in an hour a day. That answer your question, McGland?"

"I don't care how long it takes Mr. Shotwell to get through the contents of his briefcase," McGland said. "I want him to read *Tender Is the Night* as slowly as possible."

Haxby sat back, unable for the moment to digest this fact. Shotwell laughed and murmured something to the effect that he would do as McGland wished, as soon as he found the time. Haxby ignored this, pursuing the argument with McGland.

"All right, let's keep it to literature. You mean you yourself haven't got books piled up that you can't seem to get around to?" he said, quoting from a brochure he was drafting for the Clinic.

"No."

"You don't wish there were forty-eight hours in a day, so you could catch up on your reading?"

McGland shook his head. "No, I don't seem to ——"

"You mean you've read everything. All the classics that man in his centuries of ——"

"Hell, no. What do I want to read all the classics for? Man is groaning under a terrible hoax about the classics. To hell with the classics."

Haxby glared uncomprehendingly. "Swinburne," he said wildly.

"Can't read him."

"Why not?"

"Because he sounds like some punk who has just read Swinburne."

Haxby, who had in the heat of the debate crouched forward in his chair, now flopped back in it. This was all crazy. The sides seemed suddenly to have got switched around, somehow, from the way they should be, each taking the part the other would normally be expected to espouse.

"But you just said you wanted Shotwell here to read *Tender Is the Night*."

"That is correct. I do not object to *all* literature."

Haxby reached for the bottle again and poured himself a fresh brandy, nearly as much as he had ironically sloshed into McGland's snifter. He looked more than ever like a boxer, perhaps because of the slight shake of his head he gave, like one rousing himself from a daze preparatory to getting up off the canvas. He ran a palm over his short gray hair, which in color and pile resembled the wall-to-wall carpeting, as though the house had been decorated around him.

"Now, that novel of F. Scott Fitzgerald's," he said pedagogically, after a copious gulp of his brandy, "would presumably be the first in a list of books McGland would want Shotwell—or anybody here—to read. Right? Right. Now, what would be some others? Give us a list, McGland. Say, a dozen musts. Go ahead."

McGland obligingly murmured a few titles, which included a collection of Krazy Kat.

"Good. Now we're getting somewhere. Now that stack on the bedside table is growing. Still, it's only a start. You could make it a hundred, and we'd all want to read them all, believe me. But *there isn't time*. For each one you get around to, two more have joined the pile. So it will continue to be *unless we accelerate our reading rate*. And we do that only one way—by unlearning the old way, which is to subvocalize. That is, we pronounce the words in our minds, whether we actually move our lips or not." *(Continued)*

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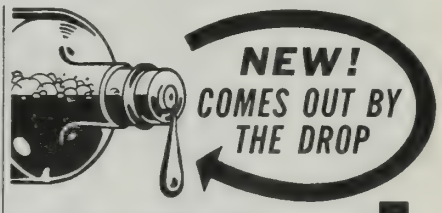

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McGland twisted around in his chair, hoping that a stir at the other end of the room meant the ladies were coming to join them, in despair of being joined. This turned out to be the case. The women rounded the turn in easy formation, chatting and laughing. The men rose to face them, conscious of their postures. Standing in a semicircle, stomachs in, shoulders back, they resembled a glee club waiting, if not for a sign from their leader to burst into song, at least for permission to disband. Haxby, however, had no intention of relinquishing the floor purchased at such pains, now that his audience had doubled.

"Many of us feel that this subvocalization is not essential to the reading process *qua* reading. There is a school of us who are firmly convinced that the written word can be taken in *in a purely optical manner and converted by the brain into comprehension without subvocalization.* It is by training people to use only their eyes—to bypass the ear—that we work the miracles we do at the workshop in speeding up people's reading. Ah, Jumbo ——"

"Holding forth, darling?" Lucille Haxby asked. She paused in a manner that brought the company of women to a halt behind her, like a scouting party in doubtful territory.

"Loomis, for instance, of Allied Fertilizer, came to us in a state and said he simply could not get his work done because of the reports piling up on his desk. He was actually desperate. His stomach was acting up, he was in a state. Six months at the workshop and he can read all he has to for the day in an hour with *no loss of comprehension.* Reads by eye, you see, he doesn't waste time with the ear. He simply photographs the words off the printed page. You were speaking facetiously about reading a book in an evening, McGland. Well, that is exactly the case. Our star pupil, a graduate of the University of Vermont, read *Doctor Zhivago* in fifty-five minutes. He was clocked by a neutral committee."

"He read it the way your fertilizer man now reads reports on business figures. He did not read the book as a book," McGland said.

"He could give a complete and accurate resumé of its entire contents. The same neutral committee tested him."

"But only as a body of information on the so-called action of the novel—on what happened next and what became of the characters, and so on. I repeat, he did not read the book."

"Maybe we don't mean the same thing by 'reading a book.'"

"I suppose not."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"What it says—reading a book. As an aesthetic experience, to be had on the writer's own terms. Because prose is *meant* to be heard and not just seen, good prose anyway. Heard on the inner ear. Bypass subvocalization, as you call it, and you do permanent violence to something essential to reading. Fitzgerald has a tempo, Hemingway has a tempo, so does Boris Pasternak. Speed these up and you defame them just as you would defâme Brahms if you sped up to *allegro vivace* a movement he had clearly marked *andante,* just for the sake of getting through the damned symphony faster."

"Hear, hear," a mousy little woman in the background said—Mrs. Shotwell. Which caused Haxby to flush a shade deeper than he already was in an exchange which, everyone now nervously saw, had reached a pitch ominously higher than that of lively after-dinner conversation. Haxby said, "That is quite all right, in theory at least, and for people who have nothing more to do than read novels in their own sweet time, dawdling over them like poetry. And, speaking of poetry, I'll tell you something. I finally got around to reading your book the other night. *John-a-Dreams* was a treat I had been postponing for myself till I had time, and which I advise my other guests not to deprive themselves of if they haven't yet had the pleasure," Haxby went on, a smile of hideous benevolence twisting his lips. "I read it in twenty minutes. And I say I got everything in it. I can quote you from it."

"In that case, this is what you did."

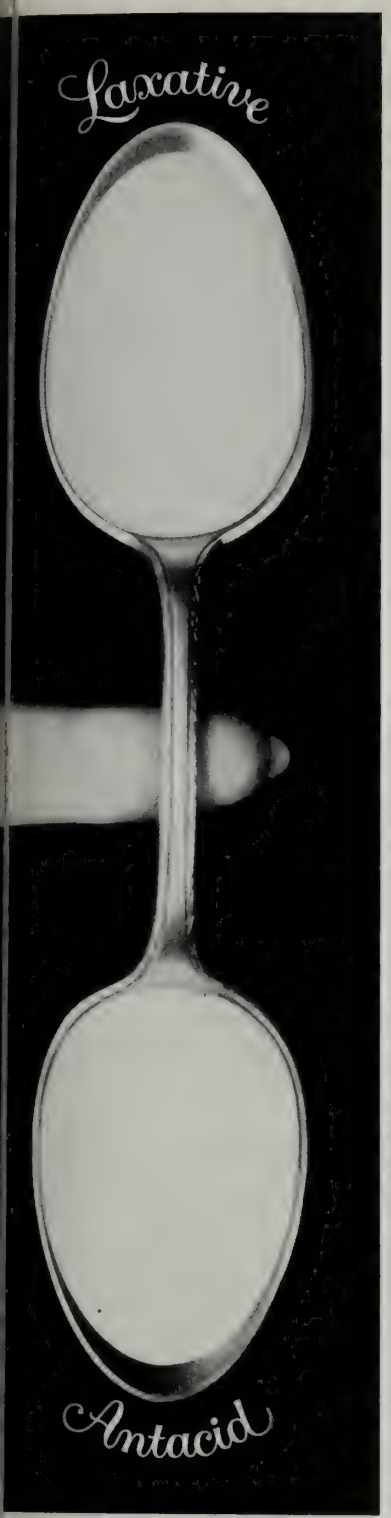
McGland's reference to Brahms had not been academic. It was the Brahms violin concerto that had been softly going on the phonograph in the corner. The record was finished, but still revolving on the turntable. McGland now turned on his heel and marched over to it. Snapping the speed adjustment lever from thirty-three and a third, where it was, to seventy-eight, he set the tone arm down at random on the record, at the same time twisting the volume knob up. A rapid insane squeaking and gibbering filled the room. Haxby himself now darted forward, his face crimson.

"Do you want to wreck the machine then, man! That speed takes a different needle."

They all watched in horror as he lifted the tone arm off and set it carefully to rest. Unintelligible deploring murmurs from the frozen company filled the air. The mousy woman who had at first said "Hear, hear!" recognizing that she had in so doing stoked a controversy into a crisis, mumbled something about there being no doubt "something to be said for both sides." Lucille nodded agreement. "Of course there are two kinds of reading—for mere information and for aesthetic pleasure. We all skim some things and linger over others. Just sort of soak ourselves in the author's prose? Or poetry? So the whole argument is rather silly, *but* I must say it does a woman good to see two men feel strongly enough about something to fight about it. That's a relief in an age of conformity and pussy-footing. Cleans out the liver, eh, boys?"

Here the mousy woman repeated "Hear, hear!" with her original zest, provoking thereby a round of assents and even some applause. Lucille drew the two men together, looping her arms through theirs, and made them shake hands. McGland grinned, apologizing for having been so contentious—and noting privately, again, the savagery with which passive types like himself could occasionally fight once roused.

Haxby's emotions were more complex. He had permitted himself to be made a fool of on his home ground, with his pet subject, and before precisely the men he wanted most to impress; not to mention before his wife in connection with a potential cuckolder. He scarcely knew whom he hated the more for this, himself or McGland. But it was essential to his ego that he appear quite unruled by the fracas. Therefore at the height of the evening's gaiety, when



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they were all dancing in the recreation room, he loudly invited McGland to dinner the following week to meet the traveling secretary of the American Reading Clinic. He did this in a pause between records, when they all stood waiting with their partners, McGland with his arm around Lucille.

For a speed reader, Haxby took a long time over the menu in the restaurant to which he had shepherded his foursome. McGland did not even consult his, telling Haxby to order for him out of Haxby's knowledge of the specialties of the house, on which Haxby obviously preened himself, and with which he was clearly trying to impress Miss Iverson, the reading-clinic girl. McGland never cared what he ate: He was far too fond of food.

As he sipped his Old-Fashioned, he appraised Miss Iverson according to the criterion with which he judged all women. They either did or did not have "a floral quality." The twenty-five-year-old Miss Iverson did not. The forty-year-old Lucille Haxby did. The younger woman was your fresh type: ruddy cheeks, straight chestnut hair, the scrubbed look and clear gaze suited to one engaged in projects of social worth. She was fruit, or possibly gem—but not flower. It was no fatal deficiency in McGland's eyes, who liked women as indiscriminately as he did food.

"Read the brochure yet, Gowan?" asked Lucille, who had been watching him watch Miss Iverson. "You know—the Reading Clinic booklet."

"Haven't had a chance."

"Too swamped with other stuff. You see—Jack is right."

"No doubt about it. And the brochure is the last thing I'd skim."

McGland had resolved on an attitude of friendly deference toward Haxby and his hobby. The least he could give in return for this good food and drink were those lighthearted quips with which he was now accustomed to sing for his supper. Haxby, too, seemed determined to bury the hatchet. He grinned across the table and said to Miss Iverson, "Nancy, Gowan here says they haven't even heard of speed reading abroad. At least that he knows of."

Miss Iverson clucked her tongue with a deploring pout. "They haven't?"

"No," said McGland. "I figure we in the British Isles are from fifteen to twenty years behind the cultural decline going on everywhere else in the world."

Miss Iverson threw her head back and laughed, and Lucille smiled, but Haxby's fists clenched and unclenched at his sides. Lucille reached under the table to give McGland a warning poke in the knee. Misunderstanding the move, McGland took her hand and squeezed it responsively in his. Miss Iverson said, "Have you traveled much in Europe?"

"No, I believe in the motto, 'See America First,'" McGland said.

It was only the reception accorded his dissertation on the wine that at all repaired Haxby's mood. McGland was perfectly willing to let him shine in that department (being, to complete the parallels, also too fond of liquor to give a damn what he drank), and it gave him a personal relief to see Haxby attentive to Miss Iverson, whom Haxby was out to show that the Clinic was lucky to have him on the Board for more reasons than one. It meant the relaxation of Haxby's watch, lately *(Continued)*

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Only Preparation H® Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

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The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids – Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

Gorton's Fish Sticks deserve the very best ketchup, and that's Heinz Ketchup. Made fresh from sun-ripened tomatoes, it's richer, thicker and goes further, both at the table and in your cooking.

No other ketchup tastes like Heinz®...

OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED *continued*

quite sharp, on Lucille. That night, McGland decided to make the supreme quest for her favor. Something happened midway the dinner that made him resolve to waste no time and mince no words.

As he was lifting his glass of wine, a red Burgundy to go with the duck Bigarade they had all ordered, he felt a sudden sharp twinge in his upper jaw. While the rest were bent over their food, he covertly thrust a forefinger in to where, more precious than rubies, were the only adjoining pair of teeth left in his head, a right bicuspid and its neighboring molar. He went sick as the twinge was repeated.

He was sweating by the time they reached their coffee. When, just before its arrival, the ladies absented themselves together, he found himself alone with Haxby. Haxby now took on the symbolic monstrosity of all dentists, for McGland the very heralds and legates of the Grim Reaper, at best judges who commuted sentences and granted stays of execution—for time had only deepened McGland's certainty that he could not emotionally survive that last emasculation which it was written one of their number should perform. *Till then I shall bite into every apple I can.* The frenzy for reassurance made him waste no time in making inquiries that might, at the same time, expose him to the worst.

"I was reading in the paper the other day about some of your latest triumphs," he said, wiping his palms on the sides of his trousers. "An abscessed tooth is no longer a goner. That right?" He turned his dog's eyes upward to the other.

"Not necessarily." Haxby smiled as he noted the beads of perspiration on McGland's brow. As "the" dentist for actors and actresses to go to, he had had too many quivering egos in his chair not to recognize the mortal horror of defacement behind the nonchalant expressions and the brave smiles. "Why? Concerned about something?"

"Twitch or two on one side."

"Come to the office in the morning and we'll have a look. Park Avenue. We can squeeze you in."

"That's very kind of you. I know your reputation, and I mean just at the moment ——"

"Nonsense. We get enough from those who can pay to write one off to international relations once in a while. And I know how it is. Time was when I made only ten thousand a year."

"It's a condition to which I aspire."

A sense of pride made McGland apologize for what the doctor would find, explaining that those ravages were as much the fault of bad dentistry as poor heritage. He told the story of the rural Scotsman whom he'd found using his instruments for nut picks as he sat eating pecans in his office. This caused Haxby to put his head back in one of his rare straightforward guffaws. He certainly had a hearty handful of teeth himself, though McGland had the suspicion that if he were flung to the floor and forcibly held while a count was made he would be found to possess more than the conventional thirty-two. Both men were laughing rather hysterically when the ladies returned.

Contriving to be the last to leave the table, McGland palmed and pocketed the tenner Haxby left as a tip. He absolutely needed it to finance any further rendezvous with Lucille, whom he also recklessly kissed back at the house. They were downstairs in the recreation room, to which they had repaired to see an old Marx Brothers movie on television. Miss Iverson was making a phone call and Haxby had gone up for some brandy.

"Will you come to lunch Wednesday?" McGland whispered hurriedly, catching Lucille at the foot of the stairs. "Stay the afternoon? Please?"

"Why so urgent?"

"Time's wingèd chariot. You're so beautiful. Meet me at the motel at twelve, and I'll love you for the rest of my life. I do adore you."

"Well, more like one o'clock."

McGland could not see Haxby's shadow at the head of the turning stair, but Haxby, pausing, could see his—or, rather, theirs—at the foot of it. He watched as they joined and then separated. Then he came slowly down, carrying the brandy and the glasses.

McGland sat in the chair watching Haxby hold the X-ray picture up to the light from the window. His hands clutched his knees and perspiration trickled from his armpits down the sides of his chest. His heart thumped. His mind froze in the familiar c numb apprehension with whic awaited all these verdicts.

"They both seem OK," Haxb at last. "No abscesses, or even ities."

"Good. Then it's probably jus ralgia."

"Not so fast. What's happe that the bicuspid—that's the fo one—has shifted position. Or I s say become tilted. Here, look."

He moved the negative in mid that McGland could see it again light, and indicated something his little finger. "The root has w itself forward, away from the r while the tooth proper has come *toward* the molar. The result i triangular pocket in which som fection has developed, causing th derness and pain you've been fe It's probably a low-grade infectio we might get rid of it now with of penicillin. That's no problem the thing is, it's certain to come It's a perfect breeding ground fo particles, and so on, gathering th the gum. The danger is that in t maybe a year, maybe next week infect the molar. And we don't that, do we? That way you migh them both—which would be th of any possible bridgework. T only one safe thing to do."

"What's that?" McGland as a dry voice.

"Give up the bicuspid. It's less valuable—in fact it's no u you at all. You've got a bridge o it, but it's not offering any rea port. It's your molar that su

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*Write for Fresh-Lock booklet, Dept. MC, Gorton's, Gloucester, Mass.

your support on that side, and when that goes ——" Haxby smiled understandingly. "When that goes, you lose them all, because you won't have enough anchors left, or rather the three left aren't distributed properly for a case. All that stands between you and a set of false teeth is that molar. I'll be glad to pull the bicuspid now. . . . McGland? . . . Miss Thompson! The smelling salts, please."

McGland had slumped so far down in the chair that he was almost out of it. His feet were on the floor straddling the footrest and his nose just grazed the underside of the instrument tray as he slithered past it. Haxby swung the tray aside, and between them he and Miss Thompson, the nurse, hauled McGland into a more or less upright position on the chair. His head dropped forward, but straightened up after the nurse had stroked the bottle of restorative across his nostrils. It was a phial of spirits of ammonia, which they continued to call smelling salts in the office. Finally his eyes blinked open.

"Miss Thompson, get the brandy from the cabinet and pour our Mr. McGland a drink."

McGland had a slug from a paper cup, then another, and presently had more or less pulled himself together. "All right, let's get it over with," he said. "One more strategic retreat."

"That's the spirit!" Haxby said.

In ten minutes the Novocain had taken hold, in another five the tooth was out. In ten more McGland was downstairs in the street, hurrying into the nearest bar. He downed Scotches so fast that inside of another hour he was drunk—which was what he had deliberately set out to become. He walked the seven or eight blocks between Haxby's Park Avenue office and Grand Central Station. The next train to Scarsdale was the 5:24 o'clock. Thank God it had a bar car.

As he sat slouched in his seat, sipping a beer through the side of his mouth away from the still faintly oozing socket, he noticed across the aisle from him, crisply young and fresh among the middle-aged commuters, a girl in a blue linen suit, watching him. "Pretty girls don't commute," they said around here, but that wasn't strictly true, was it? Something told him she was an office girl, sitting in the bar because all the other coaches were full. She was drinking a Coke; or rather, not drinking it. She took him in over the top of a magazine she wasn't reading—being only one of several who had noted his condition. Some exchanged glances and those smug headshakes with which people deplore public spectacles. A spasm of anger stirred his murky misery, seizing him with the desire to outrage. He drew out a pocket comb, dipped it into his beer, and began to comb his hair. Most of the onlookers remained under his spell, but when he had finished grooming himself he saw that the girl's eyes were lowered again to her magazine. She was blushing and smiling both.

The door opened and a conductor called for tickets. When he reached McGland, he stood there waiting while McGland fumbled in his pockets for the return half of the two-way ticket he had bought that morning at the other end. The search proving fruitless, McGland mumbled apologetically and took out his wallet. He knew there would be nothing in it. The tenner from last night's dinner was hidden in a drawer in his motel room; that was absolutely earmarked for his lunch with Lucille tomorrow; nothing could have made him take that along and risk blowing it in town. Having pocketed the wallet, after obliging the conductor with a view of its empty interior, McGland began to fish in his pants pockets for loose coins. The conductor was twirling his ticket punch impatiently on a forefinger. At that point the girl rose, stepped across the aisle and told the conductor to punch McGland's fare from her ticket.

"Sorry, this is a commutation ticket, ma'am, and can't be used by anyone else. You see it's marked 'Female' here. Can't be used by a man."

"Then I'll pay his fare," she said with sudden temper, "when you get around to my seat."

The conductor shrugged and resumed his journey down the line. McGland began to thank her, but she cut him off with a vehement shake of her head. Leaning down, she said in a gentle whisper, "I heard you read at Wellesley three years ago, Mr. McGland, and I figure it's the least I can do."

She turned and walked back to her seat, picked up her magazine, crossed her legs and resumed reading. McGland rose after a few minutes and groped his way to the washroom. He stood there gripping the metal bar that ran across the opaque window, swaying, as the train pounded through the Westchester twilight and the tears ran down his cheeks.

A few weeks later, enriched by a royalty check for several *(Continued)*

Your most important dinner of the year deserves the best ham you can buy—which is another way of saying "Morrell". Every bite is as sweet and tender as the center slice heart of the ham. It's so easy to pick the size and style you'll be proud to serve as the heart of *your* holiday dinner.

EASY CHERRY-RAISIN SAUCE RECIPE

Combine 1 can cherry pie filling, ½ cup whole or chopped raisins, ½ cup orange or pineapple juice. Mix thoroughly, heat but do not boil. Serves 8 to 10. (Hint: for a spicier sauce, season with ½ teaspoon powdered cloves and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. For easy fixing, slice the ham in kitchen, add the sauce—then bring to table, ready to serve.)

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MORRELL HAM

hundred dollars that had caught up with him, McGland sat at the desk in his motel room and wrote out the fourth draft of a new poem:

Come let us spread a picnic on this precipice,
Eat, drink, be merry with our backs to the abyss,
Till in that dusk where bats cannot be told from swallows,
Gifts from threats, we'll banish solemn songs like this.
This is our hopeless heaven, these flowers our eyes have watered,
Wine drawn from our veins, tunes piped from hollowed bones,
And gaiety pouring from every wound.

He had struck out "We know at last the quintessential hoax," and was beginning to cast a cold eye on "hopeless heaven." He wondered if the whole thing were third-rate Pagliacci.

The pain in his jaw had not abated, despite the removal of the bicuspid. The original soreness persisted, clearly distinguishable from the dull ache of the socket, now largely healed. Could it be the molar after all? Oh, dear God, no.

He delayed inspecting it by prolonging the ritual of assembling another drink. He carried his tumbler to the bureau on which sat the plastic bowl of ice cubes supplied by the management. He dropped three cubes into the glass, then twisted the cap from a fresh bottle of Scotch and poured a generous stream of whiskey over them. For some time, then, he stood at the window watching the highway traffic, leaning with his shoulder against the sash in an attitude of nonchalance. Suddenly he set his glass on the windowsill and rushed into the bathroom. He lifted his lip as far back as he could and looked into the medicine-chest mirror. The molar was abscessed.

He sank into the armchair with his drink. He finished it off and instantly poured himself another, swallowing that till the raw blaze in his stomach overshadowed the throbbing in his mouth. He opened the phone book and found the name of a local dentist whom he had heard widely praised at parties here, trying to banish from his mind the mad suspicion that was forming there. Would a dentist draw the wrong tooth deliberately, knowing all along that the one next to it was doomed to follow? He remembered a story he had once read about a sadistic doctor who had amputated a man's leg unnecessarily. In no case could he go in to New York and face Haxby again.

"Doctor Ormsby is full up this afternoon," the receptionist who answered the telephone said. "Is it an emergency?"

"Yes. Toothache."

"Just a moment."

The phone was put down, there were footsteps going and returning, then she said, "Can you come in at five? Doctor Ormsby will stay down to see you if you think it's that urgent."

McGland was quite drunk when he climbed the two flights to the dentist's office, but his mind retained the stark clarity of panic. Did he see or hear us on the stairs? he kept asking himself, and, as he settled back in the chair, Is this the last vengeance cunningly planned by what may be then quite accurately termed insane jealousy? Well, so Mrs. Springer had tried to warn him.

Doctor Ormsby was in any case a short, cherubic sort with pink cheeks and merry blue eyes. "What seems to be the trouble?" he asked amiably as he washed his hands at a basin behind the chair. McGland sketched in a brief history of the problem. "Well, let's have a look."

A glance sufficed to confirm the belief that the molar was abscessed.

"That's not necessarily a death sentence for a tooth nowadays, is it?" McGland said, looking up with his whipped-dog look again.

"Oh, no. No, certainly not. But I'm afraid that's not the whole story here." He drew up a stool in order to sit closer to McGland, and even have a cigarette with him. He was clearly a kind man. In a distant room could be heard the sound of young girl employees getting ready to go home.

"This tooth as such we might save. We can go in there with antibiotics, and if that doesn't work, drain the abscess surgically. We might draw out all the pulp and still have a shell which, cracked as it is from top to bottom—you must know the enamel's split—might still hold together for a while. But there's something more serious than all that. Your gum damage around it. Periodontal disease has left a lot of gum breakdown that's about to cost you the tooth even if by some miracle all the other factors work in our favor. Didn't your dentist explain all this when he pulled the bicuspid?"

McGland shook his head, rolling it on the rest without looking at the doctor.

"And did he have to pull it? That's what puzzles me, a little. He must have known that pulling it was as good as rendering you toothless, because now, of course, you'll be stripped clean on that side and we can't hang a bridge on what's left. I'm sorry. But you'll have to have them all —— Miss O'Connell! Are you still there?"

She was, but left mercifully soon after McGland came to on a couch in the consultation room. Doctor Ormsby offered him no liquor even if he had any about, well aware from McGland's condition that that would have been a matter of coals to Newcastle. He smoked another cigarette and walked the floor as he talked.

"I make it a rule never to run down predecessors," he said, "but it's a foolish economy not to get the best. Often I find people go to dentists because they're friends. Is this man a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly, though we see one another socially."

"Ah, yes. I won't ask his name—I'm not interested in that—but you do see the importance of having someone who knows what he's doing."

"I think he knew what he was doing."

McGland picked his way down the stairs "as if in a dream," a phrase by which we seek to suggest something of the sensation of a man moving in an environment with which he is no longer in organic touch. The very familiarity of the streets and buildings among which he wandered deepened this sensa-

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& cheese
& cheese
& cheese
& cheese
& cheese

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n, for he could only view the world w as an exile from it. The store fronts, houses, the autumn dusk and the ls walking in it, these no longer had ything to do with him. He was not a al stranger to this alienation—not al. He had for all the years of his ual manhood carried it clairvoyantly his blood, the destination toward ich he knew he moved. He had been epared for this Truth by perpetual rs of it, by recurrent glimpses of it, of a veiled face, seen dimly and imrfectly, now with the last veil reoved. "I have seen that face before." had been foreshadowed in moments ophetic of this moment. And in those eting divinations he had sensed that al despair in which alone lay his hope a dreamless sleep.

He wandered from bar to bar, till ternoon wore on into evening and the hts began to go on, and even out. wondered that nobody seemed to tice anything unusual about him, art from the fact that he was drinking ther heavily, which made one barder refuse to serve him. Surely there ust be something special about him night, that might indicate to one man spirit another in extremity. He ought this while entering a tavern had been in an hour earlier. Surely ere must, to anyone who really looks a man, be clearly evident in his aspect me hint that here was one living his t day on earth. As he walked in, two en on barstools momentarily shifted eir gaze from a television set to him th no change in their expression. ey gave the impression of meeting ality with the same drugged abstracn granted the scene on the screen, so at nothing would have surprised—or, ally, entertained—them. So that if cGland were to stagger in like a aracter in a crime story (which after he was) exclaiming that he had been ot or stabbed, and opening his coat reveal wounds so inflicted before llapsing to the floor, they would have lowed his movements with the same zed indifference accorded the viices and grotesqueries to which this ghtly substitute for conversation and pute had habituated them. It was to commercial showing a woman spraying r flesh while she smiled with secret nfidence in her own palatability (the ona Lisa of the advertisements) that ey turned back as McGland advanced ward the bar. He left again without ishing his drink.

The idea of Yeats in his old age had got firmly rooted in his mind. There were the mackerel-crowded seas, the young in one another's arms, and Yeats left with his worm and his rage. One of the memories of an old London friend of McGland's had been the sight of Yeats trying to give one of his last public readings with the same impediment to diction as that to which McGland was now doomed. McGland held onto that picture.

He went back to the motel and checked the phial of Seconal he had there. A dozen of the red capsules remained: surely enough. He moved in a kind of leisure now, a crystal certainty of what he was doing. He looked into drawers and into the pockets of his clothing for letters, papers, other things he might for some reason or for no reason not want to leave behind, tearing them up or otherwise disposing of them. The new poem was rent in twain from top to bottom, but the two pieces were left in a desk drawer.

All that done, he stood looking at the phial, centered accurately on the dresser top. Suddenly he turned away and sat in the armchair with another drink.

McGland was an unbeliever, and, like most unbelievers, was very superstitious. He wanted a sign. He often interpreted trivial coincidences as calls to act; equally often he awaited a trivial coincidence to propel him on some quite predetermined course of action. It was only midevening now. He could wait for a sign.

He turned the television set on. He drew the draperies tight and put out the light, so there was no illumination except the glow from the screen. He locked the door. Seated in the armchair again, he watched a Western, an episode in a family serial, a late movie. So far nothing had happened or been said that could by association or interpretation supply the final nudge that must send him to his appointed goal. Halfway through the late show, his eyes grew heavy, and he began to nod.

It was toward midnight that, suddenly, he was startled from his doze by something. It was a commercial for a leading dentrifice, and there was a scene showing the mountain slopes of a fashionable ski resort in the Alps, where, against a spoken liturgy of reassurance, only the young and beautiful, their smiles flashing like wielded knives, soared like angels through the winter air. ■

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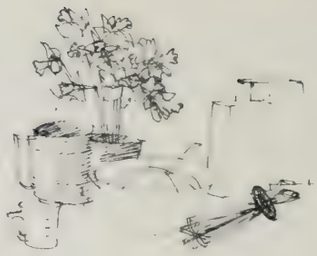

INSTANT COOK

In March, just when you think spring is here to stay, a sudden cold snap can change plans and menus. One of the easiest ways to adapt your menu to the weather on these occasions is to add a hot, hearty soup. These two are prepared instantly, look and taste as if they'd simmered for hours: California-Style Soup, made with canned chicken soup and frozen artichokes; Salmon Chowder Creole, made with canned salmon, tomatoes, chicken broth, frozen corn and okra. For blustery March mornings, there's Sour Cream-Pecan Coffee Cake—it bakes while the coffee perks. And to perk up Lenten diets: Tuna in Curried Cheese Sauce, and Fish Sticks, Pizza Style.

CALIFORNIA-STYLE SOUP: (1) In a large saucepan sauté 1 cup ham, cubed, ¼ cup chopped onion and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. (2) Stir in 2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed cream of chicken soup, 1 soup can milk, 1 cup water, 1 package (10-oz.) frozen artichoke hearts, 2 tablespoons Sauterne or other dry white wine, and a dash nutmeg. (3) Cover and simmer until artichokes are tender. (4) Garnish with sieved egg yolk and serve with toast points. Makes 4-6 servings.

SALMON CHOWDER CREOLE: (1) In a large pan sauté 1 onion, chopped, ½ green pepper, chopped, and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. (2) Add 1 can (1-lb.-4-oz.) tomatoes, 1 can (13¾-oz.) chicken broth, 1 onion, thinly sliced, 1 bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon thyme and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil and simmer for about 10 minutes. (3) Add 1 package (10-oz.) frozen whole-kernel corn. (4) Drain liquid from 1 can (1-lb.) salmon into the chowder. Break salmon into bite-size pieces and add. Bring just to the boiling point. (5) Mix in ½ package (10-oz.) frozen okra, thawed, and simmer chowder 10 to 15 minutes longer. Remove bay leaf. Makes 6 servings.

SOUR CREAM-PECAN COFFEE CAKE: (1) For topping combine ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Cut in ¼ cup butter or margarine until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add 1 cup chopped pecans. (2) For coffee cake, beat together 1 egg, ½ cup dairy-fresh sour cream and ¼ cup milk. (3) Stir into 2 cups biscuit mix and 2 tablespoons sugar. (4) Gently fold half of topping into cake batter. (5) Pour into a greased and floured 8- or 9-inch-square baking pan. Sprinkle remaining topping over top. (6) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 20-25 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

TUNA IN CURRIED CHE SAUCE: (1) In a saucepan sauté ½ chopped celery, ½ cup chopped on clove garlic, crushed, and ½ teas curry powder in 2-3 tablespoons b or margarine. (2) Blend in 1 can (1 condensed Cheddar cheese soup Add 1 can (1-lb.) tomatoes, drain tablespoon lemon juice and a few liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Simm 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. (4 1 can (7-oz.) tuna fish, drained and ken up, and heat. Serve over hot c rice. Makes 4 servings.

FISH STICKS, PIZZA STYLE Combine 1 can (8-oz.) tomato sau cup chili sauce, and a pinch each o lic powder, crumbled basil, crur oregano, black pepper, sugar and m parsley. Simmer for 10 minutes, st occasionally. (2) Cut 1 package (1 breaded fish sticks into thirds. Roll piece in grated Parmesan cheese Melt 3 tablespoons butter or marg in a shallow baking pan. Place sti it and bake in a hot oven, 425° F about 15 minutes. Turn sticks w pancake turner halfway through baking time. (4) Arrange sticks on t picks around the bowl of hot pizz Makes about 24 appetizers.

RAISIN-CHOCOLATE MOUSSE Melt ¾ cup semisweet chocolate m (2) Beat in 4 egg yolks, one at a tim Add 1 teaspoon hot water, few vanilla and 1 tablespoon brandy tional). Stir in ⅓ cup chopped ra (4) Beat 4 egg whites until stiff. Fol mixture. (5) Spoon into small d Chill until firm. Serve with wh cream. Makes 4-6 servings.

EMERALD PEAR SALAD: (1) solve 1 package (3-oz.) lemon flavored gelatin in 1 cup boiling w (2) Add 1 cup canned pineapple dash salt, ¼ teaspoon prepared mu and dash liquid hot-pepper seaso Chill until slightly thickened. (3) in 2 Bartlett pears, diced (fres canned), ½ cup diced celery, ½ chopped green pepper and ¼ cup ripe olives. (4) Spoon into 6-8 indiv molds and chill until firm. Serv salad greens. Makes 6-8 servings.

PINEAPPLE CHICKEN: (1) H (11½-oz.) packages frozen cre chicken according to package direc (2) Add ¾ cup drained pineapple t and continue heating for a few mi until pineapple is hot. (3) Serv canned chow mein noodles that been warmed in the oven. (4) Spr the top with slivered almonds. Ma servings. —LOIS STILWI

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New **condition*** adds lively bounce, vital body, satiny sheen. Dried-out, parched hair quickly soaks up its lavish moisturizers. Dull, limp or brittle hair is revitalized to glorious new life and lustre. Hair over-exposed to winter dryness takes on new vigorous, shining beauty. Spongy, over-porous hair is so tenderly built up—it actually feels stronger after **condition***! This amazing performance has been confirmed by Good Housekeeping's Beauty Clinic.

Easy and quick to use

Simply use **condition*** as a beauty pack after a shampoo. Pleasant and gentle as your most luxurious facial creme. Delightfully fragrant, smooth, white and creamy. No steaming under heat caps—heat is unnecessary. What a boon!

Prescribed by hairdressers

Try it. See why hairdressers everywhere are prescribing **condition*** as the quickest, most effective way to correct the troubles that threaten hair beauty. They like to use it before or after a permanent wave, to avoid frizziness. Used while tinting, toning, lightening, **condition*** saves time. And what's more, it actually enhances the color of the hair. At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.

condition* is a Clairol trademark for this fabulous new creme formulated to meet the problems of *troubled hair* (our description for hair in need of reconditioning: dry, brittle, dull, limp, split at the ends, spongy, over-porous, over-permanented or sun-damaged).

condition
by Clairol

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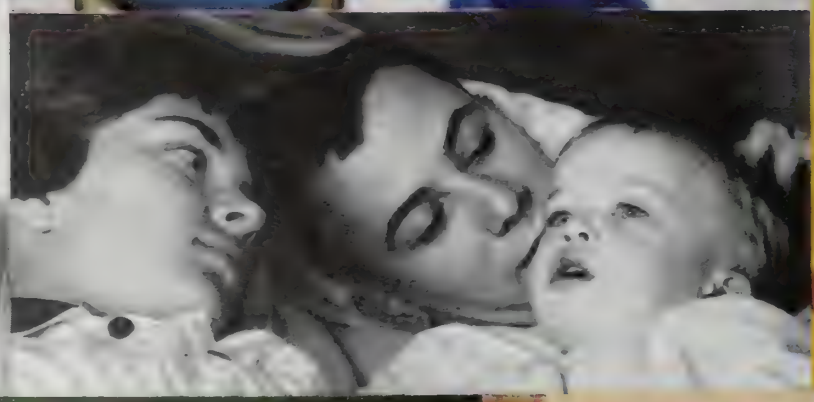


What all young marrieds should know about

before they spend another dime on TV or appliances

ther it's for a tiny apartment or a new m house . . . it's such fun buying new gs. Everything looks so bright and new exciting.

ut what about five or ten years from ? Will your refrigerator still be giving l service? How many times will you have pair the television set? Will you still be y with the washing machine that looked such a good buy?

efore you rush out and buy that all-ortant television, stereo, radio, refrig-or, range, washer, dryer or air condi-er, why don't you talk with your Philco er. Let him show you why every Philco uct delivers honest-to-goodness depend-ty—value that lasts year after year.

f course, you ask, "Why shouldn't a Philco dealer try to sell me Philco products?" But there's more to it than that. He's had years of experience. More than likely, he has a home and family of his own.

He knows you can stretch a budget by cutting down on costly repair bills. And he knows that Philco Warranties are backed up by solid quality.

Philco spends millions of dollars to make sure every Philco product is the best value on the market. That's why your Philco dealer can give you more for your money than ever before. Take Philco "Cool Chassis" TV, for instance. It's designed to beat the heat—the major cause of TV breakdowns. When it comes to refrigerators, Philco "Instant Cold" units have so much reserve power they not only hold ideal refrigeration temperatures more easily, but also run less than lower-powered units. So you can expect them to last longer and rarely need servicing. And Philco's new washer with "Undertow Action" makes every washday a whiz.

All in all, we make more than 390 products that are built to last. And priced to fit a young married's budget!

At the left you see pictured seven typical Philco lasting values: Woodstock Compact TV #3600-LCH, Supermarketer Refrigerator #17RM48, Galaxie Electric Range #30SH49, Automatic Washer #W236 and Matching Dryer #DE636, FM-AM Radio #939DWA, Stereo High Fidelity #1741CH.

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

PHILCO®

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

evision Radios Stereo Phonographs Home Laundry Refrigerators Ranges Air Conditioners

Dishwasher detergent giving you spots? Look!

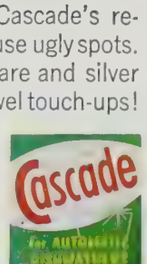
WATER DROPS—See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on dishes. Drops form, and as dishes dry, these water drops turn into ugly spots and streaks.

CASCADE—Because of Cascade's "sheeting action," water slides off, drops don't form. Cascade with Chlorosheen does it—and only Cascade has Chlorosheen!

Cascade's amazing "sheeting action" eliminates drops that spot!

Nothing beats Cascade at getting dishes clean. Cascade's remarkable "sheeting action" even eliminates drops that cause ugly spots. Water ripples off in clear-rinsing sheets. Dishes, glassware and silver come from your dishwasher sparkling and spotless. No towel touch-ups!

Nothing safer for china patterns. The makers of Castleton, Flintridge, Franciscan, Lenox and Syracuse china—through the American Fine China Guild—verify Cascade's unsurpassed safety to patterns. Every leading dishwasher maker recommends Cascade, too. So do women everywhere: they've made it America's favorite!



Give your dishwasher the best—Cascade—it's got "sheeting action"

DRAWING BY JEROME MARTIN

LONESOME IS A LONG, LONG TIME

By Eleanor Jones

"You are not going to have a party."

"I *am* too."

"You are not. Are not."

"Am-am-am-am-am. And I'm getting a present from my mother too. She's sending me—a baseball."

"She is not. Your mother's crazy. How could she send you a present?"

"She's not either crazy, Greg. She's not."

"She is too crazy, you dumbbell," Greg jeered. "Here's the way your mother goes."

He began to flap his arms and walk around in a jerking, twitching circle. He bobbed his head violently, with his eyes rolling around and his tongue sticking out.

Stanley lunged at him, striking out with both fists. His arms flailed wildly, and he was crying. It was terrible that he cried, but he couldn't help it.

Greg was having too much fun to fight. He kept laughing, running backward, taunting all the while: "Crazy as a bedbug, crazy as a loon! Crazy as a bedbug, crazy as a loon!"

Stanley kept pursuing him, hitting at him and trying to stop crying.

Then an older boy came up and gave Greg a shove, and told him to get going. Greg moved off, and Stanley walked home by himself.

He found his cat, Henry, lying in the sun on the front steps, and lifted him up into his arms. He put his face against the softness of the cat's head, and the cat put his paws on the boy's skinny shoulders.

"I'm going to have a birthday p
Henry, and you can come." He lo
at the cat and then deliberately tou
his nose to the cat's nose. Then he tu
and lugged Henry up the steps and
the house to show Ellen.

"Look, Ellen. He's got his arms ar
my neck. It's a new trick. Ellen . . . l

"Stanley, put that cat down,"
said automatically. "He doesn't wa
be hauled all over creation."

"Is Mother dangerous? Greg sai
is. He said she's crazy."

"That little brat."

"*Is* she crazy?"

"No."

"But they've got her locked up!

"Who said?"

"Greg."

"Well, I see her every other Su
and I happen to know that she
walk out of there anytime she wa
to. Boy, am I going to pound tha
black and blue tomorrow." She slam
the refrigerator door.

"Well, if she isn't locked up,
doesn't she come home?"

"Oh, Stanley . . . you ask so m
dumb questions."

"Well, why *doesn't* she come h
Ellen? I can't hardly remember
she looks like."

"She looks just the same as she
did. Now, go play and let me get d
started. Here . . . do something with
trash I got out of your dirty jeans.

Stanley stood looking at his belon
heaped disrespectfully on (Contin

GALA!

LUAU RICE—recipe on Curried Rice package.

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the little Flavor Nugget makes the big flavor difference!

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CURRIED WILD SPANISH

(try these 3 new rice dishes each with its own Flavor Nugget from Uncle Ben's... the rice people)

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the end of the counter. There was nothing he could throw away, except maybe the moth. That was coming apart all over. He started to stuff the rest into his pockets, holding Henry under his other arm.

"I meant to ask you," Ellen said, coming over and snatching a piece of paper out of the pile. "What's this picture? How come you saved it?"

Stanley tried to grab it back from her. "Give it to me. That's mine."

It was folded many times, into a small, sodden square, and Ellen shook it open to expose it. It was a large colored ad for towels—the page of a magazine. It showed a woman drying a boy with a big, beautiful striped towel. He was all but smothered with towel, and the boy and the mother were looking at each other and laughing. She had both arms around him to hold the towel on.

"What's it for?" Ellen demanded.

"None of your beeswax," Stanley told her. "Give it to me." He snatched it and crumpled it up in his fist. He wadded the picture into his pocket and fled through the back door.

After dinner their father went out to work in the flowers, and Stanley wandered into the kitchen where Ellen was.

"Could I have a birthday party, Ellen?" he asked finally.

"You'd be a lot more apt to get one if you helped me once in a while."

Stanley stopped still, giving her his complete attention. "Like, what could I do?"

"Lots of things. Right now you could wipe the dishes for me."

He made a face. "Gee, Ellen, I hate to wipe dishes."

"And I hate to wash dishes."

"I'm only eight years old."

"I'm only fourteen years old. So what. Consider the circumstances."

"What does that mean?"

"You know what it means," she said. "Get a dish towel."

"Then could I have a party?"

"It'll take more than one time of wiping dishes."

When he went downstairs the next morning, Ellen was already in the kitchen, fixing breakfast. He grinned, glad to see her. "Hi, Ellen," he said.

She glanced at him, not pausing in her hurried morning routine. "Hi, Stanley. Go comb your hair. It looks awful."

"Guess what. I made my bed."

"That's good." She measured water in the coffeepot and was on her way to the stove.

"So, could I have a birthday party?"

"Here's your juice. You can fix your own toast. Eat your breakfast and don't bother me now. Did you wash your face and hands?"

He waited until she had turned back to the stove before he shook his head. She wouldn't think to ask again. He sat down at the table and looked at the glass of orange juice. After a few minutes their father came in, his chin lifted up and out, both hands rubbing critically along the tightly stretched skin of his jaws.

"Good morning, kids," he said. He stood there by the table, pouring coffee into his cup. "Paper come yet?"

"I don't know," Ellen said.

"I could see," Stanley offered. He wished he had thought of it first.

His father turned to put the coffeepot back on the stove. "Eat your breakfast," he said. "I'll get it."

He came back with the paper, shook it out flat, and sat down next to Stanley.

Stanley bit the center of his toast until it looked exactly like a turtle. He looked at it admiringly while he chewed the parts he had bitten off, then put the whole turtle into his mouth. He wiped his hands on his shirt front and sat there, liking the good way his father smelled. "Well," he said finally, "I guess I'd better hit the trail."

His father gave a snort of momentary amusement and glanced at him. In that instant, his eyes accidentally saw the boy. "Good Lord, boy. You need a haircut. Why didn't you tell me you needed a haircut?"

Stanley looked up at him. He lifted his shoulders and let them fall again. "I didn't know it," he said.

That night, Stanley's father spread papers on the kitchen floor, put the stool right in the middle and said, "Stanley, hop up here and let's cut some of that mop off."

Sometimes the edges of his father's hands touched Stanley's neck, and it made him feel warm and good. Even when the clippers pulled, he didn't want his father to stop. And at the end he liked the way his father blew softly on his face and neck to get the hair off.

"OK, boy. That's it. Time for bed. On the double."

Stanley wandered over to stand beside Ellen. He leaned an elbow on the table and tried to read from her book.

"Stanley," his father said.

"I'm going," he said. He wished his father would kiss him good night. He leaned closer to Ellen.

"Stanley. You're breathing all over me," she complained.

He stayed close enough to trace a forefinger along her arm. "Ellen, when are you coming up to bed?"

"Never, if you don't quit pestering me. How can I get my homework done?"

"Stanley!" his father said.

"OK," he said. He stopped in the doorway and looked back. "It's lonesome upstairs." Nobody said anything. "Good night, Dad."

"Good night, son," his father said, bending over to gather the papers off the floor.

He lay in bed and pretended, as usual, that his mother was downstairs. She would be up to kiss him good night just as soon as she finished baking the cookies. Already she was planning his birthday party. There was going to be chocolate cake with chocolate frosting an inch thick. Eight kids were coming—one for every year of his life. He suddenly thought of the picture of the boy wrapped in the towel, but he didn't want to see it anymore. He put his arms across his chest and pretended that they were his mother's arms. He shut his eyes and pretended very hard, but he could not make it feel like anyone's arms but his own. Reality crept uneasily into his mind to remind him that he'd told Greg his mother was sending him a present. And somehow, during the night, his mind thought of the idea, because it was there, all formed, when he woke in the morning. He opened his eyes and the idea was there, taking away all the sleepiness. He would use the fifty cents he had found to buy a present that would be from his mother.

Saturday night, at the dinner table, Stanley heard his father say, "Stanley, I think we'll take you with us tomorrow to see your mother."

He had never been. It was no place for children, his father had always said. Caught off guard, he stared at his father. Then he shook his head. "No," he said.

"No? What do you mean, no?"

His throat felt dry, and when he swallowed, it sounded loud in his ears. "I don't want to go with you."

"You plan to go with us," his father

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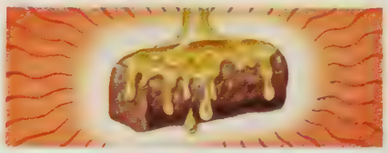

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l quietly. "It may do your mother ıe good to see you."

'ear slipped down his throat and set- l in his stomach. As soon as he could, eft the table and went out to sit on back steps. He was terribly afraid to his mother. He had never seen a zy person. And she must be crazy or would come home. He was not so ch afraid of what she would do as v she would look. He didn't see how en and their father could stand to ς at her. He wouldn't. He would go if had to, but they couldn't make him ς.

ı caterpillar humped across the side- k leading from the steps, and Stan- automatically put a foot in front of o block its path. The caterpillar pa- ıtly tacked off in a different direc- ı, and Stanley watched it go, not ing enough to bother it again.

Ie tried to get inside one of his ams. Suppose he were to walk around the front of the house right now— t sort of saunter around, not thinking ıut anything—and there, parked by front steps, would be a new red bike. stood up, then sat down again. There s no new bike around by the front ps. Only a dumbbell would think re was.

RDS FOR A BOY

Dilys Laing

w straight can you stand?
shipmast or tall tree?
w straight can you look?
ok straight at me.

ither fumble nor blink
feel the least mistrust.
ak as you think
l act the way you must.

rt me? You can't
ess you sell your youth
ook aslant
speak, and not the truth.

Iis father came out and paused on steps to light his pipe.

'I'm going down the street for some acco. Want to walk along with me?"

nley nodded and stood up.

Iis father tossed the match onto the ss and started down the walk. Stan- walked close beside him, trying to tch him, footstep for step. The smoke n his father's pipe smelled strong and d.

'hey walked along.

'Nice evening," his father said.

Stanley looked around at it. There s red at the end of the sky and the es hung with new green leaves over head.

'Do cats ever go crazy?"

'I've never heard of it."

'Dogs do, though."

'Yes, sometimes."

'They shoot them."

'Not always."

'How come they don't shoot people en they go crazy?"

'Because it's not the same thing at People are sick."

'And they get well?"

'Yes," his father said, "they get l." He reached down and picked up a k and threw it hard against a fence y were passing. They went into the ıgstore and bought a package of to- bacco and a square of purple which Stanley promptly converted into bubble gum.

When they got back to the house, they saw Henry creeping through the flower bed, and Stanley cut across the yard to head him off. "Come on, Henry," he said, picking up the cat and trying to work the unyielding body into a comfortable softness. "Come on, now. Let's walk around and think about my birthday party."

Going up the walk on Sunday afternoon, right at the front entrance of the hospital, Stanley was sick. He tried not to be, but there was nothing he could do to stop it. Ellen went on ahead, pretending that she didn't belong to them. His father stopped beside him, saying, "Good Lord, boy, what a place to pick. Why didn't you tell me you were going to do this?"

When Stanley could stop, he began to cry. His nose and throat burned, and he needed a drink of water. His father took his hand and dragged him away from the spot. "Stop your crying, now. You've done enough damage for one day."

"I don't want to go in there."

His father's hand tightened and he kept pulling him along.

Sick and trembling, he walked through the entrance with his father. They were in a large room and there were lots of chairs and sofas grouped around. He had looked without meaning to. He might have seen her. Stanley's father, still holding on to him, walked toward a desk, and the lady behind it said, "Ah! Hello, Mr. Arnow. Lovely day, isn't it? Well, now, I don't believe I've seen this young man before."

His father said, "Yes, this is my son, Stanley."

"How nice!" the lady said.

Stanley looked at her just once. Her teeth were smiling at him, but the rest of her face was not.

"Now, you just be seated with your nice little family, Mr. Arnow, and we'll have your wife out here in a jiffy."

Stanley's father walked him over to some chairs and they sat down. Ellen came over and sat down with them.

"Do you ever smell awful," she whispered. "Dad, he smells terrible. Couldn't he wait in the car?"

"He is going to see his mother," his father said.

Stanley knew his father was angry with him, but he sat as close to him as he could get.

"Here she comes," Ellen said, and Stanley went limp with terror. He stood up because his father got up and he was clinging to him. When he heard her voice, he remembered it.

"Well, now—isn't this fine. Do sit down, please. Here . . . I'll just arrange these chairs for us." She sounded like a gracious lady, meeting friends in her living room.

They all sat down, and Stanley felt his father trying to get free of him.

"How have you been, Ollie?" he heard his father say.

"Fine," his mother's voice said. "Just fine. And you?"

"Busy," his father answered. "I brought Stanley along this time."

"Stanley? Stanley. How old is Stanley now?"

"Eight this coming Tuesday, Mother," Ellen said. "You know that."

"Of course. Hello, Stanley. What grade are you in now?" *(Continued)*

Stanley had his face buried against his father and he did not move.

"Answer your mother. Tell her what grade you're in."

"Third," he said.

His father spoke to him again. "Turn around and stop this nonsense."

His face moved against his father's arm as he shook his head.

All at once, his father grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him around so that before he could close his eyes he was looking at her. He was looking straight at her.

She looked like his mother. She did not look like a crazy person. He was weak with relief.

"Well, how does he look, Ollie?" his father asked. "It's been a good long while since you've seen him."

"He looks fine—just fine," his mother said, smiling.

Ellen looked up briefly from the pages of a movie-star magazine. "Stanley thinks he should have a party Tuesday, because of his birthday."

"Don't bother your mother with that," her father said.

Stanley wished she would speak up for him for a party. But no one spoke for several minutes, and during this time Stanley examined his mother closely. He could not see why she had to stay there.

"A new supermarket went in the old building down the street," his father said. "I think you'll like it very much."

"It even has a soda fountain," Ellen said.

"The lilacs are in full bloom," their father said. "That one bush you like so much—that dark purple—is blooming very heavily this spring. The branches are hanging thick with blooms as big as my open hand." He held out his hand to show her.

Stanley suddenly wanted to speak to her. "Henry killed a mouse," he said, "and then he chewed its head off."

"Oh, Stanley!" Ellen protested. "He likes to talk about blood," she told her mother.

"Who is Henry?" their mother wanted to know.

"That Maltese cat that wandered in during that storm two winters ago," their father said. "You remember."

"He can put his arms around my neck," Stanley said. He looked steadily at her. "Mother," he said, "couldn't you live at home with us? I get lonesome for you."

His father leaned forward instantly at this rare opportunity. "Come home, Ollie," he said. "We need you. Can't you come home now?"

They were all looking at her, and they all saw her leave them and go far back inside herself. Something dropped down in front of her eyes, and they could not get past it.

She shook her head. "I can't come home yet. I'm not well enough."

Ellen closed the magazine and put it back on the table. Their father sat very still. She's well enough, Stanley thought. She looks well.

Moving restlessly in her chair, she got up and walked to a window. The lady from the desk came over to them and smiled with her teeth and said, "I think it's time to be going now, Mr. Arnow. I'm sorry."

Their father stood up quickly. "Oh, it's time we're leaving, anyway. We have some shopping to do." He bent over and picked his hat off the floor beside his chair.

HOLLYWOOD WILL PROTECT THE WORKING GIRL

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Behold our penniless hero-een,
The Working Girl of the silver screen:
A humble vendor of kitchen wares
In Grundle's Basement, the script
declares,
This girl's supporting an aged mother;
She's going bail for a problem brother;
She's poor as a church mouse.
But she's brave.
Her head, with its fifty-dollar wave,
Is high. And her simple heart is pure
As her simple frock is *haute couture.*

And home in her little reptile pumps
She nightly trudges the pave,
and clumps
The five flights up to her garret, and
A few Ming vases, a baby grand
And ruffled organdy draping the
casement.
Oh, would that I worked in
Grundle's Basement!
I'd dote on going my brother's bail!
And being poor on the Hollywood scale!

"Good-bye, Mother," Ellen said. "Be seeing you."

She half-turned from the window. Stanley did not want to go and not see her anymore. What if he dared to walk toward her? He stood without moving, staring at her.

"Well . . . good-bye then, Ollie," their father said. He held his hat with the fingers across the crown and he lifted the hat toward her as he said good-bye. He turned to go and then stopped. "Come on, son," he said. He waited. "Stanley!"

She was already walking away from them. Stanley heard his father's voice and moved toward him.

In the car Stanley was content to sit alone in the back seat. I didn't say good-bye to her, he thought. Now he would know how to pretend her voice when she came upstairs to say good night. She was pretty. And not crazy. He wondered how long his father would be mad at him for throwing up by those steps. He would buy the baseball tomorrow, and take it to school for Greg to see. It would be the last week of school.

Ellen made him change into his jeans as soon as they got home, and then he went downstairs and outside, to look for Henry. He detoured through the garden and pulled several stalks of rhubarb.

Henry was sleeping in the sun-warmed sandbox, and Stanley climbed in and sat down beside him. Henry opened one eye just enough to identify the intruder. Stanley broke the leaf off one of the stalks, peeled down the tough outer strands, and bit into the sour, jaw-cramping stalk. He chewed and sucked his cheeks in and swallowed. It was so sour that it made him squint and shudder. He took another bite.

"You and me are going to have a birthday party, Henry," he said, smiling. "Just us." He reached over and dragged the cat up on his lap. ■

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3. Reduces food soil foam to give *full-spray,* cleaning action.
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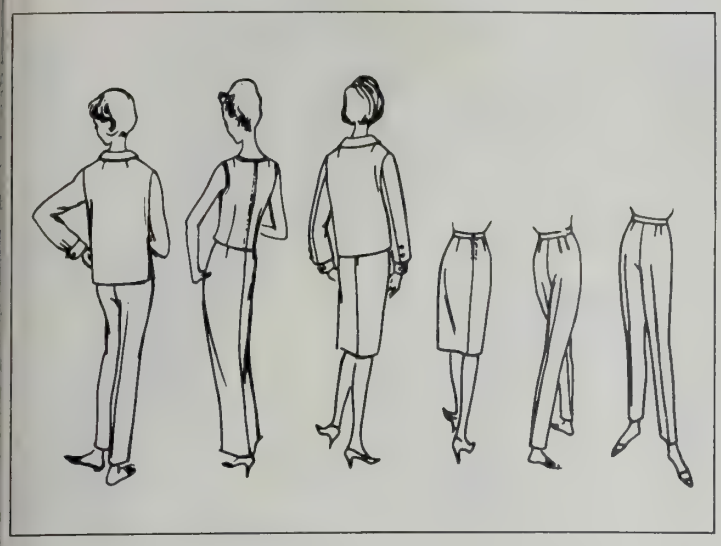

Vogue Pattern No. 6208 Coordinates—Suit, Slacks, Blouse, Shirt and Long Skirt, 10–16 (31–36), $1.50; in Canada $1.65

COUNTRY WARDROBE

Suit version shown requires 3⅝ yards of 40/41″ fabric without nap, size 14. Slacks shown require 2½ yards of 40/41″ fabric without nap, size 14. Long skirt shown requires 2¾ yards of 40″ fabric without nap, size 14. Sleeveless blouse shown requires 1⅜ yards of 40″ fabric without nap, size 14. Long-sleeved shirt requires 2⅛ yards of 44/45″ fabric without nap, size 14. Sleeveless striped blouse requires ⅞ yard of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14.

CITY WARDROBE

Suit version shown requires 3⅝ yards of 39/40″ fabric without nap, size 14. Sleeveless blouse shown requires 1⅜ yards of 39/40″ fabric without nap, size 14. Long skirt shown requires 2¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14. Sleeveless blouse shown requires 1⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14. Slacks shown require 2½ yards of 39/40″ fabric without nap, size 14. Long-sleeved shirt requires 2⅛ yards of 44/45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

JOURNAL CREDITS: WHO, WHAT & WHERE

COVER
Gloves by Kay Fuchs; suit by Handmacher; Du Pont Orlon sweater by Jane Irwill; half eye spectacles by Claremont-Nichols.

DEEP-SEA DELICACIES *pages 72-73*
Giant clam shell, McArthur Shop, 590 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PATTERN FOR LIVING *pages 68-71*
CITY: Jewelry by Cadoro; Needlepoint carryall by Koret; gloves by Wear Right; mobcaps by Therese Ahrens; black straw hat by Sally Victor Boutique.

COUNTRY: Shoes by Capezio; Pearls by Marvella; tote bag by Bonnie Cashin; gold jewelry by Cadoro; white straw hat by Sally Victor Boutique.

A KITCHEN THAT SWINGS *pages 132-134*
Appliances: Frigidaire; Cabinets and counters: Nevamar by Laminated Products; Wallpapers: Thibaut; Floors: Amtico; Exterior wall panels: Tedlar by United States Plywood Corp.; Sinks: Elkay; Ceramic tile counter: Tile Council of America; Wrought-Iron Furniture: Andalusian by Woodard; Light Fixtures: Lightolier.

THE LONG PULL *pages 60-65*
CATALINA striped pullover: Macy's, New York; Shillito's, Cincinnati. HANDMACHER-VOGEL double-breasted suit: Lord & Taylor, New York; the Higbee Co., Cleveland; Famous Barr, St. Louis. SLOAT black-and-white check dress: Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. SPORTWHIRL dress with organdy collar: Saks Fifth Avenue, all branches. OWEN-MORGAN polka-dot shirt: Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Atlanta. ROBERT SLOAN silk surrah blouse: Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Halle Bros., Cleveland.

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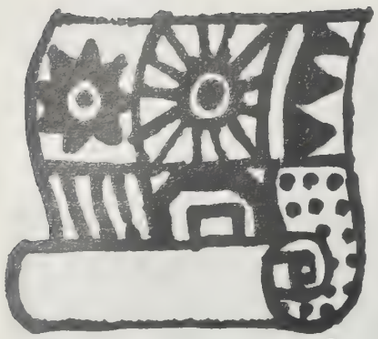
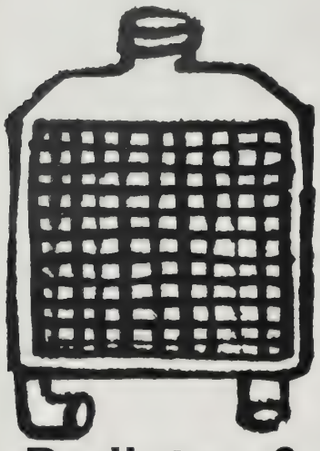


Decorators?



Radiators?

Exterminators?

Let your fingers do the walking

LADY BIRD JOHNSON

Continued from page 56

conversation. This was accomplished not only because of Mrs. Johnson's direct and gracious manner but also because her interest was so real and because in several areas, such as social welfare, journalism and business, she herself knew a great deal. Her intellectual curiosity, her warm and spontaneous friendliness gained for her the affection of all the Greeks who met her."

One of my duties in the State Department was to dramatize effectively the importance of women visitors to the new administration. How better accomplish this than to ask Mrs. Johnson to receive them? In the spring of 1961 twelve Latin American social workers, the first of many such groups, visited the United States under the auspices of the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Exchange. Lady Bird invited them to the Vice President's office in the Capitol. Over the coffee and cake they got both empathy and history. "There are many little things I love about the Capitol building. It is—in looks and being—such a continuing thing, stretched from time to time to meet the new demands of the growing nation," Mrs. Johnson began in that friendly Southern drawl.

Between these official visits there were the emergencies, when we knew, that despite an already overcrowded schedule, she would help out: the time the woman from Bolivia brought her husband's gift of a silver wedding dish to present; the visit from the Turkish ladies who had commissioned a special American flag.

Lady Bird's own estimate of herself is modest; she does not think of herself as businesslike. Mrs. Johnson has her own answer to the eternal question: What is a woman's business? "Her first and most important business is to provide a comfortable, peaceful, efficient and, above all, a happy home. Her business must also be to raise her children with sturdy bodies, independent, disciplined minds, a sense of obligation to their country and the assurance that spiritual strength is their greatest bulwark." And she adds, "To serve as a vast resource of thoughtful energy for the betterment of their community."

For all the millions of homemakers and mothers, tired of being twitted about the "retreat" to the hearth and weary of being unfavorably compared to the talented career types, these are encouraging and soothing words. Lady Bird is a homemaker, and she wants homemakers to know she identifies with them. "Mathematically," she says, "it is very unlikely that many of us will leave our 'footprints in the sands of time,' but through the people we love, we make the greatest contribution of all—a gift to their immortality."

How will she keep her family free from the insistent demands of public life? How can she preserve their privacy?

"We'll live as we always have," she answered. "Lyndon will involve us all, Lynda and Lucy and myself, in the fascinating people and doings that go on about him. He feels the girls should be as interested in the political world as he is—and they are. He calls on them, no matter where they are or who is there. Sometimes I watch, holding my breath, but they never let him down."

Lynda's interest in history is her father's special joy. She has his drive, his keen perception, his inquiring mind, even his mannerisms.

Lucy loves dogs and cats, makes brownies, writes poetry and is more the "domestic" type. Both girls have adjusted to the insistent demands of public life; they respond gladly and drink in the opportunities for learning by association with the great minds of their day.

Yet they are still two very natural, exuberant young girls, and Mrs. Johnson makes a point of keeping their surroundings in this key.

Lucy's white painted furniture, moved from The Elms to the White House, might be any American teen-ager's. The white ruffled canopy bed, the typical young girl's knickknacks, a silver heart-shaped box, personal mementos, books, photographs of her family, a radio by the bed and an open fire make the room cozy. On Lynda's bed across the hall a large Teddy bear waits for its keeper.

We spoke of Lady Bird's plans: The ways she might make the White House a showcase for women of achievement. They will be her ways, as individual as have been her accents in all her doings, whether at The Elms, the LBJ ranch in Texas, or in the 30 countries she has traversed "bragging on women."

She may invite prominent women visitors from abroad to tea, and bring in newspaperwomen to help them tell their stories. She will take the wives of heads of state to see the new developments in education at the Washington schools. She will show them the work of the Urban Service Corps volunteers headed by Cabinet wives. She will go with them to Cape Kennedy and Monticello, to the wonders of the space age and the past.

She will set the stage for people in the arts and entertainment world at White House dinners. Will she introduce them herself, as she so graciously did on occasions at The Elms? "I may," she answered, as I reminded her of her expertise in bringing together the "doers" and listeners at luncheons for Indira Gandhi or Japanese cabinet wives. "I thought you might like to visit with some of our own," she would begin. "I am always so proud when we can show off such lady activists as"—and follow with pertinent facts about her special guests: a woman judge, an economist, an astronomer, a discerning art collector.

Life in the White House will have the personal, informal touch she has given every home she has created. She will take pains at everything, but this won't be obvious. There will be the dignity due the occasion and the surroundings, and yet the western breezes will blow and the flavorful "you all" will make every guest believe "it was mighty good to see you." She will go on signing her own mail and making her own personal telephone calls to invite old and new friends to visit; being a keen observer and an intelligent listener and the person her husband turns to for solace and advice.

Early in the campaign I had to introduce Mrs. Johnson to a large audience. I had given a great deal of thought to what I could say that would do her justice. In the end I simply said, "Lady Bird Johnson brings to high office one very great advantage, besides the obvious ones of experience, aptitude and devotion: she does not have to change. She can just be herself and measure up." This is still the case. The White House has as many rooms as the job of First Lady has hopes and heartaches, but all Lady Bird Johnson has to do to measure up is be herself. ■

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'O SET OUR IOUSE IN ORDER

continued from page 82

ncle Roderick got killed," ıe said, "I thought I would ie. But I didn't die, Van-ssa."

At lunch she chatted ani-ıatedly, and I realized she 'as trying to cheer me in the nly way she knew. "When I ıarried your Grandfather IacLeod, he said to me, 'El-anor, don't think because 'e're going to the prairies that expect you to live roughly. 'ou're used to a proper house, nd you shall have one.' He 'as as good as his word. Be-ore we'd been in Manawaka hree years, he'd had this lace built. He earned a good eal of money in his time, our grandfather. He soon had nore patients than either of he other doctors. We ordered ur dinner service and all our ilver from Birks in Toronto. We had resident help in those lays, of course, and never had ess than twelve guests for linner parties. When I had a ea, it would always be twenty r thirty. Never any less than ıalf a dozen different kinds of ake were ever served in this ıouse. Well, no one seems to ıother much these days. Too azy, I suppose."

"Too broke," I suggested. 'That's what Dad says."

"I can't bear slang," Grand-nother MacLeod said. "If you nean hard up, why don't you ay so? It's mainly a question f management, anyway. My ıccounts were always in good rder, and so was my house. No unexpected expenses that couldn't be met, no fruit cellar unning out of preserves be-ore the winter was over. Do ou know what my father used o say to me when I was a girl?

"No," I said. "What?"

"'God loves order,'" Grand-nother MacLeod replied with mphasis. "You remember hat, Vanessa. 'God loves or-ler.' He wants each one of us o set our house in order. I've ıever forgotten those words of ny father's. I was a MacInnes efore I got married. The MacInnes is a very ancient lan, the lairds of Morven and he constables of the Castle of Kinlochaline. Did you finish hat book I gave you?"

"Yes," I said. Then, feeling dditional comment was called or, I added, "It was a swell ook, Grandmother."

This was somewhat short of he truth. I had been hoping or her cairngorm brooch on ny tenth birthday and had eceived instead the plaid-bound volume ntitled *The Clans and Tartans of Scot-and.* Most of it was too boring to read, ut I had looked up the motto of my wn family and those of some of my riends' families. *Be then a wall of brass. Learn to suffer. Consider the end. Go arefully.* I had not found any of these logans reassuring. What with Mavis Duncan learning to suffer, and Laura Kennedy considering the end, and Patsy Drummond going carefully, and I spending my time in being a wall of brass, it did not seem to me that any of us were going to lead very interesting lives. I did not say this to Grandmother MacLeod.

"The MacInnes motto is *Pleasure arises from work,*" I said.

"Yes," she agreed proudly. "And an excellent motto it is too. One to bear in mind."

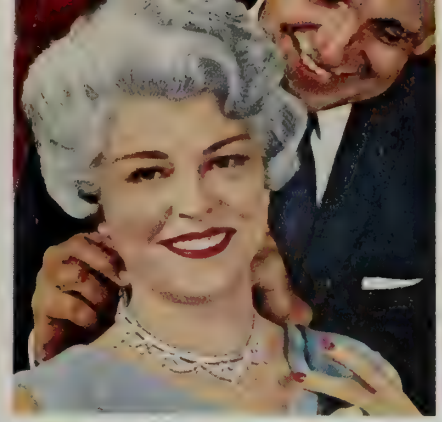
She rose from the table, rearranging on her bosom the looped ivory beads that held the pendant on which a full-blown ivory rose was stiffly carved.

"I hope Ewen will be pleased," she said.

"What at?"

"Didn't I tell you?" Grandmother MacLeod said. "I hired a girl this morning for the housework. She's to start tomorrow."

When my father got home that evening, Grandmother MacLeod told him her good news. He ran a hand distractedly across his forehead. *(Continued)*



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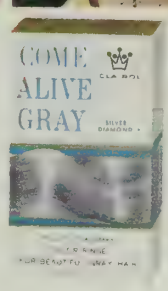

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TO SET OUR HOUSE IN ORDER *continued*

"I'm sorry, Mother, but you'll just have to unhire her. I can't possibly pay anyone."

"It seems odd," Grandmother MacLeod snapped, "that you can afford to eat chicken four times a week."

"Those chickens," my father said in an exasperated voice, "are how people are paying their bills. The same with the eggs and the milk. That scrawny turkey that arrived yesterday was for Logan MacCardney's appendix, if you must know. We probably eat better than any family in Manawaka, except Niall Cameron's. People can't entirely dispense with doctors or undertakers. That doesn't mean to say I've got any cash. Look, Mother, I don't know what's happening with Beth. Paul thinks he may have to do a Caesarean. Can't we leave all this? Just leave the house alone. Don't touch it. What does it matter?"

"I have never lived in a messy house, Ewen," Grandmother MacLeod said, "and I don't intend to begin now."

"Oh, Lord," my father said. "Well, I'll phone Edna, I guess, and see if she can give us a hand, although God knows she's got enough, with the Connor house and her parents to look after."

"I don't fancy having Edna Connor in to help," Grandmother MacLeod said.

"Why not?" my father shouted. "She's Beth's sister, isn't she?"

"She speaks in such a slangy way," Grandmother MacLeod said. "I have never believed she was a good influence on Vanessa. And there is no need for you to raise your voice to me, Ewen, if you please."

I could barely control my rage. I thought my father would surely rise to Aunt Edna's defense. But he did not.

"It'll be all right," he soothed her. "She'd only be here for part of the day, Mother. You could stay in your room."

Aunt Edna strode in the next morning. The sight of her bobbed black hair and her grin made me feel better at once. She hauled out the carpet sweeper and the weighted polisher and got to work. I dusted while she polished and swept, and we got through the living room and front hall in next to no time.

"Where's her royal highness, kiddo?" she inquired.

"In her room," I said. "She's reading the catalogue from Robinson and Cleaver."

"Good glory, not again?" Aunt Edna cried. "The last time she ordered three linen tea cloths and two dozen napkins. It came to fourteen dollars. Your mother was absolutely frantic. I guess I shouldn't be saying this."

"I knew anyway," I assured her. "She was at the lace-handkerchief section when I took up her coffee."

"Let's hope she stays there. Heaven forbid she should get onto the banqueting cloths. Well, at least she believes the Irish are good for two things—manual labor and linen making. She's never forgotten Father used to be a blacksmith, before he got the hardware store. Can you beat it? I wish it didn't bother Beth."

"Does it?" I asked and immediately realized this was a wrong move, for Aunt Edna was suddenly scrutinizing me.

"We're making you grow up before your time," she said. "Don't pay any attention to me, Nessa. I must've got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning."

But I was unwilling to leave the subject. "All the same," I said thoughtfully, "Grandmother MacLeod's family were the lairds of Morven and the constables of the Castle of Kinlochaline. I bet you didn't know that."

Aunt Edna snorted. "Castle, my foot. She was born in Ontario, just like your Grandfather Connor, and her father was a horse doctor. Come on, kiddo, we'd better shut up and get down to business here."

We worked in silence for a while.

"Aunt Edna," I said at last, "what about Mother? Why won't they let me go and see her?"

"Kids aren't allowed to visit maternity patients. It's tough for you, I know. Look, Nessa, don't worry. If it doesn't start tonight, they're going to do the operation. She's getting the best of care."

I stood there, holding the feather duster like a dead bird in my hands. I was not aware that I was going to speak until the words came out. "I'm scared," I said.

Aunt Edna put her arms around me, and her face looked all at once stricken and empty of defenses.

"Oh, honey, I'm scared too," she said.

It was this way that Grandmother MacLeod found us when she came stepping lightly down into the front hall with her order for two dozen lace-bordered handkerchiefs of pure Irish linen.

I could not sleep that night, and when I went downstairs, I found my father in the den. I sat down on the hassock beside his chair, and he told me about the operation my mother was to have the next morning. He kept on saying it was not serious nowadays.

"But you're worried," I put in, as though seeking to explain why I was.

"I should at least have been able to keep from burdening you with it," he said in a distant voice, as though to himself. "If only the baby hadn't got twisted around ——"

"Will it be born dead, like the little girl?"

"I don't know," my father said. "I hope not."

"She'd be disappointed, wouldn't she, if it was?" I said, wondering why I was not enough for her.

"Yes, she would," my father replied. "She won't be able to have any more, after this. It's partly on your account that she wants this one, Nessa. She doesn't want you to grow up without a brother or sister."

"As far as I'm concerned, she didn't need to bother."

My father laughed. "Well, let's talk about something else, and then maybe you'll be able to sleep. How did you and Grandmother make out today?"

"Oh, fine, I guess. What was Grandfather MacLeod like, Dad?"

"What did she tell you about him?"

"She said he made a lot of money in his time."

"Well, he wasn't any millionaire," my father said, "but I suppose he did quite well. That's not what I associate with him, though." He reached across to the bookshelf, took out a small leather-bound volume and opened it. On the pages were mysterious marks, like doodling, only much neater and more patterned.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Greek," my father explained. "This is a play called *Antigone*. See, here's the title in English. There's a whole stack of them on the shelves there. *Oedipus Rex. Electra. Medea.* They belonged to your Grandfather MacLeod. He used to read them often."

"Why?" I inquired, unable to understand why anyone would pore over those undecipherable signs.

"He was interested in them," my father said. "He must have been a lonely man, although it never struck me that way at the time. Sometimes a thing only hits you a long time afterward."

"Why would he be lonely?" I wanted to know.

"He was the only person in Manawaka who could read these plays in the original

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TO SET OUR HOUSE IN ORDER *continued*

Greek," my father said. "I don't suppose many people, if anyone, had even read them in English translation. Maybe he once wanted to be a classical scholar—I don't know. But his father was a doctor, so that's what he was. Maybe he would have liked to talk to somebody about these plays. They must have meant a lot to him."

It seemed to me that my father was talking oddly. There was a sadness in his voice that I had never heard before, and I longed to say something that would make him feel better, but I could not, because I did not know what was the matter.

"Can you read this kind of writing?" I asked hesitantly.

My father shook his head. "Nope. I was never very intellectual, I guess. Your Uncle Rod was always brighter than I, in school, but even he wasn't interested in learning Greek. Perhaps he would've been later, if he'd lived. As a kid, all I ever wanted to do was go into the merchant marine."

"Why didn't you?"

"Oh, well," my father said, "a kid who'd never seen the sea wouldn't have made much of a sailor. I might have turned out to be the seasick type."

I had lost interest, now that he was once more speaking like himself.

"Grandmother MacLeod was pretty cross today about the girl," I said.

"I know," my father said. "Well, we must be as nice as we can to her, Nessa, and after a while she'll be all right."

Suddenly I did not care what I said.

"Why can't she be nice to *us* for a change?" I burst out. "We're always the ones who have to be nice to her."

My father put his hand down and tilted my head until I was forced to look at him. "Vanessa," he said, "she's had troubles in her life which you really don't know much about. That's why she sometimes gets migraines and has to go to bed. It's not easy for her these days. The house is still the same, so she thinks other things should be too. It hurts her when she finds they aren't."

"I don't see ——" I began.

"Listen," my father said, "you know we were talking just now about what people are interested in, like Grandfather MacLeod being interested in Greek plays? Well, your grandmother was interested in being a lady, Nessa, and for a long time it seemed to her that she was one."

I thought of the Castle of Kinlochaline and of horse doctors in Ontario.

"I didn't know ——" I stammered.

"That's usually the trouble with most of us," my father said. "Now you go on up to bed. I'll phone tomorrow from the hospital as soon as the operation's over."

I did sleep at last, and in my dreams I could hear the caught sparrow fluttering in the attic and the sound of my mother crying and the voices of dead children.

My father did not phone until afternoon. Although Grandmother MacLeod said I was being silly, for you could hear the phone ringing all over the house, I refused to move out of the den. I had never before examined my father's books, but now, at a loss for something to do, I took them out one by one and read snatches here and there. After several hours, it dawned on me that most of the books were of the same kind. I looked again at the titles.

Seven League Boots. Travels in Arabia Deserta. The Seven Pillars of Wisdom. Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China. Count Luckner, the Sea Devil. And a hundred more. On a shelf by themselves were copies of the *National Geographic Magazine.* I had looked at these often enough, but never with the puzzling compulsion which I felt now, as though I were on the verge of some discovery, something which I had to find out and yet did not want to know. I riffled through the picture-filled pages. Hibiscus and wild orchids grew in soft-petaled profusion. The Himalayas stood lofty as gods, with the morning sun on their peaks of snow. Leopards snarled from the depths of a thousand jungles. Schooners buffeted their white sails like the wings of giant angels against the sea winds.

"What on earth are you doing?" Grandmother MacLeod inquired waspishly, from the doorway. "You've got everything scattered all over the place. Pick it all up this minute, Vanessa, do you hear?" So I picked up the books and magazines and put them neatly away.

When the telephone finally rang, I was afraid to answer it. At last I did. My father sounded faraway, and the relief in his voice made it unsteady.

"It's OK, honey. Everything's fine. The boy was born alive and kicking after all. Your mother's pretty weak, but she's going to be all right."

I could hardly believe it. I did not want to talk to anyone. I wanted to be by myself, to assimilate the presence of

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brother, toward whom, without even ving seen him, I felt such tenderness d such resentment.

That evening, Grandmother MacLeod proached my father, who at first did take her seriously when she asked at they planned to call the child.

"Oh, I don't know. Hank, maybe, or . Fauntleroy, perhaps."

She ignored his levity. "Ewen, I wish would call him Roderick."

His face changed. "I'd rather not."

"I think you should," Grandmother cLeod insisted, in a voice as pointed d precise as her silver nail scissors.

"Don't you think Beth ought to de-e?" my father asked.

"Beth will agree if you do."

My father did not bother to deny nething that even I knew to be true. did not say anything. Then Grand-ther MacLeod's voice, astonishingly, ered a little. "It would mean a great l to me," she said.

remembered what she had told me—*hen your Uncle Roderick got killed, I ught I would die. But I didn't die.*" All once her feeling for that unknown d man became a reality for me. And I held it against her, as well, for I ld see that she was going to win now.

"All right," my father said. "We'll him Roderick."

Then, alarmingly, he threw back his d and laughed. "Roderick Dhu!" he d. "That's what you'll call him, isn't Black Roderick. Like before. Don't remember? As though he were a racter out of Sir Walter Scott, in-d of an ordinary kid who —— "

He broke off and looked at her with a d of desolation in his face.

"God, I'm sorry, Mother," he said. "I no right to say that."

Grandmother MacLeod did not flinch, remble, or indicate that she felt any-g at all. "I accept your apology, en," she said.

My mother had to stay in bed for sev-weeks after she arrived home. The y's crib was kept in my parents' m, and I could go in and look at the ll creature who lay there with his tly closed fists and his feathery black . Aunt Edna came in to help each ning, and when she had finished the sework, she would have coffee with mother. They kept the door closed, this did not prevent me from eaves-pping, for there was an air register in floor of the spare room that was ed somehow with the register in my ents' room. If you put your ear to the grille, it was almost like a radio. Did you mind very much, Beth?" t Edna was saying.

"Oh, it's not the name I mind," my her replied. "It's just that Ewen felt had to. You knew that Rod only had sight of one eye, didn't you?"

"Sure, I knew. So what?"

"There was only a year and a half ween Ewen and Rod," my mother , "so they often went around to-her when they were youngsters. It Ewen's air rifle that did it."

"Oh, Lord," Aunt Edna said. "I sup-e she always blamed him?"

"No, I don't think it was so much t, really. It was how he felt himself. ink he even used to wonder some-es if—but people shouldn't let them-es think like that, or they'd go zy. Accidents do happen, after all. en the war came, Ewen joined up t. Rod should never have been in the y at all, but he couldn't wait to get He must have lied about his eyesight. It wasn't so very noticeable unless you looked at him closely, and I don't suppose the medicals were very thorough in those days. He got in as a gunner, and Ewen applied to have him in the same company. He thought he might be able to watch out for him, I guess, Rod being at a disadvantage. They were both only kids. Ewen was nineteen and Rod was eighteen when they went to France. And then the Somme. I don't know, Edna, I think Ewen felt that if Rod had had proper sight, or if he hadn't been in the same outfit and had been sent somewhere else—you know how people always think these things afterward, not that it's ever a bit of use. Ewen wasn't there when Rod got hit. They'd lost each other somehow, and Ewen was looking for him, not bothering about anything else, you know, just frantically looking. Then he stumbled across him quite by chance. Rod was still alive, but ——"

"Stop it, Beth," Aunt Edna said. "You're only upsetting yourself."

"Ewen never spoke of it to me," my mother went on, "until his mother showed me the letter he'd written to her at the time. It was a peculiar letter, almost formal, saying how gallantly Rod had died, and all that. I guess I shouldn't have, but I told him she'd shown it to me. He was very angry that she had. And then, as though for some reason he were terribly ashamed, he said, 'I had to write something to her, but men don't really die like that, Beth. It wasn't that way at all.' It was only after the war that he decided to study medicine and go into practice with his father."

"Had Rod meant to?" Aunt Edna asked.

"I don't know," my mother said. "I never felt I should ask Ewen that."

Aunt Edna was gathering up the coffee things, for I could hear the clash of cups and saucers being stacked on the tray. "You know what I heard her say to Vanessa once, Beth? '*The MacLeods never tell lies.*' Those were her exact words. Even then, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry."

"Please, Edna." My mother sounded worn out now. "Don't."

"Oh, glory," Aunt Edna said, "I've got all the delicacy of a two-ton truck. I didn't mean Ewen, for heaven's sake. That wasn't what I meant at all. Here, let me plump up your pillows for you."

Then the baby began to cry, so I could not hear anything more of interest. I took my bike and went out beyond Manawaka, riding aimlessly along the gravel highway. It was late summer, and the wheat had changed color, but instead of being high and bronzed in the fields, it was stunted and desiccated, for there had been no rain again this year. Yet on the bluff where I stopped and crawled under the barbed-wire fence and lay stretched out on the grass, the plentiful poplar leaves were turning to a luminous yellow and shone like church windows in the sun. I put my head down very close to the earth and looked at what was going on there. Grasshoppers with enormous eyes ticked and twitched around me, as though the dry air were perfect for their purposes. A ladybug labored mightily to climb a blade of grass, fell off and started all over again, seeming to be unaware that she possessed wings and could have flown up.

I thought of the accidents that might easily happen to a person—or, of course, might not happen, might happen to somebody else. I thought of the dead baby, my sister, who might as easily have been I. Would she, then, have been lying here in my place, the sharp grass making its small toothmarks on her brown arms, the sun warming her to the heart? I thought of the leather-bound volumes of Greek, and of the six different kinds of iced cakes that used to be offered always in the MacLeod house, and of the pictures of leopards and green seas. I thought of my brother, who had been born alive after all, and now had been given his life's name.

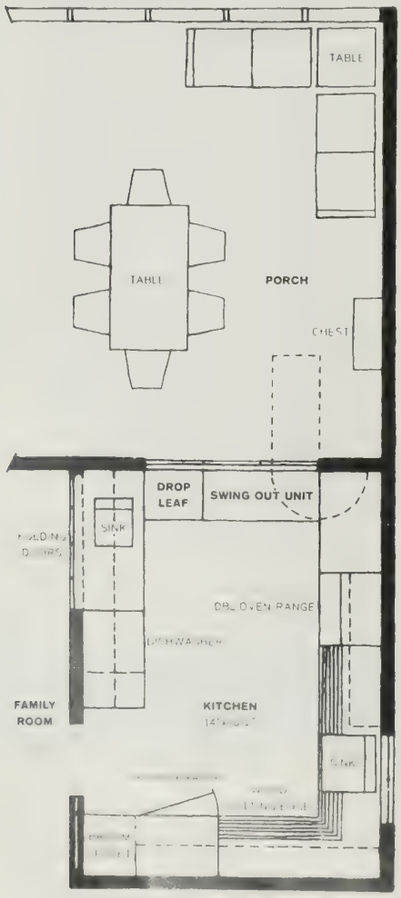
I could not really comprehend these things, but I sensed their strangeness, their disarray. I felt that whatever God might love in this world, it was certainly not order. ■

A kitchen that swings

When whim and weather lead you outdoors, part of this kitchen goes with you.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR

At your command, this kitchen opens its doors to the outside world and joins it—so that you can enjoy outdoor eating with indoor ease. When you feel the first irresistible spring impulse to dine outdoors, our kitchen simply swings into your mood: A counter shelf swings down, three curtained doors swing out to the porch, the counter in front of it (on wheels) swings after them. In less than a minute you're ready to meet the demands of even the most rugged kind of outdoor dining. More about the swinging kitchen on the following page.



Swinging section of kitchen converts into an i

COLOR CONSULTANT: NORMAN SHEPHERD; KITCHEN PLANS: ELIZABETH GOETSCH; PHOTOGRAPHS: FRANK LERNER. OTHER CREDITS ON PAGE 125.

et server, easily replenished from the kitchen side. Its practical top of tiny white ceramic tiles is durable enough to withstand the heat of charcoal or electric cookers.

The kitchen that swings is, above all, a good, sensible, working kitchen.

The versatile side of this kitchen is only one of its many pretty, practical and ingenious features—any of which could be adapted to your own kitchen. Here, nine translatable ideas:

- Gay wallpaper on the ceiling lightens and brightens the whole room.
- Textured vinyl flooring cut like flagstone extends to porch, ties indoors and outdoors together.
- Pass-through from family room has sink that can be used from either side. Cupboards open from both sides. High-arched faucet is practical for filling pitchers and vases, mixing drinks. Floor-to-ceiling pass-through doors close kitchen off completely.
- A nine-inch-wide built-in wood chopping block edges counter between range and refrigerator.
- Cabinets finished with durable plastic in a warm wood-grain pattern.
- Free-standing appliances are installed to look like built-ins.
- Compact 30-inch electric range has matching hood above eye-level oven with door that swings up. Second oven below cook top is extra-large, slides out like drawer for cleaning.
- Big-capacity refrigerator fits flush to back wall. Tilt-out bin at bottom holds over 200 pounds of frozen food.
- Dishwasher elevated four inches above usual height, for easier loading.

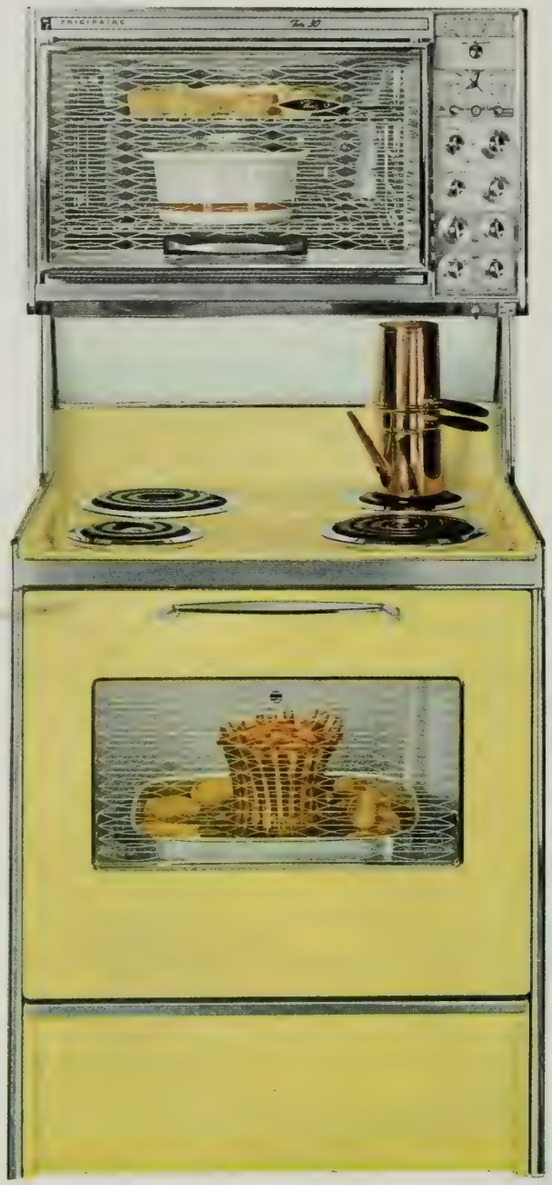
The kitchen as photographed from the porch, above, with swinging cabinet in foreground. Compact yet completely equipped, it offers plenty of working and storage areas. The pass-through, left, viewed from family room, is another bonus feature of the swinging kitchen.

To protect your skin against dryness, Princess Dial has moisturizing cream right in it

Moisture is vital to your skin's youth and beauty. It must be continually protected. That is why Princess Dial Soap has moisturizing cream in it. As you cleanse away dirt and makeup, it works to replenish vital oils that hold moisture in—dryness out. When you rinse, water beads form. Evidence that Princess Dial is helping protect your skin against dryness.

All 3 Frigidaire Range types newly designed for all-out cooking convenience...all-over cleaning ease

FLAIR RANGES! Dramatic "built-in" beauty, without tearing up your kitchen. Incomparable Flair has glide-up oven doors. Cooking units slide away, hidden when not in use. Control knobs pull off for quick, smooth cleaning. Model RCIH-645 (base cabinet optional).



NEWEST OF ALL...TWIN-30 RANGES! 2 generous ovens in a compact space! Convenient high oven, Pull 'N Clean lower oven! Dial the heat setting you like . . . controls are all at eye-level for maximum "readability." No push buttons to limit your choice or clutter the cooking surface. 30-inch width. Model RCIH-639.

PULL 'N CLEAN RANGES! 10 Frigidaire Ranges (many budget-priced) give you the exclusive Pull 'N Clean oven. No awkward stretching or stooping...just pull it out like a drawer, clean it standing up. New high back is smooth, can't trap splatters; new deep recessed top catches spills. Model RCI-G75-64.

CHOOSE! CHOOSE! CHOOSE! Within these 3 basic Frigidaire Electric Range styles you get over 100 different combinations to choose from—choice of colors (5 in all), choice of sizes (21, 30 and 40-inch widths), choice of prices (one for every purse) and choice of "bonus" Frigidaire cooking features. Frigidaire makes conventional oven and built-in electric ranges, too. Products of General Motors. (Factory-trained servicemen everywhere.)

FRIGIDAIRE

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION ABOUT THIS NEW GROUP OF LAMPS SEE PAGE 103

A NEW LOOK AT LIGHT

EVERY ROOM AND AREA HAVE THEIR PURPOSE AND EACH ONE REQUIRES ITS OWN UNIQUE KIND OF LIGHTING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDRE GEORGES

Francis Bacon called it "the first creature of God," and Emerson rhapsodized over it as "the first of painters," but modern man often uses light only to avoid barking his shins on the coffee table. It has been about 80 years since the development of nearly unlimited artificial illumination—i.e., the practical electric light—yet the proper and pleasing use of light remains, for many homemakers, a matter of simple expedience or blind conjecture. We tend to accept illumination as a matter of course, and in doing so, forget its basic importance in our world. We forget that without light there would be no vegetation, no color, little knowledge of our surroundings and, indeed, little life. On the other hand, too much light can be unbearable. Light has, in fact, a bearing on every activity in the universe. In the home, our eyes are drawn toward sources of light. During the day we look toward the windows. At night we turn naturally toward artificial light. It should be obvious that the astute decorator can use these responses to great advantage. Light can change the appearance of a space or an object. With light, moods can be created and changed, shapes molded and placed, patterns and textures emphasized or muted. With light it is possible to direct interior traffic patterns and, according to lighting consultant Richard Kelly, to "make gracious living come to visual life." The way a room is lighted can even refresh a tired man or make a weary housewife beautiful. About 88 percent of what we know is learned through the eye, and most of what we see is reflected light. The way light is reflected can determine our reaction to an object. Rough surfaces *(Continued on page 139)*

LEFT: Dimmer-controlled cornice lighting illuminates painting by Ellsworth Kelly and provides a general glow. The cylindrical lights fixed to the ceiling focus on plants. In home of Richard Kelly, lighting consultant.

TOP: Movable spotlights hung from ceiling track highlight art in the Kellys' library. The lights above a metal grille over window dramatize plants and provide extra light for growth. Desk lamp adjusts to various heights.

CENTER: Flashlight-size bulbs (the wiring is woven into the curtain fabric) glow, using dimmer controls, in the Kellys' home. Mirror on the ceiling throws light from floor spots to plants. Wall lights concealed by panel.

BOTTOM: In the living room, cornice lighting over the windows washes draperies with a warm glow. Adjustable pull-down lamps provide concentrated areas of light. Ceiling spotlights provide accent for paintings.

diffuse light, smooth surfaces reflect it regularly, sometimes with the same intensity as the source. Dark objects absorb light, light ones reflect it. Intensity of illumination, or the brightness of a light, directly affects the emotions. Bright light is stimulating, soft light soothing, and glaring light irritating. Man's eyes are used to nature's illumination, which is always in motion. Contrary to a popular belief, completely even lighting can fatigue the eyes, because it gives iris muscles no opportunity to flex. Similarly, intense ceiling light alone is tiring because it affords no variation in light patterns. And moving light, such as that from a candle or an open fireplace, is more restful—though less efficient—than that from a steady electric source. Good lighting, according to experts on the subject, requires that a room be generally illuminated, but free from glare, and brightened at various points by lamps, for focusing on close work. Overall, or ambient, luminescence fills the room with soft, shadowless background light. It can be created by fixtures that throw light onto ceilings, curtains, walls or floors for reflection from those surfaces. Focal light, usually afforded by portable lamps, provides illumination for specific tasks. It should be shaded and diffused so that it cannot shine *(Continued on page 140)*

RIGHT: A combination of old and new lighting in the living room of designer George Nelson. Dimmer-controlled floodlights are fixed to a ceiling track and illuminate shelf unit. An old Tiffany lamp provides desk light.

BELOW: General lighting comes from dimmer lamps mounted on skylight shaft. The concealed focal lights over work areas operate from a second switch for use when necessary. Kitchen was designed by Dolores Engle.

directly into your eyes. Aside from the purely utilitarian, there are two other types of artificial illumination for the home: accent, which draws the eye to a particular object, such as a painting, and the frankly decorative, such as a crystal chandelier, which can excite and charm the eye. Today the flexibility of most light sources permits their interchangeable use as ambient, focal, accent or decorative illumination. It has also led to decorative concepts in which lighting is as important as the selection of furnishings. Much has been adapted from industrial and theatrical methods of lighting, which utilize spotlights to illuminate ceilings, walls and important objects. Some of these domesticated spotlights, hidden in plain metal cylinders, recessed in architectural features or simply employed in highly functional floor lamps, are small enough to hold in the palm of your hand; others can be concealed behind furniture or books and pointed in any direction. Table lamps, once considered the least effective lighting source, can now function as the decor demands, and all lighting can be dimmer-controlled to create the *(Continued on page 142)*

PRESTO®

Does anyone on your street have the white one yet?

Pardon us, but we *do* make a perfectly wonderful coffee-maker. It's the one on the left . . . in stainless steel with rich, glossy black trim.

Fully automatic, it brews a cup a minute of marvelous coffee and keeps it hot. The open spout means easy pouring; easy cleaning, too, because it won't trap bitter oils and residues. And you can dunk the entire coffee-maker without a worry. Families who live with it every day just love it.

Still, we've had a mild but steady clamor. It wasn't a complaint, but a question. People kept asking, "Why not make it white?"

"Most people like the black one," we said. "We might not have the volume in white for mass production," we said. "We might have to price it higher and then nobody would buy it."

So we made the white one anyway. It's the one on the right.

It makes wonderful coffee . . . the same as the black one. It *does* cost a few pennies more. But now you do have a choice.

We don't think you'll have trouble finding a black Presto on your street but, if you hurry, you still might be first with the white one. And *that* might be quite a kick!

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mood you desire. In order to plan proper lighting for the home, it is essential to analyze the function of each area. Your entry hall is an important first impression. Living rooms, which are basically conversation centers, should set people at ease. Dining rooms can be made flattering to guests as well as to food. Stairways must be well lighted, but not confusing. The bathroom needs useful, even lighting, but not glare. Bedrooms call for the calm of sanctuaries and the functionalism of adequate reading lamps. And so on. Every room has a purpose and every purpose has its light. The basic principle of lighting is use. Once a light has been combined with its proper use, you have made life under any circumstances more livable. Take a new look. ■

David Simons' living room is dimmer-controlled. Lamp bulbs back of cornice point up curtain wall. Lights beneath raised platform flood conversation area in background. Bookshelf lights are behind uprights. Designed by Virginia Whitmore Kelly.

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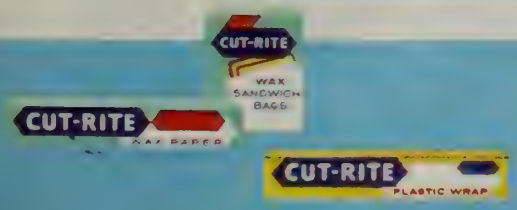
Be sure to look for Cut-Rite Wax Paper and Sandwich Bags, too, now in bright new boxes!



SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

New Idea

MAKE A NEW KIND OF SANDWICH. MAKE A CRANWICH!

The absolutely perfect "cranwich" is made like this: Start with toast. Add turkey, chicken or ham. Put on a slice of Ocean Spray Jellied Sauce. Top with cheese strips. Now broil till the cheese is bubbly. Ocean Spray won't melt a bit! Isn't that something?

GO CREATIVE WITH OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRIES

RELISHES

Sharpen up Ocean Spray Whole Berry Sauce with horseradish or mustard. Or make a relish out of Ocean Spray Jellied Sauce. Beat it till smooth, then add to it.

SYRUPS

Top pancakes with Ocean Spray Whole Berry Sauce or Ocean Spray Jellied Sauce, beaten smooth. Or boil equal parts sugar, cranberry juice, 10 minutes.

SALADS

Ocean Spray Whole Berry Sauce, added to your favorite flavored gelatin recipe. (Use half the water called for.) Now you've got a new salad with snap and sparkle!

DIPS

Beat Ocean Spray Jellied Sauce till smooth. Then add horseradish or curry powder or ginger to taste. Pass the fried chicken and let the guests dip in!

JUICES

Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail—the tangy new drink. Try it straight—or mix it with ginger ale or orange juice or any number of fruit juices. It's great!

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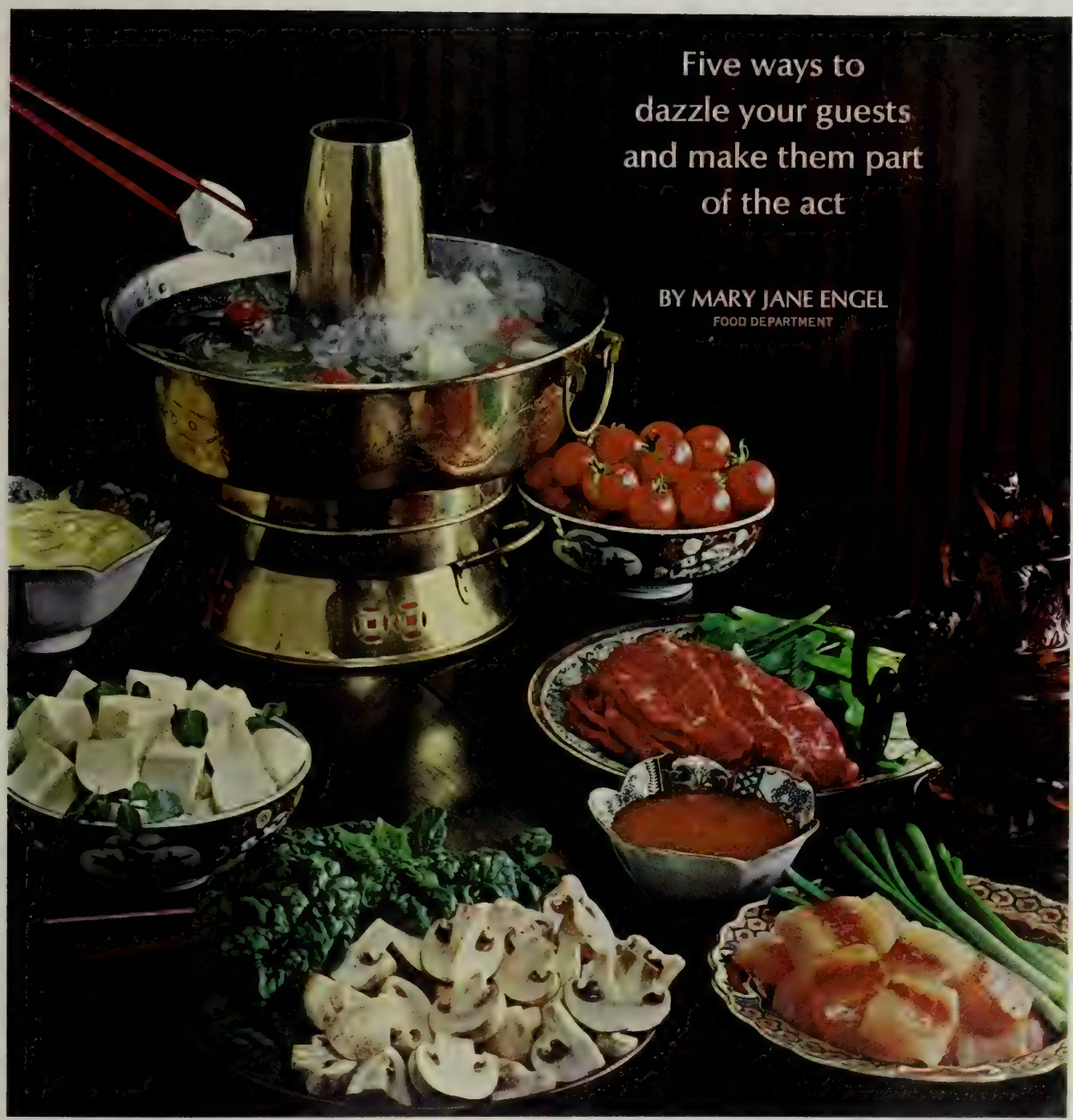
MAKES FOOD MORE FESTIVE

A COOK-ALONG PARTY



Five ways to dazzle your guests and make them part of the act

BY MARY JANE ENGEL
FOOD DEPARTMENT

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY RIES

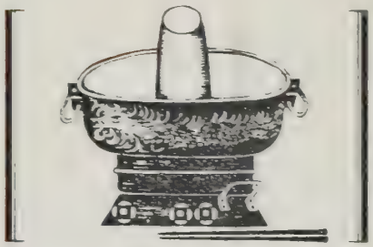
The next time you entertain, use showmanship. Instead of sneaking off to make behind-the-scenes preparations, stage your dinner right at the table and make the cooking part of the entertainment. For an ensemble performance try Oriental Firepot (above) made in a Mongolian Cooker (an electric skillet or chafing dish will do) or sizzling Fondue Bourguignon, and invite your guests to cook and dip along with you. Or take center stage with feathery Watercress Omelette Royale, Peach Coupe with Cherries Jubilee or Crepes Suzette. Recipes on next pages.

Hot Beef Stew Sandwich! Make it hearty in a hurry with fresh-tasting Dinty Moore Beef Stew. Everything in Dinty Moore—fresh beef, fresh vegetables and fresh-made beef gravy—is cooked fresh inside the sealed can, to save all of the goodness and all of the flavor for you. **Another fresh idea in meat from Hormel.**

FRESH!
That's why more people buy it than any other stew

DINTY MOORE BEEF STEW

 continued from page 145



ORIENTAL FIREPOT

- *1 lb. sirloin or flank steak, sliced paper thin across the grain (slice flank steak on the diagonal)*
- *2 chicken breasts, skinned, boned, and sliced very thin across the grain*
- *½ lb. thinly sliced red snapper fillet, or sole or haddock*
- *½ lb. sliced chicken livers*
- *½ lb. small spinach leaves, washed and trimmed of stems*
- *¾ lb. mushrooms, wiped and quartered*
- *2 cups cubed bean curd or peeled and cubed eggplant*
- *1 package (10-oz.) frozen snow pea pods, or frozen Italian-style beans, thawed*
- *2 cups cherry tomatoes*
- *1 bunch scallions, trimmed and cut into 2-inch lengths*
- *Chicken broth or stock*
- *¼ teaspoon ginger*
- **Pungent Sweet-Sour Sauce*
- **Ginger-Soy Sauce*
- **Mustard Cream Sauce*
- *Hot cooked rice*

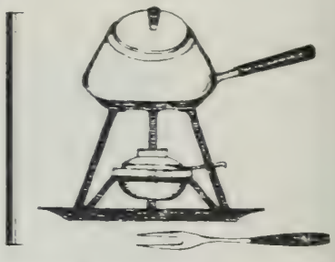
(1) Prepare the food as indicated in the ingredient list. This may be done several hours before serving time. The sauces should be prepared well in advance so that the flavors blend well. Keep food and sauces covered and refrigerated. (2) Shortly before serving time arrange meat, chicken, fish, chicken livers and vegetables in small dishes or on plates. Set out Mustard Sauce, warm Pungent Sweet-Sour Sauce and Ginger-Soy Sauce. Provide guests with chopsticks or long-handled forks. (3) If using Mongolian Cooker, place 6–8 charcoal briquettes in bottom section of cooker, add charcoal starter and light. On the range, heat enough chicken broth with the ginger added to fill Mongolian Cooker ⅔ full. Pour into cooker when hot. Cover and continue to heat until broth is *just* bubbling. *Or* fill electric skillet ⅔ full with chicken broth. Add ginger. Cover and bring to boiling point. Adjust heat until broth is just bubbling. (4) Each guest spoons some of each sauce onto his plate; then picks up desired food with chopsticks or fork and lowers food into broth to cook. When food is cooked he lifts it out and dips it into one of the sauces. Do not try to cook too much food in the broth at one time, as the broth must always be bubbling slightly. Serve with fluffy hot rice. Makes 6 servings.

**Pungent Sweet-Sour Sauce:* Mix 1 cup bottled sweet-sour sauce, 2 tablespoons catsup, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard and heat gently. Serve warm. Makes about 1 cup sauce.

**Mustard Cream Sauce:* Blend together ¼ cup prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon minced chives, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ cup dairy-fresh sour cream, ¼ cup mayonnaise and let stand several hours before using. Makes about ¾ cup sauce.

**Ginger-Soy Sauce:* Mix ½ cup soy sauce, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons white wine (optional), 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, and heat gently. Serve warm. Makes about 1½ cups sauce.

(Mongolian Cookers may be purchased from East Arts Inc., 857 Second Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



FONDUE BOURGUIGNON

- *Cooking oil*
- *2 lbs. beef tenderloin or sirloin, cut in ¾ inch cubes*
- *Meat tenderizer*
- **Currant-Chutney Sauce*
- **Deviled Roquefort Butter*
- **Fluffy Horseradish Sauce*
- **Sauce Diable*
- **Curry Sauce*
- *Chopped onions*

(1) Pour oil into a beef fondue cooker or electric skillet, to ⅔ full. Use part olive or part peanut oil for flavor. (2) Place fondue cooker over direct heat on the range and heat to 425° F. on deep-frying thermometer. (Set electric skillet accordingly.) (3) Carefully take to the table and place over alcohol burner or canned heat. If, during cooking process oil cools too much, return to range and reheat to 425° F. Place a slice of raw potato in bottom of pot to prevent oil from sputtering. (4) Have beef at room temperature and trim well of all fat. If you use sirloin, sprinkle with meat tenderizer, following label instructions. (5) Arrange meat in center of fondue plates, and sauces around it. If you do not have the special plates, arrange meat in center of dinner plates, and pass bowls of sauces for each guest to help himself. (6) Provide each guest with a fork for spearing the meat (special long-handled fondue forks are available) and an additional dinner fork for eating. (7) Each guest should spear a piece of meat with his fork, then cook it in the oil until desired degree of doneness is reached. Dip the meat into one or more sauces or into the chopped onions. (Be sure to change forks, as the one used for cooking will be hot.) Makes 4 servings. Serve with crusty garlic French bread, a tossed salad, and a frosty dessert such as ice cream parfait.

**Currant-Chutney Sauce:* Heat ¾ cup red currant jelly, ½ cup chopped chutney, juice of ½ lemon and pinch of salt, stirring occasionally. Makes about 1 cup sauce. Serve warm.

**Deviled Roquefort Butter:* Combine ¼ lb. soft Roquefort cheese, ½ cup soft butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1 small clove garlic, crushed, 3 drops Angostura bitters and whip until light and fluffy. Cover and refrigerate several hours to blend flavors. Let stand at room temperature to soften. Whip with a fork to fluff before serving. Makes 1 cup sauce. *Continued on page 148*

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MAZOLA "FLAVOR-SEAL" SEA FOOD RECIPE

TRY THIS JUICY, DELICATE WAY TO FRY SEA FOOD

In a heavy skillet, heat 1/8 inch Mazola Corn Oil. Add fish. Cook until underside is lightly brown. Turn fish; cover skillet and cook until fish flakes easily with fork.

Whole fish, fillets, fish sticks, fish and crab cakes are more delicious fried the Mazola "Flavor-Seal" way. Mazola seals-in delicate fish juices, helps prevent sticking to the pan.

Friendly hint: If you are tempted to buy a cheaper oil, first check the label for size and content. Is it pure golden-light corn oil? Mazola is 100% golden light Corn Oil in full pints, full quarts.

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For the sauciest of Seafood Cocktail Sauces, combine 1 cup of tomato catsup, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 Tbsp. Lea & Perrins, 1 Tbsp. of grated onion. Blend and chill. Serve with oysters, lobster, clams, crab-meat, shrimp or scallops.

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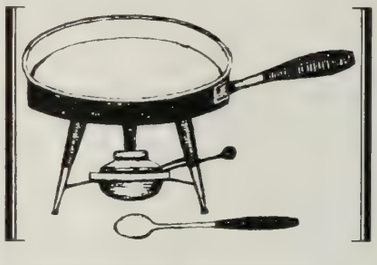
 continued from page 146

**Fluffy Horseradish Sauce:* Mix together 1 cup dairy fresh sour cream, ¼ cup prepared horseradish, drained, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 tablespoon minced chives. Cover and refrigerate several hours to blend flavors. Stir before serving. Makes about 1½ cups sauce.

**Sauce Diable:* Sauté 1 onion, chopped, and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in ¼ cup butter or margarine until golden. Add ½ cup red wine, 1 can (10-oz.) beef gravy with mushrooms, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Simmer for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. This may be prepared ahead and reheated just before serving. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

**Curry Sauce:* Sauté 1 onion, chopped, in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine until golden. Add 1 tablespoon flour, 2–3 teaspoons curry powder and stir until smooth and blended. Add 1 tomato, peeled and chopped, ¼ cup chopped apple, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 cup chicken broth and stir until smooth and thickened, about 15 minutes. Flavor is improved by making this ahead and reheating just before serving. Makes about 1½ cups sauce.

(Fondue sets may be purchased from Bazar Francais, 666 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y., or Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.)



WATERCRESS OMELETTE ROYALE

3 eggs
1 tablespoon water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons finely chopped watercress
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoons grated process Gruyère cheese
3 tablespoons diced cooked bacon or ham
3 tablespoons diced peeled tomato, or 6–8 cherry tomatoes, halved
Freshly grated pepper
Watercress (garnish)

(1) Mix eggs and water slightly. Stir in salt and chopped watercress. (2) Place omelette pan over heat a few minutes. Add butter or margarine; when it sizzles, add egg mixture and stir rapidly with a fork until mixture begins to set. (3) Sprinkle cheese, bacon or ham, and tomatoes on top. Lower heat. (4) When omelette is set, loosen edges, and fold over in half. Slide onto a warm plate. Sprinkle with pepper and garnish with watercress. Makes 1 generous omelette. Repeat for desired number of omelettes, adjusting ingredients accordingly. To prepare this at the table, have egg mixture ready with bowls of grated cheese, bacon or ham, and tomato at the side

CREPES SUZETTE

2 cups flour
4 eggs
2½ cups milk
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
Sauce:
½ cup butter or margarine
⅔ cup sugar
1 piece lemon w rind
2 pieces orange with rind
1 cup orange ju
1 tablespoon gra orange rind
2 tablespoons Benedictine
2 tablespoons Cointreau
¼ cup brandy

(1) Mix together flour, eggs, 1½ c milk, sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat w rotary beater until smooth. Add the maining cup of milk, beating steadi (2) Heat a 6-inch skillet and br lightly with a little butter or margari Put in 3–4 tablespoons batter. I skillet from heat and tilt quickly to c tribute batter evenly. When light bro turn crepe and brown on other si Fold in half, then in quarters; trans to platter, cover with napkin and k warm. (3) For the sauce, light fla under crepes-suzette pan or chafing d or use electric skillet. Put in butter margarine with the sugar, and cook a stir until mixture darkens slightly. A the lemon and orange pieces, skin s down, and press with the back o spoon to extract the oils. (4) Add ora juice and grated rind. When sauce bubbled, remove lemon and ora pieces, and add the crepes, one at a ti Unfold until coated with sauce, ref and push to side of pan. Continue u all crepes have been coated. (5) Add liqueurs, without stirring, and heat minute. Light with a match. Sp flaming sauce over crepes. Serve 4 t person. Makes 6 servings.

PEACH COUPE WITH CHERRIES JUBILE

1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) pitted black Bing cherries
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 piece (3-inch) lemon peel
2 tablespoons cherry liqueur
⅓ cup warmed brandy
6 canned cling peach halves
1 pint vanilla ice cream

(1) Drain cherries and reserve ju Mix sugar with cornstarch and add cup cherry juice a little at a time. Add the lemon peel and cook gent until clear and thickened, about minutes. Remove from heat. Take lemon peel and stir in the cherry liqu and the cherries. This may be prepa ahead. (3) To serve: have the dess dishes ready on a tray at the ta Place a peach half and some ice cre in each. Transfer the sauce to a chaf dish or electric skillet and heat gent Pour the warm brandy over the sauce, without stirring. Set ablaze a spoon over the peaches and ice crea Makes 6 servings.

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Golden elbow macaroni (not the plain type)
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Rosy cherries under a snowy cloud of almond-flavored whipped PET blended with cream cheese —luscious! Thin milk would never whip—but PET whips higher than cream, at ⅓ the cost!

1. Mix in 2-qt. saucepan **½ cup Sugar** and **2 Tablesp. Corn Starch.** Drain **1 can Red Tart Cherries (about 1-lb.),** saving juice. Add water to juice to make 1 cup. Stir gradually into sugar mixture.
2. Stir over medium heat until mixture begins to boil. Boil and stir 1 minute. Take off heat. Stir in cherries, **1 teasp. Lemon Juice** and **few drops Red Food Coloring.** Cool. Spread in **9-inch baked Pastry Crust.**
3. Mix until smooth **3-oz. pkg. Cream Cheese, softened** and **2 Tablesp. Lemon Juice.**
4. Chill **⅔ cup PET Evaporated Milk** in ice tray until almost frozen at edges. Put ice-cold milk, **¼ cup Sugar** and **½ teasp. Almond Extract** into cold small bowl of electric mixer (or 1½-qt. bowl).
5. Using cold beaters, whip with electric mixer at high speed or with rotary beater until stiff. Beat in cream cheese mixture at medium speed. Spoon over cherries. Chill 3 hours. Top with toasted, slivered Almonds.

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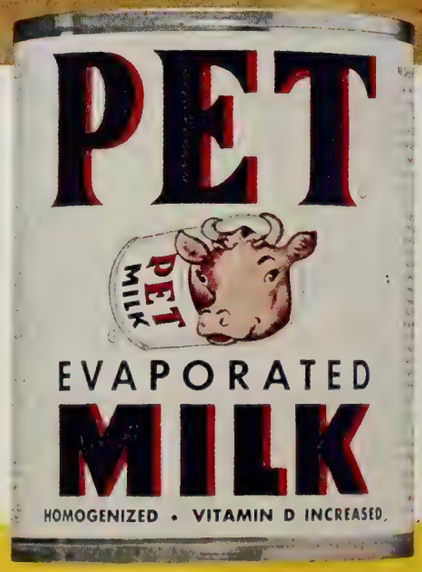

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CAN THIS BE ART?

POP ART IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY. IS IT SOCIAL CRITICISM, AN ELABORATE SPOOF OR MERE ASSEMBLAGES OF RUBBISH? A NOTED ART CRITIC GIVES SOME TENTATIVE ANSWERS.

by EMILY GENAUER

One afternoon, in the Washington Gallery of Modern Art, I sat in front of a painting for an hour, watching television. It was an astonishing experience.

The painting, a four-by-five-foot still life by an artist named Tom Wesselmann, depicted a table set with fruit and beer bottles, with a large portrait of Abraham Lincoln in the background, and—cut into a corner of the canvas—a working color television set.

Whatever appeared on the TV screen added meaning to the still life. Commercial announcers energetically hawking their products seemed a travesty of Honest Abe. Each image of food fitted neatly into the design of painted and cut-out-and-pasted-on fruits and bottles. Advertisements for cars, suggesting their importance in the American Way of Life, cynically footnoted a large American star in the upper half of the composition. When the stock-market averages flashed on, the whole work—painted and electronic—suggested a supersized jukebox. The total effect was that of an ingenious lampoon of contemporary mores, every bit of it assembled with wit and style and compositional skill. I had been looking at a sample of the best in pop art.

These days, pop art is not hard to find. In the Columbus (Ohio) Gallery of Fine Arts there hangs a painting of a strawberry ice-cream soda, five feet tall. Some months ago, the Oakland (Calif.) Art Museum displayed two round paintings, one black, with DIE stenciled in white letters across it, the other red, bearing the stark legend, EAT. At the museum of Brandeis University, a recent exhibit included a seven-by-ten-foot picture composed of Marilyn Monroe's smiling face, repeated innumerable times, with no perceptible variations, in neat rows like the frames of a motion-picture film. New York's Museum of Modern Art recently displayed set on a pedestal like a piece of sculpture, a three-foot-wide hamburger made of latex and awning cloth.

Within the past year, exhibitions of similar "art" objects have been presented in major museums in Europe as well as the United States. And the subjects are unlimited. They include such things as six-foot blowups of comic-strip panels, lifted—complete with "Pow," "Wham" and "Thud"—from the daily newspapers; billboard-size canvases reproducing highway billboards; a common flashlight, gilded and mounted on a stone pedestal.

Pop art has swept America with a speed and thoroughness approached by no other style in history. Not only are major museums exhibiting it,

Claes Oldenburg, a leading figure in pop movement, adds papier-mâché and plaster food to an old-fashioned stove to create a startling, controversial piece of sculpture.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY RIES

WEALTHY PATRONS NOW HANG POP ART ALONGSIDE PAINTING

[illegible] the Robert C. Sculls' apartment. Center, Mark Disuvero's bronze, "Pierced Hand." Lower left, portion of "Stove" (page 151). On foyer walls, "Target" (right) and, partially seen, "Two Flags," both by Jasper Johns. In living room, three abstract expressionist works: from left, Franz Kline's partially seen "Initial," Willem De Kooning's "Spike's Folly II," and John Chamberlain's junk-metal sculpture, "Zaar." Opposite page: "Spike" Scull in library; behind her, Tom Wesselman's "The Great American Nude No. 30"; Mr. Scull in foyer with George Segal's "Henry's Piece" (a plaster cast of an assistant curator at New York's Metropolitan Museum seated before a windowed, real brick wall) and Robert Indiana's "The Demuth Five."

PICASSO

but they are buying it for their permanent collections. Wealthy patrons are hanging it in their homes alongside paintings by Picasso and even masters of the past. At this writing, with officials of the New York World's Fair firmly refusing to present any exhibit of contemporary art on the grounds, it has been announced that the New York State Pavilion will display its own, which will consist entirely of pop art.

However widely pop art is being shown, the exposure is apparently not enough. Scheduled this past winter to lecture on the broad topic of twentieth-century American art at museums in Fort Wayne, Ind.; Flint, Mich., and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, I received advance requests from all three lecture committees to this effect: "Will you please bring along some pop-art slides? We haven't seen any 'live' examples of it around here, and we'd like to know what it's all about."

What it's all about, why pop art was born, how it has won such impressive acceptance, are questions that touch the core of our present cultural climate. If the search for answers reveals that climate to be decadent, pop art will have helped either to expose or infest it, depending on your point of view.

To understand the pop-art phenomenon, we must turn to the generation of artists preceding it; to the abstract expressionists, whose most famous exponent was the late Jackson Pollock. Abstract expressionism arrived about 15 years ago as a rebellion against what has been called American-scene realism. Pollock, formerly an assistant to realist Thomas Hart Benton, had himself been a Representational painter before changing his style completely. He was followed by a whole school of like-minded artists who felt that American-scene realism had grown banal, illustrative and boring. In a spirit of revolt, they decided to reject subject matter altogether, and concentrate on paint itself. They dripped it, splashed it and hurled it at the canvas.

In the beginning, few people would concede that the results could be art. Of course, the new paintings made a tremendous impression. They were different, their colors were often fresh and decorative; and for some in our Freud-oriented culture, abstract expressionism communicated a new vision in which emotional states meant more than "facts." Because abstract expressionism was so controversial, publications began to reproduce it widely. Industrial designers lifted ideas from it for fabrics, wallpapers, linoleum and window displays. Younger and often gifted artists adopted the new ideas. Many older, established artists, who had at first rejected a style they considered a cover-up for incompetence, began experimenting with it. Some of them found, to their surprise, that the new style was a great liberator.

There were no-talent opportunists, of course, who went along with abstract expressionism for the ride; it paid off handsomely. For a few years it was almost impossible to paint a picture or assemble debris, in arrangements that came to be known as "junk sculpture," that couldn't find exhibition space in some gallery or other. A surprising number of such works found buyers.

It soon became clear that serious artists intended something beyond simple rebellion against tradition. Theirs was also a revolt against a conspicuous-waste culture. By creating beautiful forms from junk—as some of them did—and, further, by using junk to represent beautiful objects (flower shapes have been fashioned from rusty boiler parts) they were pointing out the values in what we peremptorily discard.

Still another group of artists began to assemble junk in order to make direct and specific social statements. In a recent exhibition sponsored by the Oakland (Calif.) Art Museum, for example, was an assemblage of objects called *The Illegal Operation.* It included a battered iron bed, a torn mattress, a filthy pail, a bare electric light bulb hanging from a cord, and other sleazy objects. Put together by sculptor Edward Kienholz with the skill he might have lavished on marble, the work was as frightening and moving a statement as the article, THE DEADLY FAVOR, recently published in this magazine.

Even before this, though, with museums and galleries full of abstract expressionism, many painters were beginning to feel they could no longer swirl paint, or continue interminably to explore their ids and egos. Abstract expressionism had reached the point of diminishing effects. Nothing artists could paint, nothing they could *not* paint (some tried blank canvases), was completely taboo. With nothing left to rebel against, artists began to look up from their easels and out at the world.

Some felt compelled to paint what they saw in forthright, representational terms. Many artists—especially on the West Coast—left abstraction to return to the human figure, generally seen alone in cheerless, empty rooms. Others—mostly in Chicago—devised what became known as the "monster" school of figure painting, in which contorted, faceless beings with corroded flesh wandered, hopeless and lost, in hostile space. Few painters seemed able to paint happy or agreeable figures. Nor did the public seem to respond to the relatively few agreeable pictures that did turn up in exhibitions. Those

The Manhattan apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull contains some of the finest examples of pop art in America. They are part of a remarkable collection of contemporary paintings and sculpture begun some years ago, when Mr. Scull, a former industrial designer who now owns a fleet of taxicabs, decided he could never afford to collect work of his favorite period—the Renaissance. Mrs. Scull shares her husband's avocation. Soon after their marriage, she used $3,000 intended for living-room furniture to buy paintings by Okada and Pousette-Dart which her husband had admired. They were hung in a 50-foot room, empty except for one home-made bench. Mr. Scull believes a collection should make a personal statement. "It shows as much about the collector as it does about the artists," he says. "A man reveals himself in it. If it's just a big investment, that's what it looks like." His early conversion to pop was due partly to his contempt for "money collections," partly to his feeling that abstract expressionism had already made its great statements. "I felt something in the air three or four years ago," he says. "In the beginning I wasn't even sure it was *a movement. But I responded to it immediately." Mrs. Scull was less receptive. Several purchases had to be kept in storage because she refused to allow them in the house. (Since Mr. Scull believes you get a watered-down view if two people collect, he does all the buying, but concedes to his wife all rights in hanging.) Now she is as enthusiastic as he. Both are amazed, but philosophical, about the hostility pop attracts. Says Mr. Scull: "I come home after a rough day and just sit here—and I feel perfectly happy. That makes up for everything else."*

POP SATIRIZES THE AMERICAN DREAM OF BIGNESS

Commissioning portraits by pop artists is one of Robert Scull's remarkable—possibly unique—ideas. When Andy Warhol was asked to paint Ethel Scull, he responded by making a date to take her to a photographer. "I expected to see Avedon or somebody like that," she says. "Instead, we went to one of those places on Forty-second Street where you put a quarter in a machine and take three pictures. We kept two booths going for an hour." From more than 300 shots, Warhol selected 35. He enlarged, silk-screened and individually inked them to create the portrait on the opposite page. Above, top, in the Sculls' dining room, Kenneth Noland's "Blue Two," left, and James Rosenquist's 16-foot "Silver Skies." The table centerpiece is Lucas Samaras's "Pin Box." Below, in the library, from left, Rosenquist's "Early in the Morning," Robert Rauschenberg's "Double Feature," and, on the shelf, Oldenburg's plaster figure, "Salt-and-Pepper Shaker." Mr. Scull considers Rosenquist the "most exciting and profound of the younger artists."

seeking art that would relieve their tensions turned to the art of other times, particularly the sun-dappled landscapes and smiling, robust women and children of the nineteenth-century French Impressionists. Perhaps they found something hypocritical in a whole school of artists painting happy pictures in the Age of the Bomb.

It was at this point that pop art was born. All over America artists burned to paint the world, but refused to paint the images of agony. If they could not attack the big problem of our time, they could at least portray our time's immediate look: the grotesqueries of our billboard culture, of our junk piles rising like monuments to an age of galloping obsolescence. Enter junk art. Artists observed what rampant commercialism had done with eating (restaurants shaped like pickles or frankfurters) and with dying (the sale of kiddy coloring books at the nation's best-known cemetery). They noted our television programs geared to the intelligence of children, our ritualistic involvement with comic strips.

In this pop artists were following the course of tradition. In all ages artists have depicted the common objects of their environment, even though they might be treated as accessories to religious or courtly themes. But the pop artists break with the past in one important regard: They act as cameras and commentators, but relatively few of them are also creators. When this charge is made, they reply that their art has to do with perception, discovery and the ability to place everyday objects in new contexts, so as to reveal new meanings. Subtleties of color, richness of texture, delicacy of line—all those "painterly" qualities—have gone by the board. The pop artist holds that the artist's intention is more important than his technique.

Not long ago I asked Robert Indiana, the painter responsible for those round paintings of DIE and EAT, what made his pictures art.

"The fact that I intended them to be," he replied.

I asked, "Suppose a restaurant wanted to buy your EAT picture, and a mortuary the DIE painting, to use as signs for attracting business. Would you permit this, and would you feel that the new owners are treating the pictures disrespectfully?"

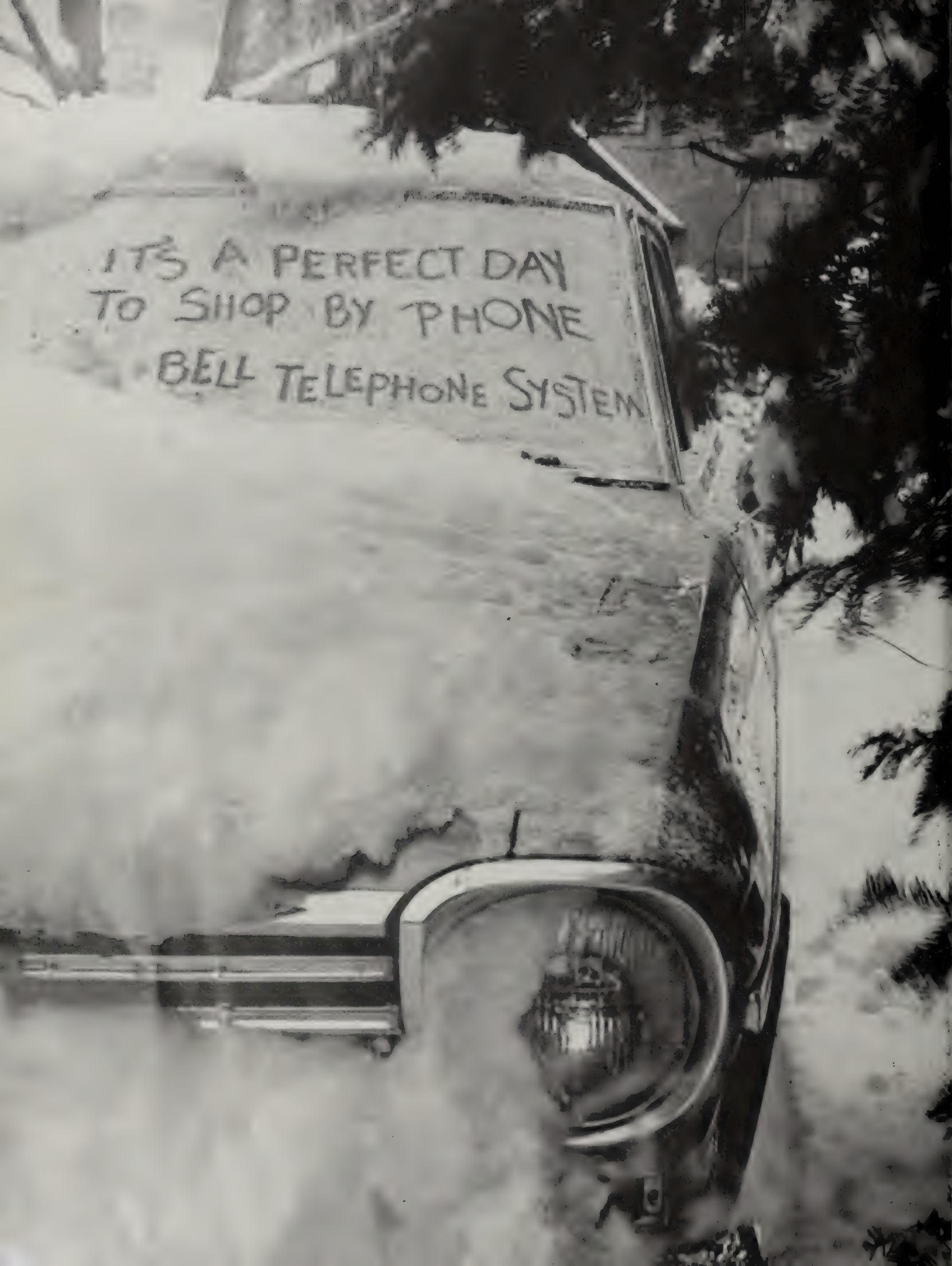
He would indeed permit their use, he answered. His own intention when making the work was what made it a work of art. The owners wouldn't forget they were "art," because of the prices they paid for them.

Such replies—and Indiana's is fairly typical of what one hears from literate, cynical, candid pop artists—give one pause. Are they, perhaps, but capitalizing on the very factors in our culture that, presumably, they deplore? Boastful statements of intention are confused with accomplishment. Pop artists mock our on-the-road culture, but paint pictures so obvious that he who runs may read. They satirize the American dream of bigness—in pictures as big as billboards. They burlesque our consume-or-collapse economy, but in works whose own obsolescence is built in. They comment on our mass culture, with its anonymity, banality and sensationalism, but they strive to eliminate all personality, mystery and spontaneity in their own art. They play it just a little too cool, a little too deadpan. Their work projects complacent, even good-humored acceptance, rather than implied moral judgment.

Obviously the approach of the pop artists is parody and overstatement. But these are often shallow, and rarely reach the level of art. And yet they can. In a recent exhibition in New York, one "work" consisted of a chipped, dirty white cot set in a corner against two black walls. On the cot sat the white plaster figure of a woman pulling on real stockings. The figure was the essence of loneliness and despair. I admired the modeling of the figure, and was told that the artist, George Segal, had simply cast the figure from a live girl. But her frame was heavy, her flesh coarse. The model, I was told, had been wrapped in gauze bandages before being encased in the plaster. The "work" then consisted of a real bed and a mechanically made model of a live girl. Could this be art? I should say yes, because the intention and idea had been movingly communicated in a composition that only an artist with training, imagination and a fresh eye could have devised.

Occasional works of such caliber make it hard to dismiss the new form as an elaborate spoof. They signify that young artists are thinking about their world again, looking carefully at their environment, trying to communicate, and searching for fresh ways to do it. Many of them are too talented to limit themselves to shrill and obvious poster-making, or to voicing, in assemblages of rubbish, philosophical or social comment that could be expressed more effectively in words or on film.

But this, too, will pass, and artists will return to thought, imagination, painting and communicating poetically with tools worthy of their talents. Meanwhile, as artists have always done, they pass on their visions to the rest of us. Already it is possible to see the effect of pop art on commercial design. The artists hold the mirror up to us, but make us laugh about it. Surely this is why the pop artists have had such extraordinary success. We cannot bear to see our own flayed image, nor can we accept the artist who falsely prettifies it. But we can look at pop art as if it were a reflection in a distorting mirror at the circus, and laugh. We can pretend that this is really distortion, that we are in a circus. Pop art is the ticket of admission. ■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LADIES HOME JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

APRIL 1964 VOLUME LXXXI NUMBER 3

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To Our Readers: The Curtis Publishing Company has announced that *Ladies' Home Journal* is returning to a schedule of monthly publication. The adjustment in frequency means that the *Journal* will henceforth appear 12 times during the year rather than only 10 times, as has been the case since summer, 1962. This change will be made without any inconvenience or loss to our readers. If you are a subscriber, you will receive, at no extra charge, 12 issues instead of 10 for every year your subscription has yet to run. Our former Summer issue will be replaced by separate issues for July and August. The Winter issue will be replaced by separate issues for January and February. If the current expiration date of your subscription is either the Summer or Winter issue, your new expiration date will be either August or February. This change will show on your address label. The format of the magazine will remain the same, as will the newsstand price—35 cents per copy. We welcome this opportunity to provide greater service and entertainment for our readers through these two additional issues per year. —THE EDITORS.

Cover: Spirits undampened by an April shower, our cover boy finds happiness in holding a baby duck in his hands at Eastertime. A special 11-page children's portfolio that includes food, furniture and fun for the young fry and delightful summer fashions for the mother-to-be starts on page 127. Cover is by Howard Zieff.

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MY FAIR LADY

Dear Editors: I just had to tell you how very much I have enjoyed the January-February issue of the *Journal*. It was a joy—every bit of it. I loved the *My Fair Lady* section and the article describing the times of Edward VII. Being 65 years old, I can just remember my mother and others in the styles of that period, and as a small child I've had tea in rooms such as that pictured, and enjoyed similar confections. The Victoria Sponge was a special favorite with our family. The savory cookery is all familiar.

MRS. FRED C. COOPER
Cooksville, Ont.

Dear Editors: Concerning the winter issue—congratulations and blessings: for the beautiful cover—so very pleasant to look upon and so lovely in its lady-like elegance and good taste, for the beautiful home-decorating photographs, for the mouth-watering "Hearty British Foods," and for the usual tempting fashions.

CAROLYN K. ENDERS
Brookline, Mass.

Dear Editors: In my first letter to any editor, I would like to express my complete disappointment with your winter issue. After a first leafing through, your magazine has never left the shelf. Please let's return to the 20th century.

MRS. CHARLES M. KROHN
Elwood, Ind.

Dear Editors: The winter issue was pure delight. I like the food section best. Many times I have found "treasures" from the pages of the *Journal* for my family to enjoy. Your recipes for English food were truly delectable. I lived in England three years, but was never lucky enough to find recipes as delicious as the ones you printed. Teatime in England is a wonderful thing! It can become a delightful habit so easily.

Thanks again to you and all the staff, especially the food staff, for making this one of your most superb issues. I hope to see more like it in the future.

MRS. MYRTLE MORTON-BEAVERS
Tyndall, Fla.

IMPUNITY JANE

Dear Editors: Hurray for Rumer Godden! (WORDS MAKE THE BOOK, January-February, 1964.) It is very true that even small children appreciate good rhythm and interesting words in their books. My three, aged four, five, and six, relish the witches' song from *Macbeth* as well as anything by Beatrix Potter or A. A. Milne.

Let us insist on books for our children that are not written *down* but rather lead *up* to the best in adult literature.

PAMELA SMITH
Laurens, N.Y.

NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

Dear Editors: I salute Judge Jenny Barron for dealing destruction to the ego of the college male. Her article (TOO MUCH SEX ON CAMPUS, January-February, 1964) authentically depicts the repulsiveness of campus mores today.

College men, thriving on the popularity competition among coeds, lure girls into sex relationships with a $12 fraternity pin, turning future teachers and businesswomen into unwed mothers.

Thank you, Judge Barron, for understanding the coed's problem.

JUDY HURS
Fort Lee, N.J.

Dear Editors: What does Judge Barron consider immoral? Sexual intercourse? Becoming pregnant? Kissing a date good night? There is no attempt at definition of terms; just a vague, mysterious "You'll be sorry."

Judge Barron assumes that any girl coming "from a warm life at home into a sophisticated college world" would immediately "forget her scruples" under the influence of "pseudosophisticated dormmates." I am a senior in high school and lack both the age and experience of the judge, but I do know that a girl with a firm set of moral standards will not have them betrayed, no matter how sophisticated her dormmates or how persuasive the young man. In the other extreme, a girl who comes from a background of ethical and moral double standards will not "reform" no matter how earnestly her parents want.

KAREN SILVE
Merrick, N.Y.

Dear Editors: Being an ordinary American coed, now in my third year at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, I was simultaneously shocked and sickened by Judge Barron's article. My three room-mates and I date as much and probably more than the average coed, and we have never, under any circumstances, or any way, felt pressured or forced into illicit sex. On the contrary, we and our contemporaries think very little of any girl who does "submit," as Judge Barron so delicately puts it, to a "boy's pleadings."

Judge Barron is requesting that universities educate their students emotionally, but I have always assumed that this is one of the primary responsibilities of parents. Certainly, as "National American Mother," Judge Barron must feel the same way.

I would like to point out the excellent program that Miami University has adopted as a means of teaching us responsibility, both moral and otherwise. We have here a special residence hall set aside as an "Honors Dorm" which is run on a noncurfew basis. The girls who live there are excellent all-around students,

(Continued on page 11)

The new way to cook is with Karo!

Glazed Ham on Parade

Cook ham as directed for type and size. About 1/2 hour before ham is done, remove from oven, score fat, stud with cloves. Then pour Karo All-Purpose Syrup over ham. Continue to bake in 350°F oven, pouring Karo over ham several times more, until it is well glazed. To glaze vegetables: dot cooked, seasoned vegetables with Mazola Margarine in oven proof dish. Pour Karo All-Purpose Syrup over vegetables. Bake in 400°F (hot) oven, basting often, about 15 minutes. Arrange around ham on platter just before serving.

Easter Bonnet Cake

Using your favorite recipe or cake mix bake 2 layers, a 9 inch and an 8 inch. Cool. To make "No-Cook" Marshmallow Frosting: beat 1/4 tsp. salt with 2 egg whites with electric mixer or rotary beater until white and frothy. Gradually beat in 1/4 cup sugar until mixture is smooth and glossy. Beat in 3/4 cup Karo Crystal Clear Syrup, a little at a time; beating to firm peaks. Fold in 1-1/4 tsp. vanilla. Add food coloring to make it a delicate yellow. Frost 9 inch layer; place 8 inch layer on top; frost entire cake. Decorate with real flowers.

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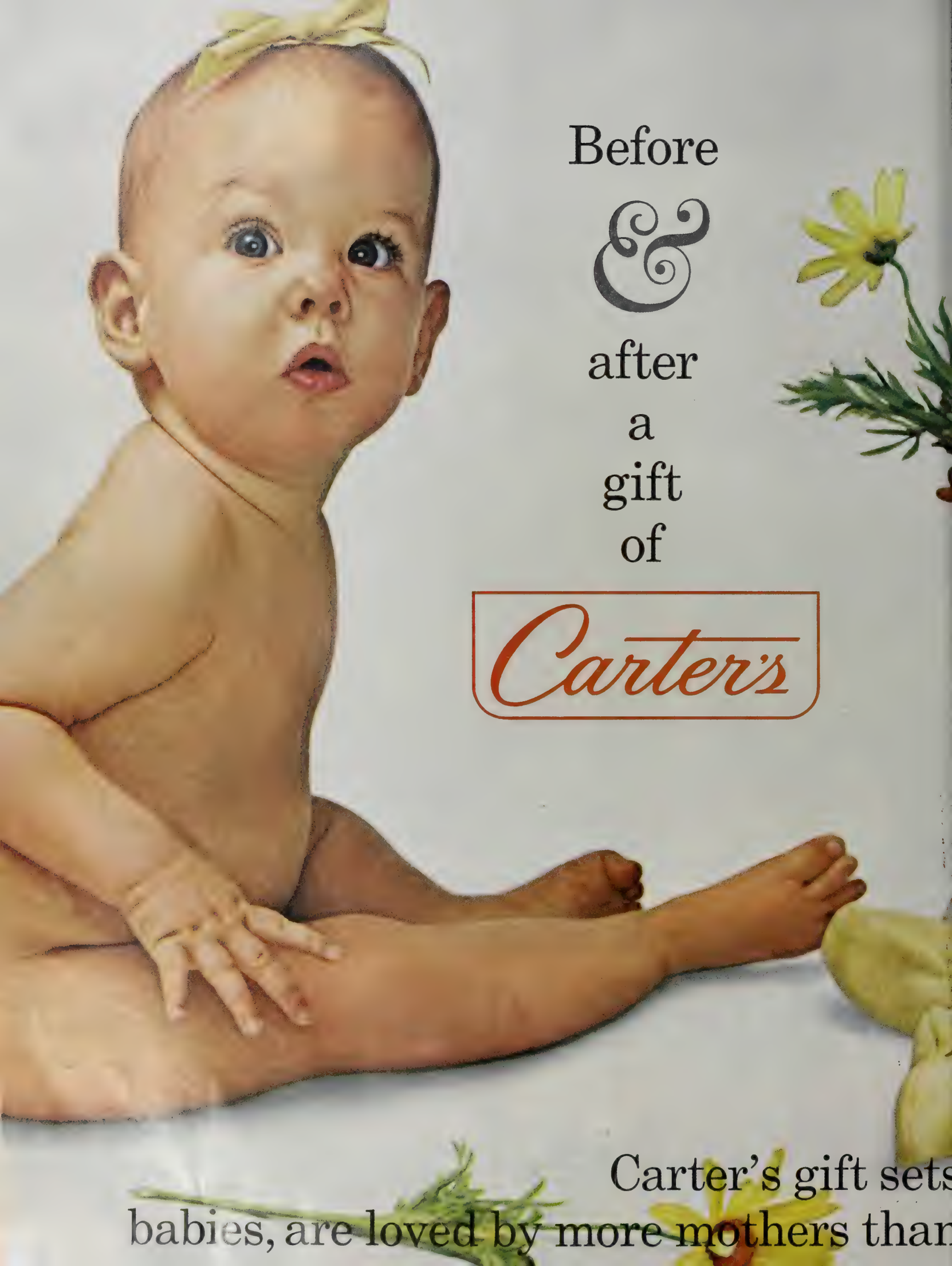
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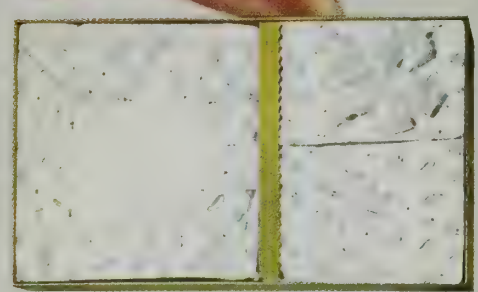

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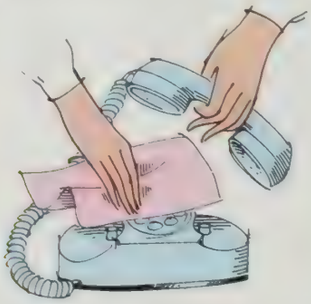
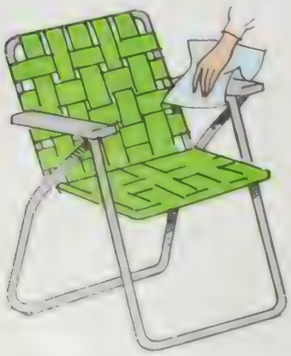


5. Wipe telephone with liquid wax and soft ScotTowels. So pliable, they clean under dial. No oily rags.



6. Dry outdoor furniture after sudden showers with big ScotTowels. They stay strong when wet. No muddy rags.

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nd I have yet to hear one complain that hey are unable to "break away from their lates and from the 'obligatory kissing.'"

If, as college students, we cannot be reated as adults, exactly when will we e considered eligible? Above all, however, I am appalled that thousands of *Journal* readers will be led to believe by udge Barron's article that the majority f college girls are immoral.

LOWANNE JONES
Oxford, Ohio

MODERN" SOCIETY

Dear Editors: After reading several letters in the January-February issue regarding abortions, my heart skipped a couple of beats. Apparently some people re not yet awake to God and His unchanging basic laws concerning life. Hate the Negroes? Wonderful, toss a bomb into a Sunday-school class. Erase our or five of the unsuspecting, defenseless children. Don't think much of the President? Good, shoot him in the back f the head; he's been erased. Can't control your body when it comes to sex nd now a baby is on the way? No weat! An abortionist will slash it to ibbons and flush it down the drain for ou. Your child was born deformed? Well, slip some cyanide into his formula. After all, medical science has been making absolutely no progress with plastic urgery and "spare parts" operations. Besides, the Nazis killed off those they hought were a lesser people. Erase all which displeases!

I may sound cynical, but then I intend to. Some people do more erasing han writing.

I weep for a world which kids itself nto thinking "modern" society will hange God's laws. His Commandments re not to be laughed at, and they are ot hard to live by either.

MRS. MARY JAJE
Wareham, Mass.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Editors: For several months I have een meaning to write and congratulate ou on the tremendous improvement in he *Ladies' Home Journal.*

The quality of the fiction is 100 percent better—more variety in plot and heme, less trite boy-meets-girl stuff.

The fashion and beauty articles are more interesting. You people really went all out to do a fine job on Cecil Beaton's story and pictures of the *My Fair Lady* fashion preparations. Not having been around during the Edwardian era, it struck me that the manner of dressing was much prettier in those days. We have no styles today to match the loveliness and femininity of dresses such as the pink muslin gown worn by Audrey Hepburn in the picture on page 65 of your January-February issue.

MRS. LLOYD L. WILKINSON
Hollywood, Fla.

Dear Editors: I enclose payment in full for a two-year subscription to the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Since I am almost 84 years old, I do not plan very far ahead. I have read the *Journal* for many, many years. I know I was young when I started reading it, and when I had a home of my own, it was one of the first magazines I selected. I do like the present setup of the stories and articles—no hunting in the back to know how the story or article is finished. May you have continued success.

MRS. R. D. FICHTHORN
New Kensington, Pa.

THE SOUTH REVISITED

Dear Editors: In THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE it is possible that the author had some point to make concerning some aspect of today's living; with this ideal I can have no quarrel. It is the garnishing of the tale that leaves me cold and sorely tempted to part company with a magazine I have long cherished.

The forepart of the tale, in which the grandfather of the heroine made his choice of a mate, sounds realistic enough. The fact that he did marry might satisfy one if such a marriage furthered any worthwhile cause.

However, it is in the life of the heroine that we come to the meat of the matter. Until she went to college her life flowed along through pleasant lanes. But at college she began to falter. One hopes it was a privately endowed school; it would sadden me more to find that taxpayers' money had been wasted on such as she. Four blurred, vague years she calls them—alcohol singing in her ears. Probably as a result of the "warm bourbon" in the paper cups, the glitter went. Who knows?

Ask yourself if you have been faithful to the trust put in you by your readers. Reflect, if you will, that there is a power in words, and the evidence of that power—for good or evil—can be seen all about us everyday.

COLIN L. LETT
Asheville, N.C.

Dear Editors: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE. In a day when our magazines seem to have no fiction worth talking about, this was wonderful.

I am writing you because I feel you may have plenty of adverse criticism, the subject being controversial to say the least.

MARTHA M. HEPTONSTALL
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Editors: Thank you for the magnificent story THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE.

Too bad that those who would most benefit from reading it will not do so. Anyone with an open mind and a little compassion cannot fail to get from this story an appreciation of the terrible suffering caused the individuals of both races when one sets itself up as superior to the other.

FRANCES A. GRAVES
Kirkland, Wash.

Dear Editors: Shirley Ann Grau's THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE was a marvelous selection for your January-February edition. It displayed a vivid and honest description of one facet of Negro-white relationships. It should arouse the conscience of any reader. I found myself intensely involved in the episodes depicted by the characters in this story. It may be fiction, but somehow it displays the bitter truth.

MRS. MARGARET C. JACKSON
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editors: Come home—all is forgiven. Thank you for Shirley Ann Grau's fine THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE.

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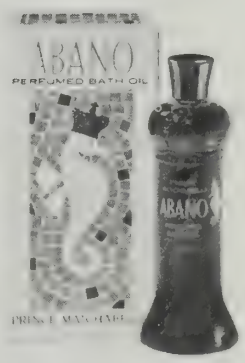

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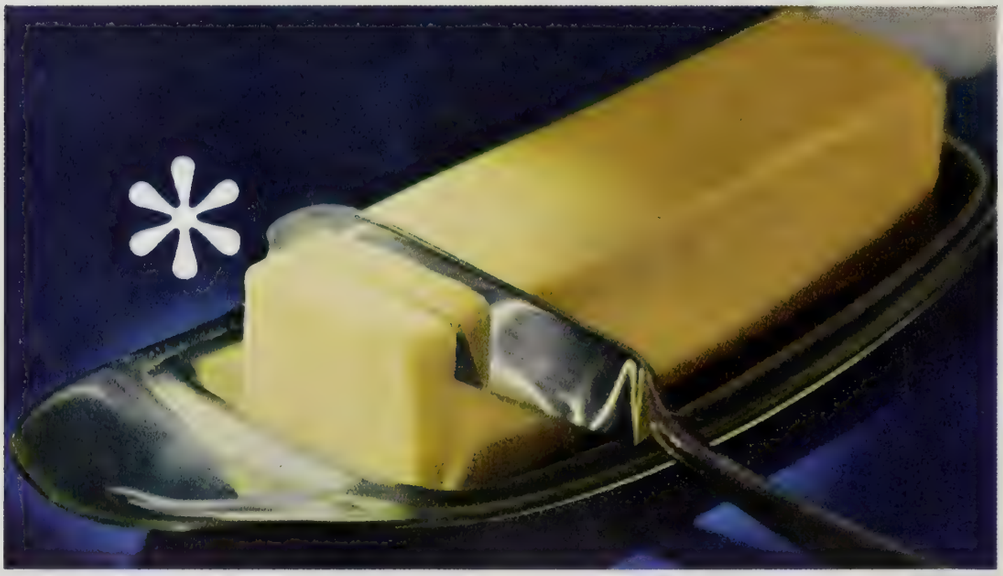

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Contributors and Editors

There's nothing mysterious about the life-quality of a magazine. The secret, such as it is, lies in the character of the people who write for the magazine, or who illustrate it, or who plan it. To provide a somewhat better idea of the people whose work is reflected in this magazine, the *Journal* is going to offer a brief glimpse of some people whose creative craftsmanship and literary grace have contributed greatly to this particular issue.

Miss Hickey and President Johnson

Lillian Hellman

Trudy Owett

Margaret White

A few weeks ago MARGARET HICKEY, Public Affairs Editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*, was summoned to the White House, where President Johnson informed her that he was that day appointing her Chairman of the Citizens' Advisory Council on the Status of Women.

Though the Council has no regulatory powers, Miss Hickey prefers it that way. "From my long experience in working on committees," she said, following her appointment, "I have found that in our form of government a persuasive committee can be very effective. Our primary goal is to change attitudes toward the achievements of women." She is pictured here with her new boss, with whom the *Journal* is pleased and proud to share her.

LILLIAN HELLMAN, one of America's most eminent playwrights, journeyed to Israel and Jordan to write our Holy Land article (Page 57), and immediately upon arrival in Jerusalem fell into a James Bond type of situation so bizarre that even her own knowledge of drama seemed to have failed her. In the lobby of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, a young man approached her. "Please do not try to cross into Jordan," he said earnestly. "I must tell you that if you do, it will be dangerous." Whereupon, he turned on his heels and disappeared.

Although this was hardly a reassuring start, Miss Hellman did cross into Jordan, but she never again encountered the young man who brought the mysterious warning nor was she molested there. John Bryson's photograph (above) of Miss Hellman standing on the side of a barren Jordanian slope shows her calm, confident and unworried.

This issue of the *Journal* contains two new by-lines that you will be encountering frequently in the months to come. They are Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor, and Margaret White, Decorating Editor.

MRS. TRUDY OWETT, who is Viennese by birth, likes youthful clothes, wearable clothes and comfortable clothes that move easily with the natural movements of the body. "My purpose is not just to show good; sensible and conservative clothes," she declares, "but to stimulate the reader into becoming a more fashionable human being and to have fun with clothes. She should not buy clothes because they are a necessity, but because they flatter her, make her more attractive and therefore self-confident—ready to go anywhere, meet anyone, and face any situation."

The photographer has surprised MISS WHITE (above) in the act of applying some early paint touches to the playhouse featured on Page 138. Before taking over the direction of the *Journal*'s decorating pages, she had worked as a decorator for a large furniture manufacturer, as well as for a newspaper, an advertising agency and a national magazine.

The *Journal* last month published a tribute to Jacqueline Kennedy by Katherine Anne Porter, and with it we carried a report by Katie Louchheim, on a visit to the White House to call on the new First Lady. In this issue we are offering a more comprehensive portrait of Lady Bird Johnson by ELIZABETH JANEWAY, a well-known novelist who, like Mrs. Louchheim, is a close friend of the First Lady. ■

In this package...Chef put

7 herbs and spices
4 plump tomatoes
2 pungent onions
2 cloves of garlic
And a big chunk of Parmesan cheese

All these fine foods are combined in a generations-old spaghetti sauce recipe. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee brought the recipe to this country more than fifty years ago from his Italian birthplace—*Castelnuovo Val Tibone.*

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You add water and simmer. The result is spaghetti sauce as fine or finer than any you've ever tasted. Far fresher-tasting than other prepared sauces.

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There's a giant-size washtub to get those full 12-pound family loads truly clean . . . or there's exclusive MINI-BASKET, to take special care of one-pound loads. The delicate washables. And the runny socks. And those last-minute leftovers.

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GENERAL ELECTRI

A REPORT TO OUR READERS

In our October issue we published THE CHILDREN'S STORY, a short story of considerable subtlety and power by James Clavell.

Mr. Clavell was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1922, son of a commander in the British Royal Navy. He was educated in England at various public schools until he joined the Royal Artillery in 1939. In wartime service in Africa, the Near East and the Far East, he rose to the rank of captain before being captured by the Japanese in 1942. The rigors of Japanese prison camps had their effect on his health and, after his release, he was invalided out of the service in 1946. He completed his education at the University of Birmingham and went into the motion-picture business in England.

After several years of experience in writing, producing and directing in England, Mr. Clavell emigrated to the United States in 1953. Here he wrote television scripts and finally, after becoming an American citizen, made the move west to Hollywood, where he has been active in almost every phase of film-making. His prison-camp experiences formed the factual basis for his best-selling novel of 1962, *King Rat*. He is married, with two small daughters, a man devoted to his adopted country and alertly sensitive to threats to its way of life.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY grew out of this sensitivity. It tells, with chilling exactitude in a very short space, what could happen here. The story begins with a schoolroom in an America which has lost a global conflict to an unnamed but quite obvious foe. The elderly schoolteacher, clearly depicted as having a warm, open and honest relationship with her young charges, is waiting fearfully for the first evidence of the New Order. The children, also fearful, wait with her. They have all been conditioned by oversimplified propaganda to expect the Enemy in the form of a fanged monster. When the door opens and the new teacher arrives, they react not only with shock but with relief, for the new teacher is an attractive, although regimentally uniformed, young woman. She gently dismisses the frightened old teacher and takes over the class.

The new teacher has prepared thoroughly for her job. She can call each child by his or her name, and she wastes no time in establishing an advantageous position. Slyly, but charmingly, she turns the children into her own path, confusing them over the oath of allegiance to the flag, switching their values carefully at every opportunity from the spiritual to the purely material. If the flag is just a symbol, why shouldn't they scissor it into pieces to take home for souvenirs? In the same manner, when the subject of prayer comes up, she allows no opportunity to explore its true meaning, but reduces it at once to material fulfillment. When the children, at her bidding, ask God for candy, none is forthcoming. When she suggests that they pray to Our Leader, she takes advantage of their closed-eye reverence to produce the candy herself.

Only one child, Johnny, sees through this trick, but the new teacher is too adroit to discipline him. Instead, she praises his perception and wins him, too, over to the side of the New Order. By the time her class has been in session for 23 minutes, she has undermined parental authority as well as the values already mentioned. She has the beginning of a group of malleable child puppets, willing to accept anything she, or Our Leader through her, may choose to tell them. The story closes with the new teacher's own smugly triumphant thoughts, couched in the very words of Marxism: "Each according to his need."

The story, we felt, was a strong warning against subversion, especially against the dangerous myth that subversion will always be easily detectable by some guise of crude bestiality. The new teacher is very purposefully portrayed as attractive and even sweet-smelling. No one is likely to guess wrong about an enemy in jackboots wielding a knout; it is the enemy who smiles and presents a cozily friendly appearance that may deceive the unprepared.

Despite what we felt was the clarity of this message, we began, almost from the time the October issue was on newsstands, to receive letters accusing us of having printed an infuriating and brazen piece of propaganda against God and country. The first letter was dated September 23; other letters followed quickly. Some were curtly critical, some were abusively vicious, with paranoid fears mantled in mangled syntax. Among the latter were personal abuse for individual editors, sophomoric suggestions that we "go back to Russia," incoherent notations that the FBI had been informed of our presumed treachery, along with nonsequitur paragraphs reviling the United States Supreme Court, our late President, the United Nations, the nuclear-test ban and fluoridation of public water supplies.

Some writers made no pretense of having read the story they protested. A reader wrote us from Idaho: "While I have not had the DIS-pleasure of reading THE CHILDREN'S STORY in the October issue of the *Journal*, I know full well that I should be tremendously displeased with its 'message.'"

Early in the flow of letters, one writer mentioned that he had been alerted to the evils of the story by an item written by Robert Welch in a John Birch Society bulletin. Another writer helped us by enclosing a clipping of Mr. Welch's exact statement. This statement ended with the phrase that had already become familiar to us: "In fact, this is about the smoothest, while at the same time being about the most brazen, and also the most infuriating, piece of propaganda *against* God and Country that I have ever read."

The pattern had now become lamentably clear. In better than half the letters received, exact phrases from Mr. Welch's denouncement were parroted word for word. In many other letters they sang through the writer's own sentences in partial, piecemeal echo of the Birch bulletin.

These clues gave us an opportunity to analyze the whole flood of mail. From September 23 through January 15 our offices received 2,378 letters. Of this number 1,371 repeated one part or another of Mr. Welch's diatribe, or simply and uncritically stated that they were protesting (often that *(Continued on page 19)*

There's a pleasure that lingers when you call Long Distance

You think about the words you've heard... and the loving voice that said them. It makes you feel so good all over... again. Call soon. See if you don't agree.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM *Long Distance is the next best thing to being there*

About the only thing that can come between a Corvair owner and his Corvair is

his wife

'64 Corvair Monza Club Coupe

e most men, the fellow riding the bench has pretty definite nions on what he buys in the way of neckties, fly rods—and s. But right now he's having some second thoughts on just o talked whom into buying a new Corvair.

Sure, he had his for-men-only reasons. Output in the standard ine is up nearly 19 per cent this year—to 95 hp. (And in the v Monza Spyder models it's a virile 150 hp.)

He also had a knowledgeable appreciation of Corvair's steer-, cornering and rear-engine traction. Things his wife really ldn't be expected to be interested in.

Tidy styling and tasteful (she called them "chic") interiors—that's all that concerned her. Or so our bench warmer thought. Until he began counting his commuter tokens one day.

The point is that the same things he liked about the car—its spirit, the ease with which it turns and fits into parking places, the way it grips on ice, mud and snow—his wife liked too. Maybe even more so.

Matter of fact, it's sometimes occurred to us that if we built a car for women only we probably couldn't make it more to their liking than this one. Couple of us married fellows were talking about that at the bus stop just the other day. . . . *Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.*

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ALL NEW 1964 ADMIRAL DUPLEX

Your family will never outgrow this new freezer-refrigerator!

18.7 cu. ft. in one beautiful cabinet! Now, enjoy the convenience of a supermarket of fresh and frozen food storage...in one compact, counter-depth combination. The left side is a full-size freezer ...holds 263 lbs. The right side is a full-size all-refrigerator... 11.2 cu. ft. And this 2-in-1 step-saver is just 41 inches wide! Keep everything in easy reach...while Admiral Moist Cold refrigeration keeps foods at peak freshness. Save money, too . . . because Duplex quality costs less to own and operate than a separate freezer and refrigerator!

No defrosting ever! End messy melting and scraping in both the freezer and refrigerator. Enjoy this work-saving convenience... along with an automatic ice maker that ends spilling, filling and carrying trays...always keeps a party-size supply of cubes on hand.† The Duplex is also available in 48″ and 52″ widths...with 23.5 and 25.5 cu. ft. capacities.* Choose from five fashion-tone colors...Copper Bronze, Turquoise, Citron Yellow, Shell Pink and Polar White. Put a supermarket at your fingertips. See the new Admiral Duplex today!

ADMIRAL DUPLEX

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

†Auto... ...ker, optional extra. *All capacities net NEMA (National Electrical Manufacturers Association). Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

ıey had been alerted to protest) HE CHILDREN'S STORY. Another 725 tters also protested the story, but in rms that made it at least charitably ossible to believe that their writers ad read the story themselves whether not the Birchite bulletin had steered ıem to it. Some 173 other letters seemed show legitimate confusion about the ory, a hope that it was antisubversive its message, but a need to have the ıoral spelled out. Some of these raised asonable critical points as to whether ıe story was fair to American children to American teachers. There were ven two letters which attacked the story ı the basis that it was *too* strongly anti-ıbversive and would only stir up more ıspicion and hatred in a world already ck.

What distressed us in this flood of mail as not its disagreement with a story we ad run. A living magazine must occa-onally risk such disagreement from its aders. But a living magazine cannot and idly by and neglect to comment on ; many as 2,000 letters written as ıoughtless and primitive response to an accurate directive from a single person.

The cult of obeisance to Our Leader was e target of THE CHILDREN'S STORY. *It mains a target of our editorial philosophy hether Our Leader is called Fidel Castro, dolf Hitler—or even Robert Welch.*

It shocks us that in the United States, the 1960's, we should be treated to let-rs like these:

"Your rag is nauseating garbage. . . . Vhy not call it 'Ladies Home Worker.'... ou should be deported."

"I am writing to the appropriate United tates senators urging that The Curtis ublishing Company in general, and Mr. lavell in particular, be indicted for high eason against the United States Gov-nment and the American people!"

"It has been suggested to me that I rite to you and that I read THE CHIL-REN'S STORY. After reading a résumé of s contents I don't think I will even other." And thence into a full page of buse for the unread item.

"You must be some kind of degen-ated moron. . . . To hell with you and our smutty magazines." This, signed An American Mother."

"You and your *Ladies' Home Journal* ad better go home now—to Moscow!" his gigantically scrawled in red ink.

"Was it a good brainwashing job—or warning of what the Kennedy Admin-tration is trying to bring on with their ontrolled news and their wonderful Civil ights Bill, their Atomic Test Ban reaty—in case you read preamble to ame, and all the other things they are ying to accomplish which sound sick-ningly like your story?"

"Perhaps you are not the editor of this iece of crap, but if you're any type of ro-American who loves this country ou'd fire someone damned quick for rinting that type of trash."

For blessed relief, there were moments f humorous confusion in the flood of ituperation. One indignant Texan closed y saying: "I hereby condone the story nd hope to never see such a story in our magazine again." Another irate soul om Indiana stated: "My wife and I will o everything in our power to give this bominable literature as wide a distribu-ion as is humanly possible, and we feel ertain that all loyal, patriotic Amer-ans will feel as we do."

There was also blessed relief in the sanity of the 49 letters we received approving the story, many of them from students, teachers and social-discussion groups, even a few from John Birch Society members who had insisted on reading the story for themselves and on making up their own minds about its message.

"Thank you for THE CHILDREN'S STORY (October). Your author certainly got his point across. It was so simple but effective that even a child could understand it. In fact, my children read it and liked it too, and for the first time really understood the subtleties of subversion." From a Georgia housewife.

"I would like to commend you for printing this story. . . . Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society, has come out in the last monthly bulletin against THE CHILDREN'S STORY and said that it would lull Americans to sleep about Communism. I, as a member of the John Birch Society, personally disagree with his interpretation." From a Washington father.

"The vitality and importance of the story was so evident that another of our English professors also devoted her Freshman Composition lectures to it." From a college student in New York.

"I wish to know if reprints of this story are available for educational purposes." From a high-school teacher in Indiana.

"Are reprints of this story available? . . . I found this story extremely apropos to our discussions of the methods of infiltration of our citizenry by alien isms." From a Florida business-man's-club officer.

It has been the more reassuring to note that these letters of approval, a mere trickle in the beginning, have increased as the campaign of abuse has worn on. Can it be that the Birch bulletin has alerted other loyal Americans to the value of a story they might otherwise have missed?

In accordance with *Journal* policy, every letter with a return address was answered. In addition, in the letters column of the December issue, we printed Mr. Clavell's own explanation.

What we found shocking now was the number of repeat letters, from the same protestors, refusing to accept *any* explanation. The hysteria in these letters—58 in all—outdid the original protests. It was as if, in explaining that the *Journal* was not part of a Communist plot, we had robbed them of a bone of hatred they had to gnaw lest they starve and die.

We cannot hope to reach the minds of all of these protestors. We suspect that in 1775 they would have been organizing motions to complain about the noise from the hoofs of Paul Revere's horse while other Americans absorbed his message. We have written this report in answer to the legitimately confused and worried correspondents. The record of the *Journal*, past and present, is a record of patriotism and devotion to the United States of America. We are proud to enter THE CHILDREN'S STORY as an important part of that record.

With this report we close the subject, but we hope that its original cause, THE CHILDREN'S STORY, will continue to live as an object lesson, not simply in the subtle dangers of subversion but in those methods by which patriotism may be warped against its own interests. ■

Bring real cook-out flavor right indoors with Kraft Barbecue Sauce

It's made with 19 herbs and spices!

This is the sauce that doesn't just sit there—it simmers real cook-out flavor all through the meat. Choose regular Kraft Barbecue Sauce or new Hickory Smoke flavored Barbecue Sauce with a touch of real hickory smoke right in it. Even better—try both.

Temper tantrums threatened their marriage

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

When Ed got angry, Joan would cry and brood for hours. The young couple had forgotten how to laugh.

"My five years of marriage seem like five centuries," said 23-year-old Joan, the pretty, soft-voiced mother of a three-year-old daughter. "I shouldn't have married Ed. We are temperamentally unsuited. Ed is noisy and argumentative. I am quiet and believe in peace at almost any price.

"When his temper is under control, Ed can be sweet and charming. At such times I'm very fond of him. But I'm scared to death of his temper, and it's growing worse.

"Family discord is hard for me to take. Mother divorced my father when my sister Fay was thirteen years old and I was only five.

"This may sound absurd, but there are occasions when a harsh note in Ed's voice can send me into an intolerable depression. One minute I feel OK, the next I have a smothering headache.

"Several times I've taken our little girl and gone to stay with Mother. Mother is a professional decorator. She has a tiny jewel-box house and an aversion to the smudges a three-year-old's sticky fingers make on the woodwork. A forty-eight-hour visit from Janey and me is an ordeal for her.

"I'm always glad to get back to Ed, and he seems glad to have us back. But nothing in our marriage really changes. After a while we're in trouble again.

"I need to cure my depressions—nobody loves a weepy woman—and to learn to be less thin-skinned. Ed needs to learn how to be responsible.

"Both Ed and I work—Janey is in nursery school. He has to be on the job at eight A.M., an hour ahead of me. I get up at six o'clock, hoping we can start the day in calm and friendliness—a vain hope. Ed is hard to haul out of bed. If the struggle is too prolonged, he makes all of us late. Since he is employed by my sister's husband, this can be embarrassing. My sister and brother-in-law have been awfully good to us—both Fay and Arthur are considerably older—but Arthur is a stickler for punctuality. Ed procrastinates endlessly. I have to answer the letters he receives from his parents, whom I've never met. Every month I have to remind him that his insurance premium is due; even then he often neglects to write the check. My earnings, except for my personal expenses, are supposed to go into savings. Sometimes I get so worried about his policy lapsing that I pay the premium myself. I know that this annoys him.

"Often I have no idea what I've done to make him angry. The other afternoon he walked into our apartment just after I'd been to the beauty parlor. We had theater tickets that night. He took a look at my hairdo and sneered. Then he threw his briefcase on the floor and launched into a typically unfair and illogical attack. Instead of complaining of my real faults, and I have many, he accused me of being bossy and domineering. The harangue went on until I was trembling from pent-up tension.

"Finally I left the room. Ed followed. By then his mood had lifted. When he put his arms around me, he probably meant the embrace for an apology. But I couldn't be responsive. I felt like a lump of stone. So he lost his temper again and tore up the theater tickets. Both of us spent a wretched evening.

"I'm quite sure it wasn't my hairdo that touched off Ed's outburst; it's just that he doesn't like the life he's leading. It's clear he no longer likes me. When we first married, he was always full of fun. His high spirits are still evident when I'm not around. He belongs to three different bowling leagues and he coaches a neighborhood baseball team.

"At the age of twenty-six—when most men have outgrown such things—Ed still gets a charge out of mixing with the juvenile hot-rod set. Every Saturday, trailed by a gang of teen-age admirers, he goes off to referee—if that's the word—an afternoon of drag races. He puts in hours helping the boys tinker with their cars and spends too much of his own money buying spare parts.

"Ed carries his enthusiasm for sports and games to absurd lengths. I can't help wishing he would devote more of his talent and energy to his job. Ed works as an apprentice draftsman; he's learning the principles of architecture under my brother-in-law's direct supervision. It's a wonderful opportunity for him. Arthur is a topflight architect and builder, and owns a large construction company. I'm proud of Ed's position—he earns eight thousand dollars a year and has his own office—but he doesn't appreciate his splendid prospects. I can't understand it.

"When I met Ed—it was the June I graduated from high school—he was fresh out of Kansas and working at peon wages in a filling station. One afternoon I drove up in Fay's snappy convertible, and Ed stepped forward to wash the windshield. I can still recall the breezy way he praised the styling of my sister's car while he kept his eyes pinned on me. I was eighteen, but bookish and timid for my age. When he suddenly asked for a date, I was so rattled that I drove off, never expecting to see him again.

"Ed was a fast worker. He copied down Fay's license number and got her address from the registration bureau. Two evenings later he showed up at her place, which is quite a mansion, with a swimming pool and all. Then he lost his nerve and started to drive off in his jalopy.

"Fay stopped him. She was amused by his story. She phoned Mother's house and advised me to come on over and be introduced. Until Fay married Arthur—I was then twelve—she practically brought me up. I can still get the shivers when I remember how lonely and adrift I felt at her wedding; I thought marriage was robbing me of a friend, my only protector.

"Fay liked Ed from the beginning. By the time I arrived he had quit showing off and was eating out of her hand. He and I went steady that summer. In those days we could talk to each other for hours without an argument. However, I didn't intend to marry Ed. I planned to go to college, become a schoolteacher and stay single. But with Fay's encouragement I accepted Ed's proposal. We decided I would pass up college and take a job while he earned a degree.

"Ed gave me a stunning solitaire—it cost eight hundred dollars—but the down payment was fifty dollars, and later on we had to pay off the debt. We went to Mexico City for our honeymoon, but we traveled on a fly-now-pay-later plan, something I didn't know then.

"When we returned to California our finances were a mess. For a while it seemed Ed would be unable to enter college for lack of tuition money. Fortunately I landed a job that paid four hundred dollars a month, and not long after he located part-time work. On the day of enrollment Ed put the tuition money on the line.

"His scholastic record was passable, but not outstanding. According to the tests, his I.Q. was high. One night I urged him to quit his part-time work and put all his effort on his studies. He refused. For the first time I saw and heard him in a rage. So did everybody else within miles. We were living in an off-campus boardinghouse. He made so much noise shouting at me that the landlady summoned the police. I was humiliated to tears, but Ed just laughed. He easily convinced the policeman it was all a joke.

"His temper has never been a joke to me. Whenever he gets angry, I try to get out of sight. I must say he was sweet-tempered and considerate during my pregnancy with Janey, which happened in the middle of his college junior year, but he was frighteningly impractical. Instead of finishing out the term, he dropped his classes and took a dead-end job with the telephone company. Luckily Arthur came to his rescue with a job in Arthur's firm.

"Ed says he loves me, but I don't believe him. We have virtually no companionship. At the end of the day I'm ready to sit down and relax, maybe talk, or read, or watch TV. Last week he was gone five evenings out of seven.

"In theory, Ed and I live on a strict budget and are saving to buy a house. In fact, I save and budget while he runs around and *(Continued on page 22)*

ABOUT THIS CASE:

So much has been said in recent years about "communication" that it has become a byword; but it still deserves more consideration from husbands and wives, especially in such cases as this, where one is an extrovert and the other an introvert. (One of the clues to Ed's extroversion is his dislike of getting out of bed in the morning. The introvert is more apt to rise early and go to bed early.) Marriage counselors have found that many of their clients need to practice some specific techniques to bring their differences of opinion into the open, where they can be examined calmly. Learning to listen, as Joan did, is the easiest way to begin. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Minna Cooper.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.

FOUNDER AND ADMINISTRATOR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS

This series is based on information from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization which has a staff of 70 counselors and is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with the couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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The dedication to quality and meticulous manufacture that has established Longines as the symbol of excellence in the 150 countries of the Free World, is demonstrated in every superb Ladies Longines. Smart, elegant, petite beauty—and accuracy too—enables any gracious lady to wear her Longines with pride and confidence. Every Longines watch, regardless of price or purpose is made to be the finest of its kind . . . built to the self-imposed standards which have won for Longines 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals —more awards, prizes and honors than any other timepiece in the world. Most recently, Longines set new standards of performance by shattering the accuracy barrier at Neuchatel Government Observatory . . . and Longines alone will time the U. S. Olympic Trials at the New York World's Fair. Continuing proof of outstanding excellence. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler soon to see the **World's Most Honored Watch.**

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It isn't only that you can bathe or shower wearing Tampax® — though that's part of the magic.

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Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

spends what he pleases. He and I no longer discuss the future, or much of anything. My life with Ed has become pointless and lonesome, and lacking in love. I just can't help being depressed."

"Joan thinks we have a poor marriage," said Ed, a handsome and extraordinarily tall young man, "and I sure would like to improve it. In the past couple of years, maybe longer, things have gone sour with us. I don't really know what's wrong.

"Joan doesn't say much. I'm fairly sure, however, she thinks I'm the cause of her depressions. That's plain common sense. I'm the man she lives with.

"I've tried to help her, but it's a discouraging business. When I get out of sorts, I fight it. I go and do something—if it's only to kick a football around a vacant lot. Soon I feel more cheerful. When Joan is in the dumps, she stays inside and broods. I can't drag her anywhere. She won't talk to me. I shout at her until I'm hoarse. Finally I get so mad at her I rush out somewhere and do something by myself until I cool off.

"Fortunately I have plenty of outlets. Golf, baseball, bowling, fooling around the half-mile auto tracks. A man has to let off steam some way.

"I need to. I have a good job with my brother-in-law, and he is a fine fellow. Arthur has pushed me ahead in his organization faster than I deserve. He leans over backward to show that, though he's my boss, he remembers the bonds of kinship. Business, nevertheless, is his whole existence. He opens our shop ahead of the janitor. Whenever I'm late we invariably bump into each other. He sneaks a quick glance at his watch, greets me cordially, and I skulk off feeling like two cents.

"Arthur pushes a button to summon my opposite number to his private office; when he wants to talk to me, he walks down the hall to my desk. The other guys notice and ride me about it. This burns me up.

"Frankly, I dislike my job. I took two years of engineering in college, and the part I enjoyed was the field work, the outdoor work. Shuffling papers and warming a swivel chair doesn't appeal to me. I'm paid well to be a junior executive, but I doubt I have executive ability or possess any architectural talent. What I would like to do is outside work, work with my hands in the open air, while I gain the experience to supervise a gang really accomplishing something. Paving a street, digging a canal, building a bridge—anything along that line, anything active, would suit me fine.

"Being cooped up in an office is, to me, almost like serving a prison sentence. My particular office, as it happens, isn't much bigger than a cell. And it has no windows. This may seem like a trifling matter, but it drives me nuts. The other afternoon I darted out, intending to walk around the block. I ran into Arthur and good news. He carried me off to a meeting of the policy committee. There I was nominated to represent his firm at the annual convention in Kansas City, a dandy trip. I was unanimously elected. Three fellows who voted in my favor were senior to me, better qualified and more entitled to the trip than I was. What could I say? I said, 'Thank you.' Fifteen minutes later I passed those three fellows as they were holding a second meeting around the water cooler. As I hurried by I overheard one of them say, 'Well, Ed didn't marry the boss's daughter. He married the boss's sister-in-law.'

"I kept a silly smile pasted on my face. Inwardly I boiled. On the way home I stopped and had a few beers, usual for me. By the time I reached our apartment, I felt human again. Joan was prinking at the mirror, bright-eyed and all gussied up. At first I was pleased and flattered by Joan's hairdo—she hates to spend money on a beauty parlor—since I assumed she'd shelled out for my benefit. Then she told me we were going to the theater with Fay and Arthur. That was the reason she looked so pretty.

"Well, I blew up, and let fly with several below-the-belt cracks I didn't mean. Just as quickly as I got mad I was sorry, but she wouldn't let me explain.

"My bad temper cost me many a black eye in my boyhood, and I know it's a marital liability. I wish I could get over it. I have been a pop-off since I was a little kid, and had to use my fists to defend myself. In my family I had to fight to survive. I was the youngest of four sons, the youngest by five years. To my parents my arrival came as an unexpected and unwelcome surprise. They ran a small variety store; both of them worked from dawn to dusk, but they found it tough to meet the grocery bills.

"My mother was too hard pressed to pay much attention to any of us. Our evening meal was a big bowl of soup. Directly after supper she fell into bed; sometimes she just laid her head down on the table. She could sleep in the midst of a racket that would wake the dead.

"My brothers were supposed to divide the chore of looking after me. Most of the time, I suppose, they did their best. Kidlike, they had other concerns more interesting than unpaid baby-sitting. The three of them were pretty fair athletes; sand-lot baseball, football, basketball. My brothers were heroes to me, but to them I was a nuisance. My nickname was Tag-a-long. I was far too young to join in their games, but I always tried to follow. Many an afternoon they slipped off and left me alone in the house. It infuriated me to be left behind.

"One time, determined to catch up, I ran after them. Just as they disappeared around the corner a big police dog rushed out of a backyard. Terrified, I jumped into a ditch. The dog wouldn't come into the ditch after me, but he wouldn't leave. I don't know how long I crouched there, but it seemed like forever. Finally a man came along and chased off the dog. In spite of my protests, the Good Samaritan took me to the doctor to be examined, although I had nothing except a skinned knee. The doctor phoned my mother, and she left the store and came to his office and paid him for the examination. Then she took me home and gave me a beating. My brothers also got a beating, which Mother considered a fair arrangement.

"Another time when I was four or five my brother Ray hit me harder than he meant and got scared when my eye swelled up. So he shoved me in a closet, locked the door and went away. Nobody missed me until the next morning. My brother Vance, the eldest, let me out. Vance was my mother's favorite, and mine too. *(Continued on page 24)*

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firm at the annual convention in Kansas
City, a dandy trip. I was unanimously
elected. Three fellows who voted in my
favor were senior to me, better qualified
and more entitled to the trip than I was.
What could I say? I said, 'Thank you.'
Fifteen minutes later I passed those
three fellows as they were holding a

Vance volunteered and joined the Marine Corps; six months later he was killed on a patrol in Korea. In a letter we received after his death, Vance wrote that he was leaving his insurance to me and wanted me to finish high school. After I graduated, I signed over the balance of the insurance to my folks, said good-bye, and headed for California. There seemed to be no reason to stay.

"I was twenty when I met Joan, and she's the only girl I ever dated seriously. I tried to act like a man of the world, but inside I felt like a country boy. When she agreed to marry me, I was overcome with joy and astonishment. For two weeks I had stood before a mirror and rehearsed exactly what I would say when I proposed.

"I bought the biggest diamond my credit would swing, and drove Joan to the top of a mountain, holding the ring in my big hot hand.

"I had picked a particular mountain for its romantic view of the lights in the valley, and I gestured for Joan to take a look. My palm was sweating, I guess. Anyhow, the ring fell out of the window. It took us half an hour with a flashlight and matches to find it in the brush. By then we were laughing so hard I never did actually propose. But she said yes.

"In the five years since that night Joan and I have had other laughs together, but not nearly enough. Even when Joan isn't suffering from a depression, she is a downbeat type of character with limited energy.

"We live in a doll-sized apartment, not much larger than my office. Joan picked this gem because the rent was cheap. The kitchenette is so small I can't help her with the dishes. Janey sleeps on a cot directly outside our bedroom, and she can hear the slightest sound. Our love life, which used to be fine, is restricted to Sunday when the sitter takes Janey to the park.

"Joan keeps the apartment spotlessly clean. After supper she is ready to sit down and rest. By then I'm ready to climb the walls, if that's the only way to get out. Joan isn't fond of sports, and I'm not fond of big-muscled girls hurling bowling balls. But I would like Joan to come out occasionally and cheer for me. She won't budge. She is too tired.

"She wouldn't be so tired if she would quit work, as I have begged her to do. On my salary we can afford for her to resign tomorrow. Why else am I working? We can afford a decent place to live right now."

"Youth and inexperience accounted for a large part of the unhappiness in this marriage," the counselor said.

"Joan and Ed knew very little about themselves or each other. They had talked and thought too little about their ultimate objectives, their deep feelings. There was nothing particularly mysterious about Joan's depressions, Ed's fits of temper.

"Both Joan and Ed received too little love in childhood. Both grew up feeling lonely, adrift—abandoned. Ed's overworked parents had not time for him, his much-older brothers ran away, and he couldn't keep up. His response to this situation, in which he felt helpless and inadequate, was rage.

"Joan's memories of her father, who early left her mother, were dim. It developed during our interviews that she did recall a loud, male voice raised in anger, the crash of slamming doors, accompanied by a panicky belief that she was somehow to blame for her father deserting her, a five-year-old. Later on, when her sister married, she recognized that she felt deserted. She reacted with fearfulness, despondency, depressions.

"The next time Ed got angry, Joan followed a suggestion of mine. Instead of taking fright, she stood her ground and asked Ed *why* he was angry. He told her. He was plainly glad of the chance to tell her.

"With Ed, as with many people, to explain anger is to dispel it. Soon Joan learned that Ed was coming home from humiliating encounters at his office and taking out on her his rage at fellow workers. For the first time she admitted to herself that Ed disliked his work, however bright the prospects.

"This was the real break in the impasse. Joan's love for Fay and her admiration of Fay's brilliant husband had led her to dream of a quite implausible future for Ed and herself. Ed was no artist, no planner of lofty arches and bridge spans. Ed was an outdoor man, a foreman, a good superintendent of workers, and a driver who could really get things done.

"He knew it himself, and with Joan's approval he told Arthur he was quitting his swivel-chair job.

"Arthur didn't accept the resignation. He saw to it that Ed was transferred to an outdoor job, an active job where he feels and *is* competent. Ed now bosses a crew of roving mechanics that hops, skips and jumps around the Los Angeles area. The crew keeps in repair the ponderous machinery used in the various housing developments in which Arthur has an interest. Nowadays Ed seldom gets angry. He has little cause and he's too busy.

"Many times Ed had asked Joan to quit working, but he hadn't put the matter forcefully enough to convince her. When she stopped to think about it, Joan realized that she didn't especially want to work, that Janey needed more of her attention, that she wanted a larger family.

"Joan fancied she was working for a laudable purpose: to help accumulate the savings to buy a home.

"She had unrealistic ideas about the sacrifices needed to get this house, inflated ideas of the kind of house they wanted. After she scaled down her ideas, they bought a house at a bargain. Enough money was left in the savings account to pay for furniture. Their house was a bargain because it needed repairs, refurbishing, remodeling. It is perfect for them. When they bought the house and moved out of the apartment, Joan stopped working.

"Ed doesn't run off in the evening now to drain off his excessive energy, and leave Joan without companionship. During the last few months he has refloored the living room and retiled two bathrooms. Loneliness, and the feeling that she was neglected and unloved, were behind most of Joan's depressions. At the moment she and Ed are both feeling pretty proud and high on themselves. He is working to repaint and replaster a small room to be used as a nursery, with specifications by her. In June they expect a second baby." ■

"My wife is a good cook and a wonderful mother. It shows in so many ways. A good example is the rich store of family meals and snacks she always has on hand for us. A lot of love and happy labor went into that chiffon pie, the casserole and fruit bowl. ■ "She deserves to have the finest 'No-Frost' refrigerator built today, our big new Kelvinator Trimwall. It's 17 cubic feet big—twice the size of our old

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They Cared Enough to Give the Most

BY WILLIAM TROMBLEY

Sue and Stan Friedman adopted the baby no one else wanted. Jamie had been born with hemophilia.

In the fall of 1962 a pretty, dark-haired girl named Marie arrived in San Francisco, burdened with sorrow. She was seven months pregnant by a man she had hoped to marry, and now knew she could not. If Marie was only one of thousands of girls who have come to San Francisco in the same predicament, her problem had an extra dimension. For she was the daughter of a hemophiliac, a "bleeder," and the odds were one in four that she would bear a son who would suffer from this harsh disease.

A genetic disorder, hemophilia is carried by females, but almost always afflicts males. There was a 50-50 chance that Marie would have a boy, and again a 50-50 chance that this boy would have hemophilia. If the baby was hemophilic he would face a difficult future. In recent years much has been done for the 100,000 hemophiliacs who live in the United States. Most of them can expect to live a normal life span. But the internal bleeding to which they are so prone, because their blood does not clot properly, often causes crippling deformities. At best, it is exhausting and expensive to raise a hemophiliac to an age when he can care for himself and lead something of a normal life.

Knowing all this, Marie had struggled for months to reach a decision. "At first I just couldn't see giving the child up," she says now. "For a while I thought the baby's father would marry me, or something would work out. Then I thought of raising the child myself. Finally I had to face it. I wanted the best for the child. I knew I couldn't give him the best, so I wanted adopting parents for him, good parents."

Marie got in touch with adoption agencies in the San Francisco area. Even before she mentioned her family history of hemophilia, the agencies told her that placing the child would be a problem. "We just have too many babies this year, I'm afraid," said one agency representative. She was acknowledging a fact adoption agencies are often reluctant to admit: In many parts of the country there are now more children to be adopted, even more blue-eyed, blond babies, than there are couples who wish to adopt them. When Marie mentioned the possibility of hemophilia, the agencies threw up their hands.

After several of these encounters Marie was sick at heart. "Here I was, with a baby I wanted to let somebody adopt, and nobody seemed to want him." Luckily, one agency worker suggested direct nonagency adoption and, further, suggested that she call Philip Adams, a San Francisco attorney. He is the author of a definitive book, *Adoption Practice in California*, and has handled adoption cases for 20 years.

Marie had never heard of direct adoption, but the baby was due in less than a month, and she was anxious to talk to anyone who might help. On her first visit to the lawyer's office Marie could not bring herself to tell him of the potential hemophilia problem. "I was afraid to mention it," she recalls. "I had tried everything, and it looked like there would be no home for my baby. I don't think I meant to deceive him. I think I would have told him the next time I saw him, but I couldn't bring myself to mention it that first time. I couldn't stand the thought that he might not help me."

When Marie's obstetrician learned that she had not told her lawyer about the hemophilia, he insisted that she do so immediately. The obstetrician then called Adams himself, so he was prepared when Marie phoned a few hours later. Adams could have refused to represent her any longer, but that is not his style. Instead, he dismissed the threat of the disease.

"That does complicate things a bit," he told Marie, "but we'll manage. Tell me, though, are there any other skeletons in the closet?"

There were not, and the search for adopting parents got under way. This was no easy task.

"Every lawyer I know who practices in this field is having trouble finding parents, even for the blue-eyed, blond kids," says Adams. "We're always looking for couples willing to take the child who is handicapped in some way, but we don't often find them."

He mentioned the case to several clients who were interested in adopting, but they all said no when they heard about the family history of hemophilia. As Marie's delivery date drew near, her fears increased. "Every time I talked to Mr. Adams he gave me a great lift," she remembers. "He assured me we would find a good couple. But I was getting desperate."

At last the lawyer thought he had found the right people. They had just lost an adopted child because the natural mother had changed her mind. (Under California law, six months must pass before an adoption is completed, and in that period the natural mother can reclaim her child if she wishes; this happens about once in every 30 cases.) The wife was from a hemophilic family herself, so she was aware of the demands the disease made.

Marie went to the hospital the day after Christmas, and a few hours later gave birth to a sturdy baby boy. Because it was a boy, the chances of hemophilia increased from one in four to one in two. When the obstetrician circumcised the baby within minutes of birth, and later had to give 200 cc's of blood to stop the bleeding, the chances became one in one.

The circumcision never spurted blood, but it oozed slowly for three days. The adopting couple changed their minds. The lawyer recalls their telephone call: "They said they had talked it over with friends who had a hemophilic boy who died in his teens. They felt they couldn't go through all the heartbreak that might be involved."

The lawyer was disappointed, but sympathetic. "This is a hell of a thing to take on," he says. "You can't blame anyone for saying no." Couples adopting privately are not obligated to take a child who is born with a serious health problem. Some couples adopt the child anyway; some do not.

Marie left the hospital after a week. The baby was transferred to a foster home. "I was awfully worried," says Marie. "I was afraid no one would adopt him, or that he would have to live in a foster home for months or years."

Early in January, 1963, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton T. Friedman came to see Philip Adams about adoption possibilities, referred there by a friend who was a former client. Sue and Stan Friedman had begun the search for a child to adopt only a few months before. Independent of mind, they liked the idea of direct adoption because in this plan the adopting couple often meets the natural mother. All concerned have an opportunity to make their own decisions, rather than accept the judgments of an adoption agency. They had little hope the day they came to see the attorney, for Stan Friedman, a nuclear physicist, had accepted a new job in Indianapolis and had to report for work in less than a month. There scarcely seemed time to arrange an adoption.

When lawyer Adams first met the Friedmans he had no thought of suggesting Marie's baby to them, but after he had talked to them he began to think seriously about it. Sue and Stan Friedman "do not fit the norms in very many areas," to use Sue's phrase. He is 29; she is 44. Stan is *(Continued on page 34)*

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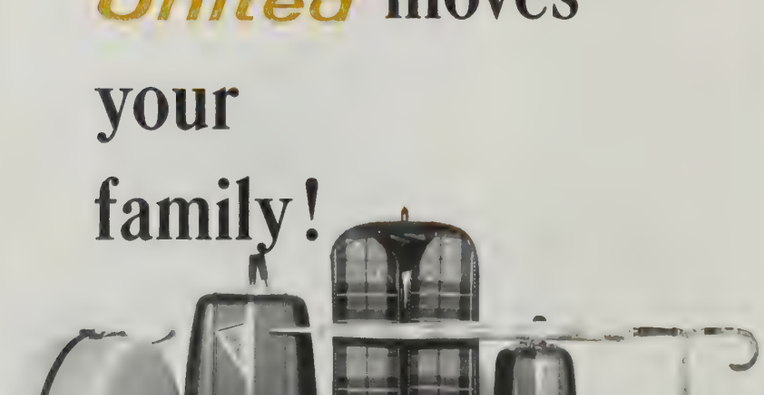

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 continued from page 32

Jewish; Sue is of D.A.R. stock, though she was converted to Judaism after marrying Stan. Sue has been married before. Any one of these facts, not to mention the sum of the three, would have disqualified the Friedmans at almost any adoption agency. Set down on paper, they bothered Adams too. "But then I met them," he says, "and learned once again that the black-and-white facts of a person's life don't always tell you much about him."

Stan Friedman is an extremely able scientist, a specialist in radiation shielding problems, who looks and acts older than 29. He worked his way through the University of Chicago, earning bachelor's and master's degrees in physics while supporting himself with scholarships and a waiter's job in a Chicago hotel. "I was never much for college rah-rah," says Friedman, "and I rarely met a girl my own age who interested me."

Sue Porter Friedman is a highly intelligent, good-looking redhead, who has blazing brown eyes and a figure that does not bear witness to her years. Sue met Stan when he was in his final year at the University of Chicago. Both recall with some amusement the advice of friends: "Go ahead and live together if you want, but don't get married." They disregarded the advice, and have been married for seven years.

From this unorthodox start the Friedmans have gone on to challenge society's stereotyped notions at every opportunity. Stan was unhappy about the "look-say" reading instructions their son Sean (Sue's 11-year-old son from her previous marriage) was receiving in his California elementary school. For five grueling weeks, which, Sue recalls, "almost killed us all," Stan drilled Sean in phonics. Stan's reading problem disappeared. Today he reads well and with great enthusiasm.

At age 40, Sue determined to get the college education she had passed up earlier. Plugging away at night courses, first in California and now at Butler University in Indianapolis, she is about halfway through her sophomore year, aiming for a doctorate in psychology. "I may be sixty before I get it," she says, "but I come from a line of women who live a long time. I'll be able to use it."

Sue also writes poetry. When she and Stan were living in Cincinnati, shortly after their marriage, they decided to publish a poetry magazine—"largely, I suspect, because everybody said it couldn't be done," admits Sue. For five years, from Cincinnati and later from California, the Friedmans published monthly issues of *Signet*, collections of poems printed on brown wrapping paper and cranked out on an ancient Mimeograph machine.

As the lawyer listened to the Friedmans talk he began to wonder whether this unusual couple, so determined to meet life's challenges, even to seek out new ones, might not be just the people to adopt Marie's son. He was especially impressed when Sue said her son Sean had been "thrown on the scrap heap" before she and her previous husband adopted him. He had been diagnosed as a spastic and he had severe diarrhea, eczema and other health problems. But good care, medical and personal, cured the lesser ills, and the spastic diagn proved to be wrong.

Five days after their first conve tion, the attorney called Stan Friedr at his office to ask if he and Sue woui interested in Marie's child. He explai the hemophilia problem in detail, Stan was more interested in hearing t both Marie and the boy's natural fa were college graduates. "I guess we'r tellectual snobs," says Stan, "but wanted a bright child, a child with s inherited intelligence. You can neve sure, of course, but the chances see good with this baby."

The lawyer suggested that Stan Sue see the child, talk to some doct and discuss the adoption thoroughly fore reaching a decision.

This was like telling a 100-yard-d man to trot the first 20 yards of an portant race. As soon as he hung up phone, Friedman drove home to get and picked up Sean at school. An h later, they were peering over the edg a crib at the infant. Says Stan, "I loo at Sue and she looked at me and we b looked at Sean and everybody said 'y That was that."

The Friedmans dashed back to lawyer's office in downtown San F cisco. Once there, they recalled his monition to discuss the adoption some doctors before making a decis From a phone booth in the lobby called their family doctor, Marie's stetrician and another doctor Stan kn One urged them to go ahead with adoption; another advised against But even if all three had been oppo there is little chance that the Friedm would have changed their minds. had faith in ourselves," says Stan. "A as a scientist, I've seen so many cha in so few years I must believe that answer will be found for hemophil

After telling the attorney they wa to adopt the boy, the Friedmans wer talk to Marie. Meetings between ad ing parents and natural mothers are heard of in agency adoptions. The phasis is on secrecy—only the age knows where the baby goes. But m doctors and lawyers have found meetings help to ensure the success o adoption, because those involved permitted to make their own decisi Agencies argue that a natural mo who knows where her child has placed may try to contact the c sometime. In the experience of sev San Francisco area doctors and law who handle direct placements rarely happens.

Marie explains why a meeting the Friedmans was important to her had to know, particularly with this he philia, I just had to know where he going and that he was going to ha good home. I wanted to know about parents and have a chance to meet th I'm just so glad about that. I neede find an unusual couple, and I was lu enough to find them."

Stan Friedman explains why he Sue wanted to meet Marie: "We approve of agencies playing God. don't think that is how civilized pe should act. We wanted to help make decision about such an important t in our lives." *(Continued on page*

25 FIRST PRIZES OF $1,000 EACH!

in Parkay's 25th Birthday Sweepstakes

2,500 2nd Prizes:

2,500 GIFTS OF 2 PAIRS OF POWERS MODEL NYLONS

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2. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 5, 1964, and received no later than June 9, 1964. Drawing will be conducted by Advertising Distributors of America, Chicago, Illinois, an independent organization. Winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after contest closes.

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when you buy one pound of Parkay Margarine at your grocer's.

To the grocer: You are authorized to act as our agent in redeeming this coupon. Kraft's representative will handle the coupon redemption for 6¢ plus 2¢ for handling for each coupon, provided you and the customer have complied with the terms of this offer. Proof of purchase of sufficient stocks of Parkay Margarine to cover coupons presented must be furnished upon request. We will not honor redemption through outside agencies, brokers, etc., except where specifically authorized by Kraft. The customer must pay any sales or similar tax on the Parkay Margarine received. Coupon void if use is prohibited, restricted or taxed. Cash redemption value of coupon 1/20¢. Redemption on other than Parkay Margarine constitutes fraud. Kraft Foods.

6¢ STORE COUPON 6¢

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The promise: a long and lively life. Washing won't daunt these Sportmaker capris

Summer's headed straight for us, brimful of outdoor fun. The kind of activity that exhausts most clothes in no time. But Fortrel seems to thrive on summer sports, and the many machine washings that follow. Sportmaker pants by Maidenform in Blends, Inc. sailcloth of Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon. Yellow, hot pink, pale pink, green, light blue, olive, beige, navy, black or white. 5 to 15 and 6 to 18. About $8. Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

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CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

two hours; then they called the attorney to say the adoption was agreeable to all.

For the next several days the Friedmans were caught up in a whirlwind of activity, as they took their new son home and said farewells to California friends. On January 25 Sue, Stan, Sean and the month-old baby set out for Indianapolis in a Peugeot sedan; hitched to the rear was a tiny Renault, stuffed with possessions. Before they left, they visited their temple and named the baby James Leo Friedman. They call him "Jamie."

For a month or so the Friedmans' new life went smoothly. Stan settled into his $14,000-a-year job at the Allison Division of General Motors, where he is the shielding expert on a compact nuclear reactor Allison is building for the Army. Sue set about organizing their three-bedroom rented house in a pleasant north Indianapolis neighborhood.

Jamie was fine. Despite the circumcision trouble, Sue and Stan found themselves thinking more and more often, "Perhaps he doesn't really have hemophilia." In any event, they had been told that Indianapolis had excellent medical services, so they felt prepared for any emergency.

This sense of well-being was soon lost. The first pediatrician they consulted told them Jamie did not have hemophilia—though he did no tests to find out—but that he suffered from congenital heart trouble, which he does not.

When Jamie was three months old, Sue and Stan took him to a laboratory for tests which, they hoped, would tell them whether he did have hemophilia and, if so, how severe a case. The doctor dug into Jamie's small heel for an hour, taking blood for test after test. An entry in Sue Friedman's diary describes this grim experience: "Jamie was crying so piteously. I put my hands under his shoulders and my head down close to his and talked to him. His eyes were swollen and he was exhausted. They dug at his right heel for perhaps 10 minutes more, with Jamie rousing to new shrieks every time they dug. And then they quit." They did not get a valid test. After all that pain, the Friedmans knew no more than they had before.

Continuing their search for doctors who could help them determine Jamie's condition and advise them on ways of handling him, Sue and Stan encountered what they regarded as medical obtuseness. One doctor told them, "Parents of hemophilic children are more guilt-ridden than others. You can't be overprotective, these children have to learn to take it." Another told Sue that no hemophilia research was going on in Indianapolis. When she commented, "This is really a conservative town, isn't it?" the doctor snapped back, "I like it that way." Good care for a hemophilic child requires a knowledgeable pediatrician, orthopedic man, blood expert and dentist, all working together. It was now clear to the Friedmans that no such team existed in Indianapolis, a city of almost half a million people.

By now Stan Friedman was furious, but with a cold, determined fury. He set about collecting every scrap of information he could find about hemophilia. He read hundreds of publications, not only medical journals but also journals dealing with chemistry, biochemistry, biophysics, nutrition and dentistry. Each time he came across a new piece of information or mention of new research, he carefully noted it, following up at the first opportunity. He has developed a lively correspondence with hemophilia researchers all over the country. On periodic business trips to New York he checks the National Hemophilia Foundation, to see if any new data have been turned up. "He's a real beaver—he frightens you with what he knows about it," says John Walsh, the foundation's executive director.

"You don't have to accept any doctor's suggestions that 'it's in God's hands' when they have a problem that's beyond them," says Stan Friedman. "You have to learn the vocabulary of the disease, read everything you can about it and then search for a doctor who will talk sense to you."

Sue called dozens of doctors in the Indianapolis area. "When I would find one with a hopeful attitude," she says, "and that wasn't often, I would take Jamie to see him. Most of them seemed to take the view, 'Why bring that hopeless problem to me?' It was very discouraging."

By now Jamie was beginning to bruise. Large bluish-purple welts, indicating internal bleeding, and typical of hemophilia, began to appear on many parts of his body. The Friedmans finally obtained lab tests in Indianapolis which confirmed that Jamie suffered from "classic hemophilia."

"We accepted the idea then that, OK, he's got hemophilia," says Stan, "but we weren't satisfied with that. We wanted to know what to do next, and we couldn't find anybody who knew."

In mid-August Jamie suffered a serious bruise on his left wrist. Sue improvised a splint from Popsicle sticks, immobilized the arm and applied ice packs to it regularly. "Jamie hated it," she wrote in her diary. "He absolutely disowned his arm. He let it hang out behind him where he couldn't see it and then cried and cried for us to give it back to him so he could roll around and get up on his hands and knees as usual and chase his toys. . . . He cried all evening. I carried him; I rocked him; I took him to bed with me when I was too tired to keep going. . . ."

Five days later she made another entry: "He's crawling today, splint or no splint . . . and he's going to be a terror, I suspect. He crawls behind furniture and gets stuck; he turns over wastebaskets, and eats coffee grounds; he has begun to reach for things on shelves and low tables. I had hoped he would be content to play quietly in his playpen for a few months longer. But I can't discourage this. I will be happier and he will be, too, when he is walking well. . . . It should be easier on his elbows and knees, though I know there will be dangers then too. . . . Dear Lord, I hope you are keeping an eye on your child."

Jamie's wrist did not improve, so the Friedmans took him to Children's Hospital in Cincinnati. They had heard of a group of doctors there who were experienced in hemophilia cases. Happily, this proved to be a good lead. "We finally met some people who knew the disease well and took a real interest in our problems," says Stan Friedman.

Dr. William K. Schubert of the Children's Hospital staff was especially helpful. Sue remembers, "He told us practical things like *(Continued on page 40)*

spring cleaning is an awful job!

that's what you think!

spring cleaning

the tougher the job

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Ajax Power Cleanser with Biclorin gets sinks pure white, kills household germs, has scour power, too—try it on stubborn fruit and tea stains—WHAM—they bleach right out!

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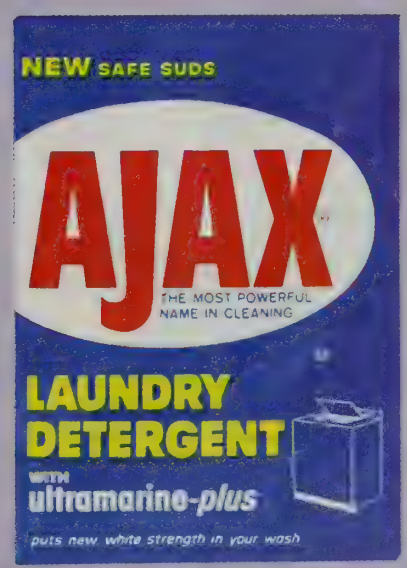

NEW! STRONGER THAN DIRT!

Stronger than yellow! Stronger than gray! Stronger than dirt! Ajax Laundry Detergent contains the new discovery Ultramarine Plus that puts white strength in your wash—actually puts white where the dirt was! Try it!

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Look for this Ajax $500,000 Sweepstakes display at your supermarket.

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COOKING WITH Kellogg's®

crusty tuna surprise

You make it quick and easy with Star-Kist Tuna and cheese soup—then top it crisply with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs

Probably the tastiest meal ever spooned from a casserole—and it's mixed, baked, and on the table in less than half an hour.

- 1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cheese soup
- ½ cup milk
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 2 cans (6½ or 7 oz. each) STAR-KIST TUNA
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ¾ cup KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKE CRUMBS
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted

1. Combine cheese soup and milk.
2. In greased 1½-quart casserole arrange layers of rice, tuna, parsley, and cheese soup mixture; repeat layering.
3. Combine Corn Flake Crumbs with butter. Sprinkle over tuna mixture.
4. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 15 minutes and serve hot.

Yield: 6 servings

 continued from page 36

how long to keep ice on a bruise. But, more important, he talked to us about the psychology of raising a hemophilic child. He told us how difficult it is to keep a fine balance between necessary care and overprotection, and he urged us to try to raise Jamie as a normal child who has a problem, just as many children have other kinds of problems. Something he said will echo in my mind forever: 'When you watch him walk across the bed, you'll tremble inside, but you have to let him do it.'"

"We came back from Cincinnati much relieved," says Stan.

This relief shows in Sue's diary: "Jamie's bruises have appeared regularly, but not frighteningly anymore. One adjusts by stages, I guess. There is always a small fear that the next one may be more serious, a fear of the unknown difficulties ahead, but the happiness of this minute, the successes of this week, outweigh the anxiety."

Jamie is over a year old now—an alert, good-looking boy with a conquering smile. The Friedmans have bought a large house in an old residential neighborhood. Within its two stories and large fenced yard Jamie is fulfilling Sue's prophecy that he would be a "terror." He is in the awkward early stages of walking, and wants to get into everything. As a result, whatever they may be doing, Sue and Stan must be thinking of Jamie. Ahead of them lie years of this tense vigil. They know it, and they appear ready to meet the demands. "We're kind of selfish," says Sue. "We like things that challenge us, and this does."

Jamie's adoption became final last summer after Indianapolis social-welfare authorities had completed a study of the Friedman home. Says Mrs. Mildred Hardesty, the social worker who conducted the home study: "Because of the unusual nature of the marriage, I don't suppose we would have considered placing one of our own children with the Friedmans. But they have love, affection, intelligence and the means of caring for the child. We gave them our endorsement. I think the child is fortunate to have found such a home."

Stan Friedman has become fund-raising chairman for the Indianapolis chapter of the National Hemophilia Foundation. He continues to search for useful medical information, and the Friedmans try any experiment that seems promising.

A Louisiana physician, a hemophiliac himself, has reported that he has been able to reduce the number and severity of bleeding incidents in several patients by adding peanuts to their diet. Jamie is too young to gobble peanuts, but he g a spoonful of peanut butter in his cer every day. When another researcher ported that too much vitamin A mi contribute to hemorrhaging, Sue Jamie's vitamin intake sharply. searchers in Philadelphia have fou that bleeding can be reduced, especia in the tooth extractions that usua cause severe problems for hemophilia by the use of hypnosis. So Sue Friedm plans to study hypnosis, hoping to h Jamie control his bleeding episodes.

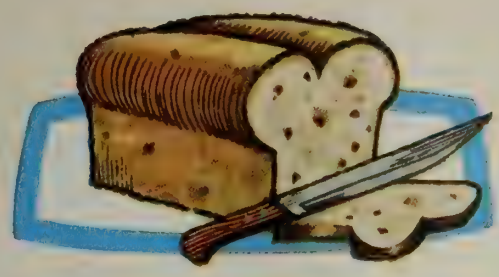
Jamie has not suffered a serious bru since the wrist injury last summer. T Friedmans finally have found an India apolis pediatrician and a dentist who, Stan's words, "will at least admit wh they don't know" and who are interest in Jamie's problems. And they are co fortable in the knowledge that Cinc nati Children's Hospital is only a thr hour drive away.

Stan Friedman has a scientist's op mism about the disease: "I'm sure th in twenty years hemophilia will licked." This will be too late to h Jamie much. But Stan and Sue are c fident that they can interest Jamie mental, rather than physical, activi "I hope he will be reading by the time is four years old," says Stan, "not cause we expect him to be another E stein but because this is the most use skill he can ever learn. We believe he c live a very nearly normal life, and look forward to helping him accompl it."

Jamie's hemophilia has not been a nancial burden to the Friedmans y but as he grows older he is certain need blood transfusions—perhaps 10 12 a year, at a cost of $25 or more ea time. He may also need expensive ort pedic care and physical therapy. Th and other problems, including the str of perpetual worry, lie ahead for Friedmans. None can say with assura that they will solve these problems. one can say that they are the kind people who stand a good chance of so ing them.

They have an extra human dimens required for special human problems dimension that shows clearly in a let Sue Friedman wrote to attorney Phi Adams recently: "We send Marie all love. I hope she knows that we are a to say now, and will say to Jamie la on, 'Your mother was beautiful and telligent and brave and nice.' We h she finds a happy life and never thi of Jamie as a terrible thing to have h pened in the world. He is a most beauti thing!"

Sue and Stan Friedman are an unusual couple who come from divergent backgrounds. Their life together is now dedicated to helping Jamie and accepting the challenge of hemophilia.



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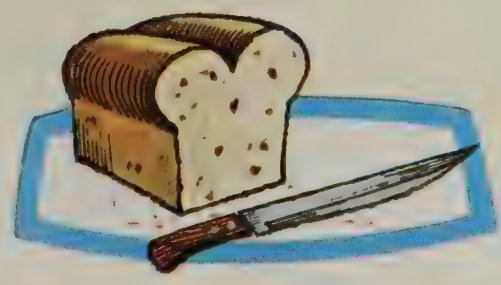

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Just what you want...a loaf that looks out of the ordinary, tastes out of this world. Tender, crusty, bursting with dark juicy raisins...your Irish Freckle Bread bakes up high and handsome with Fleischmann's high *high* rising yeast. Because every Fleischmann's yeast grain is so active, *extra* active ...wants to rise and be noticed, wants to make *you* famous. Bake up Freckle Bread just once—they'll blarney you into doing it again!

IRISH FRECKLE BREAD

2 packages Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
1 cup warm potato water or warm water (105-115°F.)
¼ cup lukewarm mashed potatoes 8 tablespoons sugar
5¼ cups unsifted flour (about) 1 teaspoon salt 2 eggs
½ cup (1 stick) Fleischmann's Margarine
1 cup dark seedless raisins

Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast in warm potato water. Add mashed potatoes, 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 cup flour. Beat until smooth. Cover and let rise until bubbly (about ½ hour). Stir down; add remaining sugar, salt and 1 cup of flour; beat until smooth. Stir in beaten eggs, then melted and cooled Fleischmann's Margarine. Add raisins. Stir in enough additional flour to make a soft dough.

Turn out onto lightly floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic, about 5 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Punch down. Divide into 4 equal parts. Let rest 5 minutes. Shape each part into a slender loaf about 9 inches long.

Put 2 loaves side by side in each of two greased 9x5x3-inch loaf pans. Cover; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled, about 40 minutes. Bake at 350° F. 45 min. or until done. Makes 2 Breads.

Fleischmann's Yeast

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS

Another great recipe from the STANDARD BRANDS KITCHENS.

DRAWING BY LORRAINE FOX

In one era— and out the other

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

The juvenile rat race has changed, and children now are immunized against unhappiness as against polio.

Every now and then, when I am in a benign mood, I stop to count my blessings. I give thanks for friends and for drip-dry underwear; for the sun in the morning and my new electric blanket at night; for my dentist, my husband, my automatic pencil sharpener. But chiefly I am grateful that I don't have to be a child in this era.

Not that growing up has ever been easy. Like all human benefactions, youth has its penalties which in today's urgent society have frighteningly increased. I don't think I am merely nostalgic when I contend that being a child nowadays is tougher than it was when my generation and I compared arithmetic answers between classes, or devoured bread-and-pickle sandwiches on the front porch after school. For one thing, it isn't as much fun.

On the surface this assertion may sound like nonsense. Never before in history has childhood had so much attention paid to its welfare and its amusement. It is cosseted, pampered, immunized against unhappiness as against polio or whooping cough.

Also on the surface, its pattern of traditional play seems to have changed very little since my time—or since Tom Sawyer's. Small boys still scuffle on pavements with friends as truculently as if they were enemies. Little girls, curls or pigtails bobbing, still swing ropes to chants I remember, leaping like dervishes at the climactic command of "Salt, vinegar, mustard—PEPPER!" Kites fly, forts get built of snow, summer waters divide where frolicking bodies flash through them like dolphins. But there is a difference in the way the games are played.

That nimble child with the skip rope may not be bounding merely for the pleasure of physical activity. Perhaps she practices leaps so that at ballet class on Saturday morning she can improve her *tour jeté* and star in the Spring Show. There is a contest arranged for kite flyers, with cash awards donated by the Chamber of Commerce—so reeling a paper toy in and out of the sky is serious business. The champion builder of snowmen has his picture in the paper. That ballplayer exercises his arm apprehensively. Will he or will he not be included in a Little League, where he and the rest of his team can own uniforms, and listen to parents cheering from genuine grandstands? The swimmer vies for medals. Those vague dreams and rewards of "When I grow up" have suddenly become concrete goals, scaled to child's size. The play has turned professional. And the ordinary competitive instinct of the young is being channeled into a frenzy of keeping up with or learning to surpass all the little Joneses in the neighborhood.

There is nothing wrong with healthy competition. But there is, it seems to me, something wrong and unwholesome about harassing those below their teens into early insistence on Success. A success, that is, imposed from above. In the same society which has made so much recent outcry about the perils of conformity in the adult world, a kind of terrible conformity of effort is being forced upon youth.

Not all boys are natural material for Little Leagues, and thank God for it. Not all little girls are born to be prima ballerinas. Professional standards in swimming or hurling a ball or brandishing a tennis racket are not for everyone. Left to themselves, the duffers might find some field in which they could excel—making up stories for younger brothers and sisters, maybe, or naming wild flowers, or just rejoicing in their own thoughts. But they are *not* left to themselves. No quarter is given to the dilettante.

A bookish nine-year-old girl I know was discovered lying face down on her bed one spring afternoon not long ago, alternately weeping out and exclaiming as if she were the heroine of a Victorian novel, "In vain! In vain! All in vain!"

Her matter-of-fact mother told me about it with amusement, but I was appalled: The child's heart had been broken not for any realistic tragedy, like being left out of a party list. She had simply, after hours of practice, trailed the field in the fourth-grade Square Dancing Competition. She had chasséd left when she was supposed to promenade right or made some such public *faux pas*. The shame was more than she could bear.

Had so much stress not been laid on conforming to a pattern, she wouldn't have cared a fig about her dos-à-dos. It wasn't her talent, and she ought not to have minded. I can recall, for instance, being the worst map drawer for my age and weight in the whole school when I was a fourth-grader. I was also the clumsiest volleyball player on our side when we chose up teams at recess. But no iron entered my soul. If my maps were lopsided, at least I got *A*'s on my compositions. And if I couldn't knock the ball back across the net two thirds of the time, I was valued by my contemporaries because I made up such involved signals for Saturday games of Run Sheep Run. No parent, no teacher was breathing down my neck, expecting me to beat a community record in some field. The most irksome admonition I received was an exasperated "Do take your nose out of that book and get into the fresh air!" And while such tolerance kept me from perfecting my swimming stroke and made me the eternal amateur at sports, it left my self-confidence intact. I went on, however ineptly, building my snow forts and turning my ankles skating on winter ice and floundering in warm ponds as happily as if I were champion of every art. I was following Chesterton's sound advice that "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing badly."

That is what today's generation is not permitted. Fear of failure is indoctrinated in children early—nor is it only fear of failure at games. Socially, also, children are expected to star, to follow a pattern as exact as a diet list. Are bananas good for 12-week-old babies? Is strained liver prescribed a little later, whole milk at eight months? Well and good. There is a chart for gregarious behavior just as rigid. At seven, little girls ought to start casting warm looks on their favorite Cub Scout. At nine they should be inviting "mixed groups" to their birthday galas. They must master the day's approximation of the waltz or the twist at, say, 11, and no later than 12 months afterward wangle from some masculine contemporary in junior high school an invitation to the movies. At 13 or 14 they should have turned into accomplished sirens.

If the pattern does not become them, if they are more interested in books or tropical fish than in experimenting with lipstick, mothers wring hands over their daughter's predilection for spinsterhood. When I was a tomboy in middy blouse and pleated skirt, no such precocious behavior was demanded of us. Boys might carry home our book bags or help us with geography lessons; but little girls too given to giggles and melting glances were called "boy-struck," and their conduct frowned on. Today, though, if there is a Thelma Jones in the neighborhood who has known from her cradle how to toss an alluring tress over her shoulder, and flatter the class hero, she is called "socially adjusted." And it is Thelma whom her peers are urged to emulate. Even the boys, sturdy bachelors of 10 or 11, are prodded into following paths their elders think suitable. To be a Boy Scout now it is not enough to stay reverent, courteous and clean—to camp ecstatically if uncomfortably in sleeping bags and to track the fierce woodchuck down spring trails. A loyal scout must also attend the troop's two dances a year, complete with date.

(Their opposite numbers, with true feminine excess, (*Continued on page 44*)

©1964 BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY. THIS IS A CHAPTER FROM MISS McGINLEY'S FORTHCOMING BOOK, PROFESSION, HOUSEWIFE, TO BE PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLAN CO

Free from Knorr

A "Springtime-in-Europe" Bouquet

Arranged by Renato Amodio of Rome
A lasting bouquet in colorful plastic

ours for trying 6 different Knorr Soups... the soups with happy difference in flavor!

l the spirit of springtime in Europe is in this delightful bouquet—imported for you from aly (actual size shown). You get 16 individual plastic flowers *and* stems in glorious, tural color! And they're yours free with just *the upper halves* of the box fronts from y six different Knorr® Soups (choose from 3 convenient write-away plans). mple the happy difference in the flavor of Knorr Soups—the soups inspired by authentic uropean recipes—and we'll say, "Thank you," with flowers!

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1. Send six different box fronts to get bouquet FREE
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2. Send three different box fronts and 50¢
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Send only the upper half of each box front, with your name and address printed on the back, to:

Knorr Soup, Box 90A, New York 46, New York

(Offer limited to one bouquet per family. Offer expires August 31, 1964.)

NOW...

an internal deodorizer for the "delicate zone"

gentle-formula ZONITE with lasting germicidal protection

Every fastidious woman uses an underarm deodorant. But, until liquid douche ZONITE, there was no *internal* deodorant specifically created for the "delicate zone"—where tissues are tender and odors persistent.

Frees married women from worry

Gentle-formula ZONITE banishes embarrassing odors, lets you approach the intimate moments of marriage with confidence in your *total* feminine cleanliness. Yet, it has far more germicidal protection than other liquid douches or home-made vinegar preparations.

When to use

Use ZONITE whenever you would use an ordinary douche, as well as part of your weekly grooming. In cases of persistent discharge, see your doctor.

Discover ZONITORS—the "douche in a capsule". Fits into your change purse, requires no special equipment. The *only* vaginal suppositories with the same powerful germicidal action as famous liquid Zonite. At your drug store.

IN ONE ERA *continued from page 42*

have gone further. The Girl Scouts of America have just announced the formation of a new teen-age group, the Cadettes, who will study not only marching and good deeds but also "how to get along with young men" and the most efficient ways of applying cosmetics.)

That children might want to wait a while before they cast off childhood is scarcely taken into consideration by schools, parents, community leaders, busy keeping little Joneses on their mettle. It is now possible to be a social failure earlier than 12. Girls learn to be wallflowers before their petals open and boys to retreat into premature misogyny with voices still unbroken.

They can also be academic failures as early as kindergarten. For prosperous middle-class America has suddenly discovered the prestige of Education and is bowing down before it as before a Golden Calf. I am not, naturally, against education. To enlarge and elevate the mind, particularly the child-mind, is the noblest of all human activities. What I deplore is the new race toward measured achievement, the frantic struggle of all the Smith parents to set their children competing against their peers for grades, marks, triumphs in aptitude tests, not for the love of knowledge but because only triumph will get them into future colleges.

That the struggle has innocent motives, that the snobbery of a high I.Q. proceeds from a good cause, does not reduce tensions for the children involved. There used to be room in childhood's world for every kind of mentality. If schools offered less challenge in my day than in this, at least they gave to us, who sat in unassorted classrooms, a kind of anonymous safety. We were not branded by the Test. Now the specter of the Intelligence Test, the examinations of aptitude, achievement, special skills, hangs over our schools like a nightmare, haunting our young from the time they enter first grade until they walk on stage for a diploma. Tests sort them, classify them, winnow them out as if they were gradable peas from a commercial garden. Into one compartment go the jumbo-sized I.Q.'s; into another the medium, into a third the inferior. And the fact that such tests measure neither leadership nor talent nor emotional adjustment, not even promise, stops no educator from doing the classifying—nor the sortee from feeling its effect. Again, success or failure comes too soon.

"Jane isn't a student," Jane's mother used to say with a lenient smile. She knew perfectly well Jane could straggle on somehow toward graduation, no doubt marry young, and let fall her lines in pleasant places. Jane was able to wear her academic inability gaily, as if it were a corsage.

Or, "Howard's impossible at math," Howard's father was inclined to boast. "Just like his old man. But you ought to see the way he'll hit that scrimmage line when he gets to Princeton."

Now Howard Sr. is having his eight-year-old son tutored in arithmetic, burdening him with summer-school lessons, making him feel guilty of some juvenile sin for not achieving the same marks as the Jones lad. He is aware, and makes the boy aware, that there will be no Princeton in his future—perhaps not even a Siwash University—unless things improve. Jane's mother, eager for the prestige a good college bestows now on a girl (socially important as a debut) is nagging her daughter into hysterics or moving her from school to school, hoping somehow to redesign her charming if unscholarly mind. No wonder the neuroses of childhood increase and unsuccessful victims of the System turn delinquent at 12.

I know a young woman with several small children who lives in a delightful suburb. But she is deserting it for Larkspur Manor. In Larkspur Manor she has no friends, her house will not be so attractive as the one she owns.

"But Larkspur has this awfully good school," she says candidly. "The principal gets practically the entire senior class into college. I have to think ahead."

Already, you see, she is waging that battle for status. Higher education is not a dim vision on a faraway horizon but a prize for which the battle begins in the perambulator. And the prize is a pragmatic one—a social rather than an intellectual reward. Her brood will be trained for winning scholastic merit as they will be groomed for appearance and poise. First-rate schooling has to her the identical value of orthodontics, summer camps, riding lessons and a talking doll for the baby.

She is not unique. The operative word in juvenile upbringing today is Things. American children are afflicted with a glut of possessions. Peer into any ordinary middle-class nursery: Its material accumulations overwhelm the grown-up who remembers from her own youth how exciting it was to receive, say, a new set of paper dolls.

My childhood was not deprived except by current standards. But it was certainly not animated by all the fire engines, dolls, educational puzzles, Pogo sticks, electric pianos, giant pandas, personal radios and television sets with which parents of even moderate means now smother infants. And this in spite of the fact any experienced mother knows babies are democratic about toys. Hand them an empty oatmeal box and a spoon, and they will contentedly beat time on that improvised drum. Give them a barricade of kitchen chairs to make their way around, and no Jungle Gym amuses them more validly. But there is status involved. What the little Joneses have, all must have. A bicycle used to be an approximation, for a boy, of the exurbanite's Jaguar—a glittering dream acquired only after months of coaxing, saving up, delivering papers on a local route or dropping hints to generous grandparents. When it arrived at last, some delirious Christmas or glorious birthday morning, the child marched like a monarch into his kingdom. Now bicycles come in so many sizes, appear so early on the juvenile scene, that a jaded owner has often possessed (or wrecked, or lost) several by the time he learns long division. For him a bicycle has never been an achievement, merely an expected convenience like his book bag or his winter snowsuit.

When I think of riches, I am reminded of dollhouses. Of all symbols of children, the dollhouse is the most enduring. The little girl lucky enough to be given one used to be empress of her coterie. And eight years old used to be judged the proper age to become a chatelaine, as, indeed, it still is. Eight is house-proud. Eight arranges furniture, dusts the living room, sets Lilliputian tables, is careful with her things as a Dutch housewife. She is not a destroyer but a guardian of her hearth. Yet in half th nurseries I enter nowadays, babies o three and four are already tearing t pieces the dollhouses they cannot ye appreciate. What will they have left t yearn for?

Our younger daughter, patly on he eighth birthday, received a dollhouse Her clever father had constructed i himself in our basement over five hard working months. We were architects contractors, interior decorators. All th windows opened and closed. There wa a real staircase with a newel post, fire places, bookshelves, a bathroom with it own tiny scales and towels. Lights turne on in every room by individual switche made from radio appliances. Everythin was built to scale. The walls we paperec with material designed for bookbinders since ordinary wallpaper of even th smallest pattern loomed immoderatel large. We covered the floors with uphol stery fabrics, stretched and tacked b hand. There was a telephone. There wa a grandfather's clock. The doll's refrig erator bulged with food. I, who do no willingly sew on a button or put up hem, spent weeks stitching tiny table cloths and curtains. And, of course, th Secret (for we managed somehow t keep it secret) was the greatest imagin able success.

The birthday child eclipsed the grand est of the Joneses. She began to b courted even by little boys who woul not admit to being interested in any thing concerning dolls, but who pro fessed, nevertheless, to admire the in genious way you could press a butto at the front door and hear a bell rin in that splendid house.

She loved it, naturally. She loves i still, and we store it now in the atti against the day her own daughter turn eight. Yet I think we gave her, again too much too early. If we had let he paint her own walls, invent her ow furniture, design her own curtains, how ever ill-made, the gift might have hel a greater magic. Wealth can be stifling The houses I made out of shoe boxe when *I* was eight, with their cardboar beds and pasted-up draperies and chair concocted from acorn caps, afforded m more actual pleasure, I believe, tha any child gets now from a prefabricate mansion. They made me a creator.

It is the fun of creation which today' overindulged children are in danger o missing.

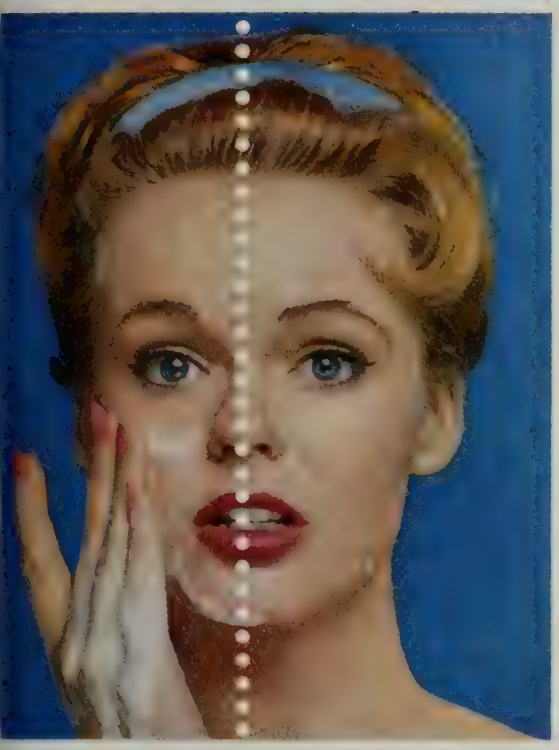
I would tell all these things to novic parents if they would listen. I would be them to hold off their well-meant effort to provide the young with all joys an all accomplishments before their hand (or their hearts) were large enough t hold them. At the same time I woul ask tolerance from them; tolerance o mediocrity, casual acceptance of thei children's limitations as well as of thei talents.

"Let them walk forward at their ow speed," I would say. "Give love rathe than possessions, moral standards rathe than a sense of competition, an educa tion fitted not to any arbitrary test o the ambitions of the Joneses but to thei individual and fledgling minds. Then when success or failure comes, they wil be better able to cope with it."

Surely on a planet increasingly chill to the touch, uncomplicated childhoo ought to remain the last warm an lighted house in which the human anima can shelter for a time while he grow strong enough to face the gatherin winds of the world. ■

Make this simple face test:

Prove Dove doesn't dry your skin the way soap can



1 Imagine a dotted line down the middle of your face—as you see in the picture. Then lather one side of your face with soap.

2 Lather the other side of your face with Dove. Notice how much *richer* the Dove lather is. Dove *creams* your skin while you wash!

3 Rinse your face thoroughly. Gently pat dry with a towel. All finished? Now get ready for a real surprise.

4 Stroke the side of your face you lathered with soap. Notice how taut and *dry* your skin feels. It's a fact: soap can dry your skin.

5 Stroke the Dove-washed side. Your skin has a velvety, "just-creamed" feeling. Dove leaves skin softer, smoother than soap.

6 Only Dove is ¼ cleansing cream. Dove *creams* your skin while you wash. Choose white Dove or new lightly scented pink Dove.

New Kleenex tissues won't break through!

Harry James' TV test proves it!

For a current TV commercial, Harry James tied a new, improved Kleenex tissue on his trumpet, soaked it with water—and blew. He hit the highest notes . . . but the Kleenex tissue did not break through under the pressure!

HERE'S PROOF! When the wet Kleenex tissue was removed, it remained strong—absolutely unbroken! You can still see the water-soaked portion without the slightest break or tear!

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF! New Kleenex tissues have a brand-new strength you'll discover with your first sneeze—and a new deep softness you'll feel the moment this all-new tissue touches your skin.

WON'T BREAK THROUGH—MUCH SOFTER, TOO! New Kleenex tissues now come in all three Space-Saver boxes: Hi-Count, Regular and Dispenser size. Get them at your favorite store!

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Everything's coming up Pink Tulips!

Helena Rubinstein's new Tulip Fashion Stick —fabulous slim lipstick and lipliner in one!

Leave it to Helena Rubinstein to put spring in the pink! Wait till you see the pretty, perky tulips on the new Pink Tulip Fashion Stick. And wait till you try it! Its shape-control oval tip gives you a perfect outline—while its creamy enriched formula keeps your lips dewy-soft.

And tulips bloom on the matching Pink Tulip Compact. Inside is Silk Fashion™. . . the dimensional make-up that brings your prettiest features into focus. So long-lasting. So natural-looking.

Pink Tulip Fashion Stick in 8 spring-kissed shades, 1.50. Refill, 1.00. Pink Tulip Compact with Silk Fashion Make-up in 8 complexion-true shades, 1.50. Prices plus tax.

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Helena Rubinstein 655 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Tim h just whitens? Try Clorox bleach. Clorox gets out oily body dirt that detergents leave in. That's why washes come so much cleaner when you use detergent and Clorox together...every time.

Clorox gets out dirt detergents leave in!

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

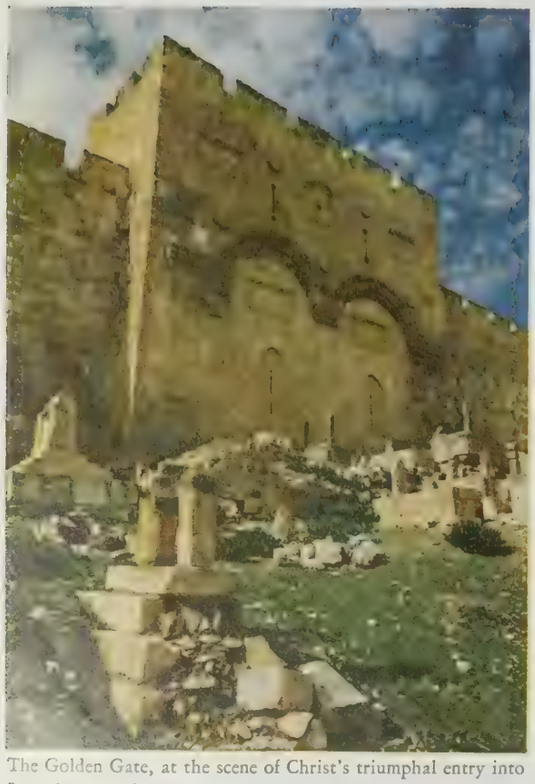
THE HOLY LAND

Many centuries ago the beauty—if it ever existed—departed from that tiny tract of land at the eastern tip of the Mediterranean, but this mysterious land of barren slopes and desert has continued to draw visitors from every corner of the world, exerting an appeal that is as powerful as man's eternal quest for the meaning of his existence. For this is the Holy Land—the Biblical landscape whose seas and mountains and villages are familiar names to all civilized people. One of the most recent—and one undoubtedly destined to be historic—pilgrimages to the Holy Land was that of Pope Paul VI, who retraced the steps of Jesus Christ as he visited the sacred shrines in Israel and Jordan. One cannot easily describe this place that is so filled with religious symbols and—alas—so many conflicting faiths, for theological scholars have toiled for nearly 20 centuries to do exactly this. But the Journal asked Lillian Hellman, one of this country's most distinguished playwrights, to visit the Holy Land at the time of the Pope's pilgrimage and to report to our readers her observations of this momentous event and what this mysterious and sacred place seems to mean to the Christians and Jews and Arabs who inhabit it. Photographer John Bryson accompanied Miss Hellman to add another dimension to this report, which we feel captures much of the universal struggle of mankind for its spiritual fulfillment. Since the Resurrection was the most exciting drama to occur on this landscape, we are proud to present this report and these photographs as our Easter feature.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BRYSON

"And the Jews' passover was nigh at hand: and many went out of the country up to Jerusalem before the passover, to purify themselves. . . . Much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna . . ."

—JOHN



The Golden Gate, at the scene of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem on a day now celebrated as Palm Sunday, is one of the sights of the Holy City's wall along the road from Amman. The gate has been sealed for centuries. At right, a man riding his donkey up from the River Jordan is dwarfed by the desert and the blue vastness of the mountains of Moab. Near this stretch of the river, according to tradition, John baptized the 30-year-old Jesus. A short distance downstream, the river empties into the Dead Sea.

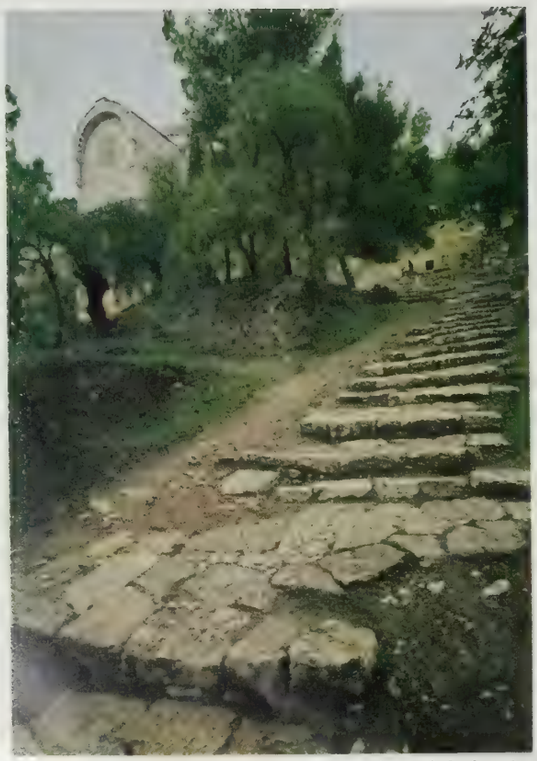
"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. . . . Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves . . ."

—MATTHEW

A guttering oil lamp and thirty pieces of silver, precious relics from the time of Christ, conjure up Judas's dark betrayal. At left, in the quiet of late afternoon in the Garden of Gethsemane, a Franciscan monk meditates among the ageless olive trees. Scripture tells us that Jesus was wont to pray, and sometimes to spend the night, in Gethsemane; it was there that He was seized by officials of the Temple. In Aramaic, the language Christ spoke, Gethsemane means "land of oil." The view is toward Jerusalem.

"And they led Jesus away to the high priest. . . . And Peter followed him afar off, even into the palace of the high priest. . . . And as Peter was beneath in the palace, there cometh one of the maids of the high priest: And . . . she looked upon him, and said, And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth. But he denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest."

—MARK



By these ancient steps, tradition says, Jesus descended after the Last Supper to the valley of the Tyropoean and crossed to Gethsemane. Peter is said to have denied Christ at the steps, discovered by excavators. At right, seen from Jerusalem's walls, is the Mount of Olives, rising behind the Church of All Nations and the Garden of Gethsemane. The tallest spire on the skyline crowns the Chapel of the Ascension; the onion domes mark the Russian Orthodox Church of St. Mary Magdalene.

The land that holds the legend of our lives

BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

The Notre Dame Monastery in Jerusalem, Israel, must always have been a cold, severe building, but the plaster is chipping now, and so the cold seemed colder, and the stairs seemed longer, and it was pleasant to meet a little girl coming down a corridor with a pot of soup. The building has become a kind of hostel for the newly arrived Jewish poor and homeless, but on the last flight of steps, I passed two Franciscan priests. I tried asking if they still lived in the monastery, but they smiled and shook their heads at the English words and disappeared.

I had not as yet received permission to cross into Jordan and so I wanted to have a look at old Jerusalem—the Israeli city is almost entirely new—and the roof of this building was high and wide, and on this January afternoon was mean with a searching wind. I told myself there was beauty in the cream hills, in the soft, broken lines of the buildings that lie over the barbed wire separating Israel from Jordan, but I knew that I do not find beauty in country that is barren and unyielding. I sat for a long time on the ledge of the roof thinking that I was seeing the land that held the legend of my life—all that I believe and do not believe, the first words I ever heard, and, someday, the last I will hear, the morals and the ethics, the rules in all their truth or lack of truth, here, right here. I began to play a game that I had invented as a child and have stuck with because sometimes it works: I closed my eyes and made real faces for Abraham and David and Solomon and John and Jesus. But the game wouldn't work because they all looked like Michelangelo's *Moses*, which is not a bad way to look, but limiting.

When I opened my eyes, groups of men in the distance were putting up the pretty, mild yellow and white of the Papal flags, two days ahead of the Pope's arrival. The barbed wire, standing now between two warring peoples, is the only reminder on this gentle landscape of the insane and bitter irony that this land of the nobility of Christ has also been the scene of massacres by the Romans, the Crusaders, the Turks, all acting in the conviction that one set of believers had the right to murder another set of believers if they said they acted in the name of God.

As I went out of the building and walked toward the town, a Dominican came around a corner and without knowing it I followed him, puzzled that within an hour I had seen three priests in this land of Jews. But then I had never before been to Israel, and knew it only from books I had read, which is not always the best way of knowing things, and had even less knowledge about Jordan, which—I was not to know it until the next day—had barred me and nobody else with press credentials because, they said, I was a well-known Zionist, which will amuse Zionists who used to say that I should be and were angry that I wasn't. If you live long enough, people get around to thinking you've been anything that suits their case against you on the day they want the case against you.

But now the Dominican made a fine, very tall figure in the distance, walking at great speed, his robes swinging wide behind him. He went around a corner, and I was sorry to lose him, but a few blocks further on I realized he must have gone into a building next to the American consulate. The building didn't seem a monastery, although maybe it had once been, and without quite knowing why I rang the bell of the large gates, and when somebody pressed a button, I went through a courtyard that had a vegetable garden in winter disorder, and was met at the door by the tall priest I had followed. I said all the things you say when you don't know what you're doing, and he asked me to come in, looking friendly and puzzled. We sat down in what had once been an entrance hall. Now it had a large broken sofa and, even if he hadn't had an accent, I would have known the place was lived in by French people, because there was the inevitable ugly center table, with its cloth, its dim light bulb above, its chairs around, the center of life for all poor or modest French. But the priest spoke fine English, and the light bulb, necessary even on this sunny day, made the bones of the remarkable face even sharper and kept the lines in shadow.

I said I was going to write about the visit of the Pope, and when he looked as bewildered as he had a right to, I said, "Father, I don't know why I rang your bell. Maybe because I'm not a journalist and can't write about anything so grand as the visit of the Pope." That didn't seem *(Continued on page 122)*

Christ's tomb, Pope Paul prays in Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

© 1964 BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

NORELL

In the fickle world of fashion—where designers are accorded movie-star magnitude one season, dropped to bit-player obscurity the next—there has been one consistently notable exception: For over 20 years, the name Norman Norell has been a synonym for great American fashion. Norell is so important, in fact, that even Paris acknowledges peeking over his shoulder. (This year's cribbing includes Norell's knife-sharp pleated skirt, the battle-jacket suit and the slack suit, all of which we show here.) Superbly engineered and expensively executed in his New York workrooms, Norell's clothes, priced from about $500 to $3500, are equal in cost to Paris originals. Obviously most people can't afford them. But Norell's originality and sharp sense of the dramatic reach out to influence all American clothes at all prices. During the past two decades Norell has been responsible for more than 20 once-daringly-avant-garde, now-classic looks, among them: The Culotte Suit, The Chemise Dress, The Weskit Suit (birth of the sportive look), The Flounce Dress, The Leopard Print (a shocker in 1944, now almost a fashion cliché), and the basic wool-jersey dress (the classic of the '50's). Norell is remarkable in that, extreme as he is, he is not a faddist. His clothes seem to stay in style forever. Women are as proud to wear 15-year-old Norells as they would be to ride in a vintage Rolls-Royce. Every American woman, whether she has always longed for a Norell or has never even heard of him, has come under his influence at her own price level. On these six pages we show Norman Norell's newest trend-setters, the ones that will next affect our fashion lives.

AMERICAN FASHION: THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

BY TRUDY OWETT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORN/GRINER

Right: The slack suit, elegant new look in checked wool, combine with its own silk print blouse. Norell Signatu casual American pants-top look, perfected into a costume. At Henri Be Blums-Vogue, Chicago Magnin, West Coast. Th gant background: a Sta White building in New

Top Left: Man-tailorin its youngest and most beguiling—the schoolb suit in navy wool with a linen shirt. Norell Signature: knife-sharp pleats, borrowed just n by Paris; revival of spectator shoe. At Hen Bendel; Nan Duskin, P delphia; I. Magnin. Boys' suits, Imp Origi

Left: The everyday, everywhere dress. Nor Signature: simplicity made dramatic by bril parrot green, one of hi favorite colors, and the cape, another of hi favorites, which he has carried to all lengths, here at its tiniest. At Bergdorf Goodman Marshall Field; I. Ma

All shoes by Belgian S

American Fashion

Top Left: A full measure of femininity in a suit fit for a lady executive. Norell Signature: double-breasted jacket, whirlybird pleated skirt, neon-pink polka-dotted blouse. The working surroundings: the office of Geraldine Stutz, young president of Henri Bendel, one of New York's most fashionable specialty shops. At Bendel; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; I. Magnin.

Left: The suit-dress with the dash of a uniform, which it is likely to become since it is so becoming to women of all ages. Norell Signature: the short-sleeved suit in a brilliant color—fire-engine red wool jersey, with a double row of coiled brass buttons. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field, Chicago; I. Magnin. Our junior fireman's boots, U. S. Rubber.

Right: The suit for all seasons. The jacket of medium-weight jersey is comfortable indoors, the stole warms you outdoors. Norell Signature: the stole suit, his battle jacket (it buttons onto the easy walking skirt.) Our model was photographed serving coffee at the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club, N.Y. Evelyn Byrnes, N.Y.; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; I. Magnin.

American Fashion

Above: The swinging dress, which makes its way to cocktails and dinner (and everywhere that men dance attendance). Norell Signature: navy wool for evening, middy top, pleated skirt, rhinestone banding to light up the scene. Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin. Photographed at New York's Roseland.

Right: The beautiful evening dress that makes every woman yearn to have her portrait painted. Norell Signature: unexpected color and fabric combinations—pink silk-satin shantung, navy wool jersey, slashed with scarlet satin. John Wanamaker, Phila.; Woolf Bros., Kansas City; I. Magnin. Photographed at Mme. Helena Rubinstein's apartment.

THE FIRST LADY:
A PROFESSIONAL AT GETTING THINGS DONE

A biography of the gracious Lady Bird, who as a college girl was too shy to speak in public.

By Elizabeth Janeway

"Washington is full of brilliant men—and the women they married when they were young." The cynical authority who voiced this opinion was right in part. Washington does have its share, and more than its share, of faded, once pretty women who have not kept up with their husbands. Conversation after dinner can be sheer agony. Across the room the men are reporting the latest news from Capitol Hill, or discussing next week's appointment to an ambassadorship or a commission. The ladies, however, are comparing hairdos or recipes or nursery schools—fascinating topics in their place, but maddening when one is trying to follow political gossip of brilliant men.

But there are a few brilliant men in Washington who apparently had as much taste and discernment in their twenties as they do in their fifties. They fell in love with pretty girls who grew up to be women of character and intelligence, of dignity, culture, humor and good sense. One of these lucky men is President Lyndon Baines Johnson.

His wife, as every American over the age of five must know, is called Lady Bird. Beyond this, most people know little about her. Her pictures show that she is small, slim and dark, with an expressive face that Holbein might have enjoyed painting. Her voice is Deep South—so Southern that some Northerners say apologetically that it "puts them off." But Lady Bird Johnson is neither a Southern Belle nor a Southern Bigot. People who have begun to listen to her words instead of her accent find that her speech is tangy, terse and individual. Its quality is conveyed by her reply to a reporter who asked if she could recall her first impression of the man she married. "I knew I'd met something remarkable," she said thoughtfully, "but I didn't know quite what."

Claudia Alta Taylor was born on December 22, 1912, the third child and only daughter of Thomas Jefferson Taylor and the former Minnie Patillo of Alabama. Her brothers, Tom Jr. and Tony, were eleven and eight years older than she. She was the baby of the family, which is one reason why the "baby name" of Lady Bird stuck.

The big red-brick house where she was born, about a mile from the little town of Karnack, was built in the 1850's—by Texas standards an old place. It lacked electricity and indoor plumbing, but each of the nine main rooms had its fireplace, and winter evenings were cozy enough with lamplight and firelight, with hickory nuts to crack and Daddy to tell tales.

Inside the brick house, Minnie Taylor kept up the cultural traditions of the older eastern part of the country. There was no electricity till the little Taylor girl was nine years old, but there was a windup Gramophone and stacks of records—Melba, Galli-Curci and Caruso. And there were books. Mrs. Taylor loved to read to her little daughter, fairy stories, of course, and tales of the gods of Greece and Scandinavia. And the little girl loved to listen. How wonderful to be able to read! She still remembers her surprise on learning that not only her mother, but her father, too, could make sense out of the little black ants on the page. Why, if he could read, didn't he do it all day? Why was he out in the fields or at the store (where T. J. Taylor announced that he was a "Dealer in Everything")? The little girl couldn't understand why a person who could read did anything else.

The day she learned about her father's unexpected ability came soon after a time of shock and confusion. The autumn before she was six her mother died. She says now that she cannot assess her loss; and when a friend who had lost his wife in a tragic accident turned to her for comfort, and advice on bringing up his daughters, she assured him that she had had a happy childhood. But she remembers, too, that when her mother said "Dear," Lady Bird assumed that it was she who was being addressed. "In fact," she says, smiling at the egotistical child who's buried in all of us, "I remember being real mad when Mamma called Daddy 'Dear,' because that was *my* name.

"Perhaps I had a lonely childhood, but it didn't seem lonely to me. There were children around the place, and we all played together. And the country's so beautiful! Drifts of magnolia through the woods in the spring—and the daffodils in the yard. When the first one bloomed, I'd have a little ceremony, all by myself, and name it the queen."

Her brothers, away at school a good deal of the time, were not eager to have a little sister tagging after them when they were home. Who wanted a girl at the swimming hole to spoil the fun? The stability and continuity of life were supplied now by Aunt Effie Patillo, Lady Bird's mother's sister from Alabama. Aunt Effie was one of that vanished breed of aunts who took over gaps in the family and stitched them together. How do we get on without them? Aunt Effie spent the school year in Texas and, come summer, she took Bird home to Alabama and a round of visits with kinfolk. Like the helpful aunts, "visiting the kinfolk" is an old American institution.

Kinfolk, in fact, were visiting at the White House when I came there to talk to my friend Bird Johnson about her life and her memories; at the mention of her Alabama summers she interrupted herself. We were lunching in the family dining room on the second floor of the White House with her press secretary, Elizabeth Carpenter. "Liz," said Lady Bird, "what *about* the kinfolk? Uncle Huffman ought to enjoy the Smithsonian, don't you think? . . . That's Lyndon's uncle," she explained, turning to me. "His uncle and aunt are the closest kin he has left, and he just impulsively asked them to fly up from Texas with us. After all, our tenure here may be short! I expect he wanted them to be sure to visit while we're here." And she went on to make plans for the entertainment of the uncle and aunt who were resting after their first round of sightseeing.

In her childhood, visits to Alabama made life less lonely; so did school. Fern School was a quarter of a mile up the road from the brick house, a one-room building that sometimes got up to an attendance record of 14 pupils. The turnover of teachers was high, salaries in East Texas being what they were then. But the little Taylor girl was bright. She finished high school by the time she was 15, going for two years in nearby Jefferson, where she and Aunt Effie boarded, and for two years in the larger town of Marshall.

"I don't recommend that to anyone," she says, "getting through high school that young. I was still in socks when all the other girls were wearing stockings. And shy—I used to hope no one would speak to me. There was one boy who used to try to talk to me. He was real nice, and what's more he was real glamorous, being on the football team. But I never knew what to say, and finally it got so that if I saw him coming, I'd leave the room."

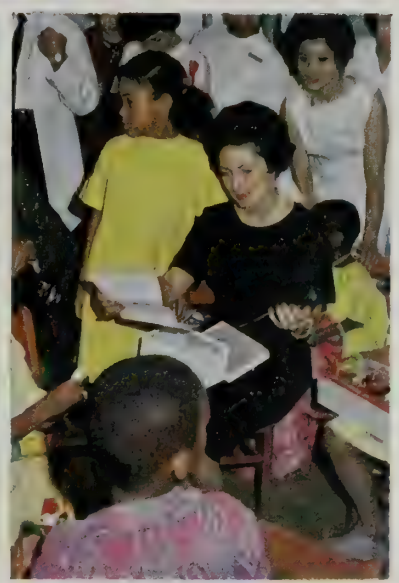
It was while she was at school in Marshall that she tried to leave her nickname behind. She was successful for a while, but too many friends had followed her to school, and Claudia became Lady Bird again. "I've long since made my peace with the name," she says now, in patience and good humor. "What does it matter?" Friends shorten the name to Bird, which suits her small quickness.

Shy or not, she had always intended to go to the University of Texas in Austin; but 15 was too young. With a friend from Jefferson she went from high school to an Episcopal girls' school in Dallas, St. Mary's. The choice was pure chance—the friend was a minister's

daughter who was given a special rate. It was a lucky chance for Bird Taylor. "I'd never known before that learning could be so exciting," she says. "There was an English teacher who made everything come alive, and a Bible course that forced us to think and understand instead of just accepting what we were told. I didn't know the Bible could be taught that way." Today, in Washington, the First Lady usually attends St. Mark's, a small Episcopal church near the Capitol which is anything but "social." Its rector, William Baxter, is a tough-minded theologian who is deeply committed to meeting the challenge of changing times.

The University of Texas, in Austin, shares the town with the State Capitol. Its students are probably the most politically minded in the country. "Some of the seniors are running for the legislature before they graduate," says an alumnus. This wasn't bad training for a politician's wife, and Bird Taylor was introduced to Lyndon Johnson in Austin a few months after she took her M.A. in journalism. Not that journalism was the only string to her bow. She'd got herself a teaching certificate, too, and learned enough shorthand and typing to qualify for a job as a secretary.

"I've always believed in having the tools that can get you inside the door," she says. "Then, with a little skill and a great deal of industry, you can go on and take over the business—or else marry the boss!" This inner determination, however, was still masked by shyness. In 1933, when she received her B.A. in liberal arts, she refused the valedictorian's medal, because a speech was demanded from the recipient, and she was sure she'd never get through it. It must have been one of the last indulgences in shy withdrawal that she allowed herself. No one close to the whirlwind of energy that is Lyndon Johnson has much time to think of himself, and Bird has always been a full partner in the marriage. The President has a flexible *(Continued on page 118)*



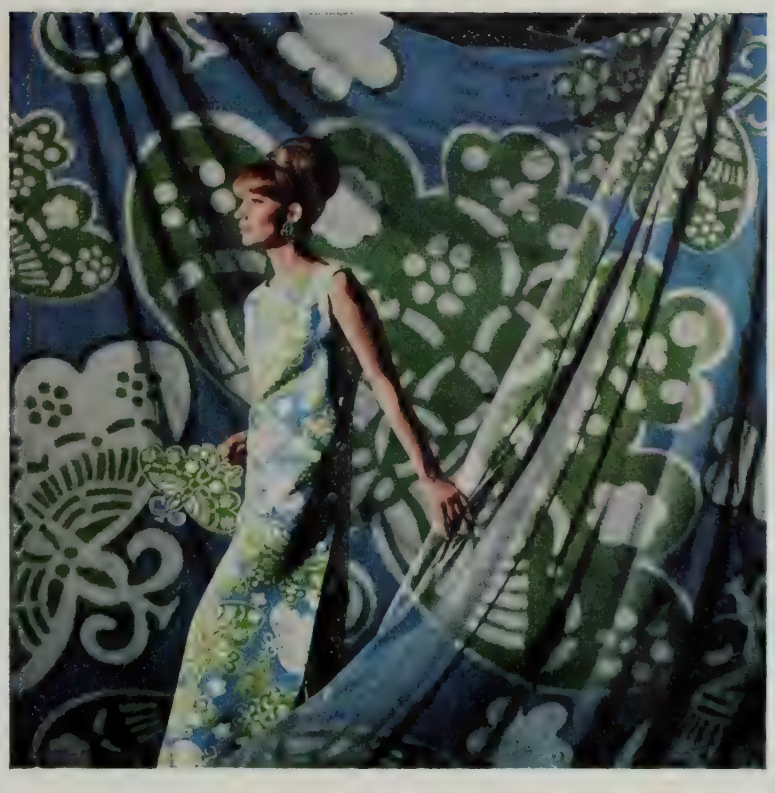
Lady Bird Johnson was the picture of serenity on the staircase of her former Washington home, The Elms. When she suddenly became First Lady, her life became a hectic round of official duties, but through it all she keeps her happy, friendly smile. One of her first appearances as wife of the President was a pre-Christmas visit to the children's ward of the District of Columbia General Hospital, lower right. She joined her husband, above left, in welcoming Chancellor Ludwig Erhard to Austin, Tex. At another airport, above right, she is the visiting dignitary being greeted on her arrival in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where she spoke at Wilkes College, center, at the dedication of a new science research center.

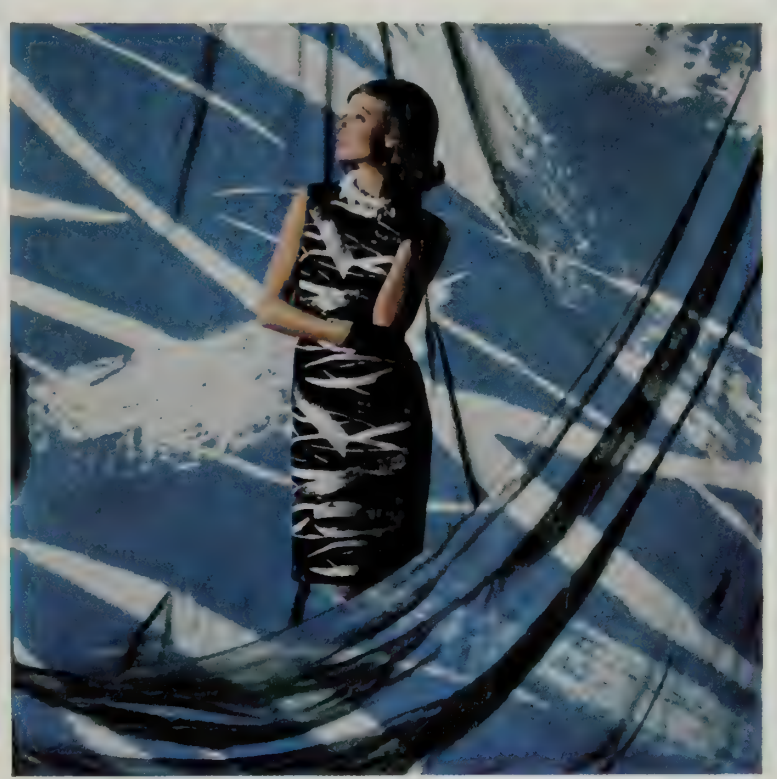
THE NEW BOLD EXCITEMENT OF PRINTS

BY NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

Among the most printable fashion news around this spring: Exotic, big-scale prints will be seen almost everywhere from now on. Their vivid, primitive colors and sharply defined, stylized designs will make delightful impressions on every kind of fabric (from silk jersey to burlap) and fashion (day, evening, city, country, beach, at home). Each of the eight fashions shown on these four pages has been photographed against the print of which it's made, in exaggerated scale. If you can't find the identical prints we've used, choose look-alikes. For back views see page 113.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Large-scale print and simple lines of dress are made for each other. Bloused bodice over slim skirt gives two-piece effect. Bias-cut collar ties in back. Vogue Pattern No. 5958. All-silk print by Gilman. TOP: Butterfly print for a social butterfly. Slim patio dress buttons at shoulders and also down one side, curves in at hem. Vogue Pattern No. 6178 (includes shorter version, slacks). Cotton basketweave print by Forge. CENTER: A summer indispensable. The cool sleeveless shift that goes everywhere all summer long, in town and out, day and evening. Vogue Pattern No. 3010. Bold abstract print on cotton ottoman, by Stehli. BOTTOM: Evening dress with a slightly above-the-waist, softly shirred waistline. Bare bodice has ribbon straps. The long matching stole was added by us. Vogue Pattern No. 6054. Paisley print on all-silk surah by Deauville.





BOLD EXCITEMENT OF PRINTS

OPPOSITE PAGE: Featherweight silk dress with long, slender sleeves, scoop neckline and gathered Empire waistline. For further Empire emphasis, a slim sash. Vogue pattern No. 6119 (also includes a sleeveless ankle-length version). All-silk print by Printique.

TOP: Gay and breezy sleeveless summer shift ends in a deep, bouncy flounce. This is the kind of dress that knows no bounds from sunrise to sunset. Hat is banded with same print fabric. Vogue Pattern No. 6186. Giant paisley print on all-cotton piqué by Wamsutta.

CENTER: Exotic semiprincess at-home dress. The graceful length is a comfortable three inches above the ankle. We added the matching triangle scarf at neckline. Vogue Pattern No. 6179. The all-silk surah print in shocking pink, gold and green by Maxwell Textiles.

BOTTOM: Brilliant prints combine brilliantly with brilliant solids. Here, two pairings, both from Vogue Pattern No. 6213. Combed cotton print by Tiger Fabrics. Pink silk solid (the top) by A. P. Silk. Soft green cotton-sateen solid (pants), product of Everfast Fabrics.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN WALCOTT

ALL HATS BY SALLY VICTOR
JEWELRY BY BRANIS
GLOVES BY WEAR-RIGHT

A Gallery of Great American Dinne
and the Campbell's Soups that start them be

CONSOMMÉ is a happy choice for the first course when the meat is a juicy roast of pork. Campbell's Consommé is a perfect consommé—tangy, delicate and crystal-clear. It is delicious served either hot or chilled.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP is an elegant first course wi chicken dinner. Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is a sm purée of mushrooms and cream, garnished with mushroom pie

GREEN PEA SOUP is a particularly appetizing way to start a dinner when the main course is roast ham. Campbell's Green Pea Soup is a creamy-smooth purée of green garden peas blended with butter.

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF POTATO SOUP makes a won ful first course when the "meat" is fish. It's delicious hot; chilled, m an elegant Vichyssoise. You'll find it in your grocer's frozen-food

Dinners that begin with soup end with compliments. And today's good cooks have learned to match the soup to the meal. Here Campbell selects eight soups from its gallery of more than thirty kinds and matches them to eight of America's most popular main courses. For every dinner you'll find a homemade-tasting soup from Campbell. Soup this good just has to be Campbell's

AM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP introduces a main course of roast deliciously. Campbell's Cream of Asparagus Soup is made in the gtime (when fresh, crisp asparagus has the most delicate flavor).

ONION SOUP gets a roast beef dinner off to a rousing good start. Campbell's Onion Soup is a superb onion soup, made of succulent young onions, tenderly simmered in hearty beef broth, sparked with cheese.

CKEN GUMBO SOUP gets a dinner of steak off to a beautiful start. pbell's Chicken Gumbo is made the Deep South way, with tender , the spark of tomatoes and the gentle texture of long-grain rice.

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF SHRIMP SOUP is the perfect preface to a lobster dinner. It's made of tender, young shrimp, cream and delicate seasonings. Find it in your grocer's frozen-food cabinet.

ROAST WITH DIVIDENDS

When the market says 'buy,'

let your choice pay a bonus.

Sometimes the price of a succulent roast is more than money: it's also that dreary parade of leftover eating. How to improve the fringe benefits? Start a new tradition by buying one big economy-size roast, setting aside the cooked remainder in your freezer until you're in the mood to turn it into another dish of equal stature. Here, a juicy lamb roast and two mouth-watering dividends: Roast Lamb Continental (above), made with young spring leg of lamb, a hint of garlic, parsley and lemon. Left, Lamb and Eggplant Parmigiana, diced lamb leftovers baked in a spicy tomato sauce with steamed eggplant cubes, layered with Mozzarella and Parmesan cheeses and baked until golden and bubbly. Served with grated Parmesan cheese. Right, Stuffed Artichokes Agora, filled with seasoned ground lamb and bread crumbs. Served with a sour-cream Hollandaise Sauce. For these recipes and more great roasts and dividends, please turn the page.

BY ELAINE WARD-HANNA
FOOD EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BIEG

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very puff tastes as fresh as the first puff! That's because only Montclair puts the menthol here it cannot burn — in a modern *activated-charcoal* filter. So only Montclair filters in eshness, filters in flavor the *whole* smoke through. No matter what cigarette you're smok-ıg now — you'll never know how *good*... good obacco can taste until you smoke Montclair.

The delicious difference is in the activated-charcoal filter

NO MENTHOL HERE
in Montclair's fine golden tobacco.
Menthol cannot burn as you smoke.

MENTHOL HERE
in Montclair's modern *activated-charcoal* filter,
so every puff tastes as fresh as the first puff.

Vew **Montclair** *– for those who want every puff to taste as fresh as the first puff!*

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French's Brown Gravy Mix has everything Mother's did-
(except the lumps)

Gravy as rich and well-seasoned as this would have taken Mother 2 hours and a whole roast to make. French's Copper Kitchen Brown Gravy Mix does it in 4 minutes—and all you do is add water and stir. Smooth results every time. (No hard feelings, Mom.) Brown Gravy is just 1 of 14 new Sauce and Gravy Mixes from French's. Next time try the Mushroom Gravy Mix.

Good Housekeeping

Good things to eat come from 1 Mustard Street
THE R.T. FRENCH COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ROAST LAMB CONTINENTAL

1 leg of lamb (5–6 lb.)
1 clove garlic, cut in 6 slivers
6 sprigs parsley
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons onion salt
Freshly ground pepper

(1) Wipe lamb with a damp cloth. With a paring knife, make 6 small slits in meat and insert the slivers of garlic and parsley. Brush lamb with lemon juice and sprinkle with onion salt and pepper. (2) Place lamb on rack in roasting pan. Insert meat thermometer into meatiest part of lamb; be sure not to touch the bone. Roast in a slow oven, 325° F., allowing 35–40 minutes per pound for well done (180° F. on thermometer). For rare lamb, roast to 160°–165° F. on thermometer. (3) Transfer lamb to warm serving tray and allow to stand 10–15 minutes before carving. Remove garlic. Serve with crab-apple jelly, boiled new potatoes, melted butter, steamed fresh or frozen asparagus, lemon slices and strawberry turnovers.

LAMB-AND-EGGPLANT PARMIGIANA

2–3 cups cubed cooked lamb
1 large or 2 medium eggplants
1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup chopped onion
3 tablespoons cooking oil
1 tablespoon flour
1 can (2-lb.-3-oz.) Italian-style tomatoes
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon oregano
¼ cup chopped parsley or 2 tablespoons dried
1 package (8-oz.) Mozzarella cheese, sliced
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Peel eggplant and cut into 2-inch cubes. Simmer for about 10 minutes in a little boiling, salted water. Drain. (2) In a skillet, sauté the garlic and onion in oil until the onion is just tender. Stir in the flour. Add the tomatoes, sugar, salt and herbs, stirring well. Simmer mixture about 15 minutes. (3) In a greased 2½-quart casserole, arrange half the eggplant and half the lamb. Top with half the sauce and half the cheese. Repeat layers. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 20–30 minutes or until casserole is bubbly and cheese is melted. Makes about 6–8 servings. Serve with hot Italian bread, noodles almondine, tossed green salad with bottled Burgundy or Chianti dressing, and canned pears with frozen raspberries, slightly thawed.

STUFFED ARTICHOKES AGORA

6 medium artichokes
8 tablespoons lemon juice
Filling:
2 cups ground cooked lamb
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons olive or cooking oil
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ cup chopped parsley
6 tablespoons consommé
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon snipped fresh dill or 1 teaspoon dried
1 teaspoon salt
Pinch pepper
¼ cup buttered bread crumbs
Sour Cream Hollandaise Sauce:
6 egg yolks
½ cup dairy-fresh sour cream
3 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard

(1) Wash artichokes and cut off stems. Remove coarse outer leaves. With a sharp knife, slice about 1 inch off the tops, cutting straight across. Turn artichoke right side up and pull the small yellow leaves from the center. Using a spoon, carefully scrape the fuzzy and prickly portion from the center of the heart. (2) Stand artichokes closely together in a deep kettle. Add 6 tablespoons lemon juice and boiling water to cover. Cover and cook until barely tender, about 20 minutes. Remove, using two slotted spoons, and turn upside down to drain. Cool. (3) For the filling, sauté the lamb and onion in 1 tablespoon oil until lightly browned. Remove from heat and mix in all remaining ingredients except buttered bread crumbs. (4) Fill artichokes with this mixture and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Arrange closely together in an oven-proof casserole. Brush artichokes with remaining 1 tablespoon oil. Fill the casserole to a depth of 1 inch with boiling water and remaining 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Cover tightly and bake until tender, about 1 hour. Makes 6 servings. Serve hot with following sauce. (5) Beat the egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Stir in remaining ingredients. Place in double boiler and cook, stirring, over simmering water until thickened, about 5 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 1¼ cups sauce. Serve with twisted noodles with chicken-sauce mix, Bibb lettuce and endive salad and fresh-fruit compote.

HERBED RIB ROAST

Standing 3-rib roast of beef (about 9–10 pounds)
¼ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon powdered savory
¼ teaspoon powdered rosemary
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
2 teaspoons seasoned salt
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups beef broth
1½ cups dry red wine
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

(1) Place beef, fat side up, in open roasting pan. Combine the herbs, mustard and seasoned salt. Rub into meat surface on all sides. Insert meat thermometer into thickest portion of meat. (2) Roast meat in a slow oven, 325° F., until desired degree of doneness is reached. Rare will take about 3½ hours, and will register 140° F.; medium about 4–4½ hours (160° F.); and well done about 4½ hours (170° F.). (3) Remove meat to a warm platter and prepare the gravy. (4) Pour off all but 3 tablespoons drippings from the roasting pan. Stir in the flour. Gradually add the beef broth, wine and Worcestershire sauce. Cook until smooth and thickened. Lower the heat and simmer for 10 minutes. Adjust seasonings to taste. Makes about 6–8 servings. Serve with oven-roasted potatoes, green beans with mushrooms and frozen parfait cake.

STEAKHOUSE HASH

3 cups finely diced leftover beef
2½ cups diced cooked potatoes
1 cup chopped onion
1½ cup chopped green pepper
1 cup consommé
2 tablespoons chili sauce
2 teaspoons seasoned salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons butter or margarine

(Continued on page 76)

DISCOVER A NEW WORLD OF TASTE

Rare and costly ingredients add magic to the taste of every Duncan Hines cake.

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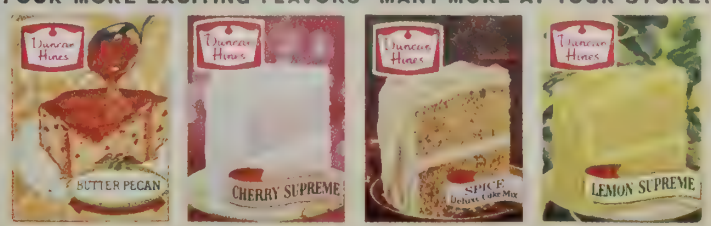

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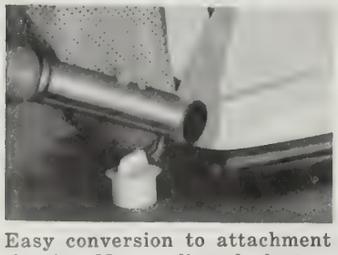

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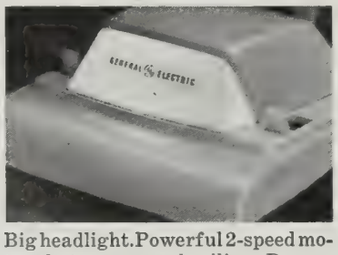

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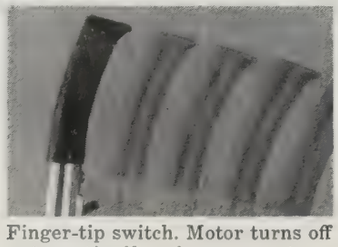

Finger-tip switch. Motor turns off automatically when you return the handle to upright position.

General Electric Company, Home Care and Comfort Products Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(1) In a large bowl, mix together all ingredients except butter or margarine. (2) Slowly heat butter or margarine in a large skillet. (A heavy skillet gives best results.) Add the hash, and press down with a spatula. Cook hash over medium heat until crust forms on bottom, about 15–20 minutes. (3) Loosen edges; fold the hash over as you would an omelet and turn out onto a hot platter. Serve with pickled red cabbage, canned French-fried onion rings, and pineapple cheesecake. Makes 4 servings.

15-MINUTE STROGANOFF

2 cups leftover beef, cut in thin strips
2 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 thinly sliced onions
1 clove garlic, minced
1 can (4-oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained
1 cup consommé
1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon tomato paste
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 can (1-lb.) small whole onions, drained
1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream

(1) Flour the beef lightly, reserving the remaining flour. (2) Melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet. Sauté the onions, meat, garlic, and mushrooms until golden. Remove and reserve. (3) Stir remaining flour in the drippings, and add the consommé, tomato paste, salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. (4) Add the canned onions, reserved meat and mushroom mixture. Cook until heated. Just before serving, stir in sour cream. Makes 4 servings. Serve with wild rice mix, baby peas in butter sauce, and spice-'n'-apple cake.

GLAZED BAKED HAM WITH CANDIED APPLES

1 fully cooked ham (8–10 pounds)
¾ cup brown sugar
6 tablespoons apple juice or cider
1 tablespoon dry mustard
Whole cloves

Candied Apples:
4 eating apples (McIntosh, Jonathans, Winesaps)
1½ cups sugar
1½ cups water
1 cinnamon stick
Juice and grated rind of 1 orange
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Red food coloring

(1) Place ham on rack in shallow roasting pan. Insert meat thermometer in center, away from bone. Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., until thermometer registers 130° F., about 3 hours. *Or* follow directions on the label. (2) In a small bowl, mix together the brown sugar, apple juice or cider, and mustard. (3) About 40 minutes before ham is done, remove from oven. With a sharp knife, remove remaining skin. In fat layer, make diagonal cuts, about 1½ inches apart, to form diamond pattern. Brush on some of the brown sugar mixture. Stud ham with cloves and return to the oven. Baste several times with remaining brown sugar mixture. When ham is done, transfer to a warm platter and let stand about 10 minutes for easier slicing. Makes 12–14 servings. (4) While the ham is baking, prepare the apples. In a large skillet or saucepan, mix gether sugar, water, cinnamon, ora rind, juices and several drops of coloring. (5) Bring syrup to a lower heat and simmer 5 minutes. apples and cut in half, crosswise. Pl cut side down in syrup and cook, tender and glazed. Turn the ap often, and spoon syrup over them stantly. Remove apples when ten with slotted spoon. Cook the syrup low heat until it is slightly thicke Pour over the apples. Chill. Arr around ham as garnish, or serve ham as a relish. Makes 12 servings. S with escalloped potatoes, spinach so and lemon chiffon pie.

HAM TETRAZZINI

3 cups cubed cooked ham
1 package (8-oz.) macaroni
5 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ pound mushrooms, sliced
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup flour
2 cups chicke broth
1¼ cups light cream
1 cup grated sharp Ched cheese
2 teaspoons s
⅛ teaspoon pe
1 teaspoon le juice
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Cook macaroni according to pac directions until barely tender. D (2) Meanwhile, melt butter or marg in a heavy kettle. Sauté mushrooms onions a few minutes until golden. B in flour, then broth and cream, stir until mixture is smooth and thicke (3) Add Cheddar cheese, salt, pe and lemon juice. Continue cooking stirring until cheese is melted. L heat and simmer sauce 10–15 min to blend flavors. (4) Mix macaroni the ham with the sauce. Spoon in greased 2-quart casserole and spri with the Parmesan cheese. Bake in a oven, 400° F., 20–30 minutes until is golden and casserole is bubbly. M 6 servings. Serve with frozen bro spears in butter sauce, tomato and onion salad, and sherbet with refriger slice-'n'-bake cookies.

SWEET-SOUR HAM WITH PEPPERS

3 cups diced cooked ham
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can (8¾-oz.) pineapple tidbits
2 small green peppers, cut in thin strips
½ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup chicken broth
½ cup cider vinegar
1 tablespoon sauce
4 maraschino cherries (optional)

(1) Lightly brown the ham in the bu or margarine. Add the pineapple the syrup and the green peppers. C and cook about 5 minutes—until peppers are just crisp-tender. (2) the brown sugar with the cornsta Add the broth, vinegar and soy sa (3) Add to the ham mixture and and stir until smooth and thicke Add the cherries and serve at once hot rice. Makes 6 servings. Start egg-drop soup (from a mix); for des serve vanilla ice cream with mand oranges and almond cookies.

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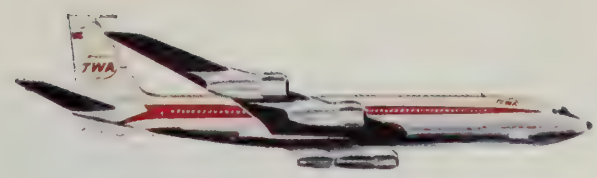

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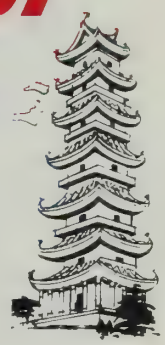
Yours! 28 days of living, laughing, loafing and eating on a global scale! You'll jet to Paris, London, Rome, Hong Kong, Tokyo via TWA and connecting airlines. You'll stay at the most famous hotels under the sun. And, you'll dine in fine style at the one and only Maxim's in Paris... the incomparable Alfredo's in Rome and other exotic and glamorous restaurants around the world. Itinerary, hotels, meals all paid for.



SECOND PRIZE: An exciting 14-day, expense paid European table-hopping tour for 2 via TWA!

You'll live it up in Europe for two unforgettable weeks! You'll tour with TWA and connecting airlines from Scandinavian countries to the sunny shores of Spain and Portugal! And, you'll hit the dining-out high spots in every country you and your companion visit!

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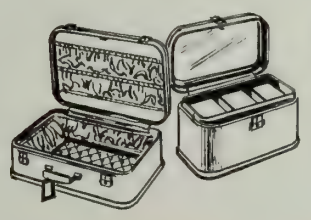

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EVERYBODY WINS! A coupon worth 29¢ toward the purchase of any size bottle of Mazola Corn Oil will be mailed to everybody who enters the contest. Limited to one coupon per family.

EASY TO ENTER . . . HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Read the Mazola Corn Oil advertisement on the opposite page carefully. Next, in twenty-five words or less, write down **which one of the 4 benefits is most important to you and why?** Use the entry blank on this page or a piece of paper. Make sure to include your name and address.

2. Mail your entry, together with a label from any size bottle of Mazola Corn Oil to: Mazola Corn Oil Contest, P.O. Box 12, New York 46, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 15 and received no later than June 22.

3. Entries will be judged by Advertising Distributors of America, an independent judging organization, on the basis of originality, aptness of thought, human interest, neatness and legibility.

Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Only one prize to a family.

4. Any resident of the United States may compete except employees of Corn Products Co., Advertising Distributors of America, their advertising agencies and their families. Entries will not be accepted from states where this contest is limited, restricted or prohibited by law. Entries belong to Corn Products Co. and none will be disclosed or returned.

5. Winners will be notified about two months after the close of contest. A complete list of winners will be available approximately three months after close of contest to those who send in a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MAIL IN THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY

Read the advertisement on the opposite page, then complete the following statement in 25 words or less:
Benefit #_____ is the most important to me because

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Mazola Corn Oil Contest, Dept. L,
P. O. Box 12, New York 46, N. Y.

The symposium, clockwise from left: Miss Height, Mrs. Price, Miss Hickey, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Phillips.

POLITICS WITHOUT MALICE

Panel finds extremism can be restrained only if moderates take more political responsibility

Friday, November 22, 1963, is a date which few of us will easily forget. Yet, even before we were all staggered by the terrible news of President Kennedy's death at the hands of a rifle-firing assassin in Dallas, a great many thoughtful Americans were already voicing concern over the growing violence and extremism of our political life as the country headed into an election year.

During 1963 the struggle over integration in the South had already been punctuated by the sound of gunfire and bombings. An assassin had fatally shot N.A.A.C.P. leader Medgar Evers from ambush in Mississippi, and a dynamite blast had killed four Negro girls in a Birmingham, Ala., church. Our chief delegate to the United Nations, Adlai Stevenson, had been vilified—not by Communists, but by Americans—and extremist groups of all kinds were flooding the mails and other communications media with their irrational messages. (As noted on page 15 of this issue, *Ladies' Home Journal* itself was recently the target of one such campaign.)

Thus, the course of events in American political life during 1963 seems anything but reassuring. Witnessing these events, a respected British political journal was prompted to ask: "The question . . . is whether the shooting of a President . . . marks the end of a violent schism or the beginning of a new one. . . . Will this extremism, with the hatred and violence, now wax or wane?"

To cast some light on the answer or answers to this important question and to determine the role American women can play in developing a successful resolution to the problems of political extremism, the *Journal* brought together a panel of distinguished American women to discuss the subject of "Politics Without Malice." The panel, moderated by Margaret Hickey, public affairs editor of the *Journal*, was composed of the presidents of four leading women's organizations: Mrs. Holton R. Price Jr. of the Girl Scouts of America; Mrs. Dexter Otis Arnold of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Robert J. Phillips of the League of Women Voters; Miss Dorothy I. Height of the National Council of Negro Women. Together, the members of the symposium represent some 15 million organized women in every part of the country.

The women of the *Journal's* symposium discussed the reasons for many Americans' reluctance to become involved, not only in practical politics, but in a stemming of the tide of extremism which seemed to culminate in the murder of the President. Prompted by Miss Hickey's feeling that the nation is emerging into "a new sense of political opportunity," the members of the panel sketched out the causes for one of the pressing problems of our age—the paralyzed moderate.

FEAR OF ECONOMIC REPRISAL, Mrs. Phillips suggested, is a virulent paralyzer. "In one area," she *(Continued on page 115)*

MARGARET HICKEY, *the symposium's moderator, has been public affairs editor of* Ladies' Home Journal *since 1946. She was born in Kansas City, now lives in St. Louis with her husband, Joseph T. Strubinger. Miss Hickey has served on many governmental advisory groups, and was recently appointed to the post of chairman of the Citizens' Advisory Council on the Status of Women.*

MRS. DEXTER OTIS ARNOLD, *of Concord, N.H., is the youngest president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She is the wife of the superintendent of schools of Saugerties, N.Y., an alumna of Syracuse University, and in the year of 1952 was named "New Hampshire's Most Distinguished Citizen" by the University of New Hampshire.*

MISS DOROTHY I. HEIGHT, *of New York City, is president of the National Council of Negro Women. A director of leadership training for the YWCA, she is a director of the YWCA's national program for desegregation. Like Miss Hickey, she has served on several government advisory groups, and is on the Citizens' Advisory Council on the Status of Women.*

MRS. ROBERT J. PHILLIPS *has been national president of the League of Women Voters since 1958 and a League member since 1926, the year of her graduation from Knox College in Galesburg, Ill. She is a member of the President's Commission on Registration and Voting Participation, lives in St. Charles, Ill., and has a married son and daughter and six grandchildren.*

MRS. HOLTON R. PRICE JR. *is president of the Girl Scouts of the United States of America. She was elected to that post last October. Active in community affairs in St. Louis, where she makes her home with her husband, Mrs. Price has served the Girl Scout organization for almost 25 years. She has two daughters who are married and five grandchildren.*

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Cover Girl covers so completely, looks so natural no one would guess you're wearing make-up. Best of all, it's glamour that's *good* for your skin! Most make-ups do nothing for your skin, but Cover Girl—and *only* Cover Girl—helps *improve* your complexion with the proven beauty benefits of *famous Noxzema medication.*

Use fragrant Cover Girl liquid every morning; pat on the matching powder for a sheer, soft finish. Your make-up will always look fresh and smooth—never caky or mask-y. The antiseptic powder fights germs on your puff, guards against skin problems with every touch-up. You'll love *your* new Cover Girl complexion!

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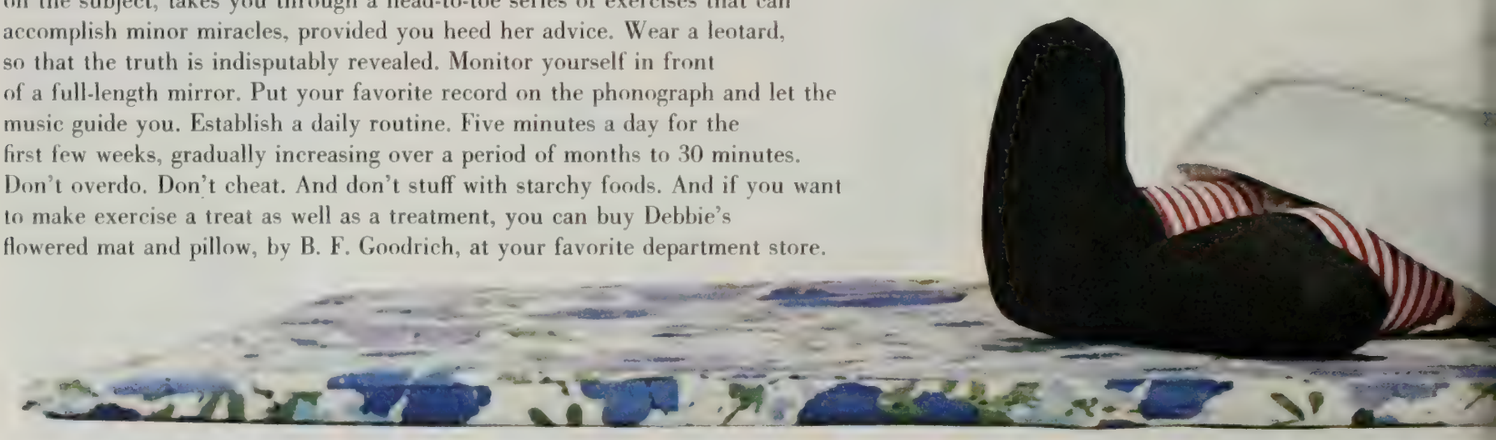
Rag-Doll Exercises

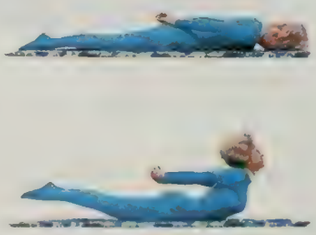
By Dorothy Anne Robinson, *Beauty Editor*

Are you ready for the long, active summer ahead? Or has the long, inactive winter tied you in knots? One way to unravel: Hop the exercise bandwagon. Have you noticed? Everybody's doing them—for fun, for relaxation, for better posture, for a zippier figure, for more zip, for that nice, loose, rag-doll feeling. On these pages, exercise expert Debbie Drake, who has produced a television show, a newspaper column, a record and a book on the subject, takes you through a head-to-toe series of exercises that can accomplish minor miracles, provided you heed her advice. Wear a leotard, so that the truth is indisputably revealed. Monitor yourself in front of a full-length mirror. Put your favorite record on the phonograph and let the music guide you. Establish a daily routine. Five minutes a day for the first few weeks, gradually increasing over a period of months to 30 minutes. Don't overdo. Don't cheat. And don't stuff with starchy foods. And if you want to make exercise a treat as well as a treatment, you can buy Debbie's flowered mat and pillow, by B. F. Goodrich, at your favorite department store.

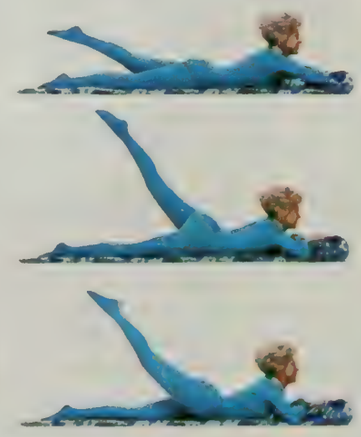


WAIST, HIP, THIGH TRIMMER: *Lie on left side, upper part of body propped up by left forearm and right hand. Trying to keep upper part of body straight, tighten hip and thigh muscles and roll forward so that stomach is almost flat on floor. Roll back as far as possible. Return to side position. Do five rolls; repeat on right side. Work up to 30 on each side.*

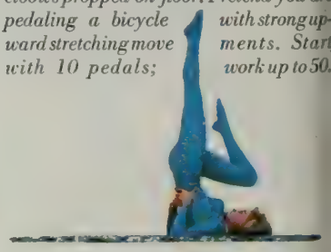
ALL-OVER STRETCH: *Lie on stomach, legs straight out, face down, hands clasped firmly behind back. Slowly raise legs and head from floor simultaneously, making sure to keep legs straight and close together, and arching back as much as possible. Then slowly lower head and legs to floor. Relax. Repeat five times. Work up to 15 stretches.*



STOMACH AND HIP SLIMMER: *Lie on stomach, with hands resting on pillow, head up, legs straight out. Swing left leg up straight as high as you can, and down. (Keep stomach flat on floor and swing from the hip.) Repeat five times. Relax. Then repeat with right leg five times. Relax. Work up to 20 swings with each leg, relaxing after each set of five.*



HIP AND THIGH TRIMMER: *Lie supine on floor with knees bent, arms at sides, hands under hips. Swing legs up, rolling yourself back and up onto your shoulders, supporting body with hands at waist, elbows propped on floor. Pretend you are pedaling a bicycle with strong upward stretching movements. Start with 10 pedals; work up to 50.*



 PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO. RAGGEDY ANN DOLL: F. A. O. SCHWARZ.

TO WHITTLE WAIST, FIRM HIPS AND THIGHS *(first group of photos from left): Lie flat on floor, left knee bent. Keeping shoulders flat on floor, twist to the right, touching knee to floor. Return to starting position (center photo) and reverse procedure for right leg. Repeat entire exercise six times; work up to 24.* **TO SLIM HIPS, THIGHS, STOMACH** *(center photos): Lie on left hip (upper torso supported by left arm); grasp right foot with right hand. Swing knee forward then back, touching floor in each case with knee. Repeat five times. Reverse position and repeat with left leg. Work up to 40 swings with each leg, alternating after 10.* **FOR PRETTIER POSTURE** *(directly left): Lie flat on back, arms at sides, raised three inches above floor. Keeping body flat and arms straight, slowly stretch arms out, then slowly circle above head until fingers touch. Then bring arms forward over body and down to sides. Work up from five to 15 circles.*

SILHOUETTE STRETCH: *Kneel on mat and slowly relax your lower body until you are sitting on your heels. Bend forward and stretch arms out straight in front of you, palms on floor, head bowed. Lunge forward, shifting the weight of your body to your hands and feet. Then throw head back. Return to position. Start with five; work up to 15.*

CHIN-AND-THROAT-LINE FIRMER: *Lie on floor with a firm pillow under your back and shoulders (be sure it is not under the neck and head), head resting on floor, arms crossed over chest, elbows up, legs out straight. Slowly raise your head from floor and then as slowly lower it. Repeat five times. Relax. Work up to 20, relaxing after each set of five.*

CALF SHAPER: *Kneel on left knee, right leg forward, hands resting on knee. Spring forward, lifting left knee off floor as you shift weight to right leg. Keep the right heel on the floor as you pump right knee forward four times. Return to kneeling position; reverse legs and repeat exercise. Gradually work up to three times with each leg. No more.*

BUSTLINE FIRMER: *Sit on floor, legs and back straight, a firm pillow on lap. Clasp hands under chin, elbows straight out in front at shoulder level. Squeeze pillow with elbows; relax; squeeze again. Start with five; work up to no more than 20. Rest for half a minute after 10 squeezes. This exercise will help not only to firm but also to lift the bustline.*

After all those years I still wanted to see Hazel again, but I had no idea why I was risking it.

Further Education

BY JOHN WAIN

It doesn't take much to raise a ghost. This one was raised by the voice of my secretary saying, "I thought I'd better put this letter aside for you to look at personally, Mr. Richards. It doesn't look like a thing that could go through the ordinary routine of the firm."

At that, I knew at once that something special, and probably irritating and/or money-losing, was coming my way. The firm's routines are pretty inclusive ones—I've seen to that—and anything that can't be absorbed by them means trouble, as a rule. But this wasn't trouble. Just a ghost. And I don't believe in ghosts, so why should I worry?

Dear James, the letter said.

It must be all of twenty years since we met, though I must say our undergraduate days seem only yesterday to me. Perhaps that is the result of being continuously in the same surroundings, having stayed in Oxford all through the years and, indeed, at the same College. I don't recall having seen you at College reunions or celebrations of any kind, though of course these events are apt to be tiresome, and are avoided by many men who look back quite kindly on their student years and the associations that date from them. I hope this is the case with you, because I have a request to make, and, if you don't remember our earlier contact with some sort of pleasure, it is bound to seem an intrusion. . . .

Not a bad opening for a begging letter, eh? Plenty of dignity, a good selling line, a handshake that wasn't a backslap at the same time. (I could use that man!) I'd looked at the end of the letter, of course, to see the name before I started to read it. But even if I hadn't, I'd have known by the end of the first paragraph. Poor old Gerard. Bill Gerard, the one man I'd met at Oxford who could truly be called a scholar and a gentleman. In my own case, as I freely admitted, I'd gone up to Oxford to have a good time and make a few contacts; I never made the slightest attempt to be a scholar, and though I can be a gentleman when I want to, I don't always want to. That's why, after twenty years, he was writing begging letters to me, instead of the other way round.

After two decades of sitting still at Oxford, I am about to take a plunge into what seems, to me, the world of action. There is a big educational scheme afoot in East Africa, and I am going out there to play what part I can in it.

I skipped the next bit, just glancing over it and getting a name here and a figure there. Just like Bill Gerard to get all starry-eyed about a scheme for educating black savages. I could see him, standing up there and talking about Plato to a lot of stark-naked buck Africans pretending to listen while actually they were wondering what his liver would taste like, fried or grilled. So that was the magnet that was drawing him away from his comfortable nest in Oxford—the fool. I felt the blood rising to my face with annoyance, the same annoyance I feel when these fools come round trying to bleed me white for these crazy schemes like "war on want." Good God, they just can't see beyond the ends of their noses. Suppose they do succeed—which they won't—in stamping out the hunger and disease these Africans and Asians live in. What then? As soon as they're not hungry anymore, they work better, they dress in good clothes, they pick up skills. Next thing they're running their own industries and it's "White man, get out." Every time one of these damned interfering fools signs a check for another truckload of food and medicines for some benighted part of the earth, they're carving another slice off the market that keeps *them* alive. War on want! Once get rid of their want and we'll have war all right. Economic war to the knife. I never argue with these people, mind you. All you can do in this world is look after your own interests and let 'em get on with it.

So here was old Bill Gerard, coming back into my life after twenty years, asking me for money to set him up on a lecture platform in East Africa, talking about Plato to chaps with filed teeth. And the only thing I could think of was, What about Hazel? How will she fit into East Africa?

I called my secretary over, and was just going to dictate some kind of polite brush-off, when suddenly a wild idea struck me. I wanted to see Hazel again. Yes, and even Bill. It would amuse me to take a look at him too. They say you oughtn't to revisit your past, but I don't know. *(Continued on page 86)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE PASSALACQUA

The word gets around

...that Beauty Mist is especially for the woman who wants beautifully fashioned seamless nylons...but who likes to keep her stocking purchases at a dollar. Slip your legs into Beauty Mist. You will be so in love with Beauty Mist fit and flattery, you'll feel expensive all over. And only you will know how little you paid.

beauty mist
SEAMLESS STOCKINGS

Further Education *continued*

So I went straight ahead and dictated a personal letter to Bill, suggesting that I call at his house one weekend and discuss the possibility of contributing to his African fund. He replied, and that was that. Sunday lunch at his house in North Oxford. I brushed off any suggestion of taking Liz and the kids along for the trip. Told them it was business. I told Evans to bring the car round for me at three-thirty, and there I was, settled down in the back, lighting a cigarette and watching the scenery slide past me. And not until that moment did it really hit me. I was going to see Hazel again. And I had no idea, absolutely none, why I was doing it.

I had enjoyed my time at Oxford. After all, when you've spent three years sitting on the deck of a destroyer, it's difficult not to enjoy a life as easygoing as that. It was irritating, in a way, to spend half of each year away from town but it's only sixty miles—you can always get up to London for a show or a party, if you make the effort. Yes, all round it was very well worth it, especially as I met some people who've since proved very good friends, both in the business and outside it.

One thing it didn't do—and nobody was surprised—was to give me a thirst for book learning. I'm a pretty well-informed person and like to know the score, but as far as I could see, the kind of information that comes under the heading of "scholarship" was useless for any real purpose: all it did was clutter your brain. I went along with it, of course, sufficiently to pick up the magic letters after my name. They look nice on the firm's letterhead. And it had its interesting sides. But to be interested all the time, to give your days and nights to this stuff and never ask for anything better, you'd need a special kind of brain. And I knew only one man who had. Bill Gerard.

Bill lived for two things. His work, and Hazel. Where he got her I never knew. I mean, she was at the university, but how he came to nab her was a mystery to all of us. She was the goods. Tall, copper-headed, with a build on her that made your mouth water. And she was inseparable from Bill. You never saw her without him.

All of us, at different times, tried to slide in and steer her away, but there was never anything doing.

Why the surprise? Lots of girls at that age attach themselves to a man and ask nothing better than to spend all their time with him. It makes them feel secure. There are women who can't bear freedom. It makes them feel lost, uncertain of their own identity from day to day.

Granted. But Hazel didn't look at all that type. There was a wildness about her. In her eyes, in the fullness of her mouth, in her face with a touch of the Mongol in its high cheekbones, there was something that looked out at you, and whatever that something may have been, it wasn't tameness or domesticity. So why did she stick to Bill, never showing any interest in anyone else, as the months lengthened into years?

The explanation we all gave at the time, whenever we discussed it behind their backs, was that Bill was going to marry Hazel. In our eyes that explai everything. Marriage, to us, was suc gigantic and unthinkable step, suc sacrifice in which the man gave up ab lutely everything that made life wo living and only the girl benefited, tha seemed capable of resolving any puz If Hazel already looked on Bill as husband, well, naturally she was sa fied with him. I see now how shallow t explanation was. I know that the wo ing of a girl's mind is more complex th that. Still, that was how we had it do out, back in that first summer after war.

Bill had been up at Oxford before war and got through part of his cou then, which was the reason why he t his finals a year ahead of most of u remember hearing him say once, in Common Room, that he wanted to over the undergraduate stage as soo he could. It struck me as summing in a few words the difference betw him and the rest of us. Undergradu life—a perfect excuse for taking it e for a bit—suited the rest of us very w but Bill wanted to take a header into deep waters of "research" and the res it that lay beyond. I had just eno imagination to be able to tell the kin thing that went on in his mind. All big adventures happened to him when was sitting still. He had inward-look eyes—even when he was looking i your face he was only seeing you chanically, so to speak. His eyes t on the sparkle of real interest only w he was looking at a book, taking it d from the shelf and fingering it, lea through the pages to see if it would in est him. And, of course, when he loo at Hazel. He was quite sure she in ested him.

Well, I'd watched for my chance w the rest. And now, twenty years late was sitting back in my car, stream down the highway, with lots of mone the bank and everything going well, nice wife and kids, feeling as yo as I ever did and certainly nothing old enough to live in the past—and where was I going? To Bill's house, see Hazel. Raising a ghost when I d even believe in ghosts.

I don't myself use the expression love," because it seems to me that t kind of biological need isn't love. Or, is, then I can claim to have been a g lover for years, in my single-minded votion to grilled steak. Needs are ne not ideals. Still, there are certain ti and places in which it's very difficult to fall into the kind of slushy idiom which you speak of a yen for a gir "love," and Oxford in May and Jun like that. If you've ever been there that time, you won't need me to fil the details. The young fresh grass, blossoms and, over it all, that inci river smell, all weeds and minnows, t rises from the Thames and spreads o the whole town, suggesting lazy af noons and indiscretions in punts. Ad few all-night college dances, with he flower scents coming through the d summer night, and everybody's well a truly launched. It all puts a young m into the state where if the right girl i there for him to project his "love" f tasies onto, he'll go ahead and proj them onto the wrong one.

Good fun? Brings a sentimental t to the eye? Perhaps, if it works out ri For me, it didn't. I made the kind mistake that's so difficult to underst when you look back on it at forty. I

ned up over the wrong girl. Bill's Oh, I tried to be sensible. I told my- that other girls had tawny eyes, and cheekbones, and lithe, purposeful es. But it was no good—I wanted el. And she was Bill's.

aving tried to be sensible and given up, I tried the other thing. Full n ahead and crash in. Worshiping afar isn't my line. When I want gs I go and get them, and at least if i't get them I leave the marks of my and nails in them for all to see. At I tried to play it cool, waiting for the moment when Bill's back was turned slipping in the casual invitation to e and drink a glass of sherry in my ns. God knows, if she had turned up ave raped her and let the chips fall e they may. But it was always, I bring Bill?" and then, of course, e landed with a situation I couldn't and would have to squirm out of it how.

ings went on like this until I heard somewhere that they were going et married straightaway, as soon as had got his degree. That stunned me. member the moment I first heard t it. My knees literally sagged and t I had to sit down. Of course I'd vn they were booked to get married, that was comfortably in the future. ever realized they were going to be t, in Oxford, as man and wife, so I'd always be running into them. use, as I learned at the same time, was more or less certain to stay on. were keeping a junior fellowship n for him. So he'd be setting up e with Hazel, changing her name, ding her and leading her about as his tame heifer right before my eyes. a few hours I seriously considered ng Oxford—going down there and , at the end of my second year, and ng a job.

ut my natural determination came . I don't like having my plans in- red with. Not even the girl I was love" with was going to have *that* of power over me.

l the same, I was in pretty consider- agony. I couldn't give my mind to ying life, so I tried to fill in the time orking, but of course I couldn't give mind to that either. The days were ng by without the slightest profit, ing I can't abide: I'd had enough hat on the deck of that damned oyer.

hen Fate, with its well-known sense umor, gave me a throw of the dice. one throw.

was a brutally hot day in the second in June. I'd got up late after a less night, and just about mustered energy to get into my clothes and ble out. It was somewhere between day and one o'clock, and the paving es were frying. I hadn't worn a hat, the sun fairly grilled the back of my as I walked slowly up the High. I dn't decide whether to try and eat h, regarding it as breakfast, or step a pub and start soaking up beer n. If I did, I knew I'd be too inert to out of it, so I'd probably drink till t three and then go back to bed, drunk and with an empty stomach. an attractive thought. I was won- ng, in a bemused way, what I *was* g to do, and how much longer I d walk in this glaring heat without ng down in a fit of sunstroke, when I zed there was a female shape stand- right in front of me and I was about ump into it. Muttering an apology, I raised my eyes and found myself looking at Hazel.

"Oh," I said. "Er . . . what are you doing here?" As if I'd met her in the Gobi Desert.

"Bill's taking a paper," she said.

The heat crashed on my skull; my shirt was pasted to my back; and what with the fatigue, Hazel's nearness, and everything else, I was incapable of forming the simplest ideas. Then it dawned on me. We were standing outside the Examination Schools. Bill was in there, scribbling away for dear life, unloading the knowledge that would bring him a degree, and the degree would bring him a job, and the job would bring him a marriage license. . . .

"Come and have a drink," I said, feebly groping for her arm.

"I'm waiting for Bill. He'll be out in a minute, and I'm going to cook him some lunch to save him having to sit in a stuffy restaurant in this heat."

I looked at my watch. "You're at least fifteen minutes too early," I said. "And after they finish, he'll be another five minutes getting out, which gives you twenty minutes to have a five-minute drink with an old admirer." I leered at her, unleashing a cloud of breath that must have corroded the stonework of the Examination Schools, and at the same time wiped a boiling deposit of sweat off my neck. Prince Charming. And to cap it all, my eyes compulsively dropped to her magnificent bosom, and I knew I could have been arrested just for the thoughts that were going through my mind.

She demurred a bit more, but the cool bar was only a few steps away, and the pavement must have felt uncomfortably hot through her thin shoes. In a couple of minutes we were installed, I with a pint of beer and she with a glass of chilled white wine. I looked at her, averted my eyes because of the pain of her beauty, took a gigantic swig of the beer, turned back to her, and all of a sudden it had happened. I was talking fast, blurting out the whole story of my need for her.

"Look, it's madness," I said. "A girl should never marry the first man she loves. What's going to happen when you grow up and change? No, listen to me, for God's sake. There's just time. You're not married yet. I love you. I know I could make you happy. Look, we understand each other. You're not Bill's type. You're mine."

"That's just it," she said, slipping down from her stool. I reached out and for one shuddering instant my fingers closed round her smooth, shapely wrist. Then it struck me that she'd said something odd.

"What d'you mean, 'That's just it'?" I said.

"I mean it's not a question of whose type I am," she said. "It's more a question of who I can trust. And trust myself with."

"Come back!" I said, loudly, as she made for the door.

"Easy, easy," said the landlord. "It's too hot for a disturbance." He was trying to play it good-temperedly, but I could see from the hard look in his eyes that he was ready to throw me out. And Hazel had gone. All of a sudden I wanted to stop thinking about her. I drank the rest of my beer and ordered more. The landlord was mollified. We talked about cricket, and I got more voluble as pint after pint went down. But underneath it all I was aware that the meaning of Hazel's words was *(Continued on Page 106)*

Dry skin? Not me, darling.

I'm an old smoothie. (You'd never guess how old!) Because I never, never bathe without Sardo. Sardo bathes away dry skin. Gives my skin precious moisture. (Moisture is really a girl's best friend.) Rough heels? Chapped knees? Flaky elbows? Itchy skin? Not me. A capful of Sardo in every bath makes them all a thing of the past. Where do you get Sardo? At your drug or cosmetic counter. Where else?

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Bathes Away Dry Skin.

UNCLE CHOLLY

"I was once dead for an hour," Uncle Cholly was fond of saying. "I've smelled the other shore. No one who has been through such an experience can ever again be like other people."

It was impossible not to believe him. First of all, he was unlike other people. But more than that, he had a quality of truth about him that made everything he said implicitly believable. It emanated from him like charm, which is another hard thing to describe. And even now, when I realize how much of what he told me was by ordinary standards a lie or at best an embroidery, I know that somehow it was really truth.

He was, in appearance, an elegant man, tall and slim, with small, always scrupulously clean hands and small feet on which he wore very pointed, highly burnished shoes and, in winter, spats. I never knew him to own more than two suits, one the approximate color of his silver hair, and the other dark blue with a faint stripe in a lighter blue that matched his eyes. Whether they were the same two suits through all those years, I have no idea. They never looked either old or new, but always immaculate, beautifully fitting and crisply pressed.

Most members of the family, my mother included, found his elegance offensive. I think they felt that a man who did no work ought to look like a bum, and that he was somehow flaunting his shiftlessness in their faces. The other aunts and uncles were always warning my mother against allowing me to come so much under his influence, but the more she tried to set me against him, the more I defended him; not to her—I knew it would have done no good—but to myself.

"Why don't you work like other men?" I asked him once when I was very young.

"You mean work at a job? In an office?" He gave his soft, almost inaudible chuckle. "Why should I?"

"I mean ——" I floundered. "Well, everybody does."

He bent on me his lucent, blue-eyed gaze. "That's no reason for doing anything in this world," he said. "It's the reason of cowards and fools. Remember that, Roxane."

Everyone else called me Roxy, but when he said my name I felt grown-up and beautiful. He had read me *Cyrano de Bergerac* before I was ten, and often after that at my request, both in English and in French.

> *"Ton nom est dans mon coeur . . ."*
> "Your name is a bell in my heart,
> And whenever I tremble, Roxane,
> The bell quivers and your name rings!"

By Gertrude Schweitzer

ILLUSTRATION BY DES ASMUSSEN

'he family didn't approve of him—but he brought new magic into a child's world.

I don't know where he learned French, or any of the other things he knew and taught me. He had to leave school and go to work when he was fourteen. He worked for twenty years, nine to five like anyone, but that was before I was born. One of my first recollections was of hearing everybody in the family saying they always knew he would never amount to anything. Maybe he took courses then, when he had all that time, or maybe it was just from the prodigious reading he did, but it seemed to me when I was a child—and still does, for that matter—that he knew something about everything.

Uncle Cholly. If ever a name was unsuitable, it was that one. He should have been called Bartholomew or Dudley or Hugh. Even Charles would have been all right. But his German grandmother had saddled him with Cholly, and Cholly he remained, even to himself.

"Think how hurt she'd be if I called attention to her accent by changing it," he said when I asked him about it.

"But she's dead," I said. "She wouldn't know."

"How can you be sure she wouldn't?"

"Well, but when you're dead ——"

"You don't know anything about when you're dead," he told me gently. "Remember, I was once dead for an hour." He always got a special look when he mentioned this, something like the look people get when they have seen the Winged Victory, or Vesuvius fuming over the Bay of Naples, and you haven't. "But even if she didn't know, I would. It would be as though I were laughing at her, living on her money and laughing at her."

He never made any bones about its being his grandmother's trust fund that gave him his freedom from work. It wasn't a great deal of money, but he managed to live well enough on it. She had left it to him in a crude, handwritten, airtight will. BECAUSE HE WAS ALWAYS NICE TO ME, NOT FROM DUTY BUT AS IF FROM ENJOYMENT, AND BECAUSE HE WON'T SPEND IT FOOLISH LIKE THE OTHERS WOULD, I LEAVE ALL MY PROPERTY IN TRUST FOR MY GRANDSON. . . .

The day the will was read he gave his notice at the office. "Imagine a healthy man retiring at thirty-four!" my mother would tell me. "Papa, his brother, never retired at all. He even went downtown three days a week when he was eighty-two. But you have to pick the family loafer to be in cahoots with."

I once asked Uncle Cholly, with the marvelous directness of childhood, whether he was a loafer.

"Well, now, what do you think a loafer is?" he responded, giving the question the same grave consideration he gave all my questions. "Is it somebody who doesn't spend most of his life working by the clock at something he doesn't care anything about, producing something of no permanent value to anyone, just so he can stay alive?" He gave his soft chuckle. "You can't follow that, can you? I don't wonder. The answer is no, I am not a loafer."

"I didn't think you were," I said.

"If there's something you want to do," he told me, "something that burns in you, then that's a different thing. Then work at it, let nothing stop you, give most of your life to it because it is your life. That's altogether a different thing." He ran his finger down the crease in his trousers, pinching it even though it did not need it. "Nothing ever burned in me."

Sunday afternoons

...Bayer® Aspirin doesn't make you sleep; it lets you sleep, by relieving the little aches and pains that can keep you awake.

On the other hand, the widely advertised combination-of-ingredients pain relievers that contain caffeine (the sleep-robber in coffee) can make you even more restless. Caffeine can jangle your nerves and disturb your sleep.

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UNCLE CHOLLY *continued*

in the city were deadly for children. Something was written about that once, wasn't it? About children's being bored on Sundays. But I spent almost every Sunday afternoon with Uncle Cholly. Sometimes he called for me, braving my mother's coolness. I was always afraid she wouldn't, at the last minute, let me go, but even she was not proof against his persuasiveness.

"After all, Mildred, I'm her only living male relative. She can't grow up properly without some male influence."

"None at all might be better than yours."

"It would have worried Paul to think there'd be no one when he was gone. Our companionship would have been a great relief to his mind."

I always held my breath until we were downstairs in the elevator and out in the street, because she could have had the doorman stop us, though of course she never did.

I liked it better when we met in the park, and better still when I was old enough to take the bus downtown to his little apartment. What we did, where we went from the starting point, was always a surprise. That was part of the charm of those Sundays. What child can resist a surprise? We might go to a museum or a concert or a foreign film, or we might take a ferry ride, visit the zoo, or window-shop along the deserted avenue.

The thing is, I never knew in advance. And I was never disappointed. Even the zoo was different, through Uncle Cholly's eyes.

"That's Babette, the baboon. Isn't she delightful? Don't laugh. You wouldn't laugh if you knew about her. She's a great clubwoman, never happier than when she's at a big baboon meeting. . ."

I learned a great deal about baboons, and many other things, without realizing I was being taught. I learned to play the piano, entranced first by Uncle Cholly's games with the keys and then by the marvel of what my own fingers could produce.

"You have a gift, Roxane," he told me when I was twelve. "I once thought I had a gift myself. But when I played for my friend, Dame Myra Hess, she said, 'Cholly, you play well enough, but your gift is the gift of appreciation.' I n have looked a little dashed, because added, 'Without your gift, mine w be diminished.' "

I am sure now that he never k Dame Myra, or any other great pia but if he had she might well have that to him. Just as I am sure he w have wept, as he told me he did, a first glimpse of the Arch of Titus in moonlight, or had an all-night discus with James Joyce about the rebellio Stephen Dedalus, if he had ever bee Rome or ever met Joyce. Everythin said was fundamentally true. By ma minor changes in the circumstances merely furnished the knowledge he parted to me with a color and an au ity that made it stick in my mind for

If Dame Myra Hess thought her would be diminished without U Cholly's appreciation, certainly it reasonable for me to think mine w be. Thus the way was paved, first, fo hours I played for him, sometime peating a piece a dozen times, unt last he said, "Ah, yes! Yes, Roxa later, when he felt he had nothing to teach me, for the instruction h sisted upon getting me.

I was old enough by then to pro to tell him he couldn't afford the ki teacher he proposed for me. It was only time I ever saw him angry.

"Never say that to anyone again retorted. "Never tell anyone wha can or cannot afford. How do know?"

I stammered something; I don' member what. But I do rememb looked around his dark, cluttered apartment—one room and a kit ette—with knowledgeable eyes. I loved it, but now I recognized the s ness of its furnishings, and knew tha paintings which covered every in wall space, the statuary in every co the ceramics crowded on mantel an bles, even some of the sheet music the books that were piled all over, not the accumulation of a prospe collector, but gifts from friends, own work. He had scarcely any possessions.

"You know only what you see, said, following my glance. "No knows another man's hungers. choose to help you make the mo your talent, even if I (Contin

"This is the spot I was telling you about."

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1438 Treat your garden to the flattery and fragrance of these new hyacinth gems! Sparkling masses of Amethyst bells, gloriously complemented by the soft glowing yellow of the thickly clustered Topaz. So lovely together — nature's own lavishly radiant crown jewels! Collection of 10 bulbs; 5 Amethyst and 5 Topaz, separately labelled.
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3 for 1.00; 6 for 1.98; 25 for 7.95

FIRST PINK DAFFODIL

2436 The original Mrs. R. O. Backhouse "Queen of the Pinks"! Its fluted trumpet shades apricot-to-pink backed by a 3 to 4" ivory white perianth. Lovely as an orchid!
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THE EMPEROR TRIPLETS — LARGEST AND EARLIEST!

1610 RED EMPEROR—A glorious tulip that actually blooms before the Crocuses fade—the only tall, large tulip to flower so early! A show-piece of brilliance, grace, size . . . huge 9-inch blooms are a fluorescent vermilion-scarlet that glows in the sunshine. Open to dinner-plate size, revealing a richer scarlet and yellow-ringed black center. 15-inch stems. Top-quality re-selected stock, the finest you can buy anywhere; grown especially for Breck's and guaranteed true to name!
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6 for 1.00; 12 for 1.98;50 for 7.85

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Blazes of vivid, happy bloom! All colors in each mix—even stripes!
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214 Enormous peony-like double ooms in colors peonies never knew! lay-flowering great beauties on 20" tems that inspire creative arrange-ents. Selected color mixture.
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1925 Variegated, multiple color explosion! Indescribable shades of red, purple, lavender, yellow, white —all feathered with contrasting colors. Breathtakingly beautiful!
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2972 Brightly colored daisy-like Anemones up to 2" across, 5" high, with fern-like foliage. Bloom even before crocuses, last for months. Hardy, increase for years.
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1909 New, early hybrids, distinguished for variegated markings, their pointed petals and tapestry foliage. Brilliant red, yellow, pink, orange blooms on 10" stems.
6 for 1.00; 12 for 1.98; 50 for 7.85

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1446 World's choicest garden-size bulbs! Depend on them to produce big spikes, uniform and full-flowering, that stay lovely for weeks—and bloom for many years. Special ALL COLORS assortment, a joy to behold, each vibrant color all the more appealing because it's set off by the others. And the special bonus of hyacinth fragrance makes every walk in the garden a double pleasure! Finest hyacinth mixture money can buy!
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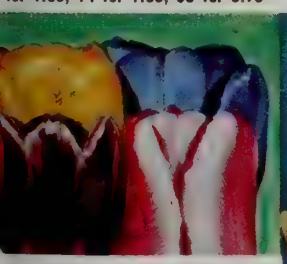

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180 The tulip mixture to top them ll in quality, luxury! Huge tall-temmed flowers in full range of orgeous colors. **Would cost lots nore if bought separately!**
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QUANTITY	NUMBERS	BULBS	PRICE
		TOTAL	

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Don't poke it or pinch it. Just pick it up and hold it in your hand. The heavier a grapefruit is, the juicier it is. The better it tastes, and the more Vitamin C it contains.

The little brown spots and the greenish glow are signs of goodness, too. Some folks in Florida actually look for spots—such as those put there by leaves brushing gently back and forth. They claim these indicate the hardiest, heartiest grapefruit of all.

And the greenish glow? After it ripens, a Florida grapefruit gets green again on the outside. That's "regreening"—nature's way of saying: "This grapefruit is greatfruit! Ready to pick! Ready to buy! Ready to serve!"

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT IS GREATFRUIT

starve for it, how can you tell me I've made a bad choice? How can you possibly know?" He began to smile at me now. "Anyway, you can set your mind at rest. I won't starve."

My mother thought the whole thing was preposterous. It was just like Uncle Cholly, she said, to fritter away what she called his "substance" on some foolish notion.

"If you're set on piano lessons, we can get Miss Simpson, though I don't see much sense in it and we've got little enough money to spare, goodness knows. Nobody listens to girls playing the piano any more, when they can hear real pianists on the radio."

Uncle Cholly had already taken me way past Miss Simpson, who taught some of the children in the neighborhood for three dollars an hour. But when I told my mother so, and declared that I intended to become a real pianist myself, she said I was talking as wild as Uncle Cholly, and this was the kind of thing that came of seeing so much of him.

"You'd be a lot better off going to dances with some nice boys," she said. "Uncle Cholly may think it's fine not to be married, but I can tell you it's mighty lonesome for a woman."

It was because of this conversation that I broached the subject of marriage to Uncle Cholly, as I broached most subjects that concerned me. I did not tell my mother that boys bored me and the school dances seemed silly and childish to me and I much preferred to spend my time with Uncle Cholly, but I told him.

"You'll change your mind," he said. "Your mother's right, you know, about its being lonesome."

"I won't be lonesome. I'll have my music. I'll be a famous pianist, and people will come to hear me and flock around me."

"Even so," he said. "It won't be enough."

"Why not? What's so marvelous about getting married? You never did."

He gave me a long, speculative look, and then turned to gaze out the window. There was nothing to see out there. His apartment was on a court, facing other apartments with blank, drawn-blind windows. In winter it wasn't even possible to hear the radios or the voices of mothers calling or scolding their children.

"My life isn't over, you know," he said. "A man is in his prime at fifty-two."

He was almost fifty-six, and I think I knew it at the time, but he told no lie, did he? The matter of whether or not a man is in his prime at fifty-two might be a matter for argument, depending on the man; a lie it is not.

"Can you keep a secret, Roxane?" he asked me, turning suddenly from the window and giving me his smile. "A secret nobody knows but myself and one other person?"

"Of course," I said with dignity.

He nodded. "Of course. And I think you have a right to know. After all, we've been friends a long time, haven't we?" He got up and went over to the desk and began rummaging in a drawer. As dapper as he always was personally, he lived in a continual clutter, yet he seemed to know where everything was. In a moment or two he found what he wanted in the overflowing drawer and brought it to me. "Do you like her?" he asked me.

It was a photograph of a young woman's head. She had a cloud of dark hair, arranged in no particular style, and a small face in which the dark eyes looked enormous and rather frightened. Across the neck, where it faded out into the background, was written in cramped, uncertain letters: TO CHARLES, WITH ALL MY LOVE, CATHERINE.

"Who is she?" I asked, not at all sure I liked her. "Why does she call you Charles, when nobody else does?"

He sat down next to me and put his arm around my shoulders, holding the photograph so that we could look at it together. "Everybody must have someone to call him something special," he said.

"I'd have called you Uncle Charles if you'd asked me to."

"You're special in another way, Roxane. You're the one who needed me." He smiled at the photograph. "I suspect that's a good part of my charm for Catherine. I need her, and it's doubtless the first time anybody ever has."

I asked, deliberately obtuse, "What do you need her for?"

"Everybody must have *(Continued)*

"It isn't a very good report card. . . but I brought a few of my friends along. Wait'll you see theirs!"

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California Lamb Shanks With Orange Sauce

1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate, unthawed
¼ cup lemon juice — ¼ cup butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt — 6 1-lb. lamb shanks
"Quilted" Kaiser Broiling Foil

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Combine orange, lemon juices, butter, salt; bring to boil. Simmer minutes. Heat oven to 325°F. Place each shank on strip of Quilted" Foil big enough to cover completely. Cup up foil; our sauce over each shank. Fold foil across top to make packet, triple seal ends. Put packets in shallow pan. Bake 1½ hours, or until tender. To brown, open foil last ½ hour. Serves 6. For more recipes and *100 uses for "Quilted" Kaiser Foil* booklet write Dept. K. 274 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California.

KAISER FOIL

someone to mirror his best image of himself. Basically isn't that what loveis?"

"How should I know?" I scowled at the photograph. "Anyhow, she's way too young for you."

"She's not as young as she looks," he said. "And I'm not as old as the calendar tells. She thinks I'm charming and dashing and witty and all the other things I always thought I might have been. Ah, Roxane, wait till you meet someone who sees in you all that you mean to be!"

"Are you going to marry her?"

He got up and put the picture back in the drawer, and then returned to where I sat, tiptoeing, his finger to his lips. "We're going to elope," he said in a whisper.

I stared at him. "You mean down a ladder?"

"Well, no, I don't think so. I think that's a little old-fashioned, don't you?" He seemed to be deciding the matter then and there. "I think we'll just meet in the park and slip away in a taxi to a justice of the peace, and then take a plane to wherever our fancy tells us."

"Atlantic City," I said, forgetting my own sense of imminent loss for a moment and getting into the spirit of the thing. I had once been taken to Atlantic City to recuperate from scarlet fever and thought it the most entrancing place in the world, with its honky-tonk elegance and its cultivated prospect of the wild sea. "You can sit on the sun deck all wrapped in blankets and they'll bring you broth, and you can be pushed along the boardwalk in a rolling chair and go to auctions and play Skee-ball."

He shook his head. "I'd like that, but Catherine has always wanted to go abroad. She thinks she'd enjoy living in Venice, and she may have something. I lived there once." His blue eyes got the misted inward gaze of reminiscence, or improvisation; with Uncle Cholly the two were indistinguishable. "Papa Hemingway and I used to meet almost every afternoon in Harry's Bar, and he'd talk to me about the Venetians, what wonderful, volatile, shrewd, warm-hearted people they were. He served in the Italian army in the First World War, you know, and he knew more about the Italian character than anyone I ever met."

He went on telling me about Venice and Hemingway, but for once I didn't listen. "You mean you'd live there and never come back?"

"Now, now," he said gently, focusing on me again. "For a man who once returned from the dead, there is no such word as never."

The full force of his disclosure crashed down on me then, and I stood up to ward it off with the first challenge I had ever flung at him—the first and the last. "You weren't dead," I said in a shaking voice. "You had water in your lungs and you were unconscious for a long time, but you weren't really dead." I began to cry. "You know you were never really dead."

He let me cry it out, giving me his handkerchief when I had used up mine.

"You said I needed you," I wailed finally, amid hiccups, "and now you're going away."

Uncle Cholly stood a few steps from me, looking, in his immaculate gray suit and the spats he so often forgot to take off in the house, as though he must have come to visit some down-at-the-heel pensioner of his who lived in this dark, crowded, fusty room.

"Things change, Roxane," he said. "Life is change. Sometimes that can be a bitter knowledge. But not bitter for you, not now at your age."

Often I didn't know what he was talking about, but only remembered afterward and knew then, as I know now, what he meant about change.

"You won't hear me play anymore," I said. "I'll get famous and play concerts, and you won't be there."

He took my hand. "You have my solemn promise that I'll come to your first concert. From wherever I am, I'll come, Roxane. And now I want you to promise me something."

He asked me to promise not to say anything to anyone about Catherine. He was going to tell people he wanted a change and planned to find some other place to live, in some other town—not a lie, you see.

"It's better that no one knows," he said. "They'd try to stop us. They'd bother Catherine. You're the only one I can trust to understand."

It was all so mysterious and romantic, and his confidence in me was so flattering that I was almost consoled. He said I was not to worry about the piano lessons (I had not, until then, even thought about them) because they would be paid for as always; and when the time came that I needed even more advanced training, this would be taken care of too. To my protests that he would find it a burden, now that he was going to have a wife to support, he assured me she had a tiny inheritance of her own.

I lingered in the ugly little apartment that I loved, trying to find excuses not to leave. How, I asked him, was he going to get all the paintings and statuary and things to Venice?

"I'm not. I'll be glad to leave them. There's not one worth the canvas it's painted on or the stone it's chiseled from. You must know that," he said, smiling at my shocked face. "Surely I've taught you enough so you know it."

I knew it, but I had never recognized it until that moment. Until then, the disordered collection had been simply part of the room, part of Uncle Cholly, like the faded furniture I sat in but did not see, or the outmoded spats I scarcely noticed.

"But why ——"

He walked to the window and spoke with his back to me. "I suppose I thought if I praised their talent and displayed their work, they would let me into their lives; love me." He shook his head and gave his soft chuckle and turned around to me again. "But everything will be different now that I've found Catherine. I won't have to be an emotional sponger anymore." He recaptured my hand. "One gets over the arrogance of defying loneliness, and is left with nothing but regrets. Find someone, Roxane."

I began to cry again; not merely, now, because he was leaving, but because my tight little tomorrow had suddenly turned into a formless, faceless eternity.

"Nobody will like me," I sobbed, using the only words I could think of to express an uncertainty too vast for words.

"Ah, what nonsense!" He rocked me gently in his arms. "You'll make music and smile your sweet smile and everyone will love you."

I only sobbed harder. "You won't be here. You'll get married and forget all about me."

"No, *ma chère, ma chérie* . . .
Your name is a bell in my heart,
And whenever I tremble, Roxane,
The bell quivers and your name rings!"

Uncle Cholly came to my concert debut, as he had promised. It was the first time I had seen him in the four years since he went away, the first time I had heard from him, aside from the checks that came *(Continued)*

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UNCLE CHOLLY *continued*

regularly through his lawyer for my musical education. He sent back to my dressing room beforehand a bouquet of spring flowers, which looked fresh-picked and personal in contrast to all the hothouse roses, and he appeared in the room himself after the concert.

For an instant I saw him as terribly changed, old and gray-faced, his suit with the blue pinstripe frayed at the cuffs and less sharply creased, the scuffs on his shoes too deep to be hidden by polish. But then his eyes lit, and he spoke the words of approval he had often spoken to me when I played for him in his cluttered little apartment, and everything was as it had always been, and the changes were surely imaginary.

"Ah, yes!" he said. "Yes, Roxane."

He had dinner with Robert and me in a little Italian place which served filling food at prices within the means of people who were saving hard to get married someday. I asked about Catherine, and Uncle Cholly said she was fine and that they were very happy. They no longer lived in Venice, but flitted about the continent as the spirit moved them, never settling down for more than a few months at a time. It was a life, I gathered, that suited them both.

At the end of the evening he refused to let us see him to wherever he was staying, but insisted it was just a few blocks and he preferred to walk it alone.

"I want to stroll along and think," he said. "About your beautiful concert, Roxane, and about this young man who looks at you as you deserve to be looked at, and about many other things. You must forgive an old codger his eccentricities."

It was the last time I ever saw Uncle Cholly. Eight months later I got word from his lawyer that he had died of cancer. He had somehow managed to save a rather sizable sum out of the income from his grandmother's trust fund, and he had left it all to me.

"What about his wife?" I asked the lawyer. "You mean he left nothing to her?"

The lawyer, an aged man whose hands shook, looked at me from behind the barrier of a huge walnut desk laden with blue-covered foolscap documents.

"Your uncle never married," he said.

I had assumed Uncle Cholly would not have kept his marriage a secret from his lawyer, and now as I stammered something about Catherine, I wondered whether I was breaking his confidence.

"They lived in Venice for a while," I said, "and later in other parts of Europe."

The lawyer's lips tightened. It was obvious that he belonged on the side of those who did not altogether approve of Uncle Cholly. My uncle, he informed me, had moved four years ago to a furnished room in a city less than fifty miles away, and had lived there alone until his death.

When I went over Uncle Cholly's few possessions, I found Catherine's picture in a drawer of the desk in his dingy furnished room. The drawer was as stuffed and disorderly as that other one had been, and when I pulled out the picture a number of letters came sprawling out with it, written in the same cramped, uncertain hand as appeared on the photograph.

I found the dates on the letters and put them in order and then read them through. They were love letters; the sentimental, passionless love letters of a shy and unworldly girl. The last one was different, written in obvious haste, agitation and doubt:

Dearest Charles:

Everything is over. My father has found out about our plans. They're taking me to Europe. I'm not strong enough to stand up against them—you know how weak I am—so by the time you get this I'll be on my way. It was such a closely guarded secret. Nobody knew but you and me. I just don't understand how my father found out. I know I never let anything drop, and I'm sure you, who are so much cleverer, would never have accidentally given it away. But anyhow I'll always love you and never forget you and in my heart I'll always be your wife, even if I never can be now any other way.

Forever your
CATHERINE

At first glance I thought the word *accidentally* was faintly underlined, but when I looked more closely it seemed to be only a watermark in the paper.

There was also a postcard, written from Venice, apparently during her honeymoon with someone named Ernest. The postmarks on the letters were twenty-four years old. The card was dated a year and a half later.

I am making a rather modest concert tour around the country in the fall. Robert and I will be married in August, and have our honeymoon before the tour begins. We are going to Venice. Uncle Cholly would have liked some of the money used for that. We'll drink a toast to him in Harry's Bar; to him and Papa Hemingway. ■

"Right now I'm between hobbies."

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Miss Hattie's Lawn Party

All her life she had bowed to the power of the past. Now, suddenly, it was the clear future that counted.

Miss Hattie and Miss Rowena rose at six each day, for as Miss Rowena had said many a morning over the last forty-one years at the breakfast table, "The world won't wait for late sleepers."

Rowena had not been the first to tell Hattie this. Long before, when they were little girls, it had been one of their father's favorite sayings, although Hattie could never remember his directing this remark to anyone but her. Rowena had always been prompt when the breakfast bell rang at seven, her hair neatly brushed and braided with fresh ribbons, the belt of her starched dress tied in a perfect butterfly bow, and Hattie had always known that Rowena's bed was already made and her room in apple-pie order.

When they were girls, Hattie had often been late to the morning meal, and Father would never wait. He would say grace as soon as he came to the table, seat himself, tuck his napkin into his waistcoat pockets and begin breakfast.

"I thank heaven your mother isn't alive to witness such sloth," he had once said to Hattie, when she had come downstairs after the breakfast dishes were cleared away. She had tiptoed into the dining room, almost too frightened to enter at all, and had stood by her chair, looking with dismay and fear at the empty table.

"If I could have come to breakfast in my bathrobe . . ." Hattie had ventured in a fading voice.

"Only strumpets come to breakfast in their nightclothes," Father had said.

"I did my best to get her up," Rowena had told him. "Hattie is just plain lazy. Aren't you, Hattie?" She had turned to her younger sister then and smiled. "I'll see that you get up on time from now on."

"Thank you," Hattie had whispered, because she was ten and Rowena was twelve and always did the right thing. *(Continued)*

By MARY DURANT

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at Hattie's clumsiness. They bent their heads in silent grace before sitting down at the table.

Hattie suddenly swiveled in her chair and looked toward the back porch. "Oh, dear," she murmured.

"All right. Feed the cat. I shall wait," Rowena snapped.

"Please, go ahead with your eggs before they get cold. I'll be just a minute. One tiny minute." Hattie took her saucer, filled it with milk from the pitcher and went to the porch. "Here, Puss, Puss, Puss."

"Puss will find it. Shut the door, Hattie. One would think one wanted to heat the entire town."

Hattie shut the door and returned to the table. She realized Rowena was watching her and was going to make a comment on her behavior. Hattie waited, her hands held close in her lap.

"If one rose earlier, one could attend to the cat without interrupting breakfast. The world won't wait for late sleepers." Rowena abruptly finished speaking, buttered a piece of bread with detailed attention and ate her breakfast.

Hattie twisted her twined fingers beneath the shelter of the table edge and watched Rowena with caution. Some mornings there was no pleasing Rowena. First, it had been the stove lid and, now, Puss. Hattie realized her neck and cheeks were pink and hot, and she quickly looked out the window. She must be careful, Hattie warned herself. She must not show that Rowena's barbs had reached her.

It was a dour winter morning; Hattie ordered her thoughts to the weather and the view from the kitchen. Yes, it was a cold, dour winter morning with nothing to see but bare fields, bare trees and the dead garden. Would there be any change in the view if they sat down to breakfast—by some wild, improbable chance—at ten o'clock of a winter's morning? Hattie laughed aloud at this reckless thought.

"Well?" Rowena did not raise her eyes from her plate.

"Mercy goodness," Hattie said, leaning forward as if she were telling a secret. "What do you suppose the view would be from the window if we ate at ten o'clock? Would there be a cuckoo in the pear tree? Or a gazelle on the grass?"

"One can come to the window at ten o'clock and look, anytime one wants," Rowena said, still not looking up from her plate.

Miss Rowena and Miss Hattie lived on the edge of town. The house, built by their father at the turn of the century, was misplaced in this bleak landscape. The architect, or possibly their father himself, had been carried away by a dream of Moorish pavilions. The native stone had been forced into archways, mosquelike turrets, multicolored, many-pillared flourishes and furbelows. The low forested hills and rough meadows of the countryside had never captured the house. It stood alone and impregnable on the crest of a weather-swept knoll. A few bushes, neatly trimmed and imprisoned, several flower beds laid out in geometric figures and a frosty, gazing sun globe composed the garden in front of the house where burning sands and bending palms should have been. In the rear of the house the farmlands stretched away for a mile to the farmhouse where the tenants lived.

"No need to have the barnyard at your back door," Father had said when the house was built. "We'll live on the knoll. The farm can stay out there." He had gestured broadly.

When he died, Hattie had suggested to Rowena that they should sell and move into a smaller *(Continued)*

Miss Hattie continued

"Speak up, Harriet," Father had shouted from his end of the table.

"I said 'thank you.'" Hattie's words were shrill. "Father, may I have some breakfast?"

Father had risen immediately from his chair, his face without expression, and left the room. The sisters heard him in the kitchen telling the cook that Miss Harriet had not evinced enough interest in food to make an appearance at the breakfast table and, therefore, would expect nothing to eat until lunch.

Rowena had neatly licked one finger. "My, syrup is so sticky. We had sausage meat and griddle cakes."

The two women entered the kitchen, Rowena marching purposefully in front of Hattie. It was cold and dark on this early-winter morning, and in her haste to light the range Hattie dropped the stove lid. It fell with a clatter and rolled under the table.

"Here, featherhead." Rowena struck a match, lit the kindling, picked up the lid and put it back in its place. "One would think one would be able to light a stove after lighting the same stove for forty-one years."

She tied an apron over her heavy tweed skirt and stalked off into the pantry to fetch eggs, bread and butter. Hattie hovered over the table, putting out the knives, forks and spoons. She set out two plates, but only one cup and saucer, because Rowena did not drink coffee.

"Coffee shortens the breath," she frequently announced on mornings when Hattie lingered over her cup.

Everyone who knew the two sisters, and everyone in the town did, never thought of them as looking alike. Although both had their father's pale-blue eyes, broad forehead and hatchet nose, it was Rowena, they said, who looked like her father. Her spare, almost manly figure, stiff-backed carriage and tailored tweeds seemed to make the familiar features stronger.

In Miss Hattie the resemblance to their father was softened until it was scarcely recognizable.

There was a hesitant appearance to Hattie, in her walk, her manner and her dress. She always looked as though she had forgotten something or as though she were just about to change her mind. Her lace collars were usually caught with a safety pin that was never quite hidden as it should have been. On her fingers she wore half a dozen rings, tiny gold ones with delicate turquoise, pearl and garnet settings—as if she had put on all the rings for fun or for make-believe one day, and had never remembered to take them off.

Neither woman spoke as they prepared breakfast. Hattie was still smarting at Rowena's rebuke about the stove; Rowena was unyielding and unforgiving

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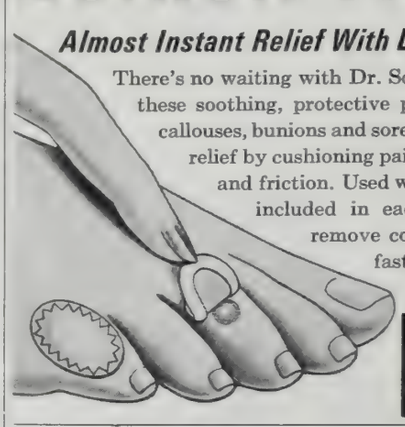

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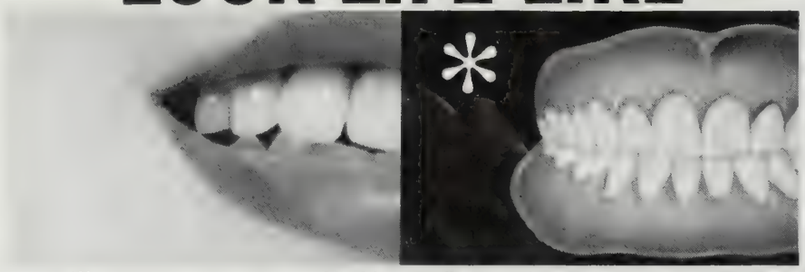

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Miss Hattie *continued*

house. "A red house with white shutters. And neighbors."

"Oh, my God!" Rowena had wept for the first time Hattie could remember. "We will never leave our home," she had sobbed, and Hattie, terrified by her sister's tears, never had mentioned selling again.

The morning passed with chores, as Rowena preferred to call the simple household tasks. She had carefully allotted to each of them the specific jobs to be done. "This way, one knows who is doing what and one can plan on finishing the chores well before luncheon."

Hattie washed the breakfast dishes, filled the wood box by the kitchen range and went on to the dusting. The dining room, the parlor and the music room were in her daily care. Here were cabinets, whatnots and mantel shelves, each with their precise arrangements of bric-a-brac to be dusted. There were brass candlesticks, andirons and fenders to be shined and the heavy mahogany furniture to be rubbed with lemon oil. Once a week all the silver, set out on the sideboard, had to be polished.

These chores finished, Miss Hattie was free to enjoy her only pleasant task of the morning. She tended her plants in the bow window of the music room. The plants were Hattie's stand against hated winter and her defense against the encroachments of autumn. To Hattie, the autumn foliage was the brilliant rash that proclaims a fatal disease—the hectic flush on the cheeks of consumptives. The autumn leaves, flaming and jaundiced, and the clear sky, bright as the feverish eyes of invalids, were a violent and garish reminder of approaching finality.

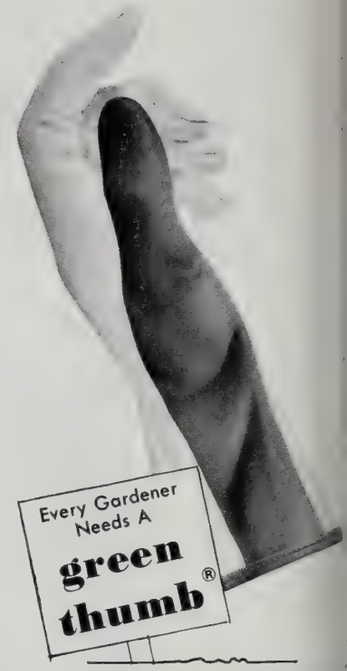
Framed between the brown velvet draperies of the music room, Hattie had set out her defiance. Begonia, maidenhair fern, geraniums, mother-in-law's tongue, star-of-Jerusalem and asphodel flourished. An apostle plant irrationally had grown sixteen fronds instead of twelve. Ivy trailed from hanging bowls, and one fine spray had done so well that Hattie had trained it up over the window frame and coaxed the new tendrils across the ceiling. "A little bower," she had said to Rowena and was immediately ashamed for revealing her deep pleasure in her plants.

"Featherhead," Rowena had replied.

Rowena carried out the ashes and burned the trash directly after breakfast each morning. She swept the porches, scrubbed down the kitchen floor and the marble entry by the front door, checked on Hattie's progress with her chores, and then proceeded to the more exacting duties of balancing the household accounts, the tenant's books and income from the farm.

She sat stiffly in the straight chair at Father's desk making orderly notations on a sheet of paper before entering the figures in the ledgers. Lunch, which she always prepared, was served promptly at noon. Both sisters, after tidying the kitchen once more, retired to their bedrooms to rest for an hour.

After her rest, Miss Rowena made her daily trip to the farm for eggs and milk, a roasting chicken or home-cured bacon and vegetables.



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This afternoon, being cold, Rowena put on a heavy coat, pulled a knitted cap well down over her ears and wore galoshes. "I will be longer than usual today," she told Hattie before leaving. "There's farm business to thrash out with Russ. You will practice your music for an hour or so."

She drew on her mittens, put the basket over her arm and left. Hattie watched her sister cross the drive and start down the pasture road; then she hurried to the kitchen and fixed herself a pot of coffee. This she brought to the bow window of the music room and sat, her head tipped to the side, admiring her plants and sipping her coffee slowly. There was no need to hurry. Rowena would be gone long enough for Hattie to drink two cups if she felt like it. A trip to the farm and an argument with Russ, which was Rowena's way of discussing business, would take at least two hours.

Perhaps it was Rowena's mention of Russ, a name she rarely spoke to Hattie, that set the delicate wheels of memory in motion. Perhaps it was the plants in the window—unpruned, intertwined and everlastingly green—that recalled long-gone summer days. Hattie sat in the midst of her bower and remembered the farm. Although many years had passed since she had last been there, each sight, each smell, each sound was clear in her thoughts.

She saw again the rambling clapboard house, the dappled team that pulled the wagon, the tangled grapevines by the brook. She smelled again the dusty, poignant air in the tobacco barns and the wheaten fragrance of the feed boxes. She heard again the rickety-click-click of the hayrake and the foolish, angry clucking of the hens when the door to the hen house was opened.

One summer afternoon, when Hattie was fifteen and Rowena seventeen, they had gone to the farm in the carriage with Father. He had left his daughters to inspect a new silo, and Hattie, released from his stern vigilance, had gone with young Russ to the brink of the ice pond. To Hattie, the ice pond was a fearful and wonderfully dangerous place; snapping turtles lay there and black water snakes skinned the still surface of the water.

Russ had fished up a bullfrog from the reeds, lifting it into the sunlight and setting it on the grass. The big frog had blinked slowly and flexed its jumping legs under his hand, slipping away from Russ's fingers. He had seized it firmly and swung the bullfrog aloft, while Hattie shrieked with fear and delight at the five-clawed, webbed feet that stabbed the air. Rowena stood by silently, a little way off where the ground was dry—she was wearing long skirts for the first time that summer and did not want to muddy her hem in the wet weeds by the pond.

"Russ, Russ! What are you doing?" Hattie had cried, daring to step closer.

"I'm taking him to the brook. That's what I'm doing." Russ went off past the barns, brandishing the bullfrog with pride, and Hattie followed him. Rowena turned toward the carriage, gathering her skirts in her hand as she stepped daintily across the barnyard.

At the brook, Russ dropped the frog into a clear pool. It scissor-kicked to the safety of a rock ledge and crouched beneath—open-eyed under the water.

"How did you dare!" Hattie knelt to look down at the frog. "You'll get warts."

"I can pick up a water snake if I wanted to. They can't hurt you if you know about snakes."

"If I touched the frog with my toe, would he jump?"

"Sure."

Hattie jumped up and pulled off her black shoes and stockings. She put her toes in the water and held her dress tightly around her knees. Stepping boldly into the brook, she reached to the bullfrog with her foot. There was an underwater explosion of sand and thrashing webbed feet as the frog shot out from his cave and swam across her ankle.

"Russ! Russ!"

She clutched for his hands, her bonnet slipped back from her head. Russ caught her grasp and splashed into the brook, laughing and teasing and surefooted, pretending to pull her further downstream, while Hattie clung to him in mock terror.

Rowena, who had followed them at a calculated distance, stood, now, watching from the bank, her eyes on Hattie's bare legs and on their clasped arms. When Rowena spoke, her slashing voice pierced their laughter, and for a moment there was no sound or motion but for the gentle roll of the brook over its stony bed and the graceful bowing of an alder tree in the warm sunshine.

"Strumpet!" Rowena said. "You sneaking strumpet!"

Hattie scrambled out of the stream, gathered her shoes and stockings, and moved diffidently past her older sister, to turn a few steps beyond and look back at Russ. She saw Rowena walk up to him, face the boy squarely and, making a fist, strike him in the face.

The memory brought the blood to Miss Hattie's pale face. "Oh, oh, oh," she said in a trembling voice, and viciously snapped a dead leaf from one of the plants. The sudden spoken words startled her, and she peered fearfully around the arm of the wingchair in which she sat, as though a stranger had entered the music room and cried out. Take care, Hattie, she said to herself, and, putting down the coffee cup, went to the piano.

"Oh, my," she spoke aloud once more. "What a scramble." She fluttered the untidy sheets of music ineffectually, dropped several pages, picked them up and rearranged the pile on the piano. "There." She shuffled the heap together, patted it and sat down. She studied the rings on her fingers for a moment, played a scale over twice, and then began a Chopin prelude. She knew it by heart, and her hands moved smoothly over the keys like little soft paws. The music was gentle, the rhythm monotonous. She played prettily, as a young girl would play in the parlor for visitors on a spring evening, humming along with the melody in a soft, thin voice. She was still playing when Rowena came back from the farm.

"That's quite a walk on a winter's day," Rowena declared, tramping into the pantry with her basket. Returning, she listened coolly to the music for several measures, then interrupted abruptly: "Russ asked after you."

Hattie did not stop playing. She simply nodded, her fingers stumbling momentarily among the black keys. Rowena continued: "I suppose that pleases you. If it hadn't been for me, you'd probably be living in the farmhouse this very minute—like a peasant. Saving your egg money for a few amenities and going to Grange meetings with your Polack husband. . . . That Russ!"

Hattie still made no response. Rowena leaned against the door frame, her hand to her face. "I don't know why I should feel so exhausted after that walk." She dropped her mittens and bent quickly to pick them up, breathing heavily. "Harriet, I shall lie down before dinner. One must not overdo." And Hattie noticed with some surprise how slow Rowena's steps were on the stairs.

Ruffling through the pile of music, Hattie found the MacDowell Sketches and placed the book before her on the rack; then she paused and looked toward the stairs. Rowena's steps had stopped on the landing, and she was gasping. Hattie had half-risen from the piano stool when Rowena sighed and fell down the carpeted stairs with soft, muffled bumps.

After Doctor Burton's first visit, the whole town knew about Miss Rowena's stroke, and for a few *(Continued)*

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days talk of her illness was on every tongue. The townsfolk were not often treated to news of the two sisters, and tragedy was all the more to be savored. Of all people! they told one another. Miss Rowena had seemed so strong and Miss Hattie so delicate.

Three days later, visitors began to arrive at the house. They came cautiously at first, pleased to have an excuse, but unsure of their reception, hesitating on the front veranda before turning the bell. Miss Hattie was astonished at the arrival of callers. She and Rowena saw no one as a rule, except for the chance greetings on Sunday mornings after church. But now what a delightful surprise! Here were visitors coming to call with sympathetic inquiries about Rowena, good wishes for her recovery, and baskets of delicacies for the invalid: Bavarian cream, beef tea, calf's-foot jelly, aspics and little cakes.

Hattie was breathless with pleasure. She welcomed everyone with smiles and warm handclasps. Thus assured, the ladies of the town called regularly at the Moorish pavilion. There were visitors each afternoon. Rowena, however, would see no one, but lay in the big front bedroom, her eyes blank and her hands gray and listless on the counterpane, while Hattie entertained in the parlor below. And Rowena refused to touch any of the good things brought for her. After a while Hattie did not bother to offer her sister the tempting gifts, but took the delicious tidbits to the kitchen for her own lunch or dinner.

Gradually the household schedule slipped into arrears. There were mornings when Hattie did not bring Rowena her breakfast tray until eight or eight-thirty, although she always apologized cheerfully for being tardy. "Your lazy sister just can't seem to get up on time," she would sing at the door, and Rowena would silently eat what Hattie slowly fed her.

Hattie now dusted the house once a week and left the dishes until she had run through stacks of china; then she would devote a morning to washing up, [illegible] e Gramophone into the kitchen to sing along with the old melodies as she stood at the sink.

The apostle plant had been moved to the front hall, and on the mantel in the parlor Hattie had placed two generous-sized bowls of ivy which rippled down on either side of the chimney. The silver and brass went unpolished. The incinerator at the end of the garden was chockful of unburned trash.

The wood box was nearly empty, and Puss, given the run of the house, slept on the embroidered silk-and-velvet patchwork afghan that lay across the settee in the music room.

Each day after lunch, Hattie began her preparations for the callers. Dressed in a silk frock with a fresh collar, she set out the tarnished tea tray, put on the kettle, and waited impatiently for the visitors to arrive. She watched through the front curtains as they came up the drive, restraining herself from running to the door before the bell had rung, then happily received them with little chirrups of delight. "How good of you to come," she would say, urging her guests to the tea table. "My, isn't it a fine sunny day."

Occasionally Hattie played the piano for the visitors, and the ladies would exclaim and clap graciously. There were, of course, the continued sympathetic queries on Rowena's health, the sad nodding when the visitors learned she was no better, and the understanding pats for Hattie: "It must be difficult for you. This is such a large house, and caring for an invalid as well."

As they departed, Hattie would touch each hand in farewell.

"You are dear to come and see us so often," she would say.

By the end of July Doctor Burton knew Rowena would never walk again. Her left side was completely paralyzed, and she would be bedridden indefinitely. "I cannot understand your sister," he confided to Hattie in the hall outside Rowena's bedroom. "She never came to me with complaints about her heart. There must have been warnings before this stroke." He shook his head. "Rowena thought she was an old war-horse. Well, she's back in the stable now — — "

Hattie caught his arm. "You mean . . . for keeps?"

He smiled at her choice of words. "Yes, for keeps."

"Oh, my." Hattie could say nothing more as she showed Doctor Burton to the door. When he had left, she stood in the hall looking up the staircase. Rowena was lying above in the big walnut bed, mute and angry, never to walk again. Hattie rested against the coats hung on the rack. She felt the rough fabric of Rowena's gray tweed, took it off the hook and held it in her arms for a few moments. Then, slowly rolling it into a tight ball, she stuffed the coat into the hall chest where the overshoes were kept, let down the lid softly and went upstairs.

"Do you need anything, Rowena?"

There was no reply.

"You should try to sleep. Mrs. Crandall is stopping in this afternoon, and if you're rested, it might be cheery to see her."

"No! No!" The answering voice was hoarse.

"All right, all right. I'll tell her you're not up to it. My, she's so kind, coming to ask after you and bringing so many good things to eat." Hattie bustled around the room, straightening, patting, smoothing things. Rowena lay inert, watching her move about. "Really, you are a silly," Hattie chided, as she adjusted a shirred silk shade against the afternoon sun. "Why can't you say how-do-you-do to some of our callers, just once? Why must you be so persnickety? Everyone's being very kind and thoughtful."

"No, no."

Hattie gave her sister a worried smile. "Should I bring you a few of my plants for your windowsill? Which would you prefer? A begonia? I have one blooming so prettily now. Or perhaps some ferns would be nice."

The head on the pillow moved slightly and the tired eyes closed. "No—no plants."

Hattie crossed to the bed and brushed a strand of hair from her sister's face. "I know! I know just the thing—a canary! That's exactly what you want, a singing canary to keep you company. I shall see about it first thing tomorrow. Isn't there a pet shop in Porterville? Could we ask Russ to buy a canary the next time he goes to Porterville?"

Rowena lay rigid, her bony hands clenched.

Hattie seemed bewildered. "Sister, you mustn't take on so. Remember, Mamma once had a singing canary. She kept it in her bedroom window, and Father always hated the bird . . ." Hattie laughed and then rushed on brightly. "Do you remember how he used to cuss that canary? 'Damned, addlepated, feathered idiot . . . damned worthless nuisance.' Gracious sakes, Father never did cotton to that bird, did he?"

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Hattie smiled and watched her guest go down the porch steps. Then she hurried up the stairs and burst into the sickroom.

"Rowena, Rowena. Are you asleep? Sister, wake up. Do you remember Mamma's parties?"

Rowena frowned and looked away with disdain.

"Please, you must remember. Mrs. Crandall was telling me about them. Lovely parties ——"

"Mrs. Crandall is a fool," Rowena said. "They were all fools, snooping through the house, crumbs on the carpet, silly questions. Father hated them all."

Hattie turned away from her sister and thoughtfully walked to the window. She tapped her fingers lightly on the pane, looking down into the flower beds below and pressing her cheek against the cool chintz of the draperies. Hattie's wish was slowly budding in the whirl of her thoughts. And then it bloomed—richly, fully and breathtaking. "I . . ." she began, touching her throat as if she were questioning her own reality, ". . . I wish I could have a lawn party."

"Harriet!" It was difficult for Rowena to enunciate her anger. "I will not have those fools snooping through my house."

"But it's my house, too, Rowena," Hattie said warily. She did not dare turn from the window to look at her sister, and a small flicker of apprehension touched her voice.

Rowena clutched at the bedding and twisted her body to the side, her face taut with effort. "I must get up. I must get up immediately. There will be no parties in this house. . . ."

Hattie steadied herself against the window frame and tipped her head to one side. She could see Rowena's fight with her disabled, unresponsive body. It was true, absolutely true. Doctor Burton's prediction had been correct.

"But if I give the party, you could watch from the window," Hattie said, taking a tentative step toward the bed. "It would be lovely at the end of August. We can have the tea table on the lawn and one of the Dilby girls to serve. We can have little sandwiches, petits fours, strawberry lemonade . . . and mints!"

Rowena lifted an arm to cover her face, her hand curled in to a gray-knuckled fist. She moved her lips wordlessly. Then she coughed and, beneath her troubled breathing, one frail sentence was wrung from her lips: "If you give a lawn party, it will be the finish of me. . . ."

Hattie was standing near the footboard, her eyes wide and astonished. She understood what she had not understood before. Rowena was pleading with her. Rowena was asking that she, Harriet—featherhead Harriet, giddy, worthless Harriet—keep their world as it had always been, that she maintain the rigid pattern inherited from Father. Harriet swayed, one finger lifted as if to protest, and then her face became luminous, her voice fevered with anticipation.

"I will invite everyone in town. I'll borrow the croquet set from the parish house. I'll put the Gramophone out in the summer house. I'll have a swing for the children . . . and pony rides. Russ will give the children pony rides. It will be wonderful, wonderful." She clapped her hands and spun across the room in a waltzing step. She leaned toward the bed as though asking Rowena to rise and join the dance. "A lawn party, I am going to have a lawn party. Won't it be lovely, Rowena? Speak up, you silly! Won't it be lovely, lovely, lovely?" ■

Mrs. Crandall!" Hattie fled the bed-
stopping just long enough at Ro-
's door for one last backward glance
r sister before hurrying downstairs.

attie and Mrs. Crandall sat side by
in the parlor. They had finished a
dozen of the almond cakes Mrs.
dall had brought for Rowena, they
discussed the recipe, and they had
idered the weather which was per-
a little damp for the season, and
voices were quickening as the con-
ation moved on to Rowena's illness.
ie took a sip of her coffee; Mrs.
dall took a sip of her tea. Mrs.
dall put a soft hand on Hattie's

e asked, her lean face crinkled with
sity, "And Rowena?"
Poor sister." Hattie put her head to
side and lowered her voice. "Poor
, I don't know how I can bring my-
o tell her the bad news."
Bad news?"
ith Mrs. Crandall's reassuring hand
n her knee, Hattie repeated the un-
y diagnosis Doctor Burton had
e that very day. Rowena would
r walk again! Mrs. Crandall was
st and incredulous. Hattie assured
t was true, and a heartbreaking
ect for both of them. "Poor sister,
will be terribly upset. How can I
tell her?"
What a tragedy," Mrs. Crandall
nured. "And Rowena's appetite?"
ttie pursed her mouth. "Very bad,
bad."
rs. Crandall helped herself to a fresh
of tea and another almond cake.
at a tragedy." She looked around the parlor in reminiscence. "To think—the first time I came to this house was such a happy occasion. That was many years ago when I was a mere slip of a girl. Mercy, more years than I care to remember. I came with my parents to one of your mother's lawn parties."

"A lawn party!"

Mrs. Crandall was again incredulous. "You don't remember your mother's beautiful parties? Why, they were such a treat for everyone."

"I was too young to remember." Hattie looked sadly into her coffee cup. "Oh, dear, I wish I could remember. Please, tell me about Mamma's parties."

Mrs. Crandall flicked a crumb from the corner of her mouth and, in dewy recollection, skimmed back over the years to earlier days when the house had been newly built and the garden laid out. There had been a buffet under the trees, she declared, with a cut-crystal punch bowl and a *repoussé* silver service. There had been charades and croquet games and lawn tennis for the young men. Everyone was always so beautifully dressed. And the parasols! Hattie could not imagine the exquisite parasols the ladies carried! Or the string ensemble in scarlet Hussar costumes! "Everyone came," Mrs. Crandall exclaimed. "Your mother's 'at homes' were always the social highlight of the summer."

Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Crandall departed, after promising to call again at the end of the week with some coconut custard. "Perhaps we can tempt our invalid and perk up her appetite."

"Thank you. That sounds delicious. Thank you, thank you." At the door

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State

Further Education

continued from page 87

spreading across my mind like a stain over a tablecloth. She, the inwardly untamed, with the wild high cheekbones and the blood of a roamer in her veins, had chosen closeknit serious-eyed Bill. He was personable and attractive enough to take up her attention, and at the same time help her to keep herself reined in. She didn't trust herself, and she was damned right.

I slurred off a few more jokes to the landlord, and then lurched back to my flat and lay down on the bed. How I ever got up again I don't know. Everything felt broken inside me. Even at this distance of time, I'd rather not talk about it.

The next thing that stands out in my memory is being in the Common Room with one or two friends, drinking our way through a few bottles of very good sherry we'd got at a bargain. Term was over—in fact, it had been for about ten days—but we'd all stayed up a bit longer, because there was a series of dances and parties we didn't want to miss before everybody dispersed to London or abroad. Eight weeks wasn't enough for all the good times we tried to pack into an Oxford summer. I say "we" because, though I was feeling utterly grim and blank inside, I went along with it. What can you do?

One thing you can't do is drink too much sherry at a time, and we were just thinking of corking up what remained and going out for a meal, when Bill came in. We were all pretty relaxed, so we hailed him jovially, though normally there was a fairly marked gulf between him and a roistering set like us, and poured him out a glass. His face was very set and white. At first I thought he was just tired, with the strain of doing all that work for his finals, but pretty soon the sherry warmed him up enough to start him talking, and it emerged that he was angry. Really fighting mad. Well, naturally we questioned him a bit: encouraged him to get it off his chest.

"This fellowship they're giving me," he said, in exactly the tone in which he'd have said, "This wooden half-crown they gave me in my change."

We hadn't known he had been given a fellowship, so a few vague noises of congratulation and we-knew-you-had-it-in-you rose into the air, and the bottle of Tio Pepe was poised for another libation.

"You don't understand," he said, looking round hot-eyed. "They've dug up some archaic college regulation and tied the whole thing to their own ungenerosity and lack of imagination."

We looked blank.

"A condition of my election," he said in a voice full of quiet fury, "is that I reside. Live in."

"Is that what's annoying you?" someone asked. "What's wrong with having a free place to live and free dinners?"

"What's wrong with it is that I want to get married," Bill said. "I told them that, and they nodded indulgently, as if they were prepared to make allowances for a piece of adolescent folly. So I said it again, and this time they turned nasty. God! It was all so *predictable!*" He slammed his empty sherry glass down, almost hard enough to break it. "I looked from one face to another, and there was no support anywhere. If they were married, they just avoided my eyes and pretended to be thinking about something else. And if they were rooted old bachelors, they looked at me with a kind of sneering triumph."

At this point somebody interrupted with what purported to be a piece of gossip. Talk and laughter started up again, and the conversation was steered away from Bill's troubles. Everybody stood up and started drifting to the door, sorting out jackets, hats, etc. But I couldn't leave it like that. I moved over to Bill and said, just for his ear, "What's going to happen, then?"

"Happen?" he said, looking up at me as if he'd already forgotten talking to us.

"Are they going to stop you getting married?" I asked. I *had* to know.

"Listen," he said, sitting up straight. "Nothing is going to stop me from marrying Hazel. If they can appeal to regulations, so can I. Academic celibacy has been dead for a century. They can force me to have a room in College, and they can force me to be there between midnight and eight in the morning—in term-time. That's the limit they can do."

"But why don't they give in, if you're so determined?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Every college has to have a statutory number of bachelor Fellows living within the walls."

"To put the drunks to bed?" I suggested.

"That's about it. So of course they twist the arm of every young man they elect. Probably if they'd known I was going to get married they'd have passed me over for the job. But I'm damned if I'll give up my chosen career just because I've also chosen a wife."

"That's right, teach the old crabs a lesson," I said. Or something like that. And I hurried out, because suddenly I couldn't stand being with Bill any longer—couldn't stand looking at him or hearing his voice.

I spent most of the next three months in Amsterdam, living it up like mad. I told my family I was at a reading party in a windmill, beside a quiet canal some miles out of the city. When I got home, just a few days before it was time for the Oxford term to begin, they were concerned because I'd lost weight. My eyes were positively popping out of my fleshless face, and I was as jumpy as a cat. They took me seriously to task for working too hard, so I solemnly promised I wouldn't do it anymore. And off I went to Oxford for my last year, thankful at least that I'd filled in the time without too much moping over Hazel. But the energy I'd had to expend in keeping the thought of her at bay: the drink I'd had to consume, the nightclub proprietors I'd had to enrich, the women I'd had to chase! And at the end of it all, Hazel came bouncing back into my mind like something on the end of a rubber band. As soon as the train steamed in past the cemetery and came grinding into Oxford station, there she was in my brain, my blood, my bones, coming between me and everything else I wanted to enjoy. Only now I had to think of her as Mrs. Bill Gerard.

Still, I kept up the heroic effort. For a whole month I packed my days and nights with meaningless things—meeting people, going to parties, even working. Sometimes, for stretches of eight or nine hours at a time, I forgot about Hazel altogether. I saw the pair of them in the street, now and then, but I always managed to duck down a side road and keep from having to confront them, and smile, and pass the time of day. And the

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Oxford summer, which was still hanging about in odd wisps at the beginning of October, lost its magic and disappeared, and the crisp mornings and early evenings came in, making one feel brisk and businesslike. I was almost on the point of telling myself that the nonsense was out of my system, that I'd sweated it away and was cured.

And then, one pouring wet night in early December, it happened.

I was walking home from a party, wet through and in a king-size bad temper. I'd just been forced to get rid of my car; the proctors had withdrawn their permission to keep one in Oxford, owing to some fool misunderstanding with a policeman, and though I was tempted to chance it, just put it in a fresh garage and trust to chance that I'd never be stopped and questioned, I decided against crowding my luck. I didn't want them to start investigating me, or one or two things could easily have come to light which would have forced them to expel me, and I should have regarded that as a defeat on points.

So there I was, walking home through this soft, drenching rain. Midnight was beginning to chime out from various clocks—it would take about ten minutes for the whole lot to give their individual votes on the matter—and the party had broken up, because most of the guests were the law-abiding type who hadn't been able to beat the regulations and find themselves accommodation in places where they weren't persecuted with silly little rules, like having to be in at midnight. I had—which was one of the reasons why I didn't want the progs investigating me. But I was fed up: with the rain, with the law-abiding little people, with the dreary party that had ended too soon.

The clocks bonged out, the rain splashed down, and the streets were empty except for a few hurrying figures. A city of the dead. I began to think longingly of a warm, dry bed, however lonely. Then I noticed two figures standing still, a little way ahead of me. I slowed down as I approached them: something about them told me they were people I knew.

Of course. And I stopped in my tracks. But why were Bill and Hazel standing by a wet wall, at midnight, talking in low voices? They were married: why weren't they at home in bed, or drinking cocoa by the last glowing embers?

Then I remembered. Bill had to report at college every night at twelve, and stay there till eight before he could come home to breakfast. And they had been married about three months—the torture of it! I saw the whole thing in a flash—how they would go to bed together at, say, nine o'clock; how, at eleven-thirty, just when that deep, contented sleep ought to have been setting in, Bill would have to get up, leaving Hazel there! He must have wanted that job very badly, I thought. Still, each to his taste. But why was she here with him? I stepped aside, into deep shadow. The splashing rain overlaid the sound of footsteps, and I knew they were unaware of me. I tried to hear what they were saying, but I wasn't quite near enough. Their attitudes told me they were arguing some point with a good deal of passion; she kept hanging on to his arm, and doing most of the talking; he was looking down at the ground, as if in mental conflict. Finally he looked up at her, and said something that was evidently meant to be decisive and was decisive, because she broke away from him, turned, and began to walk rapidly away. When she'd gone about ten yards, she stopped, and threw him just one glance, but it didn't alter his decision, and as I watched he took out a key, opened a door in the wall, and went in. The door closed, and suddenly there was nothing in the world except the rain falling in the street, the last chimes of midnight, the heavy wet stones of the wall, and Hazel's tall figure hurrying away.

I came out of my patch of shadow. I don't think any ideas had, at that stage, formed in my head. I was just drawn toward Hazel by the sheer pull of my desire for her. When she turned and looked back at Bill, I had seen her face. I can't describe it. I can only say that if she, or any girl with half her attractive power, had looked at me like that, with so much tenderness, so much need, and so much brave defiance that wasn't fooling anyone, I'd have dynamited the college rather than go through the door in the wall and shut it between us.

I quickened my pace so as not to lose her in the quiet streets we were approaching. I don't believe I had any thought except just to follow her until she got home, to keep my eyes on her until the last possible moment. You don't reason, or plan, at a time like that. I walked fast, fast, but even so I only just kept up with her swinging stride. She's magnificent, I found myself thinking. The words formed themselves over and over in my mind as if on a ticker tape that had gone out of control: She's magnificent. She's magnificent.

Leaning forward into the rain, walking so fast I was almost running, I gained a little at a time, until I was just behind her. I thought she must surely have heard my footsteps, but she never slackened her pace or turned round, and in my excitement I was almost breathing down her neck when suddenly she stopped at a garden gate, unlatched it quickly and swung it open. Then she saw me, and there we were, facing each other with the gate between us.

Her face was wet, and for a moment I thought it was just the rain. Then I saw that her eyes were brimming. But her voice was quite steady when she spoke.

"What are you doing?" she asked me.

"Coming in to see you."

"You mustn't," she said. "Bill isn't here."

"I know where Bill is," I said.

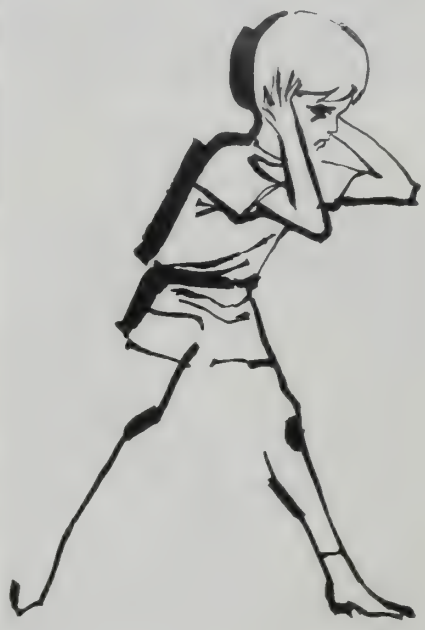
Hazel made a small, tense movement that was halfway to a shrug. Then she turned and walked up the garden path, leaving me holding the gate. I went inside, shut it behind me and followed her.

She opened the front door, and I was right behind her. When it closed, the two of us were inside. She simply went on up the stairs as if I weren't there. They had the top flat.

Once we got inside she went straight into the bedroom and switched on the light. I followed. The gas fire was on, roaring away to itself. And there, in the center of the room, was the bed Bill had climbed out of in the interests of his scholarly career.

Hazel stood for a few seconds, looking at me. Her eyes were still full of tears. I could feel the hard emptiness inside her. All that full bowl of love and emotion had been spilled on the ground, and there was, for the moment, nothing for anybody. Or anything for everybody, depending on how you cared to put it. Same thing, really. *(Continued)*

JOHNNY WETS HIS BED...JOHNNY WETS HIS BED JOHNNY WETS HIS BED...JOHNNY WETS HIS BED



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Further Education *continued*

My wet hair clung to my skull; my whole body was burning. Hazel looked at me with those tear-wet, empty eyes, as if I were a piece of furniture. And, in her world at that moment, that's no doubt what I was. In fact, the next thing she did proved it. She turned away from me and began to undress, laying her clothes across a chair, exactly as if she were alone.

As for me, I just stood there. I knew what I was going to do, but beyond that I had no thoughts and no identity. I wasn't James Richards. I was just an event that was about to happen to Hazel.

Everything came off, and then Hazel walked straight past me to the light switch. *Click.* There we were, in the rosy half-dark. Then she padded over to the gas fire and put it out too. The red glow faded quickly. The dutiful wife, having walked with her husband as far as the little door in the college wall, had come back to their top-floor flat, turned off the light and the gas, and got into bed.

And if there was an uninvited presence there, too, was that her fault?

So much for my memories. But that was then, and today was now. As we drove into the suburbs of Oxford, I began to feel horribly nervous, much more than I'd ever expected. All of a sudden I didn't want to see Bill, and even more strongly I didn't want to see Hazel. The car felt like a prison: it was so heavy, so smooth, so fatelike in the way it rolled along, carrying me toward Bill's house like a laboratory animal being shipped without malice to the place where it will be tormented. I hated the cool, impersonal neck and shoulders of Evans. The perfect chauffeur. All he did was drive the car, efficiently and without any feelings. He should have been a concentration-camp *Kommandant.*

My tension rose toward a momentary peak, then sank back. My heart slowed down to a normal beat. Twenty years is twenty years. Hazel and Bill would be different people. And I? Oh, I was a different person. I had more money, for one thing, and that changes you. If you don't believe me, that's probably because you don't know anybody well who used to be poor and is now rich.

I got Evans to drop me at the end of their road, and told him to get lost and come back at six o'clock. That would give me time to get home for an eight-o'clock dinner. The day was mapped out, controlled, safe. No matter what happened at Bill's, it would end at six o'clock, and a normal Sunday would close in again. Peace. I breathed easily as I found the house and went up to the front door.

A beaten-up garden with a swing. Kids. But the swing was old, and the grass under it wasn't worn away. So the youngest kid was too old to bother with the swing. I rang the bell.

A girl of about thirteen opened the door. She asked me if I were Mr. Richards, and I said yes. All ready for me. No doubt the girl had listened to mealtime conversations in which Bill and Hazel talked about old times. James Richards? I can hardly recall his face. Was he a friend of yours? Not really—just up at the same time. Very true. I followed the girl into the living room and waited.

Not for long, though. One quick glance round the room—good, shabby furniture, lots of books, one high-quality reproduction and a dim daub that looked like an original—and all at once Hazel was coming in through the French windows, pulling off gardening gloves, and Bill was entering through the door, both at once. So that I only had time to take one quick look at her before I turned to face him. All very confusing. What that first glimpse showed me was that time had thickened her figure but didn't seem to have made much difference to her face. It still had good skin and youthful outlines. She was holding a bunch of roses—must have been cutting them in the garden while waiting for me. The gardening gloves lent a delightfully informal touch. It was quite an entrance, though Bill spoiled it a bit by making his at the same time.

Bill seemed longer and thinner. His tightly massed hair had a tinge of gray. Apart from that, twenty years had done nothing to him except deepen the lines of thoughtfulness that had already, when I knew him, begun to spread across his face. Or was that all? I looked at him again, more carefully, as he looked away from me at Hazel. Weren't his eyes different somehow? More inward-looking than ever? Gazing in not merely at his thoughts, but at something else, something he was keeping hidden or perhaps protecting?

Then we were chattering and taking glasses in our hands, and I came back to earth. For the first ten minutes we were all so defensive, so carefully probing, that nobody learned anything. Bill had forgotten me altogether; that much was clear. He was engaged in getting to know me from scratch, very cautiously so as not to hit a wrong note, with the object of hitting me up for a big subscription to his African tomfoolery. I, for my part, was stonewalling and keeping my eyes open. I kept trying to absorb details about Hazel, but Bill was talking earnestly about African education, and the strain of appearing to concentrate while actually thinking about his wife proved so great that I decided it would be easier just to concentrate. So I did. I let him hammer away for about ten more minutes, and then the daughter, who seemed to be acting as parlormaid, showed in another visitor. Evidently we were to be four at lunch.

The new arrival was called Paul something-or-other and they all seemed to be on pretty cozy terms. Paul was a colleague of Bill's, also in the Plato-and-Aristotle business. But a very contrasting type. He was strongly built, with a bull neck and a domed forehead that looked like a battering ram. It gave the impression of having a tremendous thickness of skull beneath it, so that I had a vision of him putting his head down and charging like a rhinoceros, and going straight through the wall of a house. His voice was a shock, though. It was weak and soft, not at all the voice that ought to be coming from that big chest. I decided he must have had some kind of disease that had affected his larynx.

"Is Bill telling you about Africa?" he asked me, sitting down comfortably with his glass in his hand. "Don't tell me. It's a safe bet that he is."

"I suppose I am a bore about it," said Bill, looking eager and worried at the same time.

"Don't apologize," Paul said. "We're dons, we're expected to be boring. We're not expected to be able to talk about anything but our own concerns when we meet visitors from the great world outside. Isn't that so?" he appealed to me.

"You said it, I didn't," I fended him off. "As it happens, Bill's African ideas don't bore me. I came down to hear him talk about them."

"Well, don't let me stop you," Paul said. He turned to Hazel and included her in his smile, which was bright and mechanical. "I'm here for Hazel's cooking, but I promise not to interrupt."

Did I imagine it? Or did some kind of signal, a brief flash too quick for the eye to follow, jump between the two of them? "I'm here for Hazel's cooking." Did my inner ear detect a layer of meaning, thin as onionskin, behind the words? Here for Hazel's what?

I turned back to Bill, and he began to chew my ear off again. Africa this, Africa that. After a while Hazel got up and went over to the sideboard to get more drinks. She collected our glasses, recharged them, brought them back, and also fidgeted about with little bowls of nuts and olives and so forth. As she moved about, against the steady background of Bill's voice, I watched her—not so much with my eyes, as with those antennae a man uses to keep contact with a woman who's moving about within a few feet of him. I felt, rather than saw, what she was doing—how she bent over, straightened, paused here and rustled rapidly there. And all of a sudden I had it. Don't tell me I'm wrong. I've never made a mistake yet.

She was playing around with this Paul.

How did I know? It's hard to put into words. Adultery has a kind of supersonic whine, too high for your ears to pick up unless you've done something to attune them. Well, I'd done a fair amount to attune mine. There was my past history with Hazel. Plus one or two other episodes in between. Nothing to do with this story, but I hear the note when it's sounded.

Bill had stopped talking for a moment. He was waiting for me to say something. And I had nothing to say, because it would have been hopeless to try to make him see how misguided all this African do-gooding was. I was going to have to keep my opinions to myself and even simulate a polite, constructive interest. That meant choosing my words with great care, or he'd be trying to tie me down to all sorts of definite obligations. And all the time I was conscious of Paul and Hazel, darting glances at each other over the rims of their drinks. At one point she handed him the dish of olives, and I watched like mad to see if he allowed his hand to brush against hers as he took one. That's usually the mark of people who are having an affair—the compulsion to touch each other. But he was clever, this Paul. It wasn't his first time. He looked just the kind of skillful cad who never gets caught.

And Hazel? What did she look like? I was trying to decide, and at the same time halting through a few sentences to keep Bill at arm's length, when fortunately there was a diversion. The thirteen-year-old girl came in, bringing a younger sister with her, aged about eleven. There was a certain amount of small talk, plus an argument about whether the son was expected to lunch or not. He was evidently the eldest, about nineteen and an *(Continued)*

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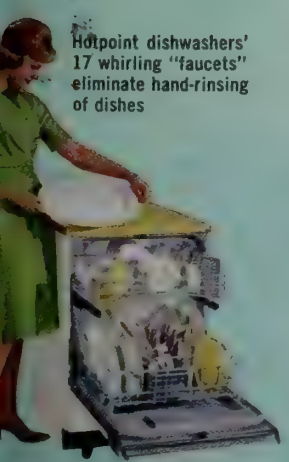

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Further Education *continued*

undergraduate at his father's college. He was supposed to come home to lunch every Sunday, but he pleased himself and stayed away if it suited him. As they wrangled about whether he had or hadn't said he was coming, I was thinking about his age. Nineteen. Hazel must have conceived him in the very year when I last saw them. Perhaps—since all things are possible—it was even. . . . I dismissed the thought at once.

They finally decided that the son wasn't coming, which relieved me considerably, and we all went in to lunch. Not having any domestic help, Hazel and the girls shared the job of fetching the food in from the kitchen and dishing it up. For a few minutes it was all coming and going, clattering dishes, arguing over where this was and where that was, while Bill and Paul and I stood waiting to take our seats at the table. It gave me a chance to take Paul in.

He was chatting to Bill with elaborate man-to-man casualness, a sort of old-colleagues-together tone under which he was taking out some rather nasty ill nature. It was obvious that Bill irritated him considerably. I suppose a cuckold is always irritating, particularly so to the man who is putting him in that position.

"Of course, Bill's just marking time," he said to me with a facetious grin that tried to rope me in on his side in the baiting game. "Another three weeks and he'll be finished with Oxford. Already we're insubstantial—just wraiths, aren't we, Bill?"

"Are you really leaving as soon as that?" I asked.

"I shall be flying out," he answered, "to look round and see what kind of accommodation is available, and meet my African colleagues, and get some idea of the size of the job. I shan't be starting work, though, till late in September. So there'll be time to fly back here and clear everything up at this end."

"Clear everything up?" I said. "You mean sell the house? Are you all going?"

Hazel was putting vegetable dishes on the table, and it seemed to me that she set them down hard, and rattled spoons and things unnecessarily, thrusting her presence into our midst as if she didn't want our conversation to go on. I saw, too, a look of quiet misery slide across Bill's face.

"We haven't quite decided yet," he said.

"Will you carve, darling?" Hazel asked him in a brisk, overriding voice. No talking about our family plans in front of strangers, was what she meant. I shot a look at Paul; he had his eyes discreetly lowered.

It's a mistake to be too careful; if you take pains not to let anything be seen, anyone can tell you've got something you can't afford to show.

We chewed and swallowed, made meaningless conversation, and watched each other. Hazel's eyes were bright. She seemed to me to be enjoying herself with an inner excitement that came glowing through her skin. Three men at once, even if one of them was only her husband. What was her game? How did she live her life now? I thought of those few minutes we had spent together, the blazing street and the shadowy bar. "That's just it. It's a question of who I can trust myself with." Her eyes had that same wild dimension inside them. What lay hidden in the twenty years since I had loved her?

As for Paul, I hated his plump hands. I hated him for her husband's sake, and for my sake, and for her own sake.

The situation was getting out of hand. I longed for six o'clock, but it was only a quarter to two. More than four hours of this! A sense of reckless power came over me. I no longer cared what I did; I only wanted to leave some kind of mark on the situation, something that would make them remember the day I visited them. "James was here. He broke this, and this, and that over there."

Paul was needling Bill again. Some rigmarole about teaching philosophy in a hot climate.

"Passions run high," he was saying. "Remember Pascal, where he says he only believes histories related by people who are ready to let themselves be torn to pieces?"

"What kind of bunk is that?" I asked him. I could hear my voice being rough and challenging, like one street-corner lout working up a quarrel with another.

"It's in the *Pensées*," he said, giving me a contemptuous glance.

"Very uncharacteristic, though," Bill intervened, trying to preserve good humor. "Besides, Pascal's attitude to history wasn't the same as his attitude to philosophy."

"Look, I don't know anything about Pascal and I don't want to know," I snarled. "But I can see when somebody's talking in a damned silly irresponsible way."

Bill looked at me wide-eyed, conveying shock and reproof, but I didn't care. I wanted to tread on this Paul with his soft, mocking voice and his thick neck. I was never going to see any of them again, so what did it matter? If I can't give you any money for your Africans, Bill, I thought, I can at least insult the man who's battening on your sexual life. Thrusting in between you and Hazel, and my ghost.

"You certainly believe in plain speaking, don't you?" Paul said, leaning forward and looking at me with aggression in his eyes and mouth.

"I believe in ordinary common decency," I said. "If I couldn't stop myself from mocking at a man's ideals, I wouldn't come and eat at his table."

At this, Hazel got up abruptly, pushed her chair back with a loud scrape, and left the room, beckoning the daughters with her. And they went too. It was her way, I suppose, of trying to bulldoze the quarrel to a standstill before it went any further. But I wasn't going to let go until I had taught our fine friend a lesson.

"Nobody's mocking any ideals," he came back at me in his reedy voice. "It's just that you're out of touch with the academic idiom. Irony always is misunderstood by . . ." he shrugged.

"By peasants like me?" I said. "All right, don't spare me your Oxford complacency."

"Please, both of you," Bill said helplessly. We turned and looked at him, but all he could say was, "Please," again.

"Don't interrupt us, Bill," I said. "We're quarreling."

"I don't know why," he said. "It's a bit hard on me, as your host ——"

"I'm finding it rather interesting, to tell you the truth," said Paul. "I have so

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with him, and that's why he left. I've just been mollifying Bill—at least," I said, turning to him, "I hope I have."

Bill smiled to show that he accepted my conciliatory efforts, but Hazel looked at me stonily and said, "All right, I won't wrap it up. Why did you do it?"

"I didn't like his attitude to Bill."

"How do you know what his attitude to Bill is?"

Instead of answering, I threw her a searching look. She was standing behind Bill, where he couldn't see her face, and for an instant she looked me right in the eyes with a most curious expression. Half-provocative and half-conspiratorial. Very much as if to say, "Go ahead, quarrel with me, interfere with my private concerns, and we'll see who comes off best—I'll probably enjoy it."

Bill and I went outside, and in the excitement of telling me all about Africa he soon forgot the fracas with Paul.

Bill had the gift of being able to concentrate on a topic, pour his energies into it, and at the same time blot out all annoyances and problems on the fringe of his life. I admire that gift. It's probably the one indispensable condition for getting anything done. Because whose life isn't in a mess? In one way or another?

And certainly Bill's was. I watched him, and sized the situation up, as he droned on. There was a flushed eagerness in his face when he talked about his work in Africa, a kind of nervous enthusiasm that doesn't suit a man of forty-odd. Come to that, he wouldn't have had it in the days when I'd known him before. He was more self-contained then. This excitement was stirred up by some inner need. And I knew what need. He was running away from Oxford, from the life he had lived there for twenty years. And that meant only one thing. Hazel had somehow managed to kill his love for her. He was channeling everything into this idealistic harebrained scheme because it offered an escape from her. He had been hurt badly, and he was wild to get away before she hurt him anymore.

As I reached this conclusion, Hazel was at my side with a tray. Tea in the garden. All very idyllic. And I noticed once again that she grouped herself outside Bill's field of vision.

"Are you looking forward to Africa, Hazel?" I asked, stirring tea.

She looked up quizzically, as if I couldn't really be as stupid as the question made me sound, and Bill answered for her.

"I'm afraid it's all in the balance still. I mean, Hazel's never been to Africa, and before we take the step of transferring the whole household there she's going to come and look round for a bit."

"There are the children to think of," Hazel added, but I didn't have to be very clever to understand that she wasn't bothering about the children so much as looking forward to getting Bill away for a few years, while she was still young enough to cut a swath among the Pauls of this world. *(Continued)*

e contact with the great world of ness and practical affairs." He ght out the words with a thick, sneer. "After spending my whole t life in an atmosphere of free dis- ion, with give-and-take among ybody, I'd forgotten how tycoons cise their power—tongue-lashing bullying anyone whose tone they 't like."

You've got me wrong," I told him ously. "Any decent person would t like me, tycoon or not. If you've t your life among people who er defend their friends when they're lted, you may call that equality give-and-take, but I call it spine- ness."

e was pale with anger, but the old ic detachment didn't slip for a nent. "That's how the exercise of lligence always does strike the out- r," he came back. "You think I'm lting Bill because I make jokes a skeptical tinge about his ——" That's right. It's the tinge I don't . I don't go by your rule book, that s a tinge is only to be answered by ther tinge, till the whole thing dies y in a kind of sunset of tinges." I surprised at how well, and how ch, I was talking. Adrenalin had ulated me. "I don't think you uld accept Bill's hospitality if the y thing you contribute is a perma- t cold sneer."

aul got up and said, "I'll go now, . There's no point in prolonging . Your friend doesn't like me, and the situation could only develop in a way I'd be sorry for."

I said, "If that's a veiled threat to punch me in the face, come outside and try it."

"James! For God's sake!" said Bill sharply. "What's come over you?"

I could see he was puzzled, sad, angry and very much regretting that he'd ever asked me to his house. So after Paul had walked out, which he did silently and quickly, I made him a little speech.

"Look, Bill," I said. "I've been guilty of a loss of self-control—I admit it and I apologize for it. I didn't like Paul, and in particular I didn't like the way he seemed to be laughing behind his hand at you and your ideas. All right, tell me I don't understand faculty ways, tell me I'm coarse and imperceptive. But don't let it spoil our day. I haven't seen you for all these years, and I'm here to learn all about your plans and hopes over this African business. When I've gone, you can go and see Paul and make any excuses you like. Tell him you didn't know I'd degenerated into such a brute. Tell him anything. Only let's go and sit in the garden, in the sun, and talk about Africa."

Just as that moment, Hazel came back in. She was looking proud and challenging; not angry, exactly, but very ready to face anybody down.

"Paul's gone, I see," she said.

"Don't wrap it up, Hazel," I said. "I insulted Paul and picked a quarrel

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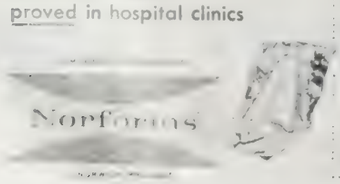

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Further Education *continued*

So to test her I said, "It'll be lonely for you, living in this house by yourself, if you don't go with Bill."

"Oh, I can fly home for a goodish part of each vacation," Bill put in. As he spoke I was watching Hazel. She shot him a sidelong glance that told me all I wanted to know, then looked up at me.

"I expect I'll manage," she said. "Somehow."

After that, I had the whole picture. Bill and I sat back in our deck chairs for another round of African facts and figures, and I fobbed him off every time he brought the subject round to the amount he could expect from my firm. The son came lounging round the side of the house—he looked sufficiently like Bill to advertise a no-accident conception, but apart from that he was just a typical modern undergraduate, narrow jeans, wide haircut and dirt. We were introduced, and he slouched off again. Then, somehow, it was nearly six, and I was getting ready to go. I knew Evans would have the car gliding to a standstill outside the gate at precisely eighteen hundred hours. I had to go, that was all there was to it, and my curiosity about Bill and Hazel would just have to feed on what I'd managed to pick up. All I knew was that it had gone wrong. Marriage to him hadn't done what she had counted on it to do for her. It hadn't held her steady. She'd gone wild at some stage and stayed wild.

But what stage? Early or late? Who had first cut the rope that held her to him?

"Well, I must get ready to go," I said to Bill. I heaped the usual thanks and compliments, and looked round for my hat. He called Hazel out, and the two of them stood looking at me.

"I'll write to you," I said to Bill, "as soon as I've had a chance to discuss this with my fellow directors."

I hoped the insincerity in my voice wasn't coming through as strongly to him as it was to me.

Then the eleven-year-old came to the French window and said my car was here. I held out my hand to Bill. Good-bye to the whole thing. One more unsolved mystery, anchored to a memory. But Hazel was saying something.

"I've got to call in and see Moira Davidson (or some such name). Perhaps James wouldn't mind dropping me off. It's not far from Carfax."

James didn't have any choice in the matter. In a couple of minutes we were driving off, all by ourselves in a big, cushiony car. I felt very conscious of Evans's correct neck and ears. I've always refused to have one of those cars with a glass panel isolating the driver, but now I regretted it.

"Why did you come, James?" she asked me, straightaway, as soon as we started moving.

"To see you," I said.

"Why? Just curiosity?"

I nodded. "If that's what you want me to say, I'll say it."

She made an impatient gesture. "Don't be *cautious*. I won't have it."

"Well," I said, "I'm not going to be *in*cautious. We're not alone, for one thing." I kept my voice down and hoped Evans's hearing wasn't as sharp as I was afraid it probably was.

She leaned back and looked away from me as she said, "You didn't lil Paul, did you?"

"Not much."

"Could you say why?"

"I was jealous," I said.

She turned and looked at me nov "You could see, then?"

"Anybody could."

"Bill doesn't," she said quickly.

The car halted at a red light, throbbe started again.

"I expect Bill would rather not see, I said. "But it isn't any business mine."

We went round a corner, and her bod swayed against mine. To steady hersel she put her hand on my knee. And t unsteady me, she left it there a momen or two longer. Before she took it awa she lifted those big, tawny eyes to min and I saw that they were still the eye of a girl.

"It is, James," she said.

"It is what?"

"Business of yours."

What was she telling me? That I' knocked a hole in the seawall, and afte that the waters had gone on flooding i from that day to this? Was I the assassi of Bill's happiness?

"When did it go wrong, Hazel?" asked. "Between you and Bill?"

She looked at me steadily. "You wer there," she said.

I wiped sweat off my face. A ma doesn't like to feel that his innocen pleasures have given somebody twent years of trouble, with at least twent more in store. Bill was right: Afric was the answer.

"Well, here's where I'm going," sh said, pointing to a side street we wer approaching. I leaned forward an asked Evans to stop.

"The end of the road will do," sh said. "I'll walk down."

The car slid to a halt, and Evans go out to open the door for Hazel. I ca culated we had five seconds in whic we would be out of earshot. "Lister Hazel," I said. "When Bill goes to Africa you know where to find me." I fel hot and reckless. After all these year I was as fast in the situation as ever.

"I'll be closing this place up," sh said, "and getting a flat in town. Th girls will be away from home, anyway.

So that was fixed. Then Evans opene the door.

"Well, good-bye," I said.

She smiled in at me briefly, straight ened her back and walked off to the phony social call, without looking be hind.

What happened next? Nothing yet It's still to come. All that was six month ago, and the other day I had a note fron Hazel giving me her London address I'll be looking her up. I mean, I'm mar ried, but not as married as all that. Bu first, I sent Bill a fat contribution to hi African fund. I mean a really fat on that I had to bulldoze through agains the resistance of everyone else in th firm. It's enough to underwrite a whol department of his scheme, and in fac he's written back to say that he's put ting my name to it. The James Richard scholarship.

I feel rather good about that, on th whole. I mean, I realize that to teach these blacks a lot of elaborate skills i pure economic hara-kiri. But then hara kiri is a very dignified business. And i pleases me to think that, in her own way Hazel has been a help to Bill in his work After all, that's how it should be.

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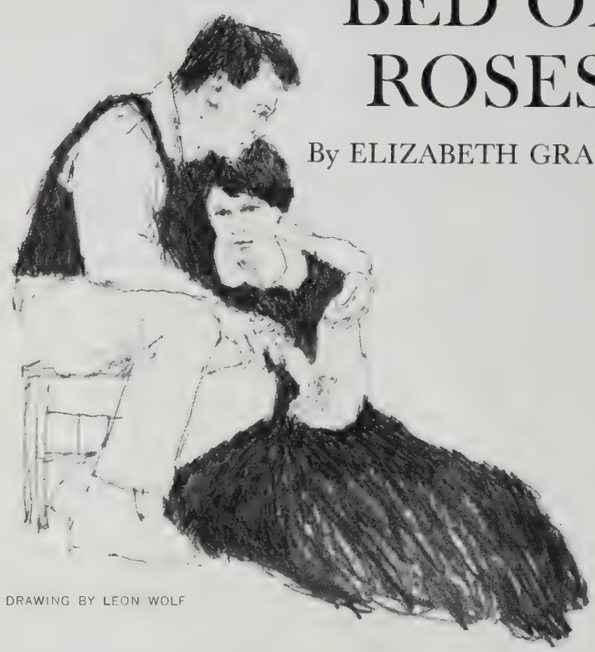

DRAWING BY LEON WOLF

Mamma thought she was always right—especially when Earl left me

Mamma saw that announcement in the newspaper, about W. T. Gilford's engagement to be married, before I did. I was busy fixing supper for my family of four and didn't even know the paper had come.

"Guess who's engaged," Mamma walked in the front door and said.

I put the potatoes on to cook, and said over my shoulder, "Not Billy Bob, at long last!" I was referring to my brother.

"No indeed, and he's nowhere near it," was Mamma's reply. "It's W.T." She entered the kitchen with the paper opened up. "To a girl. Here's a picture of her, from Little Rock. A church wedding is planned, it says. Wonder when." Mamma eased on down in a chair to read the full article out loud. It was spread all over the front page of the *Tazwell Chronicle*, you might know. "She looks like a right sweet girl," Mamma ended up saying, which didn't surprise me.

I went back with my husband Earl seven years ago, and Mamma has never ceased to imagine that I did it to be contrary, and for no other reason. Tells that to everybody! But I did it to be happy. It was Mamma herself who impressed on us children that her main motivation in life was to see us happy. Only to change her mind, in my case, when Earl showed up after an absence of two years and three months, a recent victim of amnesia, for one thing. He came home with this sardonic smile.

Oh, she was friendly to Earl in the very beginning; commented on how nice and tall he was, said he had the healthiest head of hair she had ever laid eyes on, for a redhead, admired the scar which occurs just over his left eyebrow and prevailed upon him to tell her how he got it. He got it playing Kick the Can at the age of ten. I met him the summer he was nineteen and came over from Goodfellow AF Base in San Angelo, to attend the rodeo. Earl and I got acquainted while watching the calf-roping.

So, anyhow, Mamma never failed to sit on the sofa eating the chocolates which Earl took to bringing, and she would select milk-chocolate creams, fanning herself, and you would o thought she hadn't a thing to do but si in conversation with Earl!

Told him all about us, beginning with that time when I was five years old and she went to San Angelo, which is fifty seven miles on west from Tazwell. I was farmed out to Miss Zartman, who is postmistress here in Tazwell and wears brown wrapping-paper sleeve protectors kept in place by rubber bands. The nervous-energy type; sort of darts around in a stiff-legged way with her elbows bent and digging the air.

Miss Zee was over at our house the day my daddy left—he was getting me ready to go swing in the park when the next thing Mamma was saying if he couldn't do something worthwhile with his time, just to clear out, just to take his castles in the air and leave. And not to come back, she had had enough! He never came back.

Miss Zee told Mamma that she herself never would have done that, and Mamma blew her nose and said that Miss Zee didn't know one thing about marriage, and was not very loyal to boot. So it was to smooth things over that Miss Zee agreed to keep me when Mamma went over to San Angelo to learn Permanent Waving, Hair Cutting, Cosmetics, Facials and Manicuring.

"I had Jodene and her brother to look out after, their daddy disappearing from the face of the earth the way he did."

I can still see Mamma pinching into an orange cream and putting it back in the candy box while saying this to Earl. "I tell my own boy—he's your age—Son, I say, don't you even think about marrying until you've proved you are steady and can support a family. Money doesn't grow on trees, I tell him. He knows I'm right too! You can't buy bread with a friendly smile."

ıat's the way Mamma talks. After a
e she would take her handkerchief
her uniform pocket and dab the
ers of her mouth and fan herself,
ıg, "Now then, aren't I the one?
, talk, talk, and you never getting a
l in." Then she would ask Earl a
tion. For instance, was he satisfied
everything with being a private?
ısked Earl one evening was he afraid
amma, and he just grinned at me.
vere sitting on the porch steps wait-
or it to cool down. "I'm not scared
ıybody, unless it's you," he said.
ed my wrist with his forefinger and
ıb, and said, "Jodene, you're no
er than a minute. You're pretty, too,
cnow it?" He kept hold of my hand,
ng at it in his, and the next thing I
he was pulling me up from the
. "Come on, let's go do something
lebrate."
'elebrate what?" I asked, and he
"That's for me to know and you to
out."
ok me down to the drugstore and
ht me a banana split, and then we
over to the roller-skating rink. The
Earl is so tall and gangly, when he is
walking around he looks like he
t be going to stumble over his own
ıny minute. So I was surprised to
ow much balance he had, roller-
ng. He did a lot of figure eights and
rick skating, and he was like watch-
ımebody take off a disguise! I never
l have known how positive and
rful Earl Dawson was if I hadn't
him skate. All the other skaters
and watched, and when he quit
kated over to me, everybody war-
ped and clapped until it was noisier
when they were all skating. Earl
d red and drank a Coke for a while.
we got on the floor and went
ıd. We were skating double, and so
said, "I think I'll kiss you."
ll let you," I said, and when he
down to do it, I said, "Like a pig in
e!" and broke away from him. Ev-
dy saw he was after me, and so
skated in his way and I got clear to
ther side of the rink before he
ıt me. "Run away from me again,"
d, laughing, "I'll catch you again!"
inned me in against the railing.
I *am* going to kiss you," he said,
did. Wasn't a thing I could do
it.
en, not very long after that, one
ıng at the breakfast table Mamma
d in on my brother Billy Bob
coming in at two A.M. in the morn-
easing him. Billy Bob could rob a
and Mamma would just tease him
it, I do believe. The only time I
did see her light into him was once
he came home with a big red valen-
nd said he was going to give it to
een Downs. Mamma tore it right
n two and told him not to start
hing he had no intention of finish-
urned around and baked his favor-
e for dessert the next day. My
is that there was no earthly need
Billy Bob Pritchett to inform
na that it was me getting in late,
im. But I knew there wasn't any
bringing that up. All I said was,
was asking me to marry him last
Something like that takes a little
'
ı, my stars," was her reaction.
ne, he will never amount to a row
ns. You'd be miserable."
as shocked to the core. "How can
amount to anything while he's in
rvice? I'd say anybody who would
make such a remark is being extremely unpatriotic. And I didn't say I was going to marry him, I just said he asked me to."

"There's plenty of boys right here in Tazwell for you to pick from. That nice W. T. Gilford, for one. You don't have to rely on the Army."

"Maybe," Billy Bob said, "she better take what she can get, Ma."

"Mamma," I implored, "when are you going to start making Billy Bob treat me like a human being?"

So, of course, Billy Bob dunked his doughtnut in *my* coffee and claimed he was just trying to help me out. Before I could ask Mamma if that was what it sounded like to her, the beauty-shop doorbell rang. Clara's Beauty Salon is in what used to be the front bedroom and has its own entrance from the porch.

Mamma got up from the table and told Billy Bob she didn't want any squabbling. Then she turned to me and said it was too early in the day for me to get my feelings hurt.

"And Jodene, I've told you before, you're flighty. Don't make the same mistake I made."

"I'd have to marry my own daddy to do that, wouldn't I?" Joking.

Mamma set the jam jar down and said, "Don't sass me, Jodene," and added, "The subject is closed."

So Earl and I were forced to elope. Five weeks later he shipped out. Personally, I thought then and I think now that Earl requested overseas duty, voluntarily. *(Continued)*

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What happened was, we got home on a Friday afternoon, fresh from our honeymoon and just as confused as we could be—not knowing whether Mamma would let us in the house for me to gather up my personal belongings or what. As it turned out, she was giving Mrs. Belew her weekly shampoo and set. Mrs. Belew is Sheriff Ben T. Belew's wife and buys all her clothes from the junior-miss department down at the Gilford's Dry Goods. So the door was open.

Nothing I could say made a particle of difference; Mamma kept working on Mrs. Belew's hair, and except for once when she said, "Yes, and this is the thanks I get," she simply ignored my existence on earth. Earl stepped forward, and he just tried his very best to say whatever would please her. He said he knew how she probably felt, but that he meant to take good care of me. He tried to tell her that being married to me gave him a goal in life. Anything I wanted, he was going to see to it that I got it, if it was within reason.

Mamma sighed and reached around Mrs. Belew for a hairnet and two cotton ear protectors from the vanity top. "Good intentions," she said, fitting on the hairnet. "Good intentions don't count for a thing, I'm sorry to say. Jodene's daddy was the living proof of that."

"Oh, now, Clara," Mrs. Belew said, "why don't you let bygones be bygones? I think this young man has said some very touching things." Mrs. Belew gave Earl a big smile.

"You're ready for the dryer," said Mamma. Put her under it and turned the heat-control switch to On.

"Don't you realize," she then said to Earl, "that you've married a girl that's been sheltered all her life from insecurity and hardship, which is all you have to offer her? Jodene isn't used to that. She doesn't even know the meaning of it." The quiet way Mamma was talking, she almost convinced even me that my childhood hadn't been spent in a broken home!

She went on to say that she was tempted to have this marriage annulled, on the grounds that I was barely seventeen, and young for my age, at that. She said I was too young to know what I was doing. "She's been a disappointment to me in a lot of ways, and I don't deny it, but Jodene is the one I've always made plans for. I put time, thought and effort into raising her. I planned a better life for her than I've had—I visualized it all! Only to stand here now and see it fly out the window. Right out the window." Mamma started sorting out hair rollers and tidying up the shop as if she couldn't get it done fast enough to suit herself, then all of a sudden stood stock still and said, with her back to us both, "Oh, you all go on, just get out, I'm too upset to look at you."

"Mamma, can't you even say goodbye?" I hoped and prayed she would at least turn around and say that, but she shook her head, raised it as if she could speak plainer that way, and said, "What for? You'll be back, with a broken heart."

Well, after that, if I so much as looked sideways at Earl, he practically broke out in a cold sweat. I had to be Mrs. Ecstatic Wife *all* the time, or else Earl was positive I was unhappy, and wound up staring nervously out the window. But we always kissed and made up. I wrote Mamma that she could stop worrying, my marriage was turning out to be a Bed of Roses! And I thought it was; I never expected all roses and no thorns.

That was why, when Earl came in with the news that he was shipping out, I couldn't believe him. I cried so hard he could hardly hold me. I begged him not to go.

"You're doing it to get away from Mamma, I know it. Oh, Earl," I cried, "I always knew if I ever did try to be happy, Mamma'd spoil it for me. I always knew it." I just went to pieces.

"Jodene, don't talk like that. She can't spoil anything unless you let her. Here. Don't cry anymore. I can't stand to see you cry. Listen, I'm telling you the truth. Why would I want to leave you, when I love you like I do?" But then he added, "There's nothing we can do but try and find a bright side to the picture. Come on now. I'll bet while I'm gone she'll get used to the idea we're married! Hell, Jodene."

There wasn't anything left for me to do but go back home to Tazwell. I expected Mamma to make my life even more miserable than it was, and I dreaded that, but she chose not to. She said she had every right to tell me she told me so, but that she chose to comfort her children whenever they met with disillusion and heartache.

"Mamma, I'm not disillusioned. How come you think that? I'm dying of loneliness, is all, since my husband went overseas and will possibly get killed in battle."

"You are disillusioned whether you know it or not," said Mamma, and she stuck to it.

So at first Earl wrote me every week, then he wrote me saying he wouldn't be able to write me for a while, and his letters stopped, and that was the last I heard from him. Then the War Department regretted to inform me that Earl was reported missing in action, and a year later was presumed officially dead. It just seemed to me, then, that I didn't have a thing to live for.

When Mamma had company in for Sunday dinner, sometimes I would get dressed and come to the table and sometimes I wouldn't. I didn't even keep up with the movie magazines. The only reason I started in to dating again was because Mamma said it was the one way I could prove to her that Earl hadn't broken my heart. She said just telling her so would never convince her. When I married W. T. Gilford, finally, she said, "Now I believe you," and burst into tears. She gave me a big hug and said, "Jodene, this is the day I've lived for! Now you won't ever want for a thing."

W.T. is wealthy through inheritance, is what she was referring to. The Gilfords own the newspaper here in Tazwell, for one thing, which they let W.T. run. W.T. supervised and occasionally wrote the editorials. He depended on Miss Zee for most of the society news and local events, she being in a position to know more than anybody else. So naturally, right when we were in the middle of setting up housekeeping, Miss Zee indulged in this unexplained behavior, which had adverse effects on the society-news-and-local-events page. I remember the date—July nineteenth—as it was my and W.T.'s one-month anniversary.

At ten-fifteen on that particular morning, Miss Zee marched herself in to the First National Bank and she drew out every cent in her Christmas Club fund. Then she called up Mamma for a hair appointment. "I'm fixing to go over to San Angelo, and I won't be back for a number of days," was all she would say.

Came back the next week and from then on she was in and out of Tazwell, in and out. You never knew whether you were going to get your mail on time, or whether there would be much of a society-news-and-local-events section in the paper, or anything. The whole town was speculating. Some said there was a man in the picture, others said she was betting on the horses and insinuated that W.T. should write an editorial on the evils of gambling. W.T. is not a person you tell what to do, outright or any other way. Fortunately the circus came to town in September and took their minds off Miss Zee's behavior, giving W.T.—and, I might add, me—a rest, for a change.

Then along about the middle of November, she started coming over for Mamma's services two or three times a *week*. Hair sets, facials, manicures. Sometimes when she came I'd be there in the shop, and I could tell without half trying that Miss Zee's presence was becoming a burden.

"Mamma, you may be getting rich, all that money pouring out of Miss Zee's pocketbook," I observed to be helpful, "but money isn't everything, believe me."

"You think it isn't because you have it," was Mamma's reply. "It is my lot in life to give Miss Zee, or anybody else that comes in here, a shampoo and set, or a mudpack or whatever, *(Continued)*

NIGHT SONG AT SELAH

By Irving Petite

When I am dead, am settled straight
and deep,
Hops still will bloom at Selah. Earth
will host sheep
In the Ahtanum hills, and there will be
Apples that cripple down the tree
Where it comes kneeling; begging;
done with pride
At Cashmere, Mission Creek and
Sunnyside.

Son of my spirit's borning, there will be
No gathering of the tribes for me . . .
No time to take the drums and go
To Toppenish Long House or
Wapato;
White Swan and Satus will be spent
Of music, as a fireless tent.

They will all be branding cattle in the
Kittitas;
Or gleaning prunes that flower the
lank October grass;
Or camped where huckleberries fill
Tall baskets, at Potato Hill.

Will you alone, then, turn from kiln
or field or tree
And feel your full heart break, break
noiselessly;
Knowing, beyond the deepest pain,
That we shall never meet again?

From 1 ja

NEW CREAMY DRESSINGS WITH YOUR PERSONAL TOUCH

Wait 'til you taste what a jar of Best Foods and a dash of imagination can do! Dreamy new dressings better than anything off a shelf.

Best Foods is *Real* Mayonnaise, with unique delicate flavor that highlights but never hides the goodness of other foods and seasonings. Even when thinned, its full-bodied creaminess gives dressings an ideal texture. Yes, it takes Best Foods, America's favorite mayonnaise, to bring out the best in these new creamy dressings

1. POLKA DOT

1 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped onion

Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over vegetable or gelatin salad, seafood or tomatoes.

2. CRANBERRY BLUSH

1/3 cup cranberry juice cocktail OR 1/4 cup cranberry sauce
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
2 to 3 tablespoons chopped pecans or walnuts

Fold cranberry juice OR sauce into Real Mayonnaise. Chill. Add nuts just before serving. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

3. GINGER CRUNCH

3 tablespoons milk
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup slivered candied ginger
1/4 cup slivered toasted almonds

Blend milk into Real Mayonnaise; fold in slivered ginger. Chill. Add almonds just before serving. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

4. CHEESY FRENCH

1/2 cup BEST FOODS French Dressing
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup cottage cheese

Fold French Dressing into Real Mayonnaise. Lightly fold in cottage cheese. Chill. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over tomatoes, hearts of Western iceberg lettuce or vegetable salad.

QUICKIES:

Blend 1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise and 1/4 cup of any of the following: fruit juice (canned, fresh or frozen), maraschino cherry juice, tomato juice, milk, light cream, pickle juice, French Dressing or prepared mustard.

f Best Foods... a new world of tastes for salads

1. POLKA DOT

2. CRANBERRY BLUSH

3. GINGER CRUNCH

4. CHEESY FRENCH

this is no place for "second best"... bring out the best with real mayonnaise ...BEST FOODS

whether they need it or not, and the subject is closed."

A simple observation, and you would of thought I'd said a dirty word! I got so I preferred to remain at my own home.

That's where I was—at home—wrapping Christmas presents at the kitchen table, when the telephone rang, and I went to answer it, and it was Earl on the line.

"Jodene, this is Earl," he said.

"Earl Dawson?" I barely had the presence of mind not to say, "Aren't you dead?" I leaned back against the wall. "Where in the world are you?"

"Down here at the drugstore. What I want to know is, do you want to see me, or what?"

"Earl, does Mamma know you're here?"

"How else could I find out where you were?"

"What did she have to say? For instance."

"She told me you were presently married to one W.T. Gilford, who, I take it, owns the U.S. Mint. Is that what you're hedging around to find out if I knew? You didn't answer my question."

"I guess I don't know what *to* answer. I haven't seen you for almost three years, please remember." He said he knew that better than anyone, and he could explain why, and was I going to let him, or not?

"Well, I don't see how Mamma could expect me not to," I finally told him, "after you have taken the trouble to come here to Tazwell, and all."

Earl said, "Hang up, I'll be there in a minute."

I hardly had time to put down the receiver when I heard a car roar up the driveway and then *in* came Mamma. Left the front door wide open and all that cold, dirty rain blowing in on the Axminster. Mamma looked at me good and said, "You're in a state of shock. He went right ahead and called you, didn't he? Where's W. T.?"

"Why he's down at the pool hall," I said.

"Good. Thank the Lord for small favors. Get your coat." Took me by the arm and literally compelled me to the car. Came within one inch of ramming the back end of the car into the mesquite tree at the entrance to the driveway.

Well, I want you to know Mamma drove fifty-eight miles per hour right *smack* through the middle of town. Raining so hard you couldn't see your hand in front of your face, and traffic swerving every which way. She just glued her hand to the horn and endangered the life of all Tazwell.

Pulled up in front of the house, slammed on the brakes—we skidded a mile—and said to me, "Hurry inside, and don't track mud in."

The minute we were in the house, "Mamma!" I said. It occurred to me! "Mamma, if that was Earl, not even dead, then I have been living in sin with W.T.!"

"Jodene, you married W.T. in good faith, and you married him last, then he is your rightful husband. I know how to handle this. You go to your room and don't come out."

Someone came up the porch steps like a shot, and Mamma and I both jumped. It turned out to be Miss Zee.

She flung herself into the shop and stood there dripping. "Hello, you all," she said, panting, and Mamma propped the CLOSED sign in the window, saying, "Miss Zee, Jodene's first husband Earl that she thought was dead overseas all this time is here in town. We're busy."

"Oh." Miss Zee stood there catching her breath. "Clara, can you—I came ——"

Then while Mamma and I were waiting for Miss Zee to make a grain of sense, Earl walked in.

He never said a word, just slowly used his heel to shut the door behind him. Mamma watched him do it and then cleared her throat. "Now, Earl, take a seat and let's all be civilized," she said. "Or if you prefer to stand," she added right away, "stand."

"Thank you, ma'am," Earl replied, "I prefer to leave. With Jodene."

"Clara ——"

"Oh, Miss Zee, hush up," Mamma implored, while keeping her attention on Earl. "Jodene nearly grieved her heart out for you," she told him, "and you not dead at all—grieved and grieved. . . . Didn't she, Miss Zee? . . . When she came in and said to me, 'Mamma, W.T. and I are talking about getting married,' I can tell you I was positively *relieved* to hear of her doing something normal for a change. Since she's been Mrs. W.T. Gilford, Jodene has been the picture of happiness."

Right then was when I noticed that Earl came home with a sardonic smile. He used it on Mamma.

"Mrs. Pritchett, ma'am, I have been in a war. I've shot me some men, got shot myself, got captured and treated rotten, escaped, had amnesia—I may look the same as when I left here, but I'm not. If you wasn't Jodene's mother, I could be more specific." He glanced at Miss Zee, who was lacing her fingers in and out. "And if there wasn't strangers present," he added. Earl always did have nice manners.

"Earl, this is Miss Zartman, you remember her. She's the postmistress here in Tazwell," I said.

He said, "Glad to meet you," and then, to me, "Just tell me one thing."

"There's nothing to tell," declared Mamma. "She married W.T. because she loves him, and she intends to remain his wife."

"Clara," Miss Zee simply pleaded with her eyes for Mamma to listen, "what I came over for in all this rain, I need one of your twelve-fifty facials and a set, right quick."

Mamma contained herself, barely. "Miss Zee, you are taking advantage of me when I am in the midst of a family crisis and tentative tragedy."

"Mamma," I said, "what a way to talk to your very best customer." For which I was told to leave the *room*.

Earl put his hand on my shoulder as if he thought I was going to, and turned me to face him. "Why didn't you answer my letters?"

I just stared at him. "Why, Earl, I did! Don't you even remember?"

Mamma and Miss Zee were over in a corner, whispering and casting glances of suspicion in Earl's direction. I thought he had been brainwashed or something, myself. "I replied to every one of your letters," I stated, "all of which I still have, and right on top of them the War Department tele——"

Earl had to shout to interrupt me. "I am referring to the letters I've been writing you daily for the past month!"

Then everybody was exclaiming. Then nobody was. There was this stunned silence.

Earl slowly walked over to Mamma.

He said right up close, without raising his voice: "*You got ahold of those letters, didn't you?*"

Miss Zee's eyes bugged out like stones. I clapped my hand to my mouth. And Mamma? Immersed in thought. Then she says:

"Well. Well, well. You can see his true colors now, Jodene, here's hoping. Comes barging in here, bent on nothing but upheaval and destruction. Keep in mind that W.T. wouldn't hurt a fly, much less slander your mother."

Earl's face was almost as red as his hair. You couldn't tell what he was going to do next: yell some more, apolo-

TINY

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r turn around and walk right out. nched his fists, and I thought, *He g to hit Mamma!* Then he nar- his eyes. He cut around to Miss ho backed up.

y," she said, "I'd better be on my

l detained her. "They came, all and she did, didn't she?" He from Mamma back to Miss Zee. " he said.

ver saw any human being carry on ay Miss Zee did.

ad to!" she said, a dozen times if id it once: "I had to! I informed in passing, one day, that a letter ust come for Jodene from you, I d on the envelope where you were n Japan and intended just to men- at to her in passing, and she talked o giving it to her ——"

s a free country," Mamma said. "I a right to protect my daughter's ness."

so I did, as she said Jodene was a life of luxury at last and would die than give it up. . . . That's or word what you said, Clara. . . . w I was breaking faith with the d States postal authorities, but I ht I was, was doing Jodene a fa- You could see she was about to cry. , fiddle-dee. The main reason you ," said Mamma, "was to get my es free of charge—to look as near queen as possible every time you over to Angelo, which was every Mr. Mystery Man beckoned."

ara, I was going to tell you all my friend, we met through cor- dence, just as soon as he pro- . He's coming here today, he's— , one of your facials and a set would turn the tide, I just know it," said Miss Zee, on the verge of panic.

"Wouldn't give you one more free curl if it would turn the whole ocean."

And so Earl said, without even hesitating, "Miss Zee, I'd be glad to finance whatever you need."

"It'll cost you twenty dollars," Mamma said.

"It'll cost me twelve-fifty," said Earl, and he smiled at Mamma for the second time.

She marched out of there and went to the kitchen without another word.

Earl started after her, and then stopped. "Is there someplace where we can talk?" he asked.

Miss Zee stopped sniffling and wringing her hands and said, "Oh, why did this have to happen today of all days!" She buttoned her raincoat and left.

Then I didn't know what to say, so I said, "It surely is raining out there." I was looking out the front window.

"I have to go talk to your mother, so I don't have time right now to say much." Earl had come over to the window, and we were both watching the rain. "I never would of made it back, except for you though, you know it? And what I'm saying is, if you want to stay married the way you are, that's up to you. I won't give you a hard time. I figure it this way: I owe you that much. Because for a while there, quite a few times, I was ready to give up, but I kept thinking there was a reason to try. I couldn't get that out of my head."

That's the most Earl had ever said to me at one time, It took me a minute before I could speak.

"I'm not sure Mamma'd stand for me leaving W.T.," I finally told Earl. "I married you against her express wishes, and it doesn't seem possible to do that twice."

"You don't have to make up your mind right now. I'm going in there to talk to her, anyhow, no matter what you decide. I didn't come here to pick any fights with her or anybody. I've had enough of fighting to last me a lifetime."

Earl looked at me, and then he touched my face. Then he took me in his arms. He just held me tight.

If Mamma had walked in on us, or even W.T., I think I would of still gone on kissing Earl. He was the one that stopped, finally. He didn't let go of me right away.

"You make up your mind," he said, "and don't worry." He gave me another hug then and went off to talk to Mamma.

But I couldn't help worrying, I didn't know what was the right thing to do. If I did one thing, it was going to make Mamma unhappy, and if I did another, it was going to make Earl unhappy—and I never *did* know whether something was going to make W.T. happy or not. The more I tried to think, the harder it got. I stood it as long as I could, and then I started back to the kitchen. I had been hearing an occasional exclamation on Mamma's part; when I got to the dining room I could hear her reasoning with Earl.

"You really love her?" she was saying. "Why, you don't even have a job! I suppose you have visions of living off me?"

"I heard some talk down at the drugstore," Earl said, "somebody from the Dell ranch, they need a hand. I'm not worried about that."

"Easy come, easy go. I've made up my mind, you might as well know it now."

"No, ma'am, I'm sorry, but it's like I told you: Whatever Jodene decides is the way it will be."

"Earl, I'm losing my patience with you, and I didn't have a lot to start with. Now you just *(Continued)*

LULLABY

By Kate Barnes

"Night at the window, ding, dong,
ding,"
Say silver bells on an ivory ring.
Sleep, baby, now.

"Six o'clock," the town bells say,
"The moon has sent the sun away."
Sleep, baby, now.

Here is the crib with the baby in it,
"Good night," says the
raspberry-breasted linnet,
Sleep, baby, now.

This quilt was stitched by your
great-grandmother,
In this crib your father lay sleeping;
Your mother toyed with the ring
and bells
Now in your mind keeping;
Little one, gentle one,
Here there is no weeping.

So drop your head, my own
sweet daughter,
Four-month dreams are running water.
Sleep, baby, now.

night! You can be more *devastatingly*

onde! brunette! redhead!

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hightail it out of here. This minute. Before I call up W.T."

And I thought: *He will, he'll go, and he won't come back, ever*—it shot straight through me. I felt as if I knew exactly what was going to happen next, like when you are watching a late show on TV that you have already seen a long time ago and think you have forgotten, but never have. Or like when you are dreaming, and you dream that you know what is coming next, but you can't stop it. I started trembling, and I was trying to get hold of myself when I heard Earl say, in this level tone of voice, "I'm staying." Period!

Mrs. Pritchett ma'am I'm staying period!

On went the water at the sink, full force. Off again.

"Stay, then." Mamma sounded tired of talking. She started moving around the room. "It won't do you a bit of good, Earl. Because Jodene will do what *I* say, this time. Because I haven't carried the full burden of raising two children," Mamma continued in a strained tone, "with nothing better in mind than for one of them to wind up taking after her daddy, who never knew when he was well off."

I opened the door and went in.

"I heard that, Mamma," I said. "I'm not trying to take after my daddy. But I plainly never did completely forget Earl, that's all—otherwise why would I have saved all his letters? I think you're only trying the best you know how to help me make the right decision, and I appreciate that, and you have helped, because now I know for certain that my place is with Earl."

"Are you saying you love Earl, who can't offer you anything, and that you don't love W.T.?"

"Mamma, what else *could* I be saying!"

Mamma folded her arms and studied me.

"Jodene," she said, taking her time, "I gave up a long time ago trying to understand what makes you act the way you do. I washed my hands of you, in that sense. It's been your brother Billy Bob I've had to look to for any joy that's come to me."

Well, when you have known a thing all your life, you don't suddenly stop living just because you hear it put into words, I've found that out. I felt sorry for Earl, though, coming all the way from Tokyo, Japan, and finding out that Mamma hadn't changed. He kind of sighed, and said privately to me, "Come on."

I got my coat and we went outdoors. The rain had stopped. Miss Zee was coming up the walk with a man. Had this peculiar, dazed look on her face, as if the mail had been delivered to the post office already sorted.

"Merry Christmas and never mind the facial," she said, without even glancing at us. "I've just found out—true love is blind!" Floated right on past us, adding absentmindedly, "W.T. knows. He said you could find him at the pool hall."

W.T. knows Earl is in town and so does everybody else, she could have said. I knew there wasn't any need for me to announce my final decision to return to my first husband. Those that hadn't already guessed it would claim they had, anyway. But I soon discovered that nobody was going to settle back and let a happy ending flourish. when Mamma was willing to s their sympathy for months on unceasingly.

Well, I happened in to the be shop yesterday morning seven after I moved back in with Earl, there Mamma was once again in midst of misrepresenting me to a g of ladies, with W.T.'s engagement in evidence all over the place, an minute they saw me they all sto talking and changed the subject. " hello, Jodene." "How you, Jode "My, isn't it hot today, a real scor we were just now saying so." the ten-millionth time I started t like I believed them, and then cided *Oh, foot.* I couldn't pretend longer! I grabbed up one of Mam expensive jars of cosmetics and I c care where I threw it. Broke it smithereens.

"There, you all!" I said. "Now can have something new to talk ab

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THIS SIDE OF HEDGE

By Elizabeth Henley

Once I lived
In a skyscraper
And I had roses
On my wallpaper—
No more garden
Than courtyard stone,
But I had roses
In my cologne.

Years go by
As those poets say.
One gathers down payments
Where one may,
Buys herself shovels,
Peat moss, hoses,
Goes in wholesale
For real red roses.

I feast on my neighbor's
Roses, not mine.
And living but once
And thinking twice,
I gather, not roses,
But that they are nice.
Beauty's bought
At a terrible price.

"Land sakes, Jodene!"

"Is she suffering from sunstroke

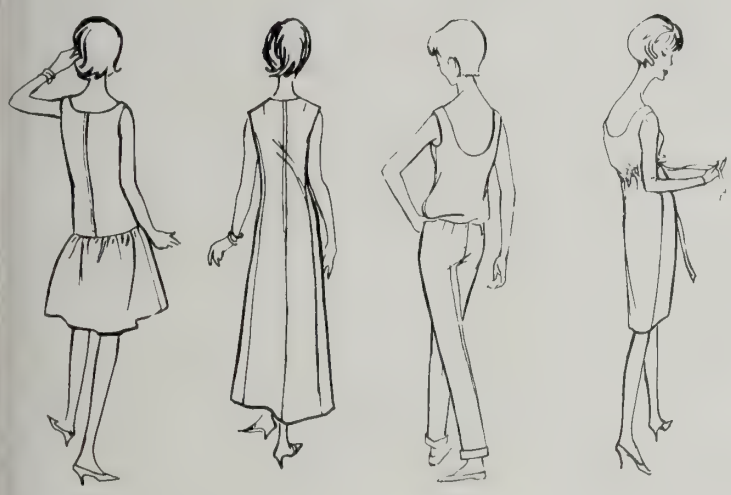
"That took me completely by prise, did it you?"

I took my own self by surprise, if only knew it!

But I didn't stay to comme sashayed out of there and got in m Earl's car and went looking for br Billy Bob on his milk route.

"Billy Bob, I'm feeling so good going to help you fix up that apart you want. The one Mamma says won't need for years. And I'm goin to my home now and bake a big c late cake. You stop by your girl leen's and tell her, and you all com have supper with us tonight." I st up the car. "If Mamma wants to k just tell her it's a celebration"

5958 6178 3010 6054



6186 6179 6213 6119

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VOGUE PATTERN NO. 6178 Patio Dress, Beach Dress, Tunic and Pants. 10–16 (31–36) $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Long Dress shown requires 2⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

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JOURNAL CREDITS: WHO, WHAT, WHERE/EXPECTING SUMMER

pages 127–129

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Chicago; Beverly Hills; Detroit; White Plains, N.Y.; Springfield, N.J.; St. Louis, Mo.; Skokie, Ill.; Garden City, N.Y.; Palo Alto, Calif.

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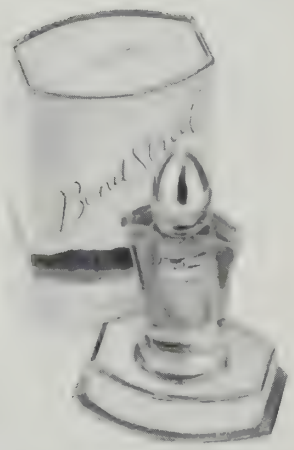

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SYMPOSIUM *continued from page 80*

aid, "the president of a state League of Women Voters reports that it is often difficult for her to go all out in promoting League stands without jeopardizing her husband's business. I think this threat is quite common."

Miss Height cited another form of economic reprisal: action against community-financed social agencies. "The agencies dependent upon community funds, federated financing and united funds," she said, "find increasingly that these channels are easily used for threats; so that we've had the experience of Community Chests that have said, 'If you dare speak up for civil rights or integration, your funds will be withdrawn.' And a community-service agency finds it very hard to deprive a community of the agency's benefits."

THE ILLUSION OF POWERLESSNESS is widespread in our society, the panel agreed. Many people feel that there is nothing they can do about issues; that their votes mean little or nothing; that there is no use in trying, in speaking up, in acting when it seems as if one were acting alone. The silent onlooker, the symposium concluded, is dangerous, the basis of much of the fundamental distrust and anxiety in our society.

SELFISHNESS, Mrs. Arnold added, contributes to the illusion of ineffectuality. "I think it's plain old-fashioned lack of concern for the other fellow that has caused the illusion," she said. "When you have concern for others, you have enlightenment, and at this time we need enlightenment desperately."

APATHY, observed Mrs. Price, may actually stem more from selfishness than laziness. "We are often so busy with our own affairs that we aren't motivated to work for larger issues. Often we don't care enough to act on issues that don't touch us directly and personally."

A HUNGER FOR EASY ANSWERS, said Mrs. Phillips, encourages extremism. "I think Americans are the kind of people," she observed, "who like clear-cut answers. We think that there's a black and a white and no shades in between."

"This comes back to the same thing, doesn't it?" asked Mrs. Arnold. "That when we have facts, we cannot have as much fear? And then doesn't it follow that those people who are negligent, or perhaps a little lazy, want pat answers? That may be where we develop the habit of turning toward the demagogue who has the 'yes' or 'no,' the pat answer."

"There's a feeling," Miss Height added, "that somehow might is right, and if someone speaks loudly enough, he must know whereof he speaks, or he wouldn't be saying the things he does."

SOCIETY'S COMPLEXITY, Mrs. Phillips felt, is one of the roots of the desire for easy answers, and hence encourages extremism too. "There is an educational and political lag," she said, "because the world in which we live is so complex. It is difficult for busy Americans to keep up with the issues, and they are frustrated because there are few problems with a beginning, a middle and an end."

"Life has become so fast," Mrs. Price added, "that people don't have time to dig out the facts and form opinions based on them, rather than on prejudice or habit."

Miss Hickey interposed: "I think also that we have put so much stress on the know-how, on expediting the job and obtaining the skills and the techniques, that we have failed to give equal recognition to the know-why and the know-what of our tasks. We condone a kind of anti-intellectualism, as if one had only to get into action to solve everything."

THE MORAL GAP, Miss Height pointed out, is a crucial problem. "The tremendous difference," she said, "between the kind of things that we profess, and the kind of things we're able to do—the things we stand for, and the things we're able to make a reality—creates a moral situation that is very serious in our society. It seems to me that we're living in a day when we can't talk about moral situations without backing up the talk with moral stands; and those are going to cost something."

"I think Walter Lippmann put the problem very well," Miss Hickey added. "He said, 'There is a searing crisis within the American spirit which we have yet to realize and then resolve.' It is something within the spirit, and when you start to bring about a renascence, where do you begin to get that enlightenment?"

MRS. PHILLIPS: "I think people don't know how to go about doing the things they can do and should do. We should begin by giving instructions on how to mark the ballot, how to register, how to give aid to parts of the country where people aren't registering. If we can, as women, give more know-how to the simple things in civic responsibility, it should be of enormous value in helping solve some of these problems."

MISS HEIGHT: "It seems to me that a new thing is happening; a new drive toward unified action, the recognition that one group or one organization will find action difficult. United effort is an important key. And you begin to have more faith in democracy when you assess your allies. Just finding out who they are gives you a basis for more faith in the workings of the democratic system."

MRS. ARNOLD: "Women must recognize and take pride in partisanship. They must overcome their fear of controversy. We must face unpleasant facts in discussion, otherwise we will lose all impact and be completely neutral and bland."

MRS. PRICE: "Aren't we saying that women could go a long way toward solving our political crises merely by gaining knowledge—becoming better informed and developing an understanding of our responsibilities as citizens? How do we achieve this state of responsibility?"

Miss Height answered: "Somehow we're beginning to learn that you do not achieve a state of being responsible. You learn through responsible action. We say we should be more responsible; we don't talk about rights, we just discuss responsibilities. How else can a citizen learn to be responsible than to have the chance to act responsibly?"

"Voting," suggested Miss Hickey, "is evidence of responsible community leadership. I think you've concluded that the moderates don't take enough action, and that because they fall silent, don't vote, don't assert themselves, extremists tend to dominate the headlines, and are allowed to wield greater influence on our national life—particularly in the area of politics—than their numbers would warrant. And it seems to me that the answer for this problem is leadership, perhaps leadership on the part of American women. If women did take a more active part, wouldn't our society be better, not just in the matters of violence and the intemperate nature of political campaigns in this country, but (*Continued*)

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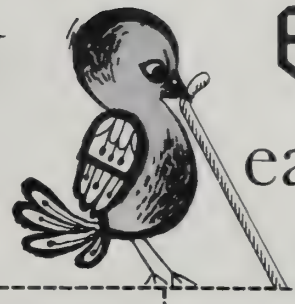

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Miss Height became more specific: "Delinquency and the other problems," she said, "are symptoms of the underlying conditions that contribute to decay in the moral fiber of our nation. This is a political democracy, and we need to realize that the political status of a citizen is a very important thing. We can give young people a feeling of the inspiration that comes of exercising one's right to vote. When I was a teen-ager I remember hearing Charles Houston, who did the preliminary work for the 1954 Supreme Court school integration decisions, say that the quickest way to freedom is through the ballot. I've never forgotten that. No matter where I am—and I've been in India at election time—I've voted. I think that we sometimes fail to identify the ideals of democracy with the methods of achieving them."

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"But what are the techniques of participation?" asked Miss Hickey. "How does the average woman, who may not belong to an organization, go about playing a greater role in our political life?"

The panel's answers amounted to a primer of practical politics for the contemporary American woman:

ASK QUESTIONS, Mrs. Phillips suggested. "Ask questions within the family, then take those same questions to city hall, or to the school-board meeting, and get acquainted with the people who run the government. That helps not only you but the government official, because he feels the interest of the citizens in his community, and that strengthens his hand as well as his efforts."

EDUCATE, starting with yourself and your family, Miss Height recommended. "You can share your questions and your concern. You can make a list for yourself of what you would like to see happen, what would benefit you, your children, your community, and find out who influences what will happen. You can begin your own education by just trying to find out what goes on, where your taxes go."

DEVELOP, Mrs. Price suggested. "Develop within ourselves and our children a broad knowledge and understanding of the communities and the world about us. Develop an intense interest in society's problems, and develop a desire to use knowledge, understanding and interest to help solve those problems."

AFFIRM. "It isn't always a question of fighting what other people are doing," Miss Hickey explained. "It's fighting for the virtues in American life."

"Part of the problem," said Miss Height, "is that all we know is what we're against, but not what we're for."

RECOGNIZE good works, said Mrs. Arnold. "A lot of attention should be given to praising and honoring good political activity. On the other hand, it seems to me that every woman must be made to feel that she's an outsider if she doesn't find herself properly informed prior to the voting period."

BLOCK RUMOR. "This idea is fundamental," said Miss Height. "One group of women I know of set up a plan that they call monitoring their own conversations on the telephone." The belief here is that rumor could be stopped if one immediately and persistently questioned its origins.

PARTICIPATE and "keep as well informed as you can," said Mrs. Arnold. "You ought to go to political meetings that are open to the public; become involved in community projects."

ORGANIZE, said Miss Height. "People have to come face to face with the reality that there are tremendous lobbies pressing for things, often not for the public welfare, and you can't face this kind of activity in a disorganized way."

REGISTER AND VOTE. "We've had some of the most exciting experiences in using the church as the medium through which people not only get information about registration and voting," Miss Height offered, "but also as a place to which they report on their own registration. I think that a great deal would happen in this country if every organized group of women asked every member to bring to a meeting evidence that they were registered."

ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY. "When you tolerate, or overlook, illegal actions that cause injustice," said Miss Height, "there is a great legal question as to your participation in the blame. When people are injured through negligence or oversight, in our law there are very real problems. But when injustice is committed in our country, and we know that due process of law is not happening, the question of national guilt and responsibility is a very real one. Then we are saying that nations do have responsibility, and that people within nations must be aware of what is going on and take steps to prevent injustice."

At this point Miss Hickey recalled President Johnson's phrase from his State of the Union message, "a world made safe for diversity."

"There's strength in unity," she said, "but there's strength also in—to use this beautiful phrase that Mrs. Arnold's organization uses—'unity in diversity,' and this is what the President was talking about. Are we able, now to hold onto diversity and still get unity?"

Miss Height thought so. "I have a feeling that whatever may have been the weaknesses in the past, there is a feeling of need in the country that we dare not lose. We can't wait until November; we have to make every day count, because since the assassination of the President, people have had a kind of awakening. I think they're going to realize that there is something here that needs to be dealt with. And I think we should have a mutuality of concern that cuts across North and South and East and West, and black and white and rich and poor and all religious groups—across every possible line—so that we can realize that we hold someone else's fate in our hands. I have a feeling that women, now, have a basis for establishing something that is different from what we've been able to do before. We have a climate on which we must build, and I think we can."

Women must reach out beyond the walls of their homes, the symposium concluded. They must become involved, speak up, assume active leadership, if necessary, in mobilizing the hitherto scattered and muted forces of moderation against the militant, violent and destructive extremists whose bitter plants bore the fruit of last November's barbarism.

"Women have a unique contribution to make," said Miss Height, "because we're so close to every aspect of life; its very beginning and its fulfillment."

"We have to get over the idea that our home is just the four walls," said Mrs. Phillips. "We have to combat the point of view that women's responsibilities are limited to what the Germans call, "*Küche, Kinder und Kirche.*"

"My husband makes a good point about that," added Mrs. Arnold. "He says that woman's place is in the home, but when a community becomes an involvement of the home, when the qualified candidates for council and all the problems of the community become involved in family life—as they inevitably do—then it's a woman's place to roll back the walls of her home and go out into the community."

"The community," Miss Height said, "is really an extension of the home, because it affects the family. In fact, the woman's home *is* the community *and* the world."

"This means," Miss Hickey concluded, "that if women acted, we could have a civilization safe for the diversity that the President talked about. We could have the kind of controversy, the kind of discussion, out of which decisions could be made, and we could do it in an atmosphere of good will." ■

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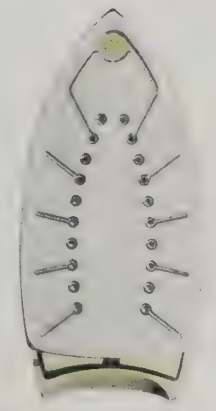

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FIRST LADY *continued from page 65*

approach to problems; if he can't reach a goal one way, he's willing to try another.

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Lyndon Johnson counted on his wife to get over her shyness and learn to meet people comfortably, in ones or twos, in groups or crowds—and even in audiences. She has done it, because it needed doing. A person standing alone on the edge of a party is a real sorrow to her. Even now, as First Lady, she crosses the room and brings the bystander into the group. "She taught me to do that too," says Margery Jenkins, the wife of one of the President's chief aides. "And, you know, I've met more interesting people that way than you can imagine."

The Johnson marriage began very much in the style in which it continued. Perhaps good marriages always do—placidly for the placid, and rather more feverishly for the demanding. Lyndon Johnson had turned 26 in 1934, and found his true profession—politics. He had his first job in Washington as secretary to Texas Congressman Richard M. Kleberg. Back in Austin, which is near his home town of Johnson City, he was introduced to a Miss Taylor from East Texas who had graduated from the university and come down to visit. What Johnson wants, he wants promptly; and he asked her for the first possible date open on her calendar—breakfast the next morning. Lest she forget the young-man-in-a-hurry when he went back to Washington, he left her a photograph of himself inscribed, "For Bird, a girl of taste and refinement, from her admirer." One of his gifts to her last Christmas was another photograph with the same inscription.

Two months after their first meeting, Mr. Kleberg's secretary was back in Texas to call on Miss Taylor at the brick house near Karnack. He was still in a hurry. When the girl he was courting finally said, "Yes," he telephoned a friend to arrange for a marriage ceremony. The engagement of Claudia Alta Taylor and Lyndon Baines Johnson lasted just as long as it took to drive the 300 miles southwest from Karnack to San Antonio. They were married the same day.

This haste worried the minister who performed the ceremony, the Rev. Dr. Arthur McKinstry, who is now retired Episcopal Bishop of Delaware. He knew neither of the young people, and his confidence wasn't increased by the groom's forgetting to provide a ring. While the minister talked with the couple, trying to satisfy himself about their chances of permanent happiness, a friend rushed off to a store. From a dozen rings he brought back, the bride chose the one that fitted best. By this time their talk with the Reverend Dr. McKinstry had made him a little easier in his mind, and he married them. It was some while, however, before he ceased to wonder whether the Johnson marriage would last.

There are those today, close to the Johnsons, who feel that this particular marriage was the only one for him that could have succeeded. "Let's face it," said one charming lady, "he's a *very* demanding man. Though to tell you the truth," she added with a giggle, "I wouldn't mind if he demanded *me*." Since she is one of the First Lady's most devoted friends and happily married herself to another demanding man, this is an objective judgment. An ex-aide of Johnson's, now out of politics, maintains that Lady Bird was the only woman for the "demanding man." An old friend from New Deal days agrees; referring to one of the tragic failures that happen in Washington so publicly, he said, "If only *that* fellow had a wife like Bird, he'd have been all right."

This is not to suggest that Johnson's career has been made by his wife, but having her as his wife has helped him to devote vast energies to his career. "He's a political animal in the same way that Roosevelt was," says an old friend who knew both men. "He couldn't be happy doing anything else." Roosevelt, however, was heir to a fortune. Johnson was a poor boy; his family had even lost the old home-place in one of the farm depressions that hit Texas so hard. Like so many other Americans, Johnson had his way to make in the world.

The law, of course, is the traditional choice of "another profession" for an ambitious young politician. In 1935, while he was still on Congressman Kleberg's staff, Johnson attended the Law School at Georgetown University in Washington. His course was interrupted in July of that year, when he was appointed head of the National Youth Administration for Texas.

This was one of the many New Deal programs aimed at coping with the effects of the Great Depression of the 1930's. NYA functioned in part as a kind of glorified employment agency which helped young people to find jobs (where they existed) in private industry. It also employed them directly on such projects as building parks and playgrounds, and it found part-time work that allowed students to stay in college. Based in Austin, Johnson traveled the state thoroughly. There's no doubt that the role he was cast in—the young man with access to funds from Washington—gave him a head start politically. There's no doubt either that the thousands of young people he was able to help formed the nucleus, if not of a political machine, of a group that might be called the Friends of Lyndon Johnson.

When he ran for a Congressional seat in the 10th District of Central Texas, he won handily. What's more, his style of campaigning won him the favor and approbation of Franklin Roosevelt. Johnson ran as a convinced New Dealer, ready to speak up even for the controversial "court-packing plan." That was enough to recommend him to the President. By chance, Roosevelt was actually cruising in the Gulf of Mexico at the time of the off-season, April election. (The previous incumbent had died in office.) When F.D.R.'s yacht, the *Potomac*, put in to Galveston, he let it be known he'd be glad to see the young Congressman, and then invited him aboard the Presidential train. Back in Washington, F.D.R. recommended him for the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. Within days of winning his first election, Johnson had become a Roosevelt protégé.

One demand of the political profession is that what we usually think of as private life becomes public. A man who runs for public office steps into public view, and the public is rightly curious about him and about his family. Anyone who can't accept this scrutiny—usually good-natured but sometimes very acid indeed—had better stay away from politics.

And yet, a politician's wife must somehow keep a private place for her husband and her children—and even for herself. A man who's been badly beaten in public needs someone to turn to, and everyone in public office risks a beating every so often, whether he runs for election or not. His ideas can lose out; or his pet projects; he will have to grin and bear it. Children of men i high office find themselves centers o attention without quite understandin why this should be so. It takes a wis woman to love them devotedly withou letting them get the idea that the atten tion they receive should be taken ver seriously—and an even wiser one to se that, if they don't take it seriously, the do take it politely.

The wives of senators and representa tives must live in two places at once at home and in Washington. Where

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ould the children go to school? Back the community they come from? ith Congressional sessions running for st of the year, that choice means that e political wife must desert her husnd for months on end, or else comite between one part of her family and e other. Or should they go to school in ashington? Then they lose their friends home, and their connection with the ople whom their father represents. Keeping two houses, one in Washgton and one at home, is a considerle expense too. One alternative is ing in rented quarters. "We had ten artments in five years," says Bird hnson, "before we bought the house Thirtieth Place." When they did buy, ey practiced another alternative: rent g out their home when they went back Texas. An old friend remembers Bird shing a cart loaded with soap powders rough a supermarket and sighing, eing really rich would mean not havg to rent out the house."

But it was not any ambition to bene really rich that made a businessman out of the shy girl from the little untry town. It was a desire to have an chor to windward in case the vagaries electiontime should turn the Johnsons t of office. In 1943, following the settlent of her mother's estate, Bird John n came into an inheritance of $67,000. e and her husband had talked about ying a newspaper, but even the one sleepy little Jefferson, where she had ne to school, was priced too high. ere was, however, a near-bankrupt stin radio station on the market, and e inheritance went to buy this.

The station, with only eight employs, demanded reorganization and concentrated attention. It got them. For five months Bird settled in Austin and worked to get the station on its feet. She planned programming, sold "time," worked on the books and did what she could to redecorate the dingy premises. Her letters to Washington included detailed financial reports. Finally the station climbed into the black—all of $18 in its first profitable week. Bird heaved a sigh of relief, left it in the hands of a manager she had hired, and went back to Washington. Until she moved into the White House, and her stock in the company was taken over by the trustees who had previously administered the shares owned by the two Johnson girls, she checked weekly reports and kept in constant touch with policies and plans. Now KTBC is a television outlet for three networks, with over 100 employees, housed in a handsome new building. Every detail of studios and offices reflects the imaginative scrutiny of the lady in charge.

Like so many success stories, the decision to buy KTBC seems an obvious thing to do now. At the time, it was downright risky. Yet taking the risk seemed wise. In the first place, Congressman Lyndon Johnson had suffered his first defeat, in 1941. Running for the Senate to fill the term of Sen. Morris Sheppard, who had died in office, Johnson had been beaten by Lee (Pappy) O'Daniel, whose cry of "Pass the biscuits!" was known throughout Texas. The margin of defeat was less than 1,400 votes, but until the final count Johnson had seemed to be leading safely. The votes that beat him in the end came from the German population around Johnson City and Fredericksburg, in his own home district—a district that his father had served in the State Legislature, risking the wrath of the Ku Klux Klan for his defense of "the foreigners."

The second upset to Johnson's career was, of course, the Second World War. He had campaigned for the Senate as an internationalist, promising that if troops were sent overseas he would be among them. He was, in fact, in uniform as an officer in the Naval Reserve within three days after Pearl Harbor, to the displeasure of his crusty old Texas friend, Sam Rayburn. "The duty of a representative in Congress is to his constituents," said Mr. Sam to his younger colleagues. "Don't let me catch you going off and enlisting!" But Johnson was too quick for him, and in 1942 he served a tour of duty in the Pacific.

While he was away, Bird Johnson came into his Congressional office. She served without pay, answering mail from Texas and keeping the "home folks" in touch with Washington. At the time, a fellow office worker recorded that "Mrs. Johnson has become so popular with the voters of the 10th District that she is the only candidate who has a chance to beat her husband." One of the Congressional wives who was there at the time believes that this experience helps to explain Bird's willingness to undertake the hard job of getting KTBC on its feet. "She'd been on her own and she knew she could function," says this friend. "Nowadays, girls take it as a natural thing to have some business experience. But that wasn't true twenty years ago for a lot of Southern girls. It took the war for us to find out what we could do."

In 1944 the Johnsons' first daughter was born, after nearly 10 years of hoping for children. The First Lady has not forgotten those years. When I was in Washington, we talked of mutual friends. "I was so happy for Alice and Ed," she said, "when I heard about the grandchild. How happy they must be, after all that time. What was it, ten years?" I had to confess that I couldn't remember—but she did. According to her mother, Lynda Bird received her name because "Lyndon planned to name his son after himself and, knowing Lyndon, I never thought he wouldn't get what he wanted. So I didn't have any girl names ready." When Lucy Baines arrived three years later, she was prepared.

The girls have been brought up to take naturally the distinctly abnormal life which is that of a political family. Part of that life is the acceptance of responsibility. When the terrible news of President Kennedy's assassination reached Austin, where Lynda was attending the university, she went at once to the home of John Connally, who had been wounded in the attack. Governor Connally was her father's longtime friend and first Congressional secretary; Lynda wanted to be with his children while they waited for news. One reason for bringing Lynda home from the University of Texas (she's now going to George Washington University) is that her mother needs her.

"She can take some of the chores off my shoulders," says the First Lady. "She'll enjoy it too—for a while. Then, after she's shown the fifteenth delegation through the White House, she'll begin to be a little bored.

"Here are the latest pictures of the girls," she went on. "Lynda—I like the pensive one best. And *(Continued)*

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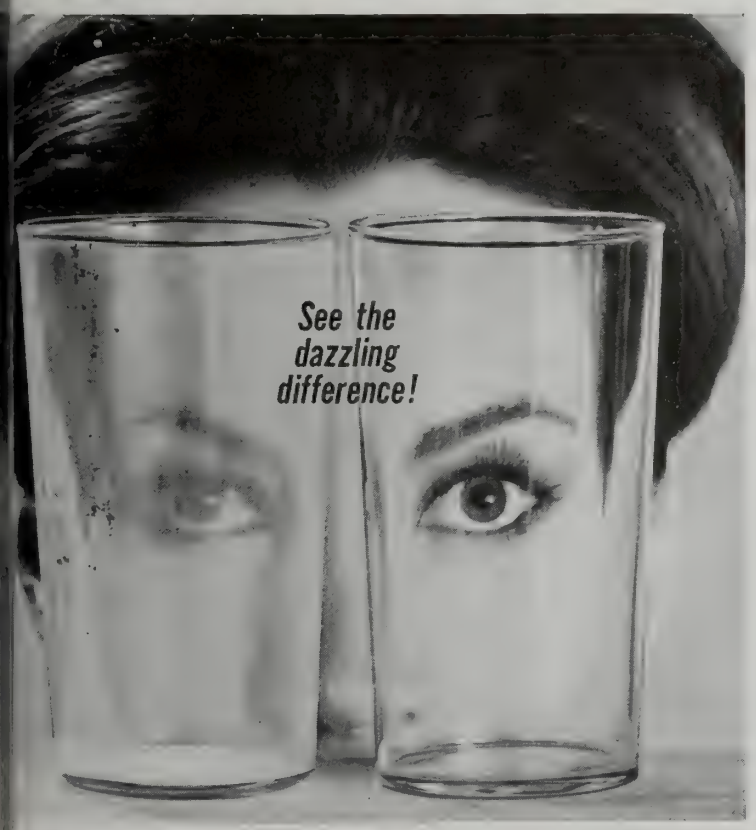

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Lucy. That is, there's Lucy as I see her." It was a lovely picture of a young girl in a simple blue dress who had just stopped being a child. "And here is Lucy as Lucy sees Lucy," said her mother, and turned to a glowing beauty in a yellow evening dress, obviously out to break hearts with all the brashness of 16-going-on-17.

I said good-bye, then, and walked out into the White House grounds, thinking about my friend Bird Johnson. I had talked to no one who had not mentioned her gentleness and patience, her astonishing memory for detail, her calm in time of crisis, her thoughtfulness.

"If you lose a button, she's the one with a needle and thread," said one man.

"She's the one who sees the old ladies have transportation," said a woman, "the widows of ex-senators or Supreme Court justices who might be overlooked."

"I work on a committee to help foreign delegations who come to Washington meet Americans and see something of our life. I don't mean just the heads of delegations, that's easy, I mean the down-the-line people. She's the one who never let us down." This was a New Yorker speaking, one who'd *not* been put off by the Texas accent. "She'd always have a luncheon and a well-planned program, something they enjoyed."

There was one young man, of course, who wondered whether she wasn't too good, too sweet. It's a natural thing to wonder, certainly, about someone who is awarded that much praise. But the adjectives are wrong. In the first place, there's nothing "sweet" about Bird Johnson. She is warm and kind and genuinely interested in people, but there is steel beneath the surface. On the night that Senator Kennedy made the turning-point speech to a group of Baptist ministers in Dallas which may well have won him the election in 1960, she was dressing for the meeting when she was called to the telephone. It was her father's doctor, saying that Tom Taylor faced a desperate operation. "Tell me about it, please," she said, and listened. Then she asked one question: "When must I be there?" "Tomorrow," she was told. She finished dressing (she also found her husband's evening studs, which no one else had been able to locate), and not until the meeting was over did she tell anyone about her trouble.

Another quality that adds spice to her character is the humor that runs along beneath the surface of her speech. "I was sorry to leave that house," she said of The Elms, where the Johnsons lived while he was Vice President, "I'd nearly got it tamed." Her definition of a campaign tour is brief but telling: "Early sunups, cold pancakes and total confusion."

Soon after the Johnsons moved into the White House, there was a phone call from the Smithsonian Institution. They wished to add her figure to the permanent exhibit of First Ladies' dresses in the museum. Could Mrs. Johnson send over a dress, preferably one now in use? Mrs. Johnson, whose schedule of entertaining was making great demands on her wardrobe, stared in consternation at her secretary. Then, "Ask them if I can borrow it back after dark," she said.

One sentence was repeated by almost every friend of the Johnsons I talked to. "I don't know how she does it." Sometimes the reference was to her ability to walk through chaos without losing her head, and to be a source of stability to others. Sometimes it was to the amount of detail she can organize without losing sight of the final goal. Sometimes it was to the unfailing grace and welcome which greets everyone she speaks to. Now, of course, the L.B.J. ranch is closely guarded by the Secret Service; but earlier, while Johnson was Vice President, it was quite accessible (unless the Pedernales River had flooded and cut it off). The ranch lies near a main east-west highway. Tourists often used to drive up and stop to peer at the stone-and-frame house, the live-oak trees and (sometimes) the lady of the house gardening in her yard. How many women with a lot on their minds would, I wonder, stop to chat with total strangers, to ask the children's names and ages, to smile for a camera?

How does she do it? "Fantastic self-discipline," says one woman, and, of course, that must be true; but it is discipline without any sense of strain. "She doesn't waste time resenting anything," says one of her closest aides. "When anything happens, it happens and it's over." "She has a great zest for life," says another. "She's never stopped learning and growing."

It's as if she had simply dropped somewhere, years ago, that irritable top bit of oneself that we all know so well, the part that says, "I want—I must have—I won't be happy without this or that." Her self-discipline, I think, began with the decision to do what her husband needed, to accept the demands made on her, and to find in them not irritation nor disruption of her own inner life but instead its very purpose. This is neither easy nor impossible—it is simply hard. I believe that Bird Johnson's astonishing energy and strength of character stem from an old decision to forget about herself.

No doubt she has given up a good deal in the way of private pleasure and personal preferences. When she started to learn Spanish last year, she said almost with glee, "This is something I'm doing just for myself. What a luxury!" She has time now to do very little for herself or by herself. Even a solitary morning stroll at the ranch is a rare thing, and she loves these walks, when the quiet is broken only by a glimpse of a doe with a fawn, or a huddle of baby quail crossing the path. For all her grace with people and her willingness to assume public responsibility, she still values solitude. The lonely child who didn't know she was lonely has left her a taste for this inward citadel.

She would be the first to say that anything she has given up has been returned to her many times over. "I like my life," she says. "If I didn't, I'd be weary, but I like it all." Perhaps that seems obvious. Who wouldn't like the glamour and excitement—yes, and the power, too—of life in the White House, life among the great and famous? Who wouldn't like fame itself, and a place in history?

Ah! But she said she liked it *all*: those sunup starts on campaign tours, the receptions where you must find 40 different things to say to 40 different labor leaders, the tours of Washington sights (that you've seen a hundred times) with smiling, important guests who speak no English, the late nights, the uncertainty, the plans that are always subject to change without notice but must be carried out to a T. ("Would you change your husband in any way if you could?" a reporter asked her once. "Yes," she answered promptly. "How?" said th startled reporter, who'd expected a mo conventional answer. "I'd have hi phone me every afternoon," she sa solemnly, "and tell me whether he'd l home for dinner.")

These things are minor, of course. Bu the "all" of her life includes patienc strength, restraint and the ability to hi grief and personal worries. It also i cludes a willingness to take on new jo and to work at them. Before the 19 campaign, for instance, she took a cour in public speaking. Now she has set he self the task of learning about the Whi House and its history. One of her fir calls was to the curator, and she is goi over every room with him, learning th period and the background of each pi ture and piece of furniture.

What kind of First Lady will sh be? One woman said bluntly, "She's th first this century who's a 'pro.'" Sh meant this as a compliment and, indee being the President's wife must involv almost unbearable strain for a woma who has not thoroughly accustome herself to the demanding life of a politic wife. Being a political "pro," howeve has some unpleasant connotations for th average voter. Doesn't it mean maki use of mechanical tricks of memory, putting on a façade of false politene and false interest in strangers, of r treating behind an image?

Of course it does, at one extreme. Bu that extreme point of false cordiality surely occupied only by someone wh doesn't really like politics, doesn't real like people, and is putting up with temporary draft on his or her time. A she says, Bird Johnson likes her li And she has led it now for almost years. She knows the techniques of po itics, but behind them is a person warmth and interest which makes the more than tricks of pleasing.

No one claims for her the glamour an beauty of a Jacqueline Kennedy, or a Eleanor Roosevelt's intellectual co cern for abstract ideals. She is a woma with a deep sense of personal obligatio to her job and to her country, but sh sees her duty in concrete and immedia terms. "What can I do that is specific" she will ask. She will weigh the answ with the canny good sense of someo who has had a wide experience of li Then she will devote her energy and h imagination to doing the practical thin that will help, down to the last detail. we have a "pro" First Lady in the Whi House, we have one who is not just a pr fessional politician but a professional getting things done—easily, gracious and with humor, but thoroughly.

As for her influence on her husband, is considerable—and very largely silen During the dreadful days of mournin after the assassination of Preside Kennedy, there came a moment durin one of the ceremonies when some sma action was called for. Lyndon Johns turned to his wife and said, "Shall I this, or will you?" Obviously he wou have preferred that she do it; and co sidering the hours and days of stra that he had sustained and still face many a wife would have stepped fo ward to relieve him of the task. Mr Johnson did not. She waited, and the eyes met. Clearly this ceremonial ge ture was one that she felt the Preside himself should make, but she said not ing at all. "I guess I'd better do i hadn't I?" he said—and did it with di nity. It is, in a way, symbolic of her ro as touchstone and center in his life.

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continued from page 57

to make much sense, even to me, but when I tried again, he said it didn't matter why I had come, I was welcome. His name was Dubois, he had been a professor of philosophy in France and had come here to study Jewish history at the Hebrew University. He said their object—I saw nobody else, so I didn't know what "their" meant—was to understand Jewish history, his special field being medieval history and the Talmud. When I smiled at the range of periods suggested by "medieval" and "Talmud," he smiled, too, and said sometimes when you spoke in a foreign language your words were correct but your "couplings" were not.

I was facing a bookcase, staring at a shelf of magazines, knowing that I had seen them before. Father Dubois was saying that his order had been founded in the 13th century by Saint Dominic. Now he, Father Bruno and Father Jacques, had come to study Hebrew history . . . But I was only half-listening: down through that strange lane that is memory, back 20 years, I remembered the magazine and interrupted him to say that Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, the psychoanalyst, used to send me copies to prove to me that there were liberals in the Church.

Father Dubois was pleased with this and ran to get me the copy—he belonged to the order that published the magazine—that contained a lecture by Zilboorg. He said that as a young priest he had heard the lecture—Zilboorg's claim that religion and psychoanalysis need not be in conflict. I think we both found it pleasant to be sitting in a room so far away from his home and mine, talking about a man we had known. I told him that Zilboorg had become a Catholic convert, and, perhaps with Jewish converts in mind, he said, "Jews brought the Messiah. His mystery must be seen through them. Any lucid and devout Christian must have his mind open to the teachings of Judaism because there are his roots."

The fervent words, the intense face, took me back a long way, to the time when I was seven or eight years old in New Orleans and wandered one Sunday morning into a church whose denomination I don't remember, and possibly never knew, and was so moved by the sermon I didn't understand that I ran from the church crying to be good and never sinful, and fell down the steps and went on home, screaming, to have my knee fixed, knowing, as a child often senses the future, that I would all my life be stirred and comforted and discomforted by people of strong belief, and that I had better take myself along on home whenever that happened. And so I went back to the hotel.

The following day the Jordanians agreed to let me in. Worried that they might change their minds, I was waiting at the Mandelbaum Gate at 7:30 in the morning. (The Mandelbaum Gate is a kind of booth on the Israeli side; about half a block away another booth marks the entry into Jordan.) Usually you cannot cross from Israel into any Arab country, but during this period of the Pope's visit multiple-crossing passes had been issued for the press, and to some tourists and religious pilgrims. It was a cold, gloomy morning as I walked down the hill and into that city that has been there for 3,000 years, holy to Jews because God promised this land to them, holy to Christians because it was the place of the mission and the agony of Christ, holy to Moslems because of the hallowed rock from which Mohammed ascended to Heaven, holy to many other sects for their own and good reasons. The land is barren, almost without birds, almost without water, almost entirely without trees. The city must have been made at great sacrifice, its site possibly chosen because it was on the ancient, direct trade routes, close to the desert and thus able to control the desert. It is said that the Moslems, in the seventh century, cut the land too heavily, but it is hard to believe that this clay, pebbles and earth could ever have been fertile.

I was driving now toward Amman, where the Pope was to land that afternoon, and it was sad to see the occasional patch of green that some distant and stubborn farmer must have walked miles to make, carrying the water and the plow so far to get so little. Along the road and sometimes deep into the hillocks there would be flocks of cream and black sheep watched over by a Bedouin wrapped tight in a burnous. They made fine pictures, these men whose lives cannot have changed much in a thousand years, but I kept wondering why the sight of the passing cars, the well-dressed, busy people, didn't make them angry.

Amman was deep in fog, and it was thought that the Pope's plane could not land. But it did land almost on time, and the cavalcade, a strange collection of great cars and small, full of officials and diplomats in high hats, not made for cars, and the colorful reds and whites and blacks of the papal party, came down the main street of Amman, passing the armored tanks along the road. The King of Jordan was sometimes in a white Rolls-Royce and sometimes in a helicopter, and the transfer from one to the other was so mysterious that he often seemed in both. The road to Jerusalem was lined with improvised arches of wood, decorated with welcome signs of gay ribbons and flowers, and they were the more touching for being tacky, so insecure that many of them blew down in the high wind. The Pope stopped and blessed the waters of the Jordan, and soon after the Arabs were selling the water in small containers, and it would have been un-Christian to blame them for it.

The Arabs were strangely moved by this man who was not of their religion, and the dangerous mob scenes that took place at the Damascus Gate and on the Via Dolorosa happened, I think, because they are not used to the great of the world and wanted only to have a taste of something nice. But the pressure was dangerous and it took a brave man to go his way, as the Pope did, with such composure. There had been endless arguments about who should be in what church at what time, who had what rights, who was to stand near or far, and there were stories of injury and pain and hurt heads and hurt feelings going the rounds of Jerusalem and Amman.

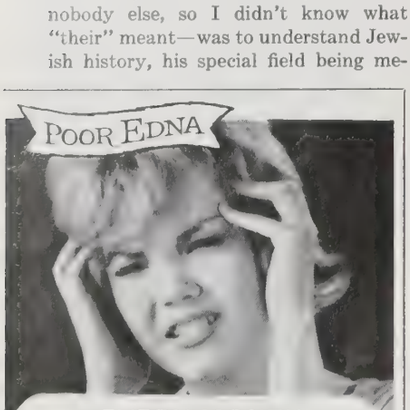
I had not seen the mob scenes, and so the next day I decided to follow the road of the Pope by myself. But the town was crowded with pilgrims and tourists, and it was very difficult to move about, so I went to find a guide. Like all guides in all lands, he was refined and talked too much. He was a Greek Catholic Arab, and after I had bought a rosary in the shop of his friend and asked if I could pay for it in dollars, he said, "Most certain, why not? Here we take dollars. We are free land. You understand?"

I said it was not always a sign of a free land to take dollars, but we didn't get far with that one, and both of us got stubborn when I wanted to buy a bag of fried fish in the bazaar. He said, "Never before I see lady eat fish from bazaar on the street."

I figured there was nothing to say to that, and we walked along while I ate my fish. He said hello to several well-dressed friends, and once he made a face at one of them, nodding toward me. After a while he said, with pleasure, "In a little while you get sick."

I said, "You take that chance every time you eat."

But we were getting tired of each other and when he explained the Garden of Gethsemane, I paid him off and went my own way up the steps of the Via Dolorosa, passing the cheap booth stores, and jumped when I heard a scream coming



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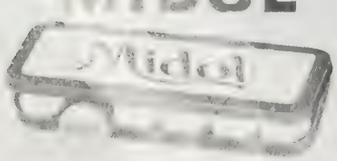

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a window. It was a dentist's —maybe the most interesting ad- ever known for a dentist—and a behind me, speaking to a group of , said some poor soul was having a pulled. She was in black, but the r nuns were in white, and as I ed along with them they said some em came from a nursing order and made the long bus trip here from non and Syria in the hope of seeing Pope's entry into the city. One -faced young girl told me she had born in Milwaukee, and the elderly in black said she came from Brus- had lived most of her life in Rome was now working in Jordan. She Rome was a fine city, no industry thus no Communists, which would surprise to Romans. They were a ant group of ladies and shared with ome milk chocolate and I tried to e my fish.

eft them outside the Church of the Sepulcher, the most holy church e world. I had read three books t this church before I came, and head was running with the contra- ons of the scholars. Here, goes the d, Christ was buried and here he the tomb being discovered by the er of Constantine. The earliest ch was dedicated around 336 A.D. destroyed by the Persians. The aders, when they could take time om killing nonbelievers, got around utting up a fine church. That was oyed by fire, so this church, except 12th-century bell tower, is 19th ry. The 19th-century builders, as ys, had a heavy hand, and it is too that this most sacred place looks raceless and unspiritual. Various nt sects have rights in the church argue about the keys and the cor- Now, on this Sunday morning, the c of different services was running her, making a strange, avant-garde d in the square. I said good-bye to nuns, feeling unhappy in this ugly re with the merchants' booths and shabby religious ornaments, and on back to the Garden of Geth- ne, which has a sweet modesty and at this minute, empty. After a e a young woman came in and, as noved about, began to moan. Sud- y the moans became very loud, and membered from somewhere words t the pilgrims to Jerusalem: "the y along the stony way, tired and and God-haunted."

rossed back to Israel that afternoon e the Pope. He was on his way down Nazareth to visit the Church of Dormition. Off the church, through ourtyards, is the room of the Last er. Fourteen press people were al- d in this room, although the church was filled with nuns and priests dignitaries and the press. Some- g, for me, was wrong with a room of Last Supper filled with TV lights TV cameras and photographers, but things have to be, I guess, and are able, and maybe I shouldn't have there either. In any case, I am at ge to be waiting for three hours in a where the temperature is 35 de- s, and no amount of stamping around courtyard, rubbing hands and ears, much good. (Perhaps America was first place to realize that when you e indoors it didn't make much sense e outdoors.) The third time a French ographer told me that I must not n the steps because he needed them et a good picture angle, I said the few good bad words I know in French, and he said some better ones, and then we both realized that maybe this wasn't the right place to have a fight, and we said we were sorry so many times that other people laughed.

At 8:30 the guns sounded, the music played and guards came to say the Pope had arrived. The Pope looked very tired, and the wonderful color and lines of the robes of the papal party were washed out by the TV lights. Some of them were men in their 70's and 80's, and the traveling schedule, with little rest, had been unbelievably heavy. The Pope has a remarkable face, the face of an intellectual, anywhere, anytime, but now the very large eyes seemed too large, and he looked white and weary. He prayed, he departed, and two cardinals, very old men, knelt after him to pray. But nothing of this visit to the room of Christ had been, for me, what it should have been until a most remarkable sound began to come from the church. High, sweet women's voices were singing a psalm in Hebrew, and when I asked the man next to me to translate, he said the words were, "Thou are the glory and the joy of our people." In a few minutes the same voices joined in the *Magnificat*, sung in Latin, and I wanted very much to see the nuns who had made the charming gesture of singing in Hebrew in the land of Hebrews.

The next day I went again to the house of the Dominicans to ask how I could find the nuns. This time Father Bruno, head of the *(Continued)*

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mission, met me at the door. I told him I had been in the room of the Last Supper the night before, and he asked me what I had seen and felt. I told him what I had seen, but, because I had not felt what he would have felt, I hesitated too long, and coughed and bumbled, and finally said that the Pope's trip was impressive, but so hurried and so managed that, for me, it was a journey of diplomats, no matter how high-minded.

I had seen in Rome a highly placed member of the Church, a man who had been at the Ecumenical Council. His name is not Father Jones, but it will be here. He said he admired Pope Paul as a distinguished and cultivated man, although he did not feel for him the affection he had had for Pope John, "the sweet peasant." I asked him if he felt there was a real chance that the schism between the Roman Church and the Orthodox Church could be healed by this trip. He said he didn't think so but it was worth trying, maybe someday. I asked Father Jones if he thought the Papal journey had other purposes than those stated. He laughed and said most certainly, the proof was in the men going with the Pope—the most conservative, high diplomats of the Vatican. He said he believed that it was the first of other trips, and the Holy Land was a good and sensible place to start.

But now Father Bruno was telling me how much the sight of the Pope had meant to him, and to all the humble in the church, to all those who could never hope to journey to Rome. Father Bruno had a spare, fine face—how many times in my life I have thought that intellectuals are the best-looking men in the world, with faces that grow better with age—and when I asked him how long he would stay in Israel, he said, "Oh, I will stay the rest of my life. Father Dubois and Father Jacques, when they finish at the university, will go back to France to teach, and other scholars will come to take their place. You see, I was born a Jew, although my consciousness of being a Jew came only after my conversion. Now, as a priest, I have come home. I did not become a priest until I was thirty-four years old because I had to support my mother. Those were hard years for me—waiting to become what I had always known I wanted to be."

He sat silent for a long time, evidently thinking about those years. Then he got up to make tea, and through the open door he said I must be wondering how men of his order, Dominicans, active as Inquisitors, could now believe so deeply that the roots of Christianity lay in Judaism.

I said, "No. I have been thinking the opposite. It seems to me that the rest of us forget hatred with almost indecent speed. The Germans, the Japanese—we've forgotten the war, and the men who died in it. But churches seem to remember too long. Since I've been here, I've heard Roman Catholic and Orthodox speak of the break of 1054 as if it were last year."

He laughed and came back with tea and a good French cake, and said that angers could only be dissolved with knowledge, and that was why he had begged his superiors to allow this little band of scholars to study in Israel. His superiors did give approval, but one churchman had asked him how, without money, they could live and eat. He had answered, "Providence," and Providence it had been. Friends gave them a little money from time to time, and the nuns, in return for instruction, gave them vegetables.

Then I remembered why I had come, and asked him who were the nuns who had sung in Hebrew. He gave me their address. I got up to go and asked permission to leave a small donation. Over his very real protest, I left what was about $20 on the table. He clapped his hands with pleasure. "That," he said, "will buy some books we need and give us enough food for a week." I said good-bye very slowly, because I knew that I would probably never again see this good and pious house, and I was sorry.

I walked a long way to the Church of Our Lady of Zion. It is a big building and not much else. (It is amazing that church architecture, for many centuries so noble, began in the 19th century to have only the ideal of largeness, as if they were houses of merchants in Manchester or Pittsburgh.) There was a pretty young nun in the courtyard, her robes pinned up like a French maid's, a mop and a pail in her hand. I asked for Mother Daniil, and she took me up a staircase and into a hall where there was a Christmas tree that was beginning to droop. I sat very close to a small electric stove, slightly burned my hand trying to move it closer, and was cursing as Mother Daniil came toward me. I think she was too well-bred to notice the cursing, but, anyway, we covered me by talking immediately of the bad weather, Christmas trees and their shape, and the great convenience of washing machines. Finally I said I had come to see her because I had been moved by her nuns singing in Hebrew for the Pope. She smiled and said she had come to Israel with the same purpose as Father Bruno—here was the answer to the roots of her belief. She said there were three other nuns with her, and that the high point of their lives had been the sight and nearness of the Pope. I asked her if she had seen the entry of the Pope into Jerusalem, and she said she had been frightened for his safety. She said the Arabs felt love for the Pope, but perhaps they were "too sentimental," which is a remarkable way of describing a mob scene. Then a man opened the door and she went to talk to him in Hebrew, and, after a while, she turned to me and said, "He has come about fixing our washing machine. But I know so few mechanical words in Hebrew. It is very hard."

I left them, talking earnestly, or trying to, and, as I went down the steps, Mother Daniil called after me, "*Shalom, shalom,*" the Hebrew word for peace, and a mighty nice way of saying good-bye. I passed the young nun, cleaning the front steps, and stood for a long time in the courtyard thinking that in the modest, serious and dedicated lives of the three Dominican scholars and the four nuns of this house one could find more of what the world should be about than in all the visits of the great and all the pronouncements of the mighty. ■

HER CONVALESCENCE
(AN OLD LADY SPEAKS)

By
Theodore Roethke

I sit in the sun
With an old pillow;
The leaves come back
To my lost world.

In the windless gardens
Of an aging heart,
Mists of morning
Rise slowly.

On my warm cup
A wasp bumbles,
Delighting in sugar,
Like a true bee.

To protect your skin against dryness, Princess Dial has moisturizing cream right in it

Moisture is vital to your skin's youth and beauty. It must be continually protected. That is why Princess Dial Soap has moisturizing cream right in it. As you cleanse away dirt and makeup, it works to replenish the vital oils that hold in moisture—hold out dryness. When you rinse, water beads form. Evidence that Princess Dial Soap is actually helping protect your skin against dryness.

You'd do anything to help them fight cavities.

Would you change their toothpaste if you knew this?

Of all the toothpastes you can get, only Colgate remarkable clinical record includes a direct comparison with the well-known fluoride brand Published research confirms:

Colgate a leader in reducing new cavities!

And it tastes best. Freshens breath, too.

What toothpaste is in your home right now? Shouldn't it be Colgate?

Colgate is *unsurpassed* in reducing new cavities. (*Journal of Dentistry for Children*, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25.)
And it stops mouth odor for most people instantly. No wonder Colgate's the world's largest selling toothpaste.

Gardol is Colgate's Trade-Mark for Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate. ©1964, Colgate-Palmolive Company

Expecting Summer

and at the end of it a new addition to your family? Then you'll be interested in the maternity fashions below and on the next pages. Made of a variety of easy-to-care-for cotton blends, they insure a fresh and attractive appearance all summer long. This year, more than ever before, maternity clothes are fashionable clothes: the blouson top for playclothes and bathing suits, the shift dress (forecast as the number-one summer fashion)—designers have ingeniously adapted both these camouflaging silhouettes for maternity wear. Now a special word to first-time mothers: Don't wait until the day (generally at the end of the fourth month) when you actually need the comfort of maternity clothes to do your shopping. Stores have found that most women prefer to buy their entire maternity wardrobe in one session, and that they prefer to do it early in their pregnancy. To accommodate this majority of women, the stores stock and show clothes for at least one season ahead. These clothes are now at Saks Fifth Avenue stores across the country. Please see details on page 113.

By SUSAN HARNEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JÉRÔME DUCROT

Overblouse and tapered pants black-and-white checked gingham, both fully lined in batiste, 6–14, from Junior Maternity, $25.

Lined blouson and shorts, rimmed with rickrack, 6–14. Junior Maternity, $23.

Cotton-and-Dacron shift, 6–14. Ma Mere, $36. Daughter's, Ma Fille, 3–6, $12.

Print patio-party dress for this special summer, 6–14, from Junior Maternity, $35.

Bathing suit has checked blouson top, knit shorts, 6–14. Junior Maternity, $15.

Cotton-and-linen plaid dress has a head scarf cut on the bias and banded to match its bib front, 6–16, Jeanette Maternities. $16.

This prize-winning cook says:

"Chicken fried in Crisco doesn't taste greasy!"

(Naturally, it's digestible)

You too can make fried chicken that's light and crisp, with no greasy taste. Fry the way this prize-winner does—with Crisco.

Foods fried right in Crisco don't taste greasy. All shortenings aren't alike. Crisco has an exclusive vegetable formula. It's highly unsaturated, with added special protection against greasy taste. No other shortening has Crisco's formula.

So, if you want digestible fried foods that don't taste greasy—use Crisco. The best cooks do.

PAPER-DOLL COOKIES

Here's a nice project for a rainy April afternoon (or a sunny one). Help your children turn some of their favorite Mother Goose characters into cookies, which they can tuck into Easter or May baskets. Each character is made from the same basic cookie doll and dressed in its own frosted cookie costume. Our simple patterns and easy cookie recipe can be made by even small children, with only a little help from mother. First make a cardboard pattern for the basic doll and for each costume, by following the instructions and drawings on page 134. When these are completed, start preparing the cookie dough. The recipes and instructions are on page 132. In the cookie crowd above, reading clockwise from center: Jack and Jill, Little Red Riding Hood, Pussy Cat-Pussy Cat, A-Hunting-We-Will-Go Indians, Little Bobby Shaftoe, Ride A Cock Horse, Little Bo Peep (and sheep) and Dr. Foster. *(Continued)*

By LOIS STILWILL
FOOD DEPARTMENT

DESIGNS BY PATRICIA A. VILLEMAIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK KAUFFMAN

We'd like to send you one...

. . . so you can examine the graceful lines, perfect weight and balance, rich and lustrous finish. Select your favorite and send in the coupon with 25¢ in coin to cover mailing costs. You'll soon receive your spoon. Look for these patterns at fine stores. In Community® Stainless: Paul Revere, Cantata, Frostfire and Driftwood. Service for four will cost you just $24.95. In Oneidacraft® DeLuxe Stainless: Chateau and Lasting Rose. Service for four, only $16.95.

Castle Services, Dept. LH-4, Box 111, Verona, N. Y. 13421.
Please send teaspoon in _____ pattern. I enclose 25¢ in coin.

_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
_____
_____
[illegible] 1964.

SOLID STAINLESS BY Oneida SILVERSMITHS

COOKIE RECIPE

½ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg
1½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

(1) Cream the shortening, sugar and vanilla. (2) Add the egg and beat until light and fluffy. (3) Stir in the flour, baking powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. (4) Divide the dough in half and wrap in wax paper. Chill for at least 1 hour. (5) Roll out half of the dough on a floured pastry cloth or wax paper. (Keep remaining half of dough in the refrigerator until you are ready to roll it.) Roll the dough very thin, about 1/16 inch. (6) Dip cardboard pattern in flour, then place on dough. Cut around the pattern with a floured sharp pointed knife. (7) Carefully remove the pattern and lift cookie with a floured broad spatula or pancake turner to an ungreased baking sheet. If rolling and cutting the dough on wax paper, remove the cardboard pattern and all scraps of dough around the cookies. Flip the wax paper and cookies onto the baking sheet and peel the paper away. Make a basic cookie doll for each character and the corresponding costumes. For the cat's tail, roll a small piece of dough between your fingers (like you roll modeling clay) until it measures about 4 inches in length. Place the tail behind one leg, across the body and around the opposite arm of the basic doll *before baking.* (8) Bake the cookies in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 5 minutes or until they are golden. Be sure to watch small cookies (pail, basket, feather headdress, etc.) very carefully, as they will brown more quickly than the larger ones. (9) Carefully remove the cookies from the baking sheet with a spatula and cool them on a wire rack.

If you wish, you may use packaged refrigerated sugar-cookie dough to make the cookies. Work with half of the roll at a time, keeping the remaining half in the refrigerator until ready to use. Be sure to roll it very thin. This dough will spread a little more in baking than the recipe dough and so the cookies will be somewhat larger.

Frosting and Decorating

When the cookies are cool, make a stiff frosting by mixing confectioners' sugar with a little milk or water. Divide the frosting into small custard cups and tint with food coloring. See the photograph on page 131 for colors you will need, or choose your favorite colors.

To make the chocolate frosting for the cat, add ½ square melted unsweetened chocolate to about ¼ cup of the frosting. For green, yellow and pink frosting, try using the cake-decorator icings that come in aerosol cans, co plete with tips you can use for decorati To make faces, hair, wool on the lar stripes, etc., use a frosting gun wit small plain tip. Decorate each e tume according to the picture or as y wish. If the frosting becomes too s as you are decorating, thin with a li milk or water. Use a small dab of frost as paste to attach the costumes to cookie dolls.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS

These are the clothes you will need make for each Mother Goose and N sery Rhyme character.

JACK AND JILL: Jack—trousers, sh jacket and pail; Jill—dress.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Cl with hood (pattern is one piece) an basket. Make the basket with a han from a small piece of dough and decor with tiny colored frosting dabs to l like flowers. Attach the basket to arm with frosting. Make her red sh with frosting.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHE HAVE YOU BEEN?: Face mask tail (don't forget to attach the tai the doll before baking).

A-HUNTING-WE-WILL-GO INDIA Design your own buckskin suits (m fringe with chocolate-frosting strip Cut out your own feathered headd patterns.

LITTLE BOBBY SHAFTOE: jacket and boots. Make "silver" buc for his knees with frosting gun and wi frosting.

RIDE A COCK HORSE TO BANBU CROSS: Extra long trousers, jacket horse. To make it stand, carefully fit boy into the opening in the horse's b (you might need to carefully trim in the boy's legs with a small sharp kni Make horse's mane and tail with frost gun (don't forget to decorate both si of the horse).

DR. FOSTER WENT TO GLOUC TER: Large hat, which fits down o the eyes, jacket and boots.

LITTLE BO PEEP HAS LOST H SHEEP: Cap with scalloped edge, l dress and fleecy lamb. Dress her up a frosting apron.

The ideas given here are only a beg ning. You can make any Mother Goo Nursery Rhyme or storybook charact by using your imagination and design costumes and accessories to fit the ba dolls. Children will enjoy creating th own versions of their favorite frie from the land of books.

(Continued on page 1

Peaches

Here's the tender peach—perfectly ripe—riding high on instant toasted coconut pudding . . . decked with a bright and beaming maraschino cherry. *Libby's* Peach Halves, of course . . . in a *simply* delightful, delightfully wholesome dessert!

Here's an all-family favorite—and simple, too! Combine Libby's Sauerkraut (mild and mellow, with long, crisp, slow-cured shreds) with a teaspoon of caraway seed. Add Libby's Vienna Sausage (*all* lean pork and beef, hardwood smoked). Bake in a casserole till piping hot.

ANY TIME OF THE YEAR, YOU HAVE LOADS OF

"CAN-DO"

WITH A SHELF-FULL OF

Libby's

Beef Stew

Reach for a can of this good and hearty beef stew—Libby's . . . for a hearty lunch, dinner or late-evening snack with eye and taste appeal. Loaded with chunks of tender, lean beef, flavorful, extra-meaty brown gravy . . . it's all ready to heat up and serve as is, or topped with dairy sour cream and chopped peanuts.

Beets

There are 7 kinds of Libby's Beets and at least 7 times 7 hot and cold ways to fix them. One choice way: Whole Beets heated, drained, seasoned and topped with slivered almonds sautéed in butter. Try Libby's *all* ways (they're America's favorite—the beets with the flavor of youth): whole, sliced, diced, Harvard style, shoestring, pickled, cut.

CORNED BEEF HASH

Fancy but it's really simple to fix. And economical! Open a two of Libby's Corned Beef Hash on both ends. Push out the core; stud with cloves. Bake 40 minutes in 375° oven. Garnish with parsley and Libby's Olives. Chockful of tender, juicy, *lean* corned beef, Libby's is nutritious *and* delicious!

Frozen Broccoli

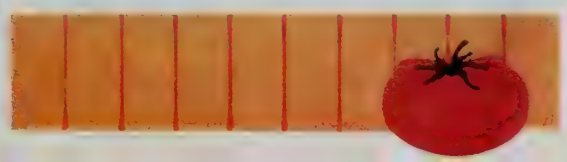
For a tasty get-together, place three or four stalks of cooked, seasoned Libby's Frozen Broccoli on buttered toast, top with hot cheese sauce and pimiento strips (or crisp crumbled bacon). Libby's choice, uniform stalks are picked, cleaned and frozen so fast, you get beautiful color, succulent tenderness, full garden flavor!

Pineapple

For Paradise Pie: Mix 2 cups tiny marshmallows with 1 cup of heavy cream, whipped and sweetened (and flavored with almond extract) . . . fill baked pie shell with mixture. Then top with drained Libby's Pineapple Slices and garnish with toasted almonds, maraschino cherries and mint. It's like eating sunshine!—when you have Libby's Pineapple, grown in Hawaii.

Tomato Aspic

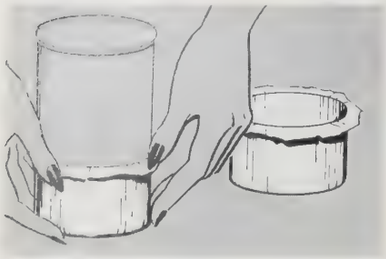
Best aspic you ever ate, you can be sure of that—when you make it with "the most tomato-y tomato juice there is," Libby's! And, *naturally*, the most famous and popular! For an easy recipe for aspic, see the label on Libby's 46-oz. can of Tomato Juice. For an extra pretty one, mold slices of stuffed Libby's Green Olives into the top.



Libby's

OVER 250 FAMOUS CANNED & FROZEN FOODS ARE LABELED LIBBY'S—THE MOST EXPERIENCED FOOD PROCESSOR IN THE WORLD

The things you can do with Reynolds Wrap®!



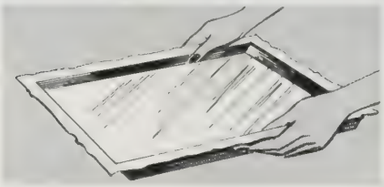
Custom Dishes: For party candies, fruit tarts, frozen desserts, etc. Just make them out of Reynolds Wrap... shape foil around can or tumbler.

Face Wiper: Keep a damp sponge wrapped in foil in your car's glove compartment. For sticky hands... also for the windshield.

Spatter Shield: Take a square of foil, mold one end around pan handle, let the rest project over pan.

Hot Plates: When you're short of hot plate mats, wrap a magazine in Reynolds Wrap.

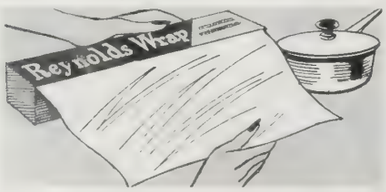
Ironing Board: Reynolds Wrap under the cover will speed the job and prevent scorching.



Pan Liners: Line broiler pans, baking pans and casseroles with Reynolds Wrap. Save scouring.

Pan Lid: For that lidless pan, shape a cover out of Reynolds Wrap. Crimped around edge, it makes a tight closure.

Paint Brushes: Wrap paint brushes to keep them soft between jobs. Also line paint-roller tray. Throw away liner when job is done.



Pot Knobs: When pot with wooden knob has to go into oven, wrap knob in several thicknesses of foil.

Curtain Rods: Fit small pieces of foil over rod ends to make curtains slide on easier, avoid snagging.

...All This and 1,001 More Uses with versatile Reynolds Wrap, the aluminum foil that's oven-tempered for flexible strength.

To make the basic doll pattern, trace the heavy dark outline of the doll above on tracing paper, then transfer it to lightweight cardboard and cut out. To make patterns for the costumes, use the drawings superimposed on the dolls above and the photograph on page 131 or, if you like, make your own designs to fit the dolls. Make the cat mask a little larger than the doll head. The trousers for the "Ride A Cock Horse" rider must be a half inch longer than the doll's legs, so they touch the ground when he rides the horse.

The summer sun kissed them long and lovingly, flooding them with sweet goodness. Then with gentle skill and quick-cooking Kraft transformed them into Peach Preserves that will please you very much.

21 Kraft flavors...all fresh-fruit good!

a feeling nobody felt before

This is about a new kind of feeling. It isn't in the same league, for example, with being snuggled and clung to by a small child.

The feeling we're talking about is the comfort of living in clothes made of a fascinating new fabric. The fabric is Klopman stretch and the fascinating thing about it is the way it makes a virtue out of two qualities which were always considered drawbacks. It stretches and then it shrinks again. But, it does this only when you want it to—smoothly, evenly, instantly, and more or less invisibly.

Mysterious? Not really. Klopman makes this seemingly magical fabric by combining Lycra® spandex with our classic fabric blend of Dacron® polyester and combed cotton.

Klopman stretch makes up into clothes that respond to your muscles when you move. Clothes that give to give you room precisely when other clothes used to strain at the seams.

When you make a lap, Klopman stretch makes room for it. And like your lap, wrinkles fall away when you stand up.

The feeling you get from Klopman stretch fabric is hard to imagine until you've felt it. And then, like so many nice things we learn to enjoy, it's hard to imagine yourself living without it.

Klopman stretch fabrics are sold under the trade mark "Easy Living"* and are available right now in garments by many of America's best-known clothing manufacturers.
For more specific information write:
Klopman Mills, Inc.
A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.
450 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

a man you can lean on, that's Klopman.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

By MARGARET WHITE
DECORATING EDITOR

Children are constant alchemists, magically transforming ordinary surroundings and objects into the gold of their imaginations. To a child, almost anything is fair game for child's play—a rug can become a battlefield; a stick can become a sword; a piece of paper, a space ship. Scandinavian designers, with their superb feeling for simplicity, have never lost touch with the simple fantasy world of children. One of the most famous examples of this special Scandinavian affinity for the playful needs of children, is the "House of Forbidden Games," in the children's playground at Tivoli, an extraordinary 120-year-old amusement park in the heart of Copenhagen, Denmark. There, children may scribble on walls, scramble through giant keyholes, ring bells and enjoy all kinds of exuberant play that is usually banned at home. At the same time, they are able to exercise their marvelous gift for make-believe. American children will have a chance to sample this Danish smorgasbord of play in replicas of both the Tivoli playhouse and the playground at the Danish Pavilion of the World's Fair, which opens this month in New York. Now, please turn the page so that we may explain the close-ups of these happy children and tell you about a playhouse we built, and how you can build one exactly like it.

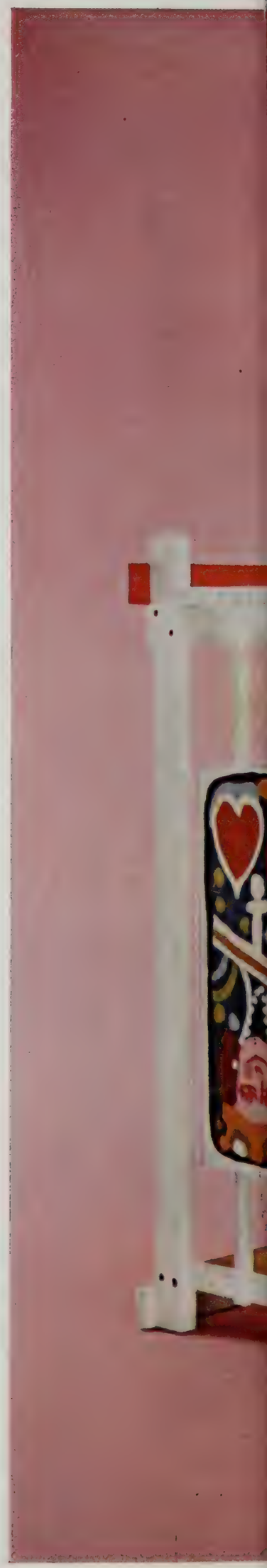
Here is the outdoor playhouse the *Journal* built, designed for us by Carolyn Hendricks, and painted by artist William Charmatz in the colors children adore. Using the "House of Forbidden Games" as our inspiration, we took off in our own directions. The house is 5½ feet high by 8 feet wide by 6 feet deep—spacious and cozy enough for adventurous children. It can be left outside all year round if the wood has been thoroughly sealed and painted. The side sections are bolted together for convenient dismantling, should you want to store it or even move it inside for the winter. Since children love to climb, get under and on top of things, we've given them lots to do. The house can be entered from all sides and in numerous ways. In view A, the playhouse can be entered by climbing a ladder—either to the roof or up and down the other side. This side also has a special message box which spins on a pivot, has a tiny door for letters. In view B, the entrance, marked *Private* and guarded by a watchdog, has a red plank walk and a patch of daisy-strewn floor inside. Part of the roof is plywood and part of it is latticed—all safely walkable. In view C, the ship's wheel is turning on the roof. Below it are giant cards with face-sized peepholes. On the adjoining end is a look-through keyhole and above it, on a pivot, a hand that points in any direction. Side panels are made of plywood. The framework is made of sturdy two-by-fours. Total retail cost of the lumber runs about $100. Part of this playhouse, during winter hibernation, could brighten a child's room, or one of its designs could be painted in a child's bedroom or playroom. More enchantment from Scandinavia for children on next two pages.

For complete easy-to-follow plans to build and paint this playhouse, send $1.00, check or money order, to the Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. JPA-100, P.O. Box 84, New York, N.Y. 10046. N.Y.C. residents please add four percent sales tax. Allow three weeks for handling and mailing.

A

B

C



A

B

C

E

To the Scandinavian designer, play is not confined to the playhouse or playground. It is an integral part of a child's daily life—his own special way of learning and growing. Scandinavian children's furniture reflects this philosophy. It has a kind of built-in play quality—a genuine freshness and gaiety, with vivid color and mobility, that delights children and stimulates their agile imaginations. The furniture is fairly expensive but well worth the investment. (A) Turn this little yellow bench upside down and it becomes a rolling cart, $6.50. (B) Red doll beds can be stacked like bunk beds in twos or more—also used as storage units. Available in blue and yellow, $7.50 each; brown Marimekko doll, $10; stuffed Marimekko pineapple toy, large size, $5; small size, $4. (D/R International, N.Y.C.) Red striped cat, $4.95, at Seabon. (C) Round pine table and matching reversible stools come in various heights. Table, $77; stools, $30 each. (Through decorators at George Tanier.) Wooden steamroller toy, $5; hanging lamp in bright blue—11″ diameter, $18. (Both at D/R International.) Lego construction toys on table, from $1.95 to $25. (At Bloomingdale's.) (D) Solid-birch bunk beds painted white, red or yellow have freewheeling storage drawers underneath: one imitates a car with seat and steering wheel. Beds, $170; drawers, $40 and $60; red-and-blue wool Finnish blankets, $30; pillows by Marimekko, $7 each. (All at D/R International.) (E) Birch desk serves two—opens from each side to reveal storage space. Base in red or yellow, $54; rolling bench in yellow has white casters, $25. (Both at D/R International.) (F) Free-standing bookcases in birch with blackboard door concealing two shelves, painted white, red or yellow, $60. (Through decorators at Scandinavian Design.) Hanging Marimekko pockets, $12.50. (At D/R International.) (G) Child's-size clothes tree in pine with 12 arms, $114. (Through decorators at George Tanier.) Little girl's dresses by Marimekko. (At D/R International.) Little boy's blue-and-white suit by Doespun. (At Bloomingdale's.)

D

F

G

Your slender figure was part of your charm...

Would he think so today?

Wouldn't you like to win back the tender, admiring glance? With SEGO® Diet Food you'll have more help than with any other 900-calorie liquid diet food. Two ounces more—so each 225-calorie meal is more satisfying. More protein—more help for your will power. You're less tempted to nibble between meals. And such delicious variety . . . 9 soda fountain flavors to drink chilled, 2 hot soup flavors. Why not start this very day?

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JOURNAL

MAY 1964 35¢

A FIRST-PERSON REPORT
POVERTY AND PATHOS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

From garden to kitchen
SPECIAL PORTFOLIO ALL ABOUT HERBS

FASHION MESSAGE: DOTS WITH DASH

STATELY HOMES OF OLD MARYLAND

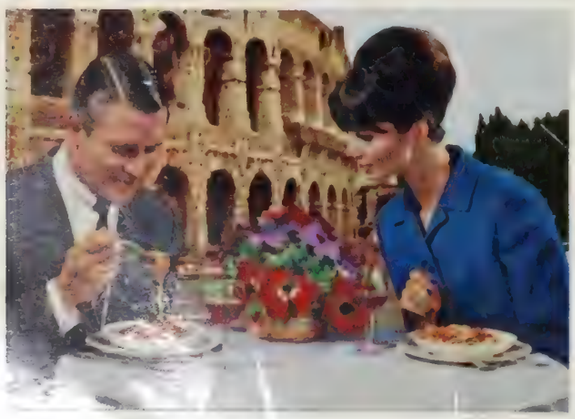
WHEN YOUR TEEN-AGER STARTS TO DRIVE

MAY LUNCHES: MENUS, RECIPES, TABLE IDEAS

Complete in this issue
NEW MYSTERY NOVEL
'FOUR HOURS TO FEAR'

PRETTY, PRETTY NEW SWIMSUITS & SOFT WAVES
a feminine you by the sea

In a matter of minutes, you're enjoying an Italian tradition



as the colisseum . . . Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Dinners
with authentic sauce, made from an old Italian
by a real Italian chef.

The sauce is the secret in making the traditional Italian spaghetti dinner a favorite everywhere. So I make my sauce the old Italian way, hand-stirred and simmered till the flavor is as smooth as the texture.

You can cook up a dinner as authentically Italian as any you'd eat in Rome. And because the home-style Italian meat sauce is all made, you can have a piping hot Italian dinner on the table in twelve minutes.

See how fast all my Italian dinners cook up. Try the Meat Ball Dinner: over a pound of sauce, and 8 big beef meat balls. Try the Mushroom Dinner, too. They're thriftier than you could make yourself.

And as you listen to compliments on your Italian cooking, let it be our secret that you did it the convenient Chef Boy-Ar-Dee way.

Hector Boiardi, Chef

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®

Kodak Instamatic Cameras load instantly, automatically

OPEN

DROP IN

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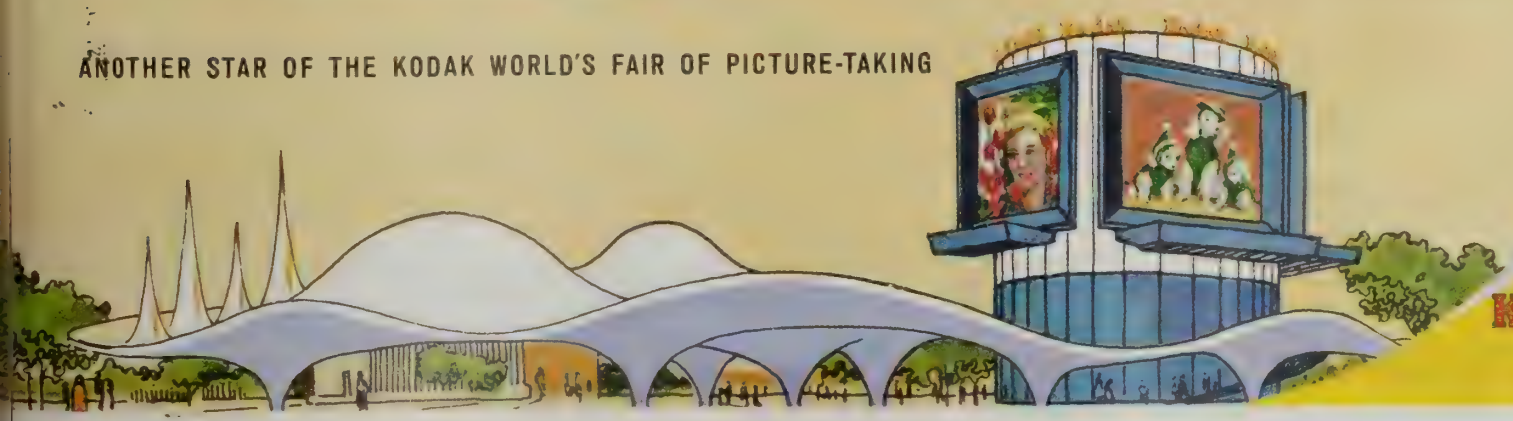

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

MAY 1964 VOLUME LXXXI NUMBER

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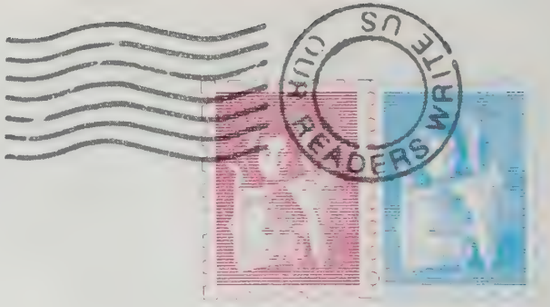

TRIBUTE

Dear Editors: HER LEGEND WILL LIVE by Katherine Anne Porter (March, 1964) is probably the finest article I have yet read concerning our late President and his lovely wife. It seemed to sum up with beautiful clarity and truth how we all felt in that terrible time.

MRS. DOROTHY M. MURRAY
Canaseraga, N.Y.

Dear Editors: I am compelled to write to voice my deep appreciation to Katherine Anne Porter for her tribute to Mrs. John F. Kennedy, so magnificently written. It shall be set aside with the other reports of that terrible day for my children's future viewing so that they may see, as we saw, the horror, the sorrow and the final great dignity that will for them be history.

MRS. LYNDA GILLIES
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Dear Editors: Thank you for Katherine Anne Porter's tribute to Jacqueline Kennedy—HER LEGEND WILL LIVE. These two pages in the March *Journal* have equaled or surpassed Miss Porter's well-known gift of perception and expression.

MRS. WILLIAM DELL
South Holland, Ill.

Dear Editors: Yes, we have seen many pictures of Jacqueline Kennedy. But the most moving scene I have ever witnessed was that picture of her as she stood, with Herculean strength, on the White House steps with one of his children in each hand, while they carried him away. In that moment she shouldered the grief of an entire world. But her face showed complete revulsion that a horrifying act such as this could have taken the life of her husband, and one of the greatest human beings of our time.

The flame Jacqueline Kennedy lighted at Arlington will burn forever as a living monument to this great man. However, his greatest living memorial is the valiant woman who walked beside her President in life, and also in death.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Kennedy said, "All his bright light gone from the world." As long as this noble lady lives, his light, and strength, and love, will shine through her, "And the glow from that fire can truly light the world."

MRS. NORMAN L. TORGERSON
National City, Calif.

OUR UNITED NATIONS

Dear Editors: In this day and time we read, hear, and see so much about world tension and racial and religious discrimination. I feel that it is high time we mothers do something about this situation. I would like to share with you a partial solution, one that is not only fascinating but also rewarding.

Let your children choose a country they are studying about in school. Next take the children to your local lib (in my case, with five children from five to 13, for the sake of sanity and other patrons, I limit the number three at a time). Get books about particular country. Write to its emb in Washington, D.C., and I am su will send you additional informa about the country.

At the present time we are stud Ireland, and recently we received, the Embassy of Ireland, an overseas alog which has many delightful and expensive things to offer. An added traction is to celebrate different holi by having a native dish—either meal or dessert—and after dinner a g a song, or a dance. My pre-schoolers joy the folklore very much.

Another idea is to make fabric shades and to outline a country with tile paint on each shade. You ca more elaborate with details if you w I suggest bleached or unbleached m for the fabric. They can be used as or decorative window shades in your dren's rooms, the den, or the family r

Before you know it you will have own United Nations, and a far b understanding of other people's wa life. You can also learn, without difficulty, how to greet each other in ious languages. All of this will give and your children a better apprecia of history, geography, different cust and mores, and a deeper understan of the world we live in.

MRS. PATRICIA G. BU
Annandale,

A FATHER'S LOVE

Dear Editors: Last June our 15-yea daughter Margaret was murdered the thousands of *L.H.J.* readers, no persons read Max Wylie's article (HAVE NOT LOVE, I AM NOTHING,' M 1964) with more genuine interest did my wife and I.

Max Wylie has rejected some of G help ("I am obliged to reject the w of St. Paul when he said: 'All things together for good to them that God.'"), and he has largely rejected proffered, kind help of thousands of sons ungratefully brushed off with phrase "rubbishy platitudes."

My wife and I know what Max W is talking about when he referred t "senseless waste of so much goodne much love," for Margaret was pla on being a medical missionary. Bu accepted without reservation the that God had to give us, and the he thousands of prayers of people who c love us in no other way. Consequ we are not even toying with the idea "it is even possible that we will fi break up with grief, or be broken d by frustration."

ROBERT W. WILL
Chaplain (Lt. Col.), U.
Fort Leonard Wood,

(Continued on pa

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Au Gratin

Dear Editors: I want to commend you for the outstanding article 'AND HAVE NOT LOVE, I AM NOTHING' in the March *Journal.* Emily Hoffert was a friend of mine at Smith College, and I read this story with great interest.

Mr. Wylie's account of the events of his and his family's life, their sacrifices for their daughters, and the interweaving of death through various times and experiences in his life is deeply moving. Also, his discussion of the need for better protection for our homes is excellent.

All in all, Mr. Wylie's article is one of the finest pieces of writing I have ever read. Thank you for printing it.

JANE MCCARTHY
West Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Editors: May I tell you what Mr. Wylie's article did to me? The appreciation for his daughter Janice's life, and the beautiful description of it, has tugged at my heartstrings and left me in tears. I have read and re-read this account of a father's love and just wanted to thank him, for all daughters everywhere, for putting into words this deep devotion between parent and child.

MRS. WILLIAM L. BROSS III
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Editors: As a career girl in New York City I had three successive apartments, none as safe as Janice Wylie's. The second, in which I lived alone, was the worst. In the back there was a rickety French door with no lock, leading to a backyard with equally rickety dividing fences. One night a gang of policemen ran through my bedroom and out the French door after a prowler someone had seen. Another time a woman was murdered just around the corner in a passageway leading to a backyard.

I considered myself normally cautious in those days, but 10 years later I wonder how I could have done such risky things and survived. MARY D. KNOX
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Editors: Thank you for bringing us Max Wylie's story about his daughter, Janice. The *Journal* was delivered to my home the same day my brother-in-law was killed—he was just 20 years old and so full of life. It was a week before I had a chance to look at the *Journal*, but this article was the first I read. My whole family is reading it, and surely it will help them get through this trying period. Thank you. JUDY RUTHERFORD
Paoli, Ind.

POETIC JUSTICE

Dear Editors: Congratulations on publishing a really mature, sophisticated piece of fiction, the story by Peter De Vries (OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED). I thought we'd never get away from nostalgic recollections of six-year-old girls.

MRS. EDGAR P. RIGGS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editors: What has happened to all the nice, and I mean nice, stories you used to publish. I don't mean that every issue of the *Journal* should be dedicated to goody-goody fiction. For example, I started to read OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED (March, 1964) and simply couldn't finish it. Perhaps there are people who are interested in a person's teeth, but I definitely am not. When I pick up fiction I want comedy, love, laughter, or maybe moonbeams. Am I really so old-fashioned? MRS. MILDRED ADAMIO
Euclid, Ohio

CRAZY AS LOONS?

Dear Editors: I appreciate the satire of CAN THIS BE ART? (March, 1964), but I wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Scull can stand such huge splashy stuff all over their apartment. I have seen a number of pop art exhibits, and I do see the meaning in some of the paintings, but I really think these artists are crazy as loons, despite the tidy sums realized from their works. What is the matter with painting nature as it really is; there is much beauty in this beat-up world, so why distort it? MRS. LEO AMBROSE
Los Angeles, Calif.

MATCHING MOBCAPS

Dear Editors: Your PATTERN FOR LIVING: CITY AND COUNTRY (March, 1964) is so enjoyable! The styles are so wonderfully plain yet chic. At 5 feet 10, I especially need nonfrilly clothes. The color selection is lovely, and matching Mobcaps are great! It is refreshing to get away from extreme fashions.

Your photographer is to be congratulated for the excellent pictures and interesting background settings.

MRS. VIOLET TAYLOR
Akron, Ohio

THE FOOD OF ENGLAND

Dear Editors: The food sections in your "Fair Lady" *Journal* are just wonderful. I have tried every recipe. The Dundee Cake was a roaring success, and my two teen-age boys eat Cornish Pasties faster than I can make them. Have you tried sausage rolls hors d'oeuvres? They certainly are a hostess "setter-upper."

I would love to have the recipe for Caraway Seed Cake. My husband has asked for it many times, and the one recipe I did find was not too good.

MRS. DAVID MINTO
Mill Valley, Calif.

• *Here is an old English recipe for Caraway Seed Cake.—ED.*

CARAWAY SEED CAKE

2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
¾ cup butter
¾ cup sugar
4 eggs
Grated rind of 1 lemon
¼ cup caraway seeds
1 slice of candied citron peel

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. By hand, stir in the flour mixture gradually. Add lemon rind and the caraway seeds. Spoon into a greased and floured 9-x 5-x 3-inch loaf pan. Sprinkle the top with a little sugar and bake in a moderate oven, 325° F., for about 1¼ hours or until a cake tester comes out clean. After cake has been in the oven for about 20 minutes and the surface is just set, place citron peel on top. Makes 10–12 servings.

What's the perfect partn for ham?

Betty Crocker Scalloped Potato

Let's face it—ham and scallo potatoes belong together. while the oven's on, pop in best scalloped potatoes – ones from Betty Crocker. The ready for the oven in th minutes, and come out sav creamy, and golden-brown.

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The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in
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No slogans, gimmicks or gimcracks to bother with. Just print your name and address on the coupon and send it in with the words BEST FOODS from a Skippy label, or substitute as described in Rule 3. Well—you've got the Skippy. What are you waiting for?

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out the entry blank or print your name and address on a plain piece of
Send to: Family Portrait Sweepstakes, Box 632, New York, N.Y. 10046.
ies must be postmarked by June 29, 1964, and received by July 6, 1964.
s many times as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately.
y must be accompanied by the words BEST FOODS from any size jar of
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rants must be at least 18 years of age and must be residents of the United
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ADDRESS _____

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Contributors and Editors

To list all of the published works of LOUIS UNTERMEYER, who wrote the tribute to lady love poets that begins on Page 66, would require a great deal more space than we or Mr. Untermeyer would like to see spent in this manner, but we would like to point out that he was consultant in English poetry at the Library of Congress from 1961 to 1963. An impressive honor lies concealed behind this odd title, because this post is the closest thing in this country to the title of "poet laureate."

John Walcott

Sylvia Plapinger

John Crosby

Louis Untermeyer

Richard Pratt

When we first discussed with Mr. Untermeyer an article on those qualities that create the poetess, we asked him to write a piece that was part anecdotal, part critical, and, since he has known most of the top literary figures of his time, one that was largely personal. "I agree that such an article should have a personal tone," Mr. Untermeyer said, "a tone which should blend observation and reminiscence. The only 'general' thing that women poets have in common is the ability to write poetry."

When JOHN CROSBY, the New York *Herald Tribune*'s European columnist, writes of Paris (Page 42), he is obviously not writing of a love affair with his favorite city. He awards this distinction to London, where he is now based. "I think London is the center of the intellectual world," he declared. "I even like the climate. I agree with Prince Philip that rain is man's natural habitat. Sunshine softens the brain."

A name that will be familiar to *Journal* readers reappears on Page 56 in connection with the photographs of Early American homes. RICHARD PRATT was Architectural Editor of the *Journal* from 1935 until he retired two years ago, and during that period he discovered and photographed for the *Journal* some of the loveliest of those regional homes that make up America's architectural heritage.

After living in Bucks County, Pa., for 30 years, Mr. Pratt last fall moved to Stonington, Conn., where he settled in a home built around 1850.

The fascination that these fine old homes, such as those of Maryland, still have for people today is demonstrated by the continuing popularity of two of Mr. Pratt's volumes of photographs which originally appeared in *Ladies' Home Journal.* The first of these, *A Treasury of Early American Homes*, was bought by over 250,000 Americans in its original edition, while *The Second Treasury of Early American Homes*, and a revised edition of the first, were acquired by thousands of people who wanted in a permanent form this record of U. S. architectural history.

SYLVIA PLAPINGER lives in Brooklyn. Although she was saddened by her experience as a teacher in a New York area slum school (Page 47), her fondness for Brooklyn holds firm. "It's nice to come home to a wide, tree-lined street that seems to have been there forever," she said. "From my window I see the Botanic Garden in which all year I can watch the seasons change and know when each flower will open. And we have a symphony orchestra, a huge library, an internationally known museum, and neighbors who have known me from childhood and who share my happy moments with spontaneity and warmth."

JOHN WALCOTT, whose photographs illustrate the DOTS WITH DASH pattern feature on Page 52, helped design the projection machine which he employed to provide New York backgrounds in the picture. Based on an old French patent, the machine can isolate any part of a photograph and project it in very large scale to be used as a background.

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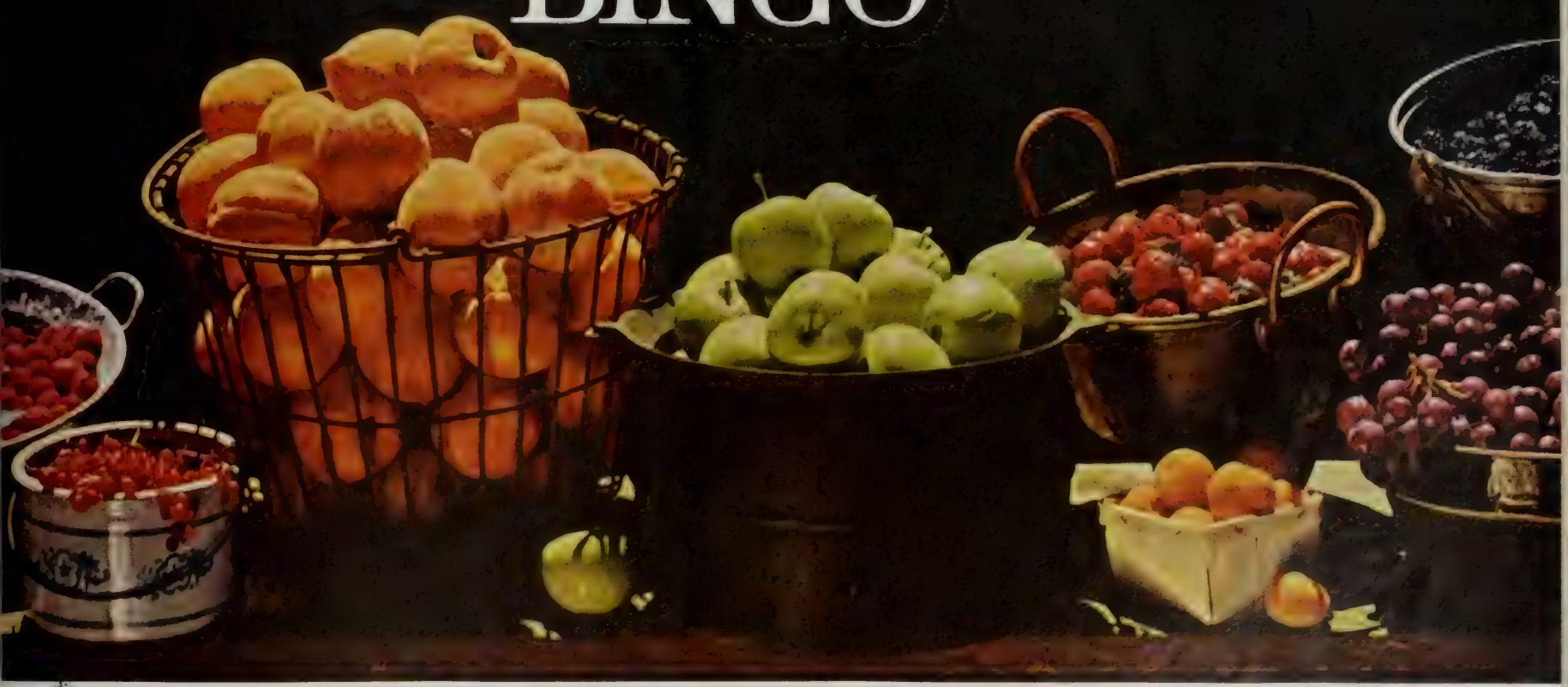

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Making marriage work

The trials of families on the move

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Last June, in Los Angeles, a dark-haired young mother of three struggled with loneliness and unhappiness until the school term ended. Twenty-nine-year-old Evelyn then bought plane tickets to Chicago, her native city, for the youngsters and herself; and she ended her marriage. Evelyn's divorce was granted on the grounds of mental cruelty.

In Chicago, 27-year-old Laura, a disappointed newcomer from Philadelphia, complained of the Middle Western climate and culture until her long-suffering husband took refuge in a hotel near his new job. Fairly soon he discovered that his secretary had a cheerful disposition and a lively sense of fun. Eventually Laura divorced him on the grounds of infidelity.

In Philadelphia, attractive, thirtyish Estelle soon forgot her pride at the promotion which had transferred her husband across the country from Los Angeles into a top-level executive bracket with a national clothing manufacturer. She was homesick for the informality of Southern California, her outdoor barbecue, the neighborhood coffee klatches, her prize-winning garden. When she indulged in tactless arguments with company wives, there was family friction, followed by her husband's demotion and still another transfer. Estelle received her divorce on grounds of desertion.

All three of these wives were suffering from a modern complaint that is never mentioned in a suit for divorce. This marital ailment, of rising concern to psychologists and marriage counselors everywhere, is sometimes described as Moving-Day Blues.

In 11 years Evelyn had moved nine times, with mounting bitterness and resentment. In six years Laura and her husband had moved four times—until the last move they had circulated in an orbit within easy driving range of relatives and college classmates. California-born Estelle moved just once, but she refused to accept a community that dined indoors and frowned on pedal pushers and hair curlers for street wear.

Marriage and permanence, like summer and the sun, used to go together. Nowadays few of the newlyweds can expect to put down roots in the old hometown, to turn to sympathetic kinsmen for guidance and advice, or to live around the corner from childhood companions. Fledgling scientists shuttle from East Coast to West Coast, from West to East, from launching pads in Florida to missile bases in Alabama and Texas. Ambitious junior executives desert the languors of Dixie for the brisk industry of the Great Lakes region. Schoolteachers, government officials, recent college graduates in search of professional experience, school dropouts in pursuit of paychecks, all have joined in the pell-mell rush toward brighter opportunities in faraway pastures around the country.

The number of families in transit in this country every year is staggering. According to the most recent annual report of the U.S. Census Bureau, approximately one fifth of our entire population—some 35,500,000 men, women and children—had moved to a different address in the preceding 12 months. Nearly 6,000,000 of these restless people, most of whom were young married couples, bundled up the kids and their household possessions, and made a long-distance jump to another state.

Case workers in Family Service agencies throughout the nation tell me that the uprooting of husbands and wives accounts for many ailing marriages. It is significant that both California and Florida, where population growth has been phenomenal, have high divorce rates. Not long ago I discussed the problem with Helen Leach, herself a suntanned refugee from Minnesota winters, and now director of cases at the Family Service agency in Miami, Fla.

"Moving to a strange city is a psychological wrench to almost every family," she said. "In most instances the heaviest emotional burdens of the move fall on the wife. At a time when the family breadwinner is necessarily occupied with his own affairs, adjusting to the challenge of a new job, the wife has the responsibility of settling the children in a new school and locating a satisfactory place for the family to live.

"In the past ten years our population in Florida has practically doubled. I have talked to many transplanted wives, young and miserably homesick. Very few had done anything to prepare themselves for a move that frequently involved thousands of miles of travel, drastic changes in geography, climate and customs.

"Moving-day blues can be tough for mature, well-balanced couples to handle; very often the maladjusted and the insecure just can't take the extra pressure. Their hidden conflicts come to light, old grievances awake, and the marriage collapses. A wife who fails to adjust in a reasonable time, and who continues to blame a new environment for her woes, has usually brought along to her new home—as excess baggage—personality problems of long standing."

I met Ann and Alan Barstow that afternoon. (Their names are fictional, their story is true.) The Barstows came to Florida from Northern Michigan five years ago. Parents of two small daughters and a baby son, they considered their marriage stable and happy. Yet soon after their arrival, they were on the threshold of divorce. I talked to them in the palm-shaded patio of their pleasant home, which was not far from a handsome laboratory building where Alan is now a vice president in charge of the chemical division.

"Alan's invitation into industrial chemistry, always his ambition, came out of the blue from a college classmate," Ann said. "But, to accept the opportunity, we had to leave both our families. It meant giving up the easy life of a small town, where we knew everybody and people were used to my shyness.

"There were lots of winter sports in Michigan, and Alan was wonderful on skis. I was supposed to be pretty fair, although awkward at everything else, dancing included. We were living in the same block with Alan's parents, and he was teaching in the high school where my widowed father was the superintendent; so we had plenty of unpaid, built-in baby-sitters.

"My mother died when I was eleven years old. Father, who had brought up my sisters and me practically single-handed, regarded himself as a privileged character in our house. He was in and out at all hours, and spoiled our daughters, Pam and Debbie. I reminded him he had been awfully strict in his days as a parent, but he just grinned.

"When the Florida offer came, even Father admitted that Alan was in a dead-end job. He generously volunteered to dig up a teaching replacement for him in a hurry. Alan's parents were just as generous. They insisted the Florida chance was too good to pass up. They said it would be good for my health, the southern climate might relieve the asthmatic attacks and migraine headaches that had plagued me since childhood.

"Their unselfishness made me feel guilty. Much as I hated leaving them, I guess I looked forward to having more of Alan's company for myself. And I thought he and I should take a crack at straightening out the girls, particularly Debbie, who was smart in school but terribly destructive and undisciplined.

"Alan was supposed to report for work in December. He suggested that the youngsters and I stay behind in Michigan to celebrate Christmas with the grandparents, and that he go on ahead. I know now this was a sound idea, but I couldn't see it then. I was terrified at the idea of taking our three children on such a long journey by myself. Also I was young for my age and sentimental; I couldn't picture spending my Christmas without Alan."

Alan protested that it might be more comfortable for everybody if Ann superintended the packing at leisure, leaving him free to locate temporary lodgings, rent a car, acquaint himself with fellow employees and settle into his new job. But Ann's tears and timidity prevailed. Her clinging ways had always aroused Alan's protective instincts, but this time he was sullen and resentful.

The five Barstows took off from a snowy airport in Michigan in sub-zero weather. None of them had ever flown before. After a rough flight they landed in Miami, disheveled, tired, and four hours late. The sun was blazing and the temperature was 90 degrees. Alan's classmate and employer, a hospitable Floridian—I will call him John Jenkins—was waiting at the airport. He promptly invited the Barstows to spend a few days at his house while they looked around for living quarters. Acutely conscious of the heat, and the beginning of a tension headache, Ann wondered what impression her wrinkled suit and untidy, fretful children would make on Mrs. Jenkins.

Half an hour later she discovered that the Jenkinses were childless, that their wall-to-wall carpeting was pale beige, and that the arrival of five guests was a surprise to the lady of the house. When Ann introduced her daughters, seven-year-old Pam politely shook hands. Six-year-old Debbie, in a sudden fit of panic, made a luckless attempt to escape. She tripped over an electric cord and fell to the floor, accompanied by an expensive lamp and a large vase full of flowers. Without *(Continued on page 20)*

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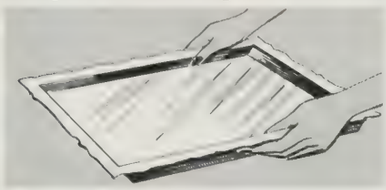

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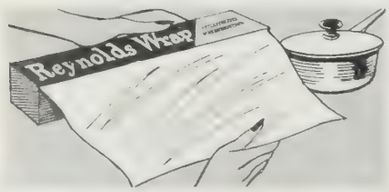

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thinking, Ann jerked the child to her feet and delivered an angry, resounding slap.

"Thirty seconds later I would have sold myself for a dime," Ann said to me, "and I doubt Alan would have paid my price. Both of us always disapproved of corporal punishment. Ruth Jenkins murmured soothing sounds through Debbie's ear-splitting shrieks, but I was too ashamed to look her in the eye. I got the youngsters washed and fed, but I was too sick to join the adults for dinner. I let Alan cope. He coped by drinking too many highballs, undressing in the dark without speaking to me, and sleeping on the farthest edge of the bed."

Next morning the Barstows moved to a motel. The cost struck them as astronomical; Florida's winter tourist season was at hand, and the rates were up. They had to relocate as soon as possible. Ann took on the house-hunting assignment, and that afternoon Alan bought a second-hand car, which provided her with transportation to explore the unknown wonderland of Miami.

Ann began with a definite idea of what she wanted—a two-story house with an attic playroom for the girls. In chilly Michigan such houses are easy to find. Indeed, she had just left one. But residences in the newer sections of Miami are designed to hug the ground and sprawl—no basements, no attics. Persistence paid off for Ann. Ten days before Christmas she found her two-story house with an attic. It was not available for rent, so Ann persuaded Alan to buy.

The Barstows paid an inflated price for a house in poor repair, and shouldered a heavy mortgage. Worse than that, they settled in an area distant from Alan's laboratory. The section was hopelessly wrong for them. Their neighbors were estimable people, but a generation or two older. There were no playmates for the girls, no young wives with whom Ann could share coffee and confidences. Bus connections were bad, and Alan had to take the car to get to work on time.

Ann felt stranded and resentful, and Alan felt abused. His new job required all his energy and initiative; when he blasted his way through the evening traffic, he expected affection and encouragement at home. Instead, he was met by a shrewish wife and sullen children. The girls did not like their new school or their new teachers. The teachers reciprocated. Ann complained of a persistent headache, and objected to Florida's heat and sun glare and oversized insects.

The Barstows' big trouble started during the Christmas holidays.

Their furniture had not arrived from Michigan, and no one expected them to entertain. They were invited to a series of parties lasting into the New Year—parties given by Alan's laboratory associates. Ann refused to go to the parties because, she said, she lacked the proper clothes and could not return the hospitality. It was at this point that Alan blew his top. He blamed Ann for the moldering house, the expensive mortgage and the dying neighborhood. He left by taxi and was gone for two days.

It was then that Ann began to think about divorce—and about going home. She telephoned her father, and found him unsympathetic. He suggested she talk things over with Alan—and why didn't she go to a party with him? She did, on the Twelfth Night after Christmas. It was a Twelfth Night party with costumes borrowed or rented and approximately Shakespearean. Ann and Alan went as jesters, and six-year-old Debbie and a teen-age sitter watched with fascination as Debbie's parents dressed in their costumes.

At ten o'clock Miami police traced the Barstows to the party. Debbie had run away from home and an inattentive baby-sitter. In the darkness she had fallen in a drainage canal and been saved from drowning by a Cuban fisherman. Alan and Ann spent the night with Debbie at a hospital—and as avowed enemies.

Several days later, with Debbie safely home, Ann sought out the Family Service for counseling. Alan had departed with his clothes and was established at a men's club. He was bewildered, but cooperative. It took three months for the Barstows to work out their difficulties and to salvage their marriage.

Ann's abnormal shyness had its beginnings in the supervision of a perfectionist father. His values were her values. She was stubborn and rigid like him, unwilling to adapt herself to a new climate and a different kind of living. There was more than shyness in her refusal to meet Alan's office associates; there was also a snobbishness which she herself had not clearly recognized.

Alan and Ann were intelligent and, after counseling, they were capable of examining sensibly their situation. They loved each other—and Alan's future was in Florida. They lived in the wrong place, so they should move. They traded their big barn for a smaller place, philosophically accepting a financial loss as the price of release. Today they live in a Miami suburb where their neighbors are their own age, where the schools are excellent (and the school taxes high) and where there are youngsters and bicycles and roller skates always underfoot.

Do they live in a two-story house? No. Ann is a Floridian now.

It is plain from the Barstow story that intelligent preparation for a change of residence can do much to minimize the shocks and disillusionments of the transplanted. Neglecting to plan, Ann and Alan had made nearly every mistake in youth's calendar. From counselors across the country I have collected a solid primer of advice, both psychological and practical, for young wives whose husbands are on the move.

1. As soon as you know where you are going, subscribe to one of the town's local newspapers. The news pages and society columns will give you a "feel" for the new community. Store advertisements will suggest the clothing appropriate to the new climate and environment. Classified ads will inform you of employment and housing opportunities.

2. If possible, see to it that the youngsters visit grandparents, other relatives or friends while you and your husband discover your new home together. This will give you the chance for a second honeymoon and may make house-hunting almost fun.

3. Don't allow yourself to be rushed into buying a house immediately. It's usually a sound idea to rent temporarily (preferably for at least three months) while you search for a house to buy—in a neighborhood pleasing to your taste and pocketbook.

4. Choose the best real-estate agent you can find, and be absolutely honest with him about the kind of people you enjoy, the kind of house you want and can afford. A word of warning here: architectural styles vary from city to city. Don't insist on a duplicate of the residence you've just left.

5. If you want friends and find it hard to make friends, be on the lookout for building advertisements and the bulldozers. In a new development—the California word is "tract"—you can be sure that many of your neighbors will also be newcomers to the area and will also feel forlorn and shy.

6. In the first days of unpacking and shaking down you are likely to receive more invitations from other families in the block and from your husband's business associates than will come your way again. Accept them all. Uncongenial acquaintances can be tactfully dropped later, but a first impression that you are cold and distant is sure to linger.

7. Try to realize that, even though you need your husband more than usual, he is trying to learn the ropes of a new job and will have little time to spare. (A tip to husbands: Take advantage of all offers of business acquaintances to introduce your wife around. Try to understand she is lonely, even though you aren't.)

8. Expect to be dissatisfied at first with the schools. Teaching methods are almost certain to differ from the disciplines in your previous community. It is also well to remember that many schools are overburdened and overcrowded in all sections of the country.

9. Look for advantages to balance disadvantages. Perhaps leaving behind your kinfolk, as Ann did, will help you grow in maturity and self-confidence.

10. If you must complain, try to avoid complaints about things longtime residents are already sensitive about. Let them do that complaining for you. If you refrain from mentioning smog to Californians, mildew and the sameness of climate to Floridians, you may economically achieve a reputation for both charm and originality.

11. Don't talk about—or even think about—the city you have left behind as "home." Home is where you are now.

12. If, after a year in your new community, you are still unreconciled to your move, take a trip back to the town you left and give it a close and critical examination. It probably isn't nearly so perfect as you remember.

And, in conclusion, good luck! ■

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The question is not whether a teen-ager drives, but when, where and under what weather conditions.

WHEN YOUR TEEN-AGER STARTS TO DRIVE

By DAVID KLEIN

The teen-age child of good-to-average parents is unlikely to drop out of school, or marry too early, or be arrested for delinquency. But he is almost certain to become a teen-age driver—cause enough for worry.

Good parents feel they must let their sons and daughters drive, but they can't forget that teen-agers often have accidents, and that driving is particularly dangerous when combined with dating and drinking. Newspaper headlines dramatize a fact known to the U.S. Public Health Service: Between the ages of 10 and 19, accidents in general are the leading cause of death; they cost more lives than all other causes combined.

What can parents do to protect their children? They may feel—rightly, according to some experts—that driver education in the high schools has not affected the accident rate, that most of the preaching and teaching about teen-age accidents—in the schools, in the newspapers and even in Sunday sermons—does little to help teen-agers avoid trouble. The problem remains: Should parents restrict their child's driving (and thus convert family life into a running battle) or should they resign themselves to it (and then lie awake listening for ambulance sirens)?

Actually, neither of these choices is inevitable. A careful look at what scientists know about accidents—never mind what sloganeers say about them—can help you estimate whether your own child's chances of an accident are higher or lower than average, and can suggest ways of reducing them to a minimum.

The National Safety Council estimates that some 2,800,000 teen-age drivers had accidents last year, of which 6,600 were fatal. These figures are unnecessarily alarming, since they do not indicate how many teen-agers were *not* involved in accidents. A somewhat more accurate way of looking at a teen-ager's chances is based upon figures published by the National Office of Vital Statistics, of the U.S. Public Health Service, which show that a teen-ager's chances of getting killed in an automobile this year are about 1 in 3,000, and that even if he were not a teen-ager his chances would be about 1 in 4,650.

Statistics can provide useful information only about vast numbers of people; they can tell us nothing reliable about the individual. Although the gross totals of deaths and injuries add up to a serious social problem, your child's 1-in-3,000 chance may not be worth quite as much worry as you have been devoting to it. As we shall see shortly, individual characteristics can make a particular child's chances of suffering a fatal accident much higher or lower than 3,000 to 1.

Another limitation of the statistics is that they do not prove that teen-agers are worse drivers than adults. If the accident records of two groups of drivers are to be accurately compared, both groups must drive the same number of miles at the same hours of day or night under the same conditions. A study in Iowa, which checked the ages of drivers through a 24-hour period, found that during daylight hours teen-agers made up only 6 percent of drivers; between dark and midnight they made up 14.8 percent, and after midnight the percentage rose to 20.4. Moreover, about 10 percent of these night-driving teen-agers were speeding. Since speed and darkness are known to increase the possibility of an accident, the teen-ager may be a frequent accident victim not because of his age or his inexperience but because of how, where and when he drives.

The accident rate for boys is about four times as high as the rate for girls—a fact reflected in the extra premiums that insurance companies charge for male teen-age drivers. A point to consider is that girls seem likely to do most of their driving during daylight, on streets and roads where accidents are infrequent. Boys probably drive more miles and are more likely to drive under accident-inducing conditions. If your daughter is coming home from a party at two A.M. on a sleety night, the chances are that her date, and not she, will be driving; if an accident occurs, it will be recorded as a "teen-age male" accident—whether or not it is his fault. So it would seem that girls are "safer" drivers not necessarily because they are more skillful, or more careful, but because they drive less and usually restrict their driving to "safe" places.

Psychologists who have studied the process of learning a complex skill such as driving recognize that most mistakes—or "accidents"—occur in the early stages of learning. In fact, they define successful learning as the gradual elimination of mistakes, or "inappropriate responses." From this point of view, many teen-age accidents happen because most Americans learn to drive during their teens. The accident frequency, therefore, is a learning problem rather than a teen-age problem. If the licensing age were lowered to 11 or raised to 25, they argue, accidents would still be most frequent in the first three or fours years after licensing. Indeed, some psychologists believe there would be more accidents, because the teen-agers have the fastest reaction time, keenest vision and the best coordination.

Each of these facts and theories can guide parents in thinking about their youngsters. First, they indicate that getting the car keys does not transform a teen-ager into a maniac. Second, the studies demonstrate that his chances of an accident depend not so much on *whether* he drives as on how, where, when and with whom he drives. Thus, wise parents will avoid a yes-or-no argument over use of the car, concentrating instead on restricting the teen-ager's driving to certain times, places and weather conditions. Finally, the statistics make clear that accidents happen to all of us; that teen-age accidents are not always avoidable, or a direct consequence of being a teen-ager.

In all of these statistics parents may not recognize their own children, because the figures deal with a mythical, faceless "average teen-ager," whether he is a delinquent dropout in a jalopy or a thoughtful, responsible young adult driving a well-maintained car under careful supervision after adequate training. A number of studies of teen-agers and their driving habits, however, deal with individual characteristics which a mother may recognize in her own child, and such studies can help her cope with the problem on an individual basis.

Some light on teen-age driving is provided by anthropologists and psychiatrists who have been observing the position of the teen-age boy in American society. By the age of 17, they point out, many American boys are, intellectually and physically, the equals of full-grown men. Even so, our society does not allow them the privileges and responsibilities of adults. Their freedom to work, to travel, to vote, to drink, to marry, is restricted by *(Continued on page 29)*

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or by parental authority. It is only he wheel of a car that they are legally l actually equal to adults.

According to the American psychia- t J. M. Murray, it is likely that the who is particularly frustrated by se restraints, or especially rebellious inst his betwixt-and-between posi- n in our society, will express his feel- s through driving. The argument r driving privileges offers him an op- tunity to quarrel with his parents, n defy them. By driving rudely—by sting his horn, cutting in, refusing to ld the right of way—he can get even h the adults who try to impose on n their standards of good behavior. driving dangerously and illegally, he defy the law. And by driving as if were on a racetrack, he can demon- ate to the public at large (and to him-) that he has competence, maturity l mastery of the situation. As Doctor rray points out, all these kinds of ident-producing driving appeal to boy who is too intimidated or too ecure to rebel more directly.

A study of high-school students in nsylvania, comparing accident re- ters with accident-free drivers, found t the accident repeater was more ly to have an urge to leave home, an e to do something shocking or harm- a tendency to be easily influenced by ers, and a desire to frighten others for fun. Another study, in Michigan, nd that high-school students rated as orest drivers" by their driver-teach- work below their level of ability in ool and have a good deal of family uption at home. One conclusion was t a strong need for recognition can l to reckless and show-off driving. This conclusion is reinforced by the ervation of many anthropologists t American society has always ad- ed and rewarded the risk-takers. Our ional heroes—explorers, soldiers, as- nauts—have, on the whole, taken nces against considerable odds in er to achieve something socially or ntifically useful. But the teen-ager, ing that risk-taking will earn him the niration of his friends, and forgetting t risk-taking should be purposeful, s to win admiration by speeding or sing on a blind curve.

Another view, shared by anthropol- sts and child psychologists, is that dren, in developing their own stan- ds of behavior, tend to imitate their ents. If parents take open pleasure in witting the highway police, or the collector, their child is inclined to- d contempt for the law.

f your own teen-ager bears no resem- nce to the general portrait of the bad er that emerges from scientific stud- you are right in feeling somewhat ssured about his safety—provided bear in mind that some accidents happen to anybody. But if some of bad driver's characteristics seem a like those you have been coping with home, there are steps that you can e to improve the situation.

f basic importance is the informal er education that a child gets from earliest years. The five-year-old , on family trips, is assigned the job ooking out the rear window to spot police car is hardly likely to change attitude when he himself is licensed. he parents' dinner conversation be- s resentment against authorities of all sorts—teachers, government agen- cies, employers—the child is likely to pick up these attitudes long before he reaches driving age. And once he gets his license, he may find that driving offers him an easy way to express his resentments.

On the other hand, if he learns from his parents that seat belts are a sensible rather than a sissified idea, that laws must be obeyed when they are reason- able and changed by democratic process when they are not, his driving is likely to reflect these views. He may find some of the traffic laws irksome, but he will not turn the law and its enforcers into personal enemies.

Aside from the day-by-day example that you set, a more positive approach may be effective. You *know* that your child will eventually become a driver. Instead of trying to postpone the evil day as long as possible, why not do your best to make him into a good driver? This means seeing to it that he gets good basic instruction—paying for a profes- sional teacher if you aren't a good teacher yourself—and praising good driving when he demonstrates it instead of nag- ging him about mistakes. Sensing your confidence in him, the teen-ager will not need to show off in his driving. If you are not a chronic nagger and worrier, he will take seriously the occasional warnings that you do give.

Letting your child share in the main- tenance of the car is also useful; it teaches him that using a car is a responsibility as well as a privilege. John Fitch, one of America's foremost racing drivers, be- lieves that an understanding of how a car works can help make driving safer. And a psychiatric study of "hot-rod" drivers shows that their accident records are better than average. If you can recognize that your son is inevitably becoming a man, and if you can give him as much responsibility and freedom as he can handle—which often means a bit more than you *think* he can handle—he will not regard the family car as a means of proving how grown-up he is.

In spite of your best efforts, of course, your teen-ager may get involved in an accident. If he does, it is important that you give him the benefit of the doubt. First, he may not have been at fault. As insurance adjusters can testify, the ques- tion of blame in an automobile accident is rarely clear-cut. Secondly, his "fault" may have been nothing more blame- worthy than sheer inexperience. You probably had an accident in your own early driving days, even though you are now an above-average driver.

The driver's license is a major transi- tion point between childhood and adult- hood, and no parent fully enjoys the prospect of his child's becoming an adult. For the mother there may be sorrow at losing her "baby." For the father there may be some resentment over his child's being ready to share adult privileges. For both parents it is an obvious sign that they are getting older. Thus the process of learning to drive often becomes complicated with emotional issues.

One of the facts of American life is that your child will grow up to be a driver—even more surely than he will get married and have a home and chil- dren of his own. In none of these proc- esses can you prevent mishaps, but there is a good deal that you can do in your daily life to reduce their seriousness. ■

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Speaker of the House: YOUR PERSONALITY

Buy furniture on impulse; combine periods with gay abandon; collect the unfashionables, but let the décor and furnishings of your home show that you have a mind of your own.

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

If buying a house is like getting married, furnishing one is a bit like bringing up the consequent family—a process tricky, demanding and interminable.

I say interminable with full knowledge of what the word implies. Other housewives may quarrel with me here. It may be they have the skill (and the means) to occupy their first four walls with self-confidence. Before they move in they paint their rooms in colors that do not distress them, select paper which looks as charming on the walls as it did in Schumacher's sample book, place their sofas in suitable positions, arrange each bedroom conveniently, hang appropriate curtains, lay down harmonious rugs, and have something with which they can live happily ever after.

I belong to a different species. In this beloved but willful house where we have lived so long, the battle has gone on since the day we took possession. Nor has it ever really been won. I get the downstairs done to my pleasure and it's time to start the neglected upstairs. By the time the second floor is finished, everything in the living room needs attention again. Nursery turns into study, then into a young girl's bedroom, and back into a study. Guest rooms become storage cupboards. Books overflow their shelves, and we have to make a porch into a library. Carpets wear out, draperies fade, paper cracks, we acquire furniture which displaces other furniture. It makes for a full life, but scarcely a calm one. And I suspect my case is not unique—that most do-it-yourself decorators will recognize my long if delightful chase after perfection.

As for the demands and the trickiness, few, I think, can contradict me. In rearing a family or assembling a house, you face equal obstacles. Do it by the book, and the result may lack warmth. Do it by ear, and you are apt to make mistakes. Money is useful, although it is not quite the primary need. An ability to compromise is essential since houses, like people, make individual demands. And it helps, of course, to have taste.

But natural good taste is rare. A few lucky ones have it as a gift, like long eyelashes or perfect pitch. Most of us simply muddle along, proceeding by trial and error. We work and we plan and we read the instructions and we study other people's triumphs. Then, if our surroundings really matter to us, if we are willing to use our eyes and our wits, we gradually acquire what is even better than taste: minds of our own.

It is only the mindless house which is dull. Everyone knows the kind I mean: the trite and often expensive rooms full of trite, expensive furniture, reflecting no opinions and bearing no stamp of personality. Such houses are often in fashion; too often. When the mode calls for colonial, they are ruffled and cobbler-benched upstairs and down. When the vogue stipulates wall-to-wall carpeting, everything, including stairways, is ankle-deep in wool. If tureens on the dining-room table are the recommended ornament, every table blossoms with a tureen. Beds match dressers, chairs come in sets, draperies are chintz or silk according to period. The whole effect of such interiors is as handsome—and lifeless—as model rooms in department stores. A house which charms and welcomes need not conform to current fashion. But it must wear its owner's signature, just as a poem or a picture ought to speak with a personal voice.

The houses I inevitably admire *do* wear that signature. They are not necessarily ones I want to copy or to live in. I enjoy them simply because they mirror the character of the friends who planned them. Two in particular come to mind. One is contemporary, all bright colors, glass panels, Swedish couches and Finnish chinaware. The other is a farmhouse, slightly remodeled, and furnished as much like a Maine cottage as its mistress, homesick for her origins, has been able to make it. In each I breathe invigorating air. That modern house expresses the virtues of the people who live there: wit, color, originality. The other, with its waxed pine and starched curtains, is a gingham sort of house, its kitchen bigger and busier than its living room, its bluntness and understated hospitality a perfect reproduction of its owner's New England qualities. Mind has been at work in each house, and so has affection.

In the long run, affection counts most. Your surroundings must make you contented, must suit you, not your decorator or your guests or the Rx for style. I doubt that many of my friends covet the results of my haphazard struggles. I go to bed in a room painted cocoa brown, and who else wants a brown bedroom? Who else is so eccentric as to live with a shrimp-colored marble mantel in the parlor, or draperies turned inside out because I like the wrong surface of the material better than the right? Or a wildly unfashionable flowered carpet and a perfect hodgepodge of periods—Georgian, Victorian, Biedermeier, Queen Anne, Salvation Army Gothic? What other housewife puts boudoir wallpaper into a dining room, one composed of doves and roses? Yet I am so fond of that sentimental design that when it began to show signs of disintegrating, a few seasons ago, I plagued the manufacturer (who had dropped the line) until he found a few rolls left in his storerooms.

Early in life I had the good luck—perhaps the misfortune—to lose my heart to certain inanimate objects. One was a chair; it had belonged to my grandmother and it may have belonged to hers. I found it in an attic I prowled as a child, and probably because it was so different from the stolid mahogany and golden oak which I saw every day, it entranced me. A good specimen of early Victoriana, graceful and comfortable, it lacked the hysterical curlicues with which craftsmen of a later period disfigured their furniture. When I first laid eyes on it, black horsehair covered it, but nothing could disguise its innocent prettiness or the sheen of its hand-rubbed rosewood. The Victorian style has become since then a minor rage and as subject to overexposure as all fads. However, when I fell in love, it seemed unique and I always remembered it. Shortly after my marriage, on a visit to the aunt who had inherited it, I coaxed it back into my possession. My husband and I lugged it all the way to New York as gratefully as more sensible people might elope with Treasury bonds. In fact, we pulled it apart leg by leg and arm by arm; and since it had been made with wooden pins instead of nails, dismemberment did it no harm. Put back together again, its oval back and seat upholstered in tufted velvet, it became first an amusing confection and then a focus of our decoration.

The other object of my devotion, and an even more persistent influence, was a set of pictures. Again, I discovered them young. Have you ever read a book called *Cranford?* Its title occurs regularly on high-school reading lists. I, the product of an excessively bad education, had never heard of it until I routed it out of a glass-fronted bookcase when I was recovering from something unoriginal like chicken pox. It was only a reprint of Mrs. *(Continued on page 33)*

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12 easy ways to onion it up with Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix

Red Kettle you can make the kind of the French are mad for! And you can lo party tricks . . . sass up salads . . . add ative touch to easy meat dishes! Red e Onion Soup Mix makes the difference, its unique blend of mild sweet onions, Parmesan cheese, hearty beef broth ubtle seasonings. All the good flavors we nto Red Kettle stay in, too—protected e first specially designed, air-tight "soup an". Use the coupon . . . save 8¢ . . . nion it up at your house soon!

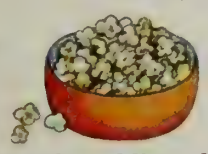
nion Butter with French Bread

Combine ½ can (¼ cup)* Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and ½ cup softened butter. Slice 2 loaves French bread almost through; spread butter on one side of each slice. Wrap loaves in foil; heat at 400° F. for 20 minutes.

Onion Party Snack

ine 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and ½ elted butter. Thoroughly mix with 2 cups bite- redded rice cereal and 2 cups crisp oat cereal. in shallow pan at 250° F. for 30 minutes, stir- nce after 15 minutes.

Onion Popcorn

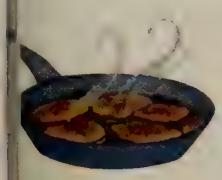


ine 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and ½ elted butter. Mix well with 12 cups popcorn.

Zippy Dip

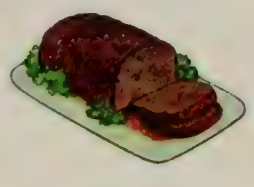
ine 1 can Red Kettle Soup Mix, 1 pint sour , 1 tsp. prepared horse- . Chill. Serve with crack- d chips.

Liver 'n Onions



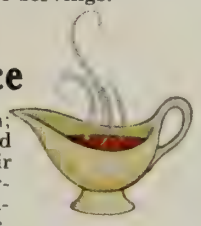
In skillet, brown 1 lb. sliced liver in 2 tbsp. butter. Add 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 3 tbsp. flour; slowly stir in 1½ to 2 cups water, 2 tbsp. chili sauce. Cover; simmer 10-20 min. (until liver is tender). Stir now and then. Serve over cooked rice, noodles, or mashed potatoes. 4 servings.

6. Super Meat Loaf



Thoroughly mix 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 1½ lb. ground beef, 3 slices bread (cut in small pieces), 1 cup milk, 1 egg. Shape into loaf; bake 1¼ hours in shallow pan at 350° F. 6 servings.

7. Onion Gravy-Sauce



Melt 3 tbsp. butter in saucepan; blend in 3 tbsp. flour. Add 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix; slowly stir in 2 to 2½ cups water. Cook, stirring until thickened. Simmer 10 minutes. Serve over potatoes, meat, etc.

8. Potato Salad

Blend 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 1 to 1½ cups sour cream, ½ cup mayonnaise. Stir into 4 cups chilled, diced, cooked potatoes, 1 cup sliced celery, 1 diced hard-cooked egg. Chill. Garnish with 1 sliced hard-cooked egg and paprika. 6 servings.

9. Cottage Cheese Party Salad

Combine ½ can (¼ cup)* Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 1 pint cottage cheese, and ½ cup sour cream. Cut 6 tomatoes into quarters almost through. Stuff with mixture. Top with chopped parsley.

10. Saucy Pork Chops

Brown 6 pork chops (about 1½ lb.) in skillet; pour off fat. Add 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 3 tbsp. flour; slowly stir in 1¾ to 2 cups water. Cover; cook over low heat 45 minutes. Stir now and then. Uncover; cook to desired consistency. 6 servings.

11. Onion Burgers

Mix 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 1½ lb. ground beef. Shape into 6 patties; cook until done. Serve on buns.

12. Chicken Oniondine

In skillet, brown 2 lb. chicken parts in 2 tbsp. shortening; pour off fat. Push chicken to one side. Add 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 3 tbsp. flour; gradually stir in 1½ cups water. Cover; simmer 45 minutes or until tender, stirring now and then. Blend in ½ cup sour cream; heat. 4 to 6 servings.

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2 cans to the carton

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pan between them owned

even windows and two fire- room had to accommodate l's eight-foot-long piano. ad been a great bargain, we we bid on it. Afterward we elonged in a concert hall.) n might have worked out a n than I did, but the one my I finally chose satisfied us. all space we got around by sofa at right angles to the another boldly in front of The ceilings we lowered by ting them darker than the nning a paper frieze around he walls. We pulled the two ther by carpeting the whole the (Continued on page 36)

Or a love letter from Rome? Or an invitation to supper at Maxim's? No? Well, start wearing the fragrance that can take you places!

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"Proportioned– for me?"

you are apt to make mistakes. Money is useful, although it is not quite the primary need. An ability to compromise is essential since houses, like people, make individual demands. And it helps, of course, to have taste.

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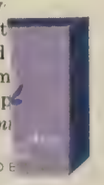
NEW SIZE!



ER
Regular,
der and
bsorbent.

MISS DEB
For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

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ıskell's small classic, but it contained ght color plates by a Miss Sybil ıwse. (That's the ladylike way she ned herself.) The plates were water-lor illustrations of rooms, the rooms a Cranford rectory. There were care- delineations of Tudor cabinets, Queen ıne wing chairs, country Chippendale ınds, gate-legged tables, cupboards l of blue willowware, embroidered e screens, pierced brass fenders. I ink Miss Tawse meant her pictures to ok quaint; old-fashioned in a heter-eneous fashion, as if Cranford people ver threw out anything but simply sembled and inherited. To me they re representations of pure delight. carried the book as well as the yearn-g for old furnishings with me into my n first home. And I did my best to ther about me pieces as much like anford ones as possible.

At first the possibility was slight. Im-cunious young couples cannot afford buy even copies of Queen Anne wing airs or gallery-topped tables. What could do was haunt the secondhand ores, attend the auctions, and now d then come across a bibelot which minded us of the illustrations. In vent times we occasionally bought a production. But what we found most sily at little cost was Victorian to atch my grandmother's chair.

Since our first apartment was half a or in a remodeled brownstone build-g, Victorian went very well with its culiar advantages—soaring ceilings, ite marble mantel, long narrow win-ws. We used to spend all our Satur-ys searching junk shops for bargains. d in that depression day, bargains often got. We also acquired some-ng more useful than possessions: a ling for quality, some sense of style, d a knowledge of how much to pay antiques or semiantiques.

We worked out a rough rule of thumb buying: never pay more for some-ng old than you would have to pay its modern copy. The rule would t work for real collectors. Authentic eraton, pedigreed Hepplewhite, bring eir weight in rubies. But pedigree is t everything. For a tiny outlay we re able to find a carved rosewood sofa early and as unornamented as my air. We picked up for a few dollars a ınd Federal sideboard, chests of awers designed by no famous artisan t well put together, and enough ctoriana to set us up in housekeeping. Along with our few modest treasures, also lugged home, quite knowingly, me outright junk. For we had formu-ed a second rule, one we have found eful to this day. We would buy either mething so good it would please us ever or something so cheap we could ord later to throw it away. It's not a d discipline for most young house-lders. It's where the patience comes Money may not be your chief lack; experience can lead one into as many ad ends as insolvency. But it is always ll to go slowly at first. You have to be lling to live with a child's workstand m the Thrift Shop in lieu of a coffee ole; you may have to put up with nps from the ten-cent store. You ıke do with a draped orange crate for a ghtstand, and secondhand bedsteads, d campstools in place of dining-room airs while you wait for the precious jects you have in mind. But if you oceed on this theory, you won't find yourself in trouble five or six years later, saddled with a houseful of mass-produced maple or department-store modern which you have grown to detest, but which cost so much you can't bring yourself to jettison it.

You also have to be brave enough to buy on impulse. I remember, when we were living in our first two-and-a-half-room apartment, bidding on a marquetry secretary at an auction. It was a slow day and my bid of 50 cents over my opponent's offer got me the piece. I brought it home by taxi, and only on the way did I suddenly say to myself with astonishment, "But we already *have* a secretary!"

Fortunately my husband is an easy-tempered man. He agreed that my $37.75 had been well laid out, and that two secretaries in one small parlor was exactly what every nicely appointed house ought to have. And that reckless and redundant purchase of mine has for many years been my showpiece, practically the only one which real collectors exclaim over.

In the same way we believe and have long believed that luxury ought to come before necessity. A delft plate, a Hogarth print, a Staffordshire pug dog, a silver pitcher—if those frivolities are what our hearts pant after at the moment, we buy them in place of a dishwasher. I owned Waterford-glass candlesticks before I had a dinner service. I bought an antique platter when what I really needed was a decent shower curtain. It may not be the way to save up for a solvent old age, but it makes for a cheerful journey along the road.

When we moved from the city to the suburbs, we ran into different trouble. For one thing, we had to furnish 10 rooms instead of two and a half. And they were problem rooms, too tall for their width, too lavishly windowed, cut up into odd shapes and sizes. But I want to give this comfort to the housewife faced with an unconventional house: problems are a good thing, be grateful for them. As it is the lopsided smile or the irregular profile which lends piquancy to a face, so it is the singular room which is most rewarding to decorate. Necessity is the mother not only of invention but of imagination. I, for one, would not have the faintest idea how to cope with rooms regularly laid out. I hadn't any idea how to cope with these irregular ones at first. For six months I surveyed my living room alternating between despair and exhilaration, wondering how in the world I could make it, if not attractive, at least comfortable. For one thing, there was no wall space at all. Two parlors opened out of one another, each nearly as high as it was wide. The pair between them owned three doors, seven windows and two fireplaces. One room had to accommodate my husband's eight-foot-long piano. (The piano had been a great bargain, we thought, as we bid on it. Afterward we realized it belonged in a concert hall.) Wiser women might have worked out a better solution than I did, but the one my husband and I finally chose satisfied us.

Lack of wall space we got around by setting one sofa at right angles to the fireplace and another boldly in front of a window. The ceilings we lowered by a trick, painting them darker than the walls and running a paper frieze around the top of the walls. We pulled the two rooms together by carpeting the whole area. We let the *(Continued on page 36)*

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 continued from page 33

piano dominate the back parlor and put our heaviest chairs near it to moderate its ebony massiveness. Our draperies also were a trick, a fool-the-eye ruse. Since each window stood at a different height and was a different size from the others, we chose the tallest, broadest one as our model. Then we cheatingly hung valances several inches above the top of some of them or as many inches on either side as we needed for congruity. Swags dipped over the spaces between top sills and valances, and presto! every window looked at first glance like every other. Carpeted and curtained, the double parlors looked surprisingly serene.

And while we were about our schemes, we learned a fundamental fact of decoration—which is to spend money (if money is an object) on carpets, but sparingly on drapery material. Handsome curtains need not be expensive. Out of necessity I have used all sorts of cloth at my windows in this demanding house—unbleached muslin, sateen, marked-down nylon satin, mattress ticking. So long as the color was right and the material generously dispensed, they were as effective as $20-a-yard damask—at least by lamplight.

On the other hand, one should never buy cheap rugs. Hard-pressed as we were when we moved in here, we laid out a large portion of our savings for the living-room carpeting. Today it has scarcely a worn spot in it. In the dining room, however, we compromised on something moderately priced, and the canvas showed in a few seasons.

Whatever you buy, make sure the color is right. Color is the key to all decorative plans. Color can elate or depress, soothe or irritate, make a charming house out of a dull one or a humdrum dwelling out of something innately splendid. Of course, I am a crank on the subject, and something of a trial to my near and dear. Let me get into a hotel room where the color scheme is vulgar, and I go into shock. I have been known to rise at midnight to hang towels over the footboards of red-and-orange mock-leather motel beds so I wouldn't have to face them at dawn. I have also been known to stop workmen busy retiling a bathroom and order them to pull out a whole wall of ceramics which had looked pale blue in the sample but which in large quantities vibrated like the Mediterranean. My husband, interrupted in the middle of a business conference to hear my wild voice on the telephone, agreed with me.

"Spend the extra now," he said. "It's cheaper than a nervous breakdown."

I have made as many mistakes as most amateur decorators, probably more. But I learned early on to annul them, as I annulled the Big One we encountered at the beginning of our life here. We had painted the parlor walls a cheerful canary yellow which went well with the auction odds and ends we had brought from town—the yellow-and-gray-striped sofa, green velvet *bergères*, white lamps and side chairs. Then we came across a great find—Mark Twain's library mantel, the shrimp-colored marble tidbit already mentioned. At the outset it cost us next to nothing, since the city mansion of America's supreme wit was being torn down to make way for an apartment building. We merely paid a few dollars to the superintendent and he thankfully let us trundle it home. Outset, however, was not outlay. Once we got it in place was the most expensive purchase w ever made. Against the canary walls glared at us. Whoever entered the roo turned seasick. We had to repaint, r cover the sofa, alter our entire col plans. Still, it was worth the troubl for after everything was settled dow again, and we had combed the paint o of our eyebrows, and laid down o beloved flowered carpet, we were aesthetically satisfied that we have n wanted to change anything since.

The mantel was planned to stress o Victorian theme. For flighty chairs a marble-topped tables at first dominat this house. They suited the rooms, a they were, as I have said, the least e pensive good pieces we had been ab to buy. But little by little, as we h more expandable purses and mo knowledge, our emphasis shifted. T house began to change without o knowing it. We still went to auction but what we brought back was mo likely to be Queen Anne or Georgi than something from 1860. We found wing chair. We bought willowware. W came across tiny pedestal tables. O summer we got abroad at last and di covered Dublin, the last capital in t world where good English furniture o of the old Ascendancy houses is bei put up for sale. From Ireland, we ca home with two chests of drawers, thr occasional tables, a pair of Hepplewhit influenced chairs out of a jury roo Lowestoft cups and saucers, antiq Wedgwood, and the Chinese platt which now hangs in our dining room.

We remembered the rule too. A though nothing had been made lat than 1810 (so that there was no duty), w paid less, even including transportatio than we would have had to lay out for r productions in American shops. Then w had a triumphant clearing out. We got r of things. We transferred things fro downstairs to upstairs. Up to the attic off to sale went the furniture we h been making do with. When at leng I looked about me, I had a blurred b discernible version of a Cranford rector Without being really aware of it, I h translated a childhood vision into realit

To be sure, the *bergères* would n have sat in Miss Jenkins's drawing roo the French mode seldom made its wa to country parsonages. There were gate-legged tables, since I dislike t style. But there was the fire screen, t wing chair, the sofa tables, the pierc fenders. Like the comfortable houses Cranford, ours reflected no period b only our personal affections.

Now we are preparing to move o of it. In the pre-Revolutionary Co necticut farmhouse where we will pre ently fetch our lares and penates, the are problems enough to keep us co tented for seasons, of a kind I have n previously coped with. Now it is lo ceilings instead of high ones I must ou wit, old random boards for floors, tin rooms instead of spreading ones. By t book the period ought to be steadfa Colonial. But no one can convince m that the best of my Victorian will n look perfectly suitable there, or t French marquetry secretary seem i appropriate. It was the way old hous got furnished when they were lived for a long time, haphazardly and in variety of fashions.

Anyhow, my mind is by this time u mistakably my own.

Mrs Jane Williams, the bride's mother, with her daughter Karen, who became Mrs. Michael Clayton Collyer on November 4, 1963

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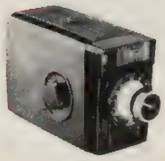

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3. Each entry must be accompanied by the liners (cork or plastic) from 3 caps from Coke (caps with the Coca-Cola Tower at the World's Fair on top) or by 3 pieces of paper 3" x 5" on which you have drawn "Coca-Cola" in block lettering. (Liners may be detached by inserting small point under edge and lifting). DO NOT MAIL METAL CAPS.

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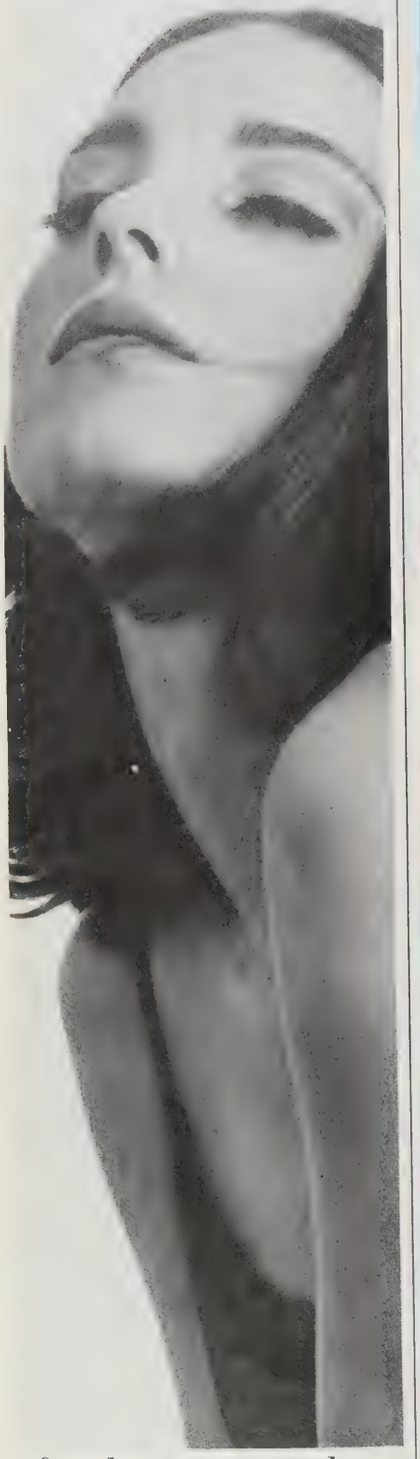

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I was wrong about Paris

La Belle France is no more—only American tourists live the famed French way of life.

By JOHN CROSBY

I moved to Paris on Labor Day, 1962, and all I can say about that is, don't. At least not on Labor Day. Paris on Labor Day, 1962, was wet and cold. It was both empty and jammed; empty of my friends, who hadn't got back from their vacations, and jammed with people from Pittsburgh and Lyons.

I remember walking miles in the rain on the Left Bank (I had a feeling that since I had fled Greenwich Village, I was a Left Bank type) and being turned away from one hotel after another, all picturesque, all inexpensive, all full. Finally I managed to make my way past the lady (whom I grew to love dearly) at the desk of the Hotel Scandinavia, a quaint hostelry whose lobby is full of suits of armor and whose rooms are furnished with Provençal antiques and whose walls have bronze arms sticking out of the plaster clutching electric light bulbs as if they were Excalibur.

I was taking off my soaked clothes that night when I saw a missive being slipped furtively under my door. Well, I thought. It begins. Romance. Adventure. I picked it up. Read it:

DEAR JOHN CROSBY
I WAS SO GLAD TO SEE THEE
TONIGHT WHEN YOU DID GET YOUR KEY.
I AM A FAN
WHOM TRUST YOU CAN
JUST GREETING YOU.
ET VOILÀ TOUT.

There was quite a lot more. The lady was from Brooklyn. Well, it's always nice to know you have fans.

The next morning Marty arrived with my breakfast. Marty is the man of all work at the Hotel Scandinavia. He speaks six languages and can do everything from putting the drunks to bed to making out the bills. "You're a writer," he said, laying my breakfast tray on my lap.

"You might call it that," I said.

"I'm a writer too," he said, and pulled a thick document from under his arm. "I write movie scripts. Since you're a newspaperman, you must know all the movie producers, and I wondered if . . ."

Just like Hollywood. The script was in English—though Marty wrote his movie scripts in all of his six languages—and it wasn't very good. But I got very fond of him, and we'd talk every morning about his writing. "The trouble is," he said, bringing my breakfast one morning, "that I work fourteen hours a day in the hotel, and that doesn't leave much time for writing." I gave him a letter to the manager of the Ritz because I thought the hours might be a little shorter at the Ritz, giving him more time for his novel. (He wrote those too.)

It was a little like living in *My Sister Eileen*, the Hotel Scandinavia, full of refugees from Fire Island who knew me in 1938, a year I'd just as soon forget.

I had barely settled down in Paris (it was still raining) when a friend took me to lunch. "You must face one thing if you're going to live here," he said gravely. "Anti-Americanism. The French hate us. You'll just have to learn to live with it. The French hate our guts."

The very next day I lunched with a different American. He said, "You picked an awful time to come live in France. The French have fallen in love with America. They imitate everything we do—our supermarkets, our drugstores, our frozen foods, our superhighways, even American slang. All the French writers write like Hemingway. The nightclubs feature records by Frank Sinatra. No point in coming to France any more. It's a carbon copy of America."

A couple days later I was lunching with an embassy type who launched into discourse as follows: "The important thing to know about the French at this peculiar juncture of history"—embassy types talk like that—"is that they are totally indifferent to us. There was a period during and shortly after the war when they all loved the United States. Then they loathed us. Now they just don't care. They don't need our money; they have their own."

They love us. They hate us. They are indifferent. Well, all these contradictions are true. The one thing you find out very quickly in Europe is that when Americans are generalizing about the French, they are revealing much more about themselves than about the French. I recall listening for an hour to an American girl denouncing the French for their rudeness. She had, she said, lived in France for a year and had been insulted once or twice a day, every day. All I can say about that is that some people are insult-prone as others are accident-prone.

I lived in Paris a year, and I can't recall any insults. I found the French amusing, charming, courteous, good-humored and enormously patient, and that tells a lot about me. In fact, I'm almost alone in that opinion. I tried it out on a Frenchman one day, and I thought he'd explode. "The French charming, courteous, good-humored? You are naïve. The French are rude, selfish, impossible." (The French can be just as anti-French as they can be anti-American. They're also anti-Cambodian, anti-Outer Mongolian, anti-Peruvian.)

I used to take the subway to work, traveling second class to get near the people, reading *L'Humanité* over someone's shoulder to see what the Communists were saying about us, and feeling I was really getting close to the people. The French subway is charming but slow. One day I walked to work from my hotel and got there in the same time it took me on the subway—20 minutes.

Meanwhile, I was drinking the wines, eating the food, listening—this is the first phase. You do a lot of listening, your illusions crumbling. The first thing you must do when you move to a foreign land is get rid of your stale old misconceptions and get some fresh misconceptions. Then you get rid of those and get fresher ones.

I came to Europe expecting the French to be quaint, to behave like the French in Art Buchwald's column. I soon discovered that Buchwald's France is about as real as Damon Runyon's Broadway. There is no such place. (Maybe there was once.)

I'll never forget my first lunch with a real live Frenchman. Up to then I'd been lunching with Americans. But now, I thought, well, it'll be three hours for lunch, five courses, three wines. Then we'll go and chase some girls in the street. Then he'll slip off and have an affair with someone else's wife. *Ooo lala!*

Instead he sat down, ordered fish and a salad. "No butter. Cholesterol, you know." (The French are on a big cholesterol kick, the way we were about five years ago.)

"Tell me about the life of a typical Frenchman," I said.

"The typical Frenchman," said this one. "Well, he lives in the suburbs. His wife drives him to the train in the morning, and he reads his newspaper coming to work. If he's a businessman he frequently eats a sandwich at his desk at twelve-thirty."

"But the French lunch hour," I said, aghast, "is from one o'clock to three or four—in the little *bistros*."

"That's strictly for tourists," said the Frenchman. "And the *bistros* are rapidly being replaced by snack bars."

"Snack bars. How do you say that in French?"

"Snack bars is a French word," said the Frenchman. "The snack bars are full of teen-agers (another French word), eating hamburgers (another French word), drinking Coca-Cola (another French word) or milk (*not* a French word).

"I get home at night exhausted," he said. "But still I must help my wife with dishes."

"And later you sit in the sidewalk cafés talking politics."

"*Mon Dieu!* What an idea! I sit in front of the television set, drinking beer, like all the other Frenchmen. This all must sound very strange to you."

"It must sound even stranger to De Gaulle. Does he know?"

"No," said the Frenchman. He looked at his watch. "I've got to go. I've got a board meeting at two-fifteen."

"An armagnac?"

"At this hour? Don't be silly. I must be alert. I've got a big deal on."

(Continued on page 44)

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One sip tells you—tomato juice in glass tastes great. Glass never changes flavor. And a glass jar is a refrigerator jar. No need to transfer contents. Next time you buy tomato juice—get it in glass!

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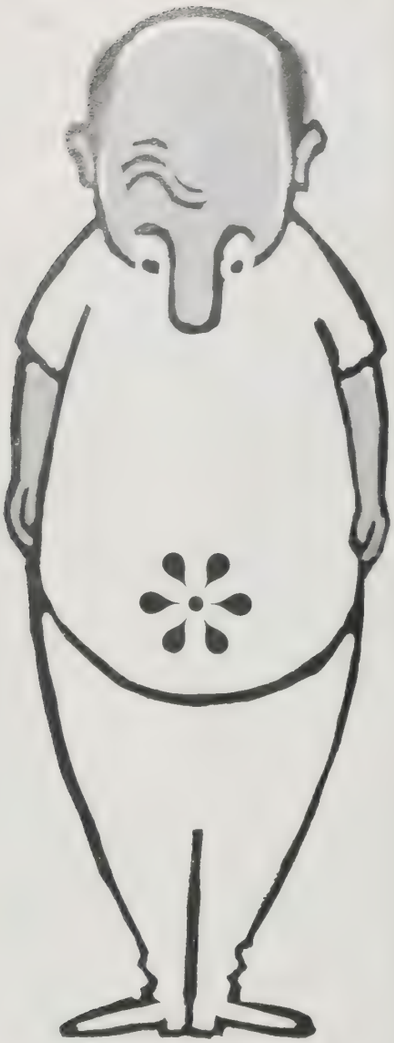


UNCERTAIN STOMACH

When your stomach feels uncertain from indigestion, heartburn, gas pains, nausea or other symptoms of excess acidity, remember this: **Each small PHILLIPS' TABLET consumes 37% more excess acid than the leading candy-type roll antacid tablet.**

NO WATER NEEDED

Off he went, picking up the check, of course, a very un-French thing to do. But then, as a Frenchman said to me not long ago, the French aren't very French any more. But if the French are getting less French, the Americans abroad are getting more so. If you really want a three-hour lunch, with all the right wines, go out with an American who's been here 10 years. These people act like Marcel Proust.

While the French are picking up all our quaint American habits—such as rushing through lunch, and making money—we're picking up all their antiquated customs. I, for example, had a bed in my office on which I took a siesta after lunch every day. The French came in and looked at my bed with a great rolling of the eyes and low ribald hohoing, which passes for laughter among the French. They don't have beds in their offices, and they are much too busy making money to take siestas.

An American I know who had bought a Paris house for $50,000 sold it later on for—hold on to your hat—$1,000,000. "The French," said this man, "are beginning to act like Texans. This Frenchman came in and said how much. I said a million, expecting to bargain. The Frenchman pulled out his checkbook. Even a Texan would have sent his lawyer and an architect to look the place over. The Frenchman just bought it."

But while Europe is getting Americanized, Americans in Europe are getting Europeanized. I was sitting beside a tennis court in Torremolinos, Spain, with a married woman, like myself a refugee from Greenwich Village, and I asked her what was the big difference between living in Europe and the U.S.A.

"That's easy, honey," she said. "Since I've been here I haven't touched a dish."

Of course, Spain is not Europe. In Spain they still have servants. Elsewhere they're rapidly disappearing, but in Spain it's quite possible for people of slender means to be waited on hand and foot, and the effect on American women is curious. They feel guilty. This particular Greenwich Village matron said that from time to time she scrubs the bathroom tiles, and that makes her feel more useful, more womanly. But it raises hell with the Spanish servants, who take it as an implied criticism of the way they clean bathroom tiles.

"I tried to explain about my American guilt feelings," said the American lady, "but American guilt feelings are untranslatable. The Spaniards have guilt feelings, but not about housework."

Spain is full of Europeanized Americans who now talk about bullfights as expertly as Hemingway, sit in the best seats and even know the bullfighters by their first names. Meanwhile, the Spaniards are deserting bullfights for football games; in Madrid, football draws far bigger crowds than bullfights do.

All the old clichés need reexamination. Theoretically the French drink wine and handle their drinking with consummate authority. But this is awfully theoretical. Not long ago, in Venice, I helped several quite sober Americans carry a drunk French girl across the Piazza San Marco. She'd had too much *grappa*. I haven't seen a drunken American tourist since I've been in Europe. I've seen many a drunk Frenchman. Increasingly the French drink Scotch whiskey; French kids drink beer, not wine, and prefer coffee to either. American residents are getting to be great wine experts, and will bore you stiff with talk of vintages, if you let them.

I don't want to give you the idea Europe has stopped being European altogether. I just got a letter from an American woman who now lives in Madrid. A Spaniard had told her: "If I could just pinch your bottom, I'd be the happiest man on earth." The woman wrote me: "Can you imagine what that means to a mother of six? No, perhaps you can't. It never happened in Bridgeport." At making a woman feel womanly, the Europeans are miles ahead of us. I know an American girl who lives down the block from a French police station. Every morning and evening she runs a gauntlet of whistles, eye-rolling, shouted gallantries. Makes her feel marvelous.

And while Europe is adopting our snack bars, our supermarkets, our automobile economy, there are still vestiges of the 19th century and sometimes even the 14th. The building I lived in until recently is a charming, glamorous, antiquated structure built by the French in the 17th century. They've been working on it ever since, bang, bang, bang, starting at eight A.M. (I've never been in a French building that someone didn't start pounding at eight A.M.)

It's hardly typical, this edifice. Cary Grant was my next-door neighbor most of that winter. The French Foreign Minister, Couve de Murville, lived upstairs. Schiaparelli used to live in the building. André Malraux wrote *Man's Hope* in the building. It's a very chic address. In fact, somebody recently offered a quarter of a million dollars for an apartment in it. And got turned down.

But no central heating. It got colder and colder and colder in my glamorous, chic, charming, antiquated and viciously expensive apartment. One day I decided I could stand it no longer and I trotted down the street to Au Bon Marché to buy an electric heater. I pointed to one I liked and said, "I'll take that one."

Nothing is that simple in France. "What size wall plug have you?" asked the *vendeur*

"You mean you have sizes?"

"There are forty-three sizes of wall plug in France," declared the *vendeur*.

I trotted home in the freezing twilight, unscrewed a wall plug—which looked like something off the main switch at Boulder Dam—and went back to Au Bon Marché. "*Voilà*," I said triumphantly and gave him the wall plug.

"Now," said the *vendeur*, "how much electricity are you permitted to have?"

"Well, I'm a big boy now. I should be entitled to all I can pay for."

Patiently the *vendeur* explained that Paris apartments are wired differently. I must go home and add up all the electric appliances—icebox, radio, lamps, water heater, electric heater. Then I must call the electric company and ask if I might add a 120-volt electric heater to all that.

"You mean," I said, "the electric company would know about my little old apartment?"

"Of course," said the *vendeur*.

They did too. I went home, added up the voltage on all the electric appliances, called the electric company, told the man where I lived and asked might I please add another heater because I was freezing to death. Short silence on the other end while he looked me up.

Finally he said, "Yes, you can, but you had better turn off your water heater while you have the other heater on."

The French are still a nation of individualists, including their electric wiring. The whole thing took all afternoon, but never mind. I wouldn't like France if it got all the way into the 20th century. The telephone service, for instance, is, by our standards, still quaint. They have it, yes. But at my old hotel they would rather do anything than answer it. The *boulangerie* next door still bakes bread six times a day, and at seven A.M. every day I used to drop over to buy my *pain au raisin* still hot. There was a flower cart on the corner, but I never saw anyone buy a flower there. I think it was just there to decorate the street. Not very efficient, but wonderful.

After a year in France, all my friends passing through remarked how well I looked, and I think it was true and I think I know why. There's an absence of strain in Paris that takes much of the tension out of a man's face. One night I was having dinner with Fritz Loewe, who with Alan Lerner wrote *My Fair Lady*, and he said, "Americans are always looking at their watches during a meal and saying, 'If we don't hurry, we'll miss the feature.' In Europe dinner *is* the feature."

To be serious just for a moment, what Europe gives to the Americans who live here is an appreciation of simplicity. The American learns through his pores, as it were, the value and the taste and wonder of each passing minute. Europeans live (or at least they once did) for each passing moment, for right now, much more than Americans While we are passing on to them the dubious delights of materialism, which has brought them great prosperity and may bring them great unhappiness, the Europeans have bequeathed those Americans who live here the ability to appreciate a nice day, a well-cooked meal, the aesthetic delight in the beauty of a cathedral, a street, a meadow, a blue sky.

Since I was in France for a year, I became an expert. Newcomers I took aside and told *them* all about the French. But there are fewer and fewer newcomers. Prices are getting so high that nobody can afford Paris except the French. They are recapturing their own city.

At least they've recaptured it from me. I'm in England now, to see how a year in London would be after a year in Paris. Without pausing to get neurotic about it, I kissed my adorable French secretary good-bye, got in my little red car, and took off.

They speak English here—or what they think is English. I have just been having a drink in Covent Garden Market with a burly Cockney boozer named Ginger, and, blimey, if I could comprehend more than every third word. I knew a duke, who shall be nameless, who is even less comprehensible. He talks in Cambridge rear-of-the-mouth gutturals that can only be understood by another Cambridge man.

I was warned that it rained all the time in London. It does. But then it rained all the time in Paris too. In London, rain is more fitting to the architecture. In Paris when the skies lower, your spirits do too. Here you expect nothing but the worst, so all surprises are agreeable. I think I'll be very happy, if I can ever get the hang of the language. ■

Looks like our designers have been consulting their wives again

You'd think a woman did it—the way this new Westinghouse refrigerator is designed. Outside we've given it the full beauty treatment with smart new decorator trim, handsome handles of chrome and imported wood. But there's more to it than beauty. Much more.

Look close. Very close. With that big 18-pound meat keeper you can whip out a meal in no time, because it keeps meat fresh 7 days without freezing. Those stacked porcelain-enamel vegetable crispers can really hold it, too (¾ of a bushel to be exact).

Then there's that new ice cube server, lift-out egg and utility trays to name just a few. Of course, the spacious refrigerator, the 119-pound freezer . . . they're completely frost-free. And the exclusive Westinghouse Cold Injector pushes cold air throughout the refrigerator—does away with unsightly coils in the fresh food section.

Leave it to a woman to design the perfect refrigerator. Leave it to Westinghouse to make it (we'll leave it to you to see this new refrigerator at your Westinghouse dealer's soon).

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse

Now in new pop open pa

What a delicious difference in new Montclair

Every puff tastes as fresh as the first puff! That's because Montclair puts its menthol i an *activated-charcoal* tip, not in the tobacco...and releases it puff after puff, so it adds t the flavor the *whole* smoke through. That's why every puff tastes as fresh as the first puf You'll never know how *good*...good tobacco can taste until you smoke Montclair!

The delicious difference is in the ***activated-charcoal*** *tip*

NO MENTHOL HERE
in Montclair's fine golden tobacco.

MENTHOL HERE
Released puff after puff, it adds flavor the whole smoke through.

New Montclair*—for those who want every puff to taste as fresh as the first puff*

Product of The American Tobacco Company—"Tobacco is our middle name" © A.T.Co.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE ANGELS

From the White House comes the promise of a "war against poverty," to be fought in mined-out mountain country, in rural backwaters, in teeming city slums. Here is a firsthand report of a doomed skirmish in that war, set in a schoolroom where the children are too hungry to study and a lunch pass is more important than a good report card.

BY SYLVIA PLAPINGER

Drawings by Austin Briggs

When I greeted my second-grade children that first morning in September, I knew nothing about their problems. They seemed like untrained puppies, as if this slum-area classroom in New York were their first contact with the civilized world.

I had no teaching experience, but a quick look at the children told me what the first lesson would have to be: hygiene. Thereafter, there were daily discussions on the importance of cleanliness. After all my harping on the subject I was shocked to discover one day that they were not washing their hands before returning from the lavatory. I made a terrible fuss. Finally a chorus of little voices reached me—there was no running water in the lavatory. I reported this to several administrators, and finally was told to have the children use the sink in the hall—the one for washing mops—where the water ran hot enough to scald a child's hand.

The children seemed to like coming to school; at least here there was steam heat and, for the lucky ones, free lunch. Despite the attractions, however, attendance was poor.

During snowstorms Irving said it was too cold to get out of bed. George was absent for two weeks because his shoes had fallen apart. Cornelia stayed away whenever the temperature dropped; she had no winter coat. (Incidentally, I have changed all the children's names.)

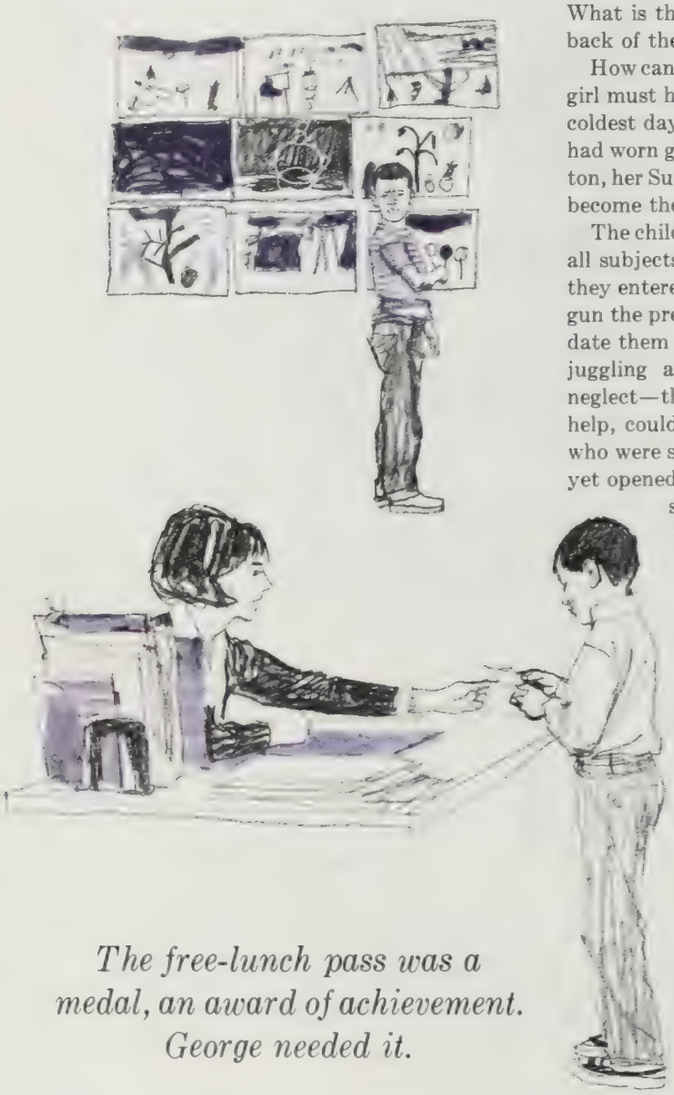
Because the school was overcrowded, there were three sessions; we were in the 7:40-to-12 group. At 10 o'clock we had a recess for snacks. It was a long stretch, and I, too, welcomed milk and cookies halfway through the morning.

Soon I became aware of children who had neither food nor milk but sat quietly at snack-time, watching the others. And then one day I looked up from my sipping straw and found several pairs of large eyes focused intently on me. I never again drank milk in the classroom.

At the first official meeting of the second-grade teachers I asked a superior why the city, which gave free lunch to some of the children, could not provide milk for everyone.

He smiled indulgently: "Don't worry so much about them. Let their parents spend a little less on liquor each week."

In my classroom we talked about the United Nations and the UN Children's Fund. I told about the poor children abroad, and the wonderful work UNICEF was doing for them. I said we were lucky to live in a country that could help others. I told the children what I had always believed about America—that here no one was ever really hungry. "No one but the poor people," said Carlotta.



The free-lunch pass was a medal, an award of achievement. George needed it.

Halloween was approaching. Children in better neighborhoods were getting ready to go trick-or-treating for UNICEF. Did I dare ask these youngsters to give up the few pennies they would collect? I finally decided that it would be good for them to know the feeling of helping someone else. One penny, I said, would buy five glasses of milk for a little girl in a faraway place who had no mother or father.

They all spoke at once. I had never seen my children so angry. Juan stood up: "Oh, no, my mamma has to buy me a new suit with the trick-or-treat pennies." I decided I had been wrong. I had no right to ask these pathetic little ones to give up their treat.

The next morning, before we had a chance to salute the flag, Juan raised his hand: "I told my mamma about the poor children, and she say it's all right to give my pennies." Another child shouted out. And another and another. Soon the whole class was buzzing with excitement about UNICEF.

We decorated old milk containers with orange-and-black UNICEF stickers, and made masks. The following morning, one by one, the children poured the pennies from their baskets on my desk. I'll never forget the look on their faces.

The principal occasionally tiptoed into the room to observe my teaching. Once he found the room in one of its moments of abandon. I couldn't really blame him for being upset:

"Miss Plapinger! Just what is going on here? What is that girl doing walking around in the back of the room with white gloves on?"

How can you tell a grown man that every little girl must have something beautiful? It was the coldest day of the year and the first time Lucy had worn gloves to school. They were white cotton, her Sunday church gloves, and she hoped to become the envy of every child in the class.

The children were far behind their age level in all subjects, most noticeably in reading. When they entered the second grade they had just begun the pre-primer books. I was told to consolidate them into three groups. It was a constant juggling act. Whom was it most unfair to neglect—the brighter ones who, with a little help, could get on to the next book? Or those who were still dozing in the womb, and had not yet opened their eyes to the world of ideas and symbols? At times I felt as if I were working with embryos.

At storytime I read from the book, *The Red Balloon*, the tale of the little French boy who found a balloon that became his friend. The only sounds were the ahs and ohs that punctuated each page, and the wild applause at the end. Again and again I had to show them the Eiffel Tower, the gardens of the Tuileries, the people and the streets. But where was this wonderful place? Where was the ocean, and where was the land, and how far away, and where were we? They were floating, suspended in that dreamlike area of preschool ignorance. There was no map in the room; anyway, a globe would be better for showing what the world really looked like. I spoke to my supervisor.

A globe? Paris? The children ought to know something about their own community before you start teaching them about foreign countries.

What could I tell them about their own community—that it was composed of unheated, rat-infested tenement apartments into which they and their many sisters and brothers were crowded; that there were no trees or playgrounds; that the city provided a school unfit for children to attend? We never got the globe.

The children noticed when I wore a new pair of shoes or combed my hair differently. Carlotta brought me a pair of large, dangling earrings, Camilla gave me a ring. Ricardo said, "You have long hair like my mother." Paula told me about the rat in her kitchen. Stanley said, "Your hands are so soft." Tommy called me "Ma" one day, then giggled in embarrassment. In her slow, rich voice, Susan asked, "Mrs. Clapinger, are you our mother?" I was warned several times to keep my pocketbook locked up.

Letitia was like an autumn leaf. She spoke hesitatingly, in whispers. Letitia was afraid.

I didn't really notice her until the morning I found her in the hall. I had been out of my room for a few minutes and was walking back up the stairs when I heard sobs and loud pounding noises. Letitia's mother was with her; both were in a state of hysteria. The woman, blinking bloodshot eyes and exuding gusts of alcohol, told me that she had the same trouble every day—the child just didn't want to go to school.

I asked Letitia's mother to take her home, and extracted a promise from Letitia to return early the next morning. Her mother said it wouldn't work, but I had a feeling the child would keep her word. I noticed a paper bag in Letitia's hand and asked her what was in it. An apple. "Would you bring one for me tomorrow?" "Yes," she whispered, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

The next morning Letitia was first in line, clutching a large paper bag containing two shining red apples. She brought one for me every day after that.

I wish I could say we all lived happily ever after, but an apple a day, in this case, wasn't the solution. I was home one day with a cold, and was told Letitia had run out crying when she saw the substitute teacher. She stayed home for a week until her brother, a fifth-grade student, assured her I had returned.

I watched her closely after that, careful to prevent abrupt changes in her world. Her attendance became quite regular, and she seemed fairly happy until I announced one morning that I would have to attend a conference across the hall. She asked, "Will you ever come back?" When the substitute walked in, Letitia grabbed my skirt and began to cry.

There was an extra person at the conference that day, and after his initial shock the assistant principal became accustomed to the idea that all second-grade-teachers' meetings would be attended by Letitia.

I found two large boxes of instruments in the closet—tambourines, maracas, castanets, drums, tom-toms and a xylophone. We became a large orchestra, giving concerts every week for our own enjoyment.

The children responded so happily (and loudly) to this, I knew they would love listening to music. I found a phonograph, but it was out of order. While it was being repaired, I discovered that the only "music" the school provided were some records for rhythmic walking and a few nursery rhymes set to melodies.

I brought some of my own record albums to school, among them the Menotti opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

During the first session there was no music: I just told the children the story of the crippled shepherd boy who lived with his poor mother and was visited by the Three Kings. The next time I read the first scene directly from the libretto and acted out some of the parts. Then I played that section of the record.

We used this procedure until we had finally heard the whole opera. They listened with interest, following the story detail by detail, sometimes singing along with the characters.

At last Amahl was leaving his mother to take the crutch to the Child. I watched the faces

f my children as they listened to the mother nd son singing. Tommy looked up and said, "I ot a tear in my eye."

We always had music just before lunch, and he children walked down the stairs singing and umming parts of the opera. Catherine told me ne day that she had had a dream about Amahl.

The lunch pass was a coveted square of white aper enclosed in Celluloid. It entitled the older to a daily lunch, paid for by the city. It as awarded to those pupils whose parents ould prove they were unable to feed their children. An application had to be filled out, and ne parent was required to bring it to the asistant principal for a personal interview.

To the child, the lunch pass was many things. 'or some it was food, possibly the first meal of he day. For others it was a place in the school or an extra half hour, instead of an empty partment or the street. For all of them it was a ign of distinction, placing them in an upperlass stratum.

To the teacher it was another thing—more raining in how to say no to a child. The lunch asses were not transferable. However a child egged, the absentee's lunch would not be given o the ineligible. One wondered what happened o the leftover food at the end of the day.

I had to keep reminding myself that George as a seven-year-old child, just a baby—not a haracter of the underworld. I said to myself eriodically: *You are bigger and smarter than he.* nd sometimes I added, *You are in control.*

But truly I wasn't, and we both knew it. After many weeks of working with 33 individuls, I was finding a way to reach almost all of hem, but George was still my one complete ailure. What could I do?

He walked about the room, his leather belt ulled tight, the suggestion of a smile on his ace. He became embroiled in fierce punching outs, even with girls. He never did homework, nd seldom did anything in the classroom. He asn't capable of printing more than a few leters of the alphabet, and I couldn't keep him eated long enough for a reading lesson.

I tried kindness and lots of attention. I tried irmness, threat of punishment and finally punshment. Nothing moved him. He seemed neither o fear nor to care about anything or anyone. I as stunned one day to realize not only that I as helpless in dealing with him but also that he ad succeeded—and knew he had—in disturbng me. I had been intimidated by a child. He ad grown in my mind to gangland adulthood.

George never showed any emotion but anger. However deeply he was hurt—and I'm sure he as many times—he never cried. He neither omplained nor asked for anything. He shunned armth and human contact. I was thrown off alance when he said, the day we made Halloween masks, "I needs two." "Why two?" "One or my baby. And her needs a basket too." His aby was his 14-month-old sister, whom he oved very much. It was the first time I conected him with a family. Was there someone he ctually called Mamma, who fed him or patted im on the head?

I watched one pair of cotton slacks fray at the uffs and grow more and more dirty. As the days ecame colder George's outer clothing got no eavier; large safety pins were added to keep his aper-thin "leather" jacket closed. I didn't notice for a long time that he was very hungry; I was too busy trying to discipline him.

The fights in the classroom erupted so suddenly that I could never reach the center of commotion before blows had been exchanged. This time it was particularly difficult because half the class was bunched around George and Louis, who were tearing at each other. There were shrieks and screams. I couldn't separate them, and I was frightened.

I sent one of the children for my supervisor, but when he walked in a few minutes later, the fight was over. The three of us—Louis, George and I—were standing in a small triangle, out of breath, taut and ready to spring. The children behind us were hushed. The man had walked into a snapshot of a roomful of people, caught by a silent, invisible thing, a terrible thing.

And then I saw that George was sobbing. I wanted to tell the supervisor not to reprimand him, but no words came. I was watching a very small boy whose last defense against the world was gone.

I put my arm around his shoulder and walked him back to my desk. He didn't try to get away. He just cried and told me what had happened. He hadn't taken Louis's pencil, it was *his*. I told him I believed him, and not to care, I would give him a beautiful red pencil of my own. I asked him to dry his eyes and I told him something funny. I said, "Please smile." He turned away from me. I told him another silly story. He turned his head as far away from me as he could, and before he could stop it a smile slipped out. George had trusted someone enough. It seemed like a big moment in the second grade.

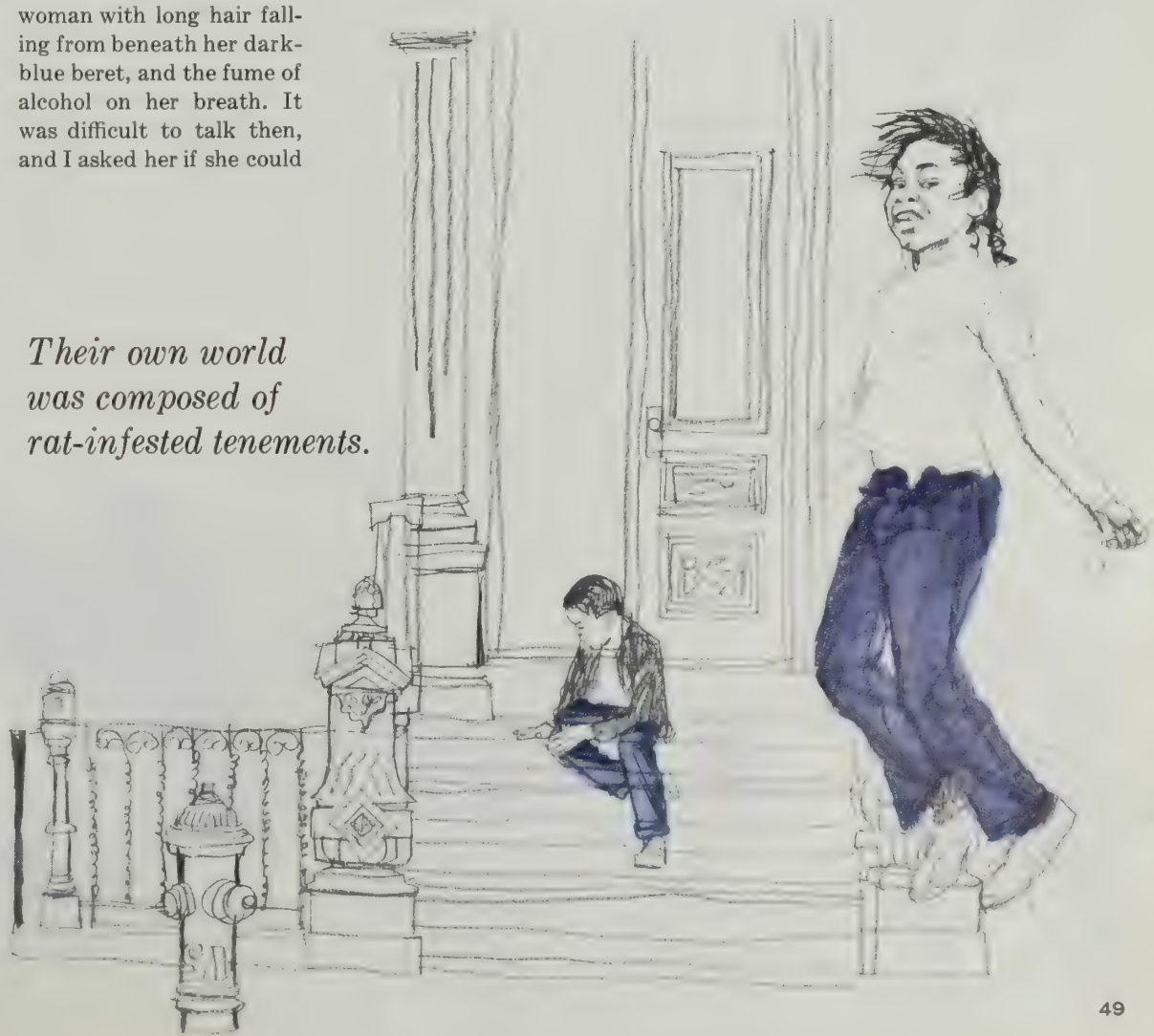
Soon after this George's mother responded to the several requests I had made for a visit from her. I had specified the hour between one and two, but she came at 10 while I was teaching. She was a pretty young woman with long hair falling from beneath her dark-blue beret, and the fume of alcohol on her breath. It was difficult to talk then, and I asked her if she could return at one. I mentioned that I had thought of discussing George's problems with the school psychologist. Her eyes watered. She said her older son was in a school upstate, and she didn't want the same thing to happen to poor George.

Soon after one P.M. she returned, walking into the office with a man she introduced as George's uncle. She was antagonistic, darting angry accusations at me almost incoherently. Finally the uncle asked if I was planning to do anything drastic to George. I didn't understand. He said they thought the first step was the psychologist, and then the school upstate.

I quickly assured them I had no such thought, and told the child's mother I had sent for her only to ask her to help me. The angry barrier between us disappeared, and they both spoke more freely. There were four children in the family and no reference to a husband. Had I noticed George's stuttering? He liked to paint, the uncle said, did I know he liked to paint?

That weekend snow buried New York, and on Monday all schools were closed. On Tuesday I had one pupil—George. He helped me tidy the room, and I told him he could paint at the easel. Santa was never more glorious than in George's paintings. Then he made one so large he couldn't use the easel; he had to work on two tables placed end to end. This Santa had many miniature helpers, all busily preparing for Christmas. The moment the teacher who shared our room came in, George rushed to her with his painting. I had to hang it on the front wall and keep it there till long after Christmas.

For weeks the temperature hovered around the five-degree mark, but George didn't miss a day. The promise of a session at the easel often kept him in his seat long enough for short lessons. Occasionally he did his homework, and he was learning to read. As I had suspected, he had



Their own world was composed of rat-infested tenements.

a quick mind and—when he concentrated—progressed rapidly. But he was happiest when he could paint or draw. He worked quickly and creatively, but became upset when he thought something didn't turn out well. He wanted everything that pleased him to be hung up, and after a while half the room was adorned with George's art work. Sometimes I looked up to find him drawing epic scenes—a rescue at sea was one—on the blackboard.

I learned, during health week, that George's vision was very poor. I wrote to his mother, but when I last saw him nothing had been done. At least I understood why he had to stand within two feet of an object to see it, and understood, too, what was possibly a major irritant in his complex personality.

There was no magic solution of George's problems. He was frequently restless and disinterested, but everything he did, even his disobedience, was tempered with a new respect for my authority. The fight that made him cry was the last fight I saw him have. And more than anything I noticed the change in his relationship with everyone; it was as if, ironically, he had been given a pair of glasses and suddenly could see his little world.

Every day he asked me for something—a Band-aid for his finger, help in pinning his coat—or told me a story about his sister or mother, or showed me something in his notebook. He opened a savings account and brought an occasional 10-cent deposit. When I read stories he would pull the book toward him to see the pictures. One day he taught me the Twist. He seemed to be at peace.

George had one great unhappiness. He wanted a lunch pass, that badge of honor, and asked me about it almost every day. All I could do was give him another application to be filled out by his mother. He brought it back with the necessary information—that the family existed on $30 a week—but my superiors told me that rules were rules: his mother had to come for a personal interview.

Cornelia, too, wanted to eat lunch at school. Her best friend Lucy had a pass, and why couldn't she have a lunch pass too?

Christmas was in the air, and we were planning a big party just before vacation. During that week several of the children brought me presents. On one of those mornings—before we reached the classroom—George handed me a very small pink porcelain dog. Smiling confidently, he said, "It's a Christmas present for you; I paid two nickels and a quarter for it."

I told him how beautiful it was, and that I would keep it on my desk until vacation. Then I would take it home and put it on my pink bookcase.

Later in the day he again asked me about the lunch pass. I reminded him about his mother. "Her can't come," he said. "Her got no one to leave my baby with."

"But she left the baby with someone when she came to see me. Can't she do that again?"

"Her can't. The dog chewed up her hat."

I decided that if rules were rules I was going to rewrite them. I went to my supervisor and said, loudly, that I wanted a lunch pass for George. Right now.

"Look," he said, "I'm not a hard guy to get along with. But you know the rules: I have to interview his mother. There's nothing here to substantiate his need for a free lunch."

I sat there.

"Now look, I have to be able to justify this to the authorities."

I was getting very angry, and I wanted to scream at him. "I think he's hungry," I said, "but even if he's not, even if there's enough food at home, this goes far beyond that. Don't you understand what it means to him? It's a medal, an award of achievement. He needs it."

He laughed. "I can't use city funds for therapy. There are rules . . ."

"Why not? We've worked so hard to reach him, and just when he's beginning to trust people and calm down a bit . . . he must have it."

He cleared his throat and made some doodles on the application. "Well, then, you really think it would be of therapeutic value?"

I waited. He looked tired. "All right. You'll find it in your mailbox."

About a half hour before lunchtime he sent me a note saying the official pass would not be ready until the next morning, but it would be all right for me to issue a temporary one in the meantime. Victory!

I wrote on a small piece of paper: GEORGE—LUNCH PASS—OK—SP, and called him to my desk. "Here, George, this is for you. It's a lunch pass. I'll have a real one for you in the morning."

He suddenly darted from my desk and did a wild jig across the room. With more enthusiasm than I had ever heard from him he blurted "Thank you, teacher, thank you." He ran to his seat and smiled me a very big smile. Afterward he came up to me several times to say, "Thank you, teacher, for the lunch pass."

The children were ecstatic about the idea of inviting the supervisor to our Christmas party. On a huge piece of powder-blue drawing paper we painted white angels dancing in a circle. The caption read: "The angels of class 2–7 are having a party." Inside the card a very blissful looking angel said: "We'd be in heaven if you would come."

In addition, each child made his own angel, puncturing a hole in the center of its halo through which I pulled a very long piece of string. We had a string of dancing angels as wide as the room. I sent a committee of children with the invitation and its accessories, and they returned with our guest's consent to attend.

The next day the room was filled with ornaments and ruffles and Sunday suits. We set the science table with brightly colored drawing paper, and all manner of strange things about the room became cookie trays, candy bowls, and so on. I appointed hostesses—one each to serve the ice cream, candy, cookies, spoons and paper napkins. I started the Christmas-carol record—and we were all ready for our guest.

He didn't come.

When the ice cream was nearly all melted I told a very disappointed group of children we'd better go ahead without him. It was a gay party anyway—singing, dancing and enough goodies for many stomach-aches. But nothing equaled the squeals of delight produced by the grab bag. I must have come very far away from the center of things, I thought, to forget how much joy one child can contain, and that it can all be bought for 10 cents.

A few minutes before noon the supervisor poked his head in the door to ask us to tone down the noise.

"We waited for you."

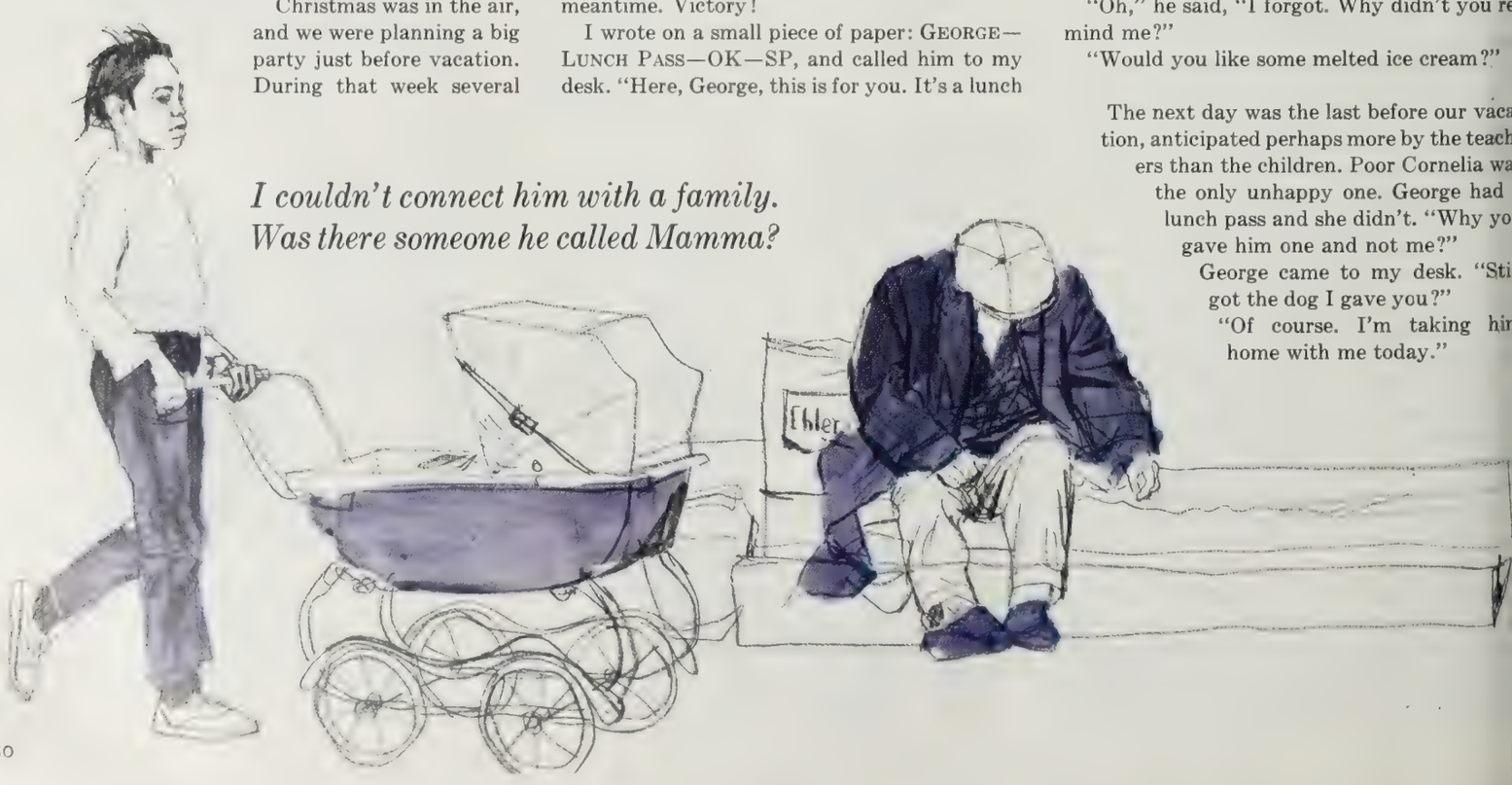
"Oh," he said, "I forgot. Why didn't you remind me?"

"Would you like some melted ice cream?"

The next day was the last before our vacation, anticipated perhaps more by the teachers than the children. Poor Cornelia was the only unhappy one. George had a lunch pass and she didn't. "Why you gave him one and not me?"

George came to my desk. "Still got the dog I gave you?"

"Of course. I'm taking him home with me today."



I couldn't connect him with a family. Was there someone he called Mamma?

Children should grow up knowing that life is full of love. "If you take something from a lady and don't pay for it, she might not have enough money to buy food for her children."

He was leaning on my desk, looking at the porcelain dog. He stayed for a while. Then, very softly: "Know where I got 'im? I stole 'im."

I heard the rest very clearly, a separate paragraph that became part of my brain.

"I went on the market and I waited till the lady turned around and then I grabbed it and I ran all the way home and at night when I went to sleep I hide it so my mother couldn't see and in the morning I take it in my pocket and bring it here to give you."

The words were on my tongue without passing through my mind. Right was right and wrong was wrong, and stealing was wrong. I knew what a teacher must say to a child. I was looking at George's face, very round, and his pale eyes, catching the light from the window, held up toward me.

I put my hand on George's and, very, very slowly, hoping I was saying the right thing, because I wanted this boy to grow up knowing that life was full of love, I said, "George, you know that if you take something from that lady and don't pay for it she might not have enough money to buy food for her children. And I know you don't want that to happen, and that you understand now it wasn't a good thing to do.

"But I know that you wanted to give me a present very, very much, and I'm so happy to know you thought about me and wanted to give me something—it's a wonderful thing to do. And for that reason I love this dog.

"You're going to promise not to take any more things, aren't you? And I'm going to take this beautiful dog home with me and keep it forever and ever."

After I dismissed the class I returned to deposit the other children on the lunch line. Cornelia was standing behind a pillar, bent over, her face in her hands, soaked with tears. The others were saying, "Aw, teacher, why can't you make her a lunch pass like the one you made for George?" I tore a piece of paper from Cornelia's notebook and wrote on it: CORNELIA—LUNCH PASS—OK—SP.

The last month of the term was fairly uneventful, except for the mural. I told them what a mural was, and they were excited about making one. I sent requests to the various people in charge of supplies, and we received two large sheets of used, wrinkled, dirty brown wrapping paper. But I taped it on the back wall of the room, and the children's hands changed it into something lovely. I read them a poem about the explosion of spring on a city street, and 33 children, a few at a time, painted what they heard and dreamed. The street was yellow, because that's the color of spring. There were electric trains plugged into a socket at the curb, and there was a tree, blossoming lollipops. A line of children waited before an ice-cream truck, while a crowd holding ice-cream sticks marched from the other side. A little girl was blowing soap bubbles so large and so numerous that they hid her from view, and a workingman's drill was going "dtdtdtdtdtdt" into the pavement.

It was 11 feet long, bursting with color and joy. It seemed to me to be a monument to life, to children, to rebirth, to hope. My children had created a sunny world out of brown wrapping paper. But the administrators "didn't have the time" to come in and look at it.

I was leaving. I had accepted a job with the United Nations Children's Fund, but didn't know how to tell the children. In the end it was their own compassion for the rest of the world that helped me through my most difficult task as a teacher. I told them again about UNICEF and "the poor children" and the kind of work I would be doing for them.

Susan, Helen and Catherine cried. Tommy said, "Looka dat George. He got a tear in his eye." Louis said, "You not get away. I follow you, and I be there wherever you are."

They called me a teacher, and I posed as one, but it was I who learned from these children. I want to think they have a chance, but I know that if there is a chance, a hope for them, someone must do something, quickly.

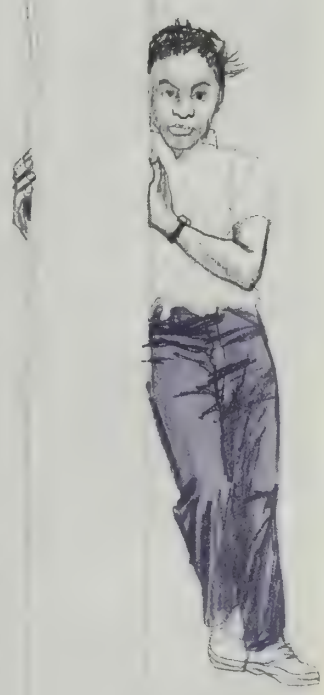
For so little, they give so much. I have, in addition to all I remember, a mural, a pink porcelain dog, and a letter:

Dear Miss Plapinger:
We received your very nice letter.
We love you ver much
We hope that youlikeyour job at
the United Nations wish you
a HappyEasterLove

Why did I leave these children? Mostly because I was not willing to give the years it would require for me to become a really good teacher. I knew that creative work and affection were not enough, and I was not sufficiently skillful to combine my job of governess, amateur psychologist and policeman with that of teaching spelling and arithmetic.

A good teacher, though sympathetic, remains somewhat removed. I could not remove myself from the staggering problems of victimized seven-year-olds. Yet I was not willing to face the sadness and cruelty I had to see each day, nor accept the never-ending sense of responsibility I took home with me at night.

They needed more than I had to give. I found that when I was somewhat successful I was pouring myself into them. And although there were moments in the classroom more fulfilling than any I had ever known, it was a vicarious life, living and working for and through the children.



I longed to get back to the world of adult ideas, where co-workers discussed something more than Johnny's use of four-letter words. I didn't want to become a social worker; I didn't want to bury myself in the sad gray world at the bottom of a city.

Whenever I think of those children I feel some guilt. I don't exaggerate my value in that school, but I do remember that some children cried, and I just closed my eyes and walked away. ■

FIFTH AVENUE

Dots with dash

By Nora O'Leary *Pattern Editor*

The vivacious new way to punctuate your fashion life . . .

From now on, no doubt, you can look like a dream in dots . . . dance all night in dots . . . walk the dog in dots . . . dazzle him in dots . . . sign on the dotted line in dots . . . say "I do" in dots . . . dote on him in dots . . . make demands in dots . . . dress your daughter in dots . . . play the daily double in dots . . . do a day's work in dots . . . make your debut in dots . . . doodle in dots . . . date in dots . . . dine out in dots . . . do the World's Fair in dots . . . discover New York in dots . . . climb to dizzying heights in dots . . . see *Hello, Dolly!* in dots. . . . Who says so? . . . We say so . . . Paris says so . . . and you'll say so too . . . with big dots . . . little dots . . . sheer dots . . . reverse dots . . . polka dots . . . pin dots . . . daringly colored dots . . . on cotton . . . shantung . . . surah . . . linen.

THE MOST DASHING DOT, opposite page, breezes down Fifth Avenue. The skirt and jacket of navy-and-white silk surah (Couture), blouse the reverse. Vogue Design No. 6227. Hat by Emme.

THE MOST AVANT-GARDE DOT, above left, in pink and yellow. The sheath is a natural for New York. An extra yard (Klopman) makes snood, dress facings. Vogue Design No. 5748.

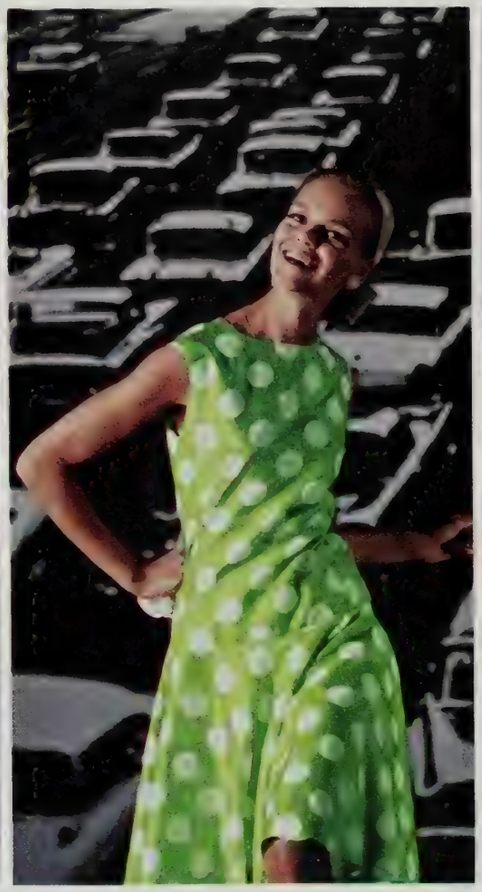
THE POLKA-DOT DOT, center, enhances the charm of this trend-setting coat dress in avocado-green linen (Moygashel). Pearl buttons dot front. Vogue Design No. 6225. Hat by Emme.

THE MOST VERSATILE DOT, right, is silk shantung (Belding Corticelli), and comes in the most delectable colors. . . it makes a perfect sight-seeing shirtwaist. Vogue Design No. 6195.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN WALCOTT

Dots with dash

Dots will be dotting the landscape this year; you'll be wearing them everywhere, in every size and shape and color; they'll add excitement to your life.



THE PRETTIEST DOT, above left, in blue-and-white silk surah (American Silk Mills), would be at home walking down Broadway. Vogue Design No. 6167. Hat by John Frederics.

THE MOST DRAMATIC DOT, center, on a cool summer silk (Belding Corticelli) looks as pretty in the country as in the city. Vogue Design No. 6073. Earrings by the House of Joy.

THE MOST COLORFUL DOT, right, is a combination of shocking pink and grass green on silk surah (Onondaga). Blouse and jumper, Vogue Design No. 6239. Sally Victor hat.

THE MOST FEMININE DOT, opposite, is black-and-white silk-and-rayon crepe (Jacques Maisch) with a frosting of black lace. This beguiling Empire dress Vogue Design No. 6229.

BLAKEFORD

BLAKEFORD: 1833
RATCLIFFE MANOR: 1756
CROOK'D INTENTION. 1700

Maryland splendor

Among beautiful old houses, the hardest to find are the ones in Maryland. Like Blakeford, at left, many are gracious recluses that hide up the countless creeks and rivers cutting into the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay. They were meant to be approached by water, and even today the landward ride can haunt the stranger with an air of inaccessibility. But every year the Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage breaks the spell and makes things easy. Pilgrims visit a county a day—15 to 20 houses in each county—all over the state. This year the tour starts May 1 at the Sheraton-Belvedere Hotel in Baltimore, includes an all-day sail to Oxford.

Three gracious ways of living on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where old homes prosper.

A Hepplewhite hunt board (above, at right) is the finest piece of furniture in the dining room at Blakeford. In fact, according to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Miles, Blakeford's owners, it is the finest in their 131-year-old house. A table to stand up to before and after the hunt, it is displayed beneath a portrait of an 18th-century barrister in a red velvet robe. Over the mantel, the portrait of Mrs. Miles's great-great-uncle, Col. Joseph Williams, is by Gilbert Stuart. The tables and chairs are early Baltimore Sheraton.

Like Blakeford itself, with its acres of lawns and gardens on the Chester River in Queen Annes County, the living room of the great house, only half of which is shown at left, was designed for large-scale entertaining. J. Millard Tawes, governor of Maryland; David K. E. Bruce, ambassador to Great Britain, and many other friends of the Mileses in official circles are frequent visitors. The room's 30-foot gros-point rug was specially woven in Portugal, and the sofas flanking the fireplace are fine Baltimore Sheraton pieces, as is the gaming table in the foreground. The candelabra are Waterford and Wedgwood, the portrait between them is of Mrs. Miles's great-grandmother, and the painting above the rare Chippendale chest on the far wall is of Mrs. Miles's great-aunt, Mrs. Robert Purviance. It was painted by Thomas Sully in 1821. Blakeford will be opened for the Pilgrimage on May 10. Other old Maryland homes appear on the following pages.

By RICHARD PRATT

RATCLIFFE MANOR

Ratcliffe Manor is hidden away up the Tred Avon River near Easton in Talbot County. Talbot, like Queen Annes, is considered a choice county for fine old houses. Ratcliffe was built by Henry Hollyday, of Readbourne Rectified, a nearby estate. In 1755 Hollyday wrote his brother, James, in London: "I have made this summer 80 or 90 thousand bricks in order to build next summer. . . . Please send me a Joyner in the Spring." In those days, a well-educated owner and a good "joyner," working together, could turn out attractive architecture. Notice how in the drawing room at Ratcliffe, above, the joiner executed a tour de force with the bold molding of the fireplace, paneling and fluted pilasters. The present owner has complemented his work with three shades of gray, and with unusual curtains—all contributing effectively to the cool summer attire of the room. The tall, slender Queen Anne secretary was made for the room of a young girl, and the portrait of an English noblewoman is by Henry Raeburn.

When an English colonist named Hugh Sherwood obtained the deed in 1681 for acreage on San Domingo Creek, he called it "Crook'd Intention," meaning that his intention to return to England had been diverted by the beauty of the place. The house he built has grown so gradually and naturally that its changes seem almost imperceptible. The brick-floored kitchen, above, could be the forerunner of our contemporary family rooms. In the paneled living room, below, all the furnishings perform completely fitting functions. Nearby, in the Talbot County hamlet of St. Michaels, townspeople are installing a maritime museum, complete with skipjacks, bateaux, buckeyes, pungeys, sharpies, stick-up and crab skiffs, brogans and all the other Chesapeake Bay old-timers—boats now even harder to find than the houses.

CROOK'D INTENTION

By DOROTHY ANNE ROBINSON
Beauty Editor

Beauty

on a summer wave

Always the great summer problem: what to do about your hair at the beach. Rollers are grizzly; pin curls look tacky. And a do-nothing policy, nine times out of ten, will leave you with a hopeless tangle of hair that's unfit for polite after-sundown society. How can you waive the wave problem without making a spectacle of yourself at the beach? After your final swim, set your hair in pin curls with one of the new gels or heavyweight setting lotions; they dry quickly, will make your set last longer and will screen out some of the sun's scorching power. One gel even comes color-matched to your hair, and the protein in most of them will give your hair extra sheen and bounce. Once your hair is set, you can easily slip into one of the disguises we show on this page (or one you dream up yourself). They hide pin curls prettily, yet won't interfere with the drying process. And since hairdos have become so divinely summer simple—the slight wave, the shaped ends—a pin-curl set is all you'll need. On the opposite page, our after-swim set, ready for the social swim.

Below, a flower at each ear, fastened to a hair clip, a cluster of leaves around it, held close to head with double-face masking tape.

Top, a pink silk triangle (tied at the back) is covered with another triangle of fishnet. This will even camouflage rollers if an ornate Saturday-night hairdo is the effect you have in mind.

Bottom, to wear with a "'twenties" tank suit, a wide band of pink straw-mesh ribbon, tied in a big four-loop flapper bow.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW

Me Jane

BY TRUDY OWETT FASHION EDITOR

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

will be looking more like a girl than ever this summer. She's stepped out of her trim tank suit and changed into a look that favors feminine nuances—all those subtle little touches that make a woman her most beguiling. Lines that once hugged snugly have been eased and draped softly, to become blouson tops, cowl necklines, short chemises and little pleated skirts. Some of the new suits borrow patterns and fabrics from dress fashions—polka dots, gingham checks, flower prints and abstract prints. And then there are all those other tiny enticements—thin little shoulder straps, a sash, a bow, a belt, a button, a ruffled edge. What does it all add up to? Ask your favorite man.

Stripes in sunshine colors are cut on the bias to curve gracefully around the figure. Halter neckline gathers on a little drawstring; waist has a soft self-sash. Knit of stretch Arnel triacetate, in sizes 8–16, $24, from Elisabeth Stewart.

Expected everywhere this summer—the blouson; here, pretty as an evening dress, with a softly draped cowl neck and separate little pants. Print of DuPont Antron nylon jersey, sizes 32–38, $16.95, by Sea B.

Above left, the big polka dot—everyone's new fashion passion—juxtaposed in pink-and-white knit of Antron nylon and Lycra spandex. At the waist, a narrow belt. Sizes 8–16, $24, by Darlene Knitwear.

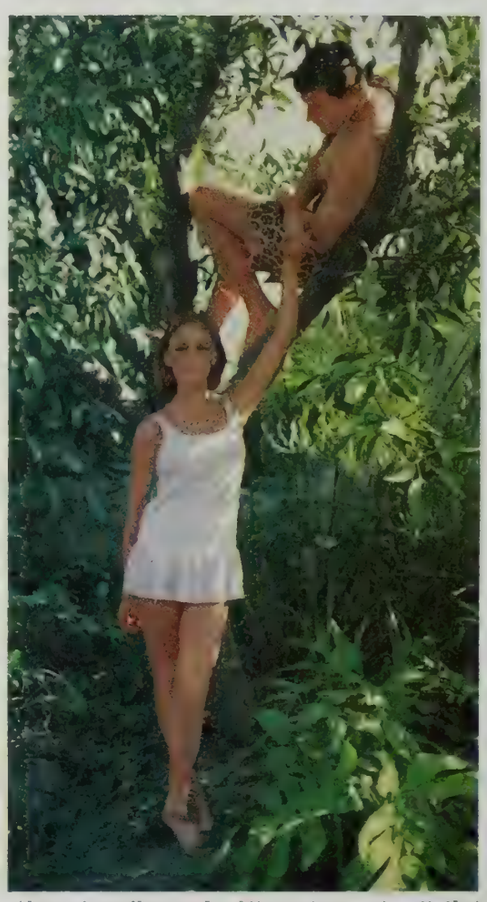
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW

JUNGLE SCENES PHOTOGRAPHED AT DISNEYLAND

This shift skims the figure outside, is gently fitted inside. It stands on its own without the straps. Helanca knit, 8–14, $24. Rose Marie Reid.

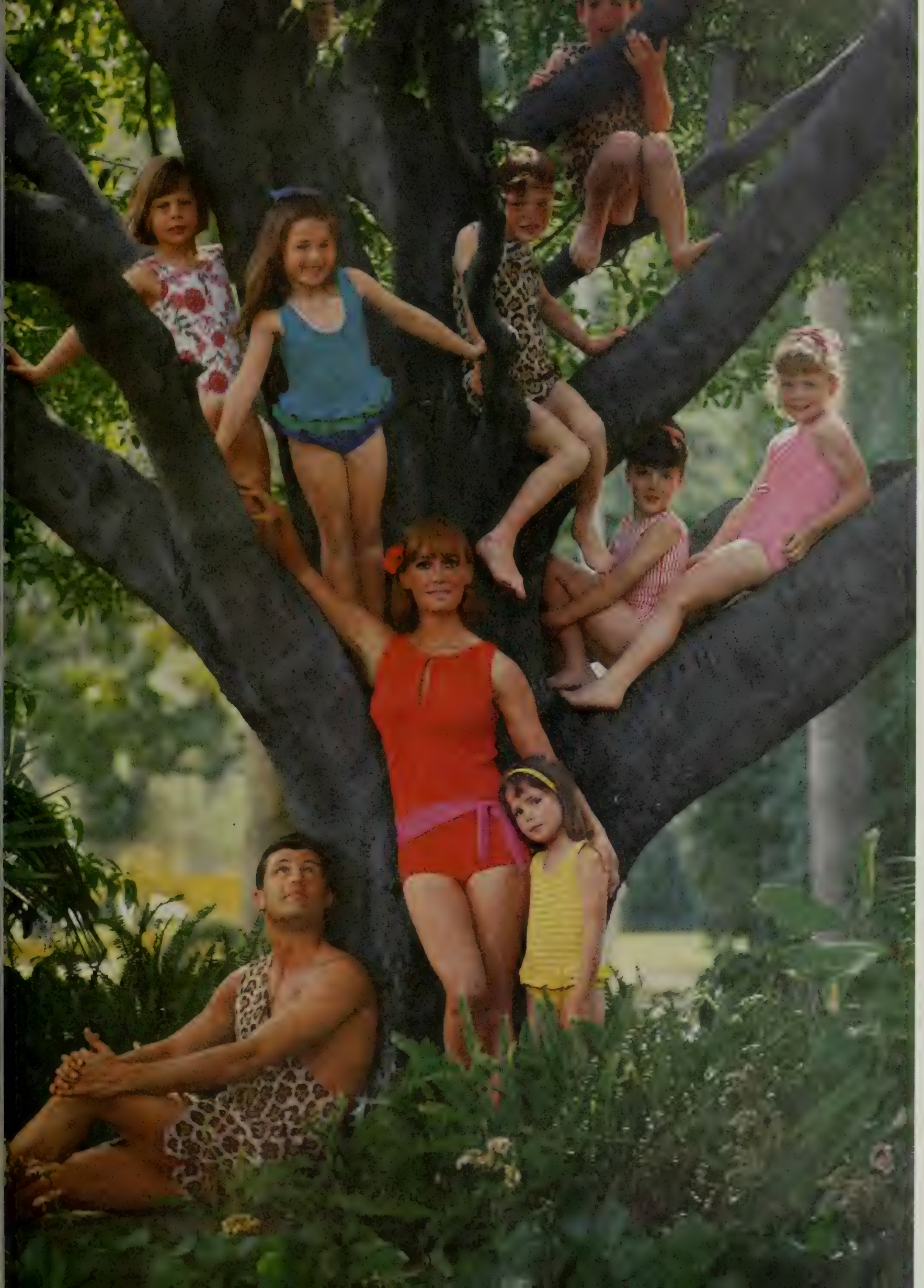
Opposite page, a softly draped look, in paprika red, slashed with a sas shocking pink. Jersey of nylon and spandex, sizes 5–15, $26, by Cole of C fornia. Little girls' suits, left to right: flowered, puckered cotton, 4–6x Regal; ruffled cotton knit shift, 3–6x, $9, Glen of Michigan; red-and-w striped chemise, 3–6x, $3.50, Stretchini; pink stretch suit, 3–6x, $3, T fit. Below, gold and white stripes, ruffled edge, 4–6x, $5, Bluebird. shopping information about the suits on these four pages turn to page

Mother and daughter suits in one of the most feminine of patterns—pink gingham check. Mother's two-piece suit is trimmed with little white bands of rickrack. Daughter's one-piece look-alike suit ends in a ruffle. Both knit of nylon Helanca and Lycra spandex. Daughter's, sizes 2–4, $6; mother's, sizes 6–16, $20. Both suits are by Catalina.



Above, in yellow and white, a two-part suit that starts at the top in lemon-yellow knit. The second part, a crisp little knife-pleated sharkskin skirt, swings from pants that match the top. Helanca nylon stretch knit, in sizes 32–38, $16, by Robby Lee.

Below, a soft lilac one-piece suit, the effect as charming as a child's dress. The waist is lowered, and a short, flouncy pleated skirt is attached. Knit of Caprolan nylon tricot. Sizes 8–16, $23, by Harbor Road.



"The Answering Voice"

The feminine response to love as exemplified in the work and lives of five famous poetesses.

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

From Sara Teasdale, who wrote haunting lyrics of unrequited love, to Marianne Moore and her measured, geometric verse, women poets sing their irrepressible love songs with a poignance and range as deep and far-reaching as that of any male poet. So says one authority who counted many of these great women poets among his friends.

SARA TEASDALE

"YOU must admit that women have equaled and perhaps surpassed men in at least one field, the field of love poetry," said Sara Teasdale to me some 35 years ago. Sara was preparing a new edition of her anthology of love lyrics by women, and we were engaged in the perennial parlor game: the battle of the sexes.

"I'll admit it," I said, "if you'll forget Ovid and Donne and Herrick and Byron and Burns and——"

"You don't have to throw the catalog at me," she interrupted. "Everyone knows they wrote fine poetry. But they wrote love poems from a masculine standpoint with a man's limitations of response."

"Whereas women . . ." I started to object.

Quick to detect the least hint of mockery, Sara looked at me suspiciously. She decided to ignore my rudeness. "Whereas women," she repeated, "are far more sensitive than men and, therefore, more acutely responsive to love. That is why I call my anthology of love poems *The Answering Voice.* Women have always expressed themselves more poignantly than men."

I was not persuaded. Although I believe I can usually detect the difference between a poem by a man and one written by a woman without referring to the signature, I doubt that the emotional range articulated by women poets is greater than that expressed by men—or lesser—or even different. Poets of similar temperaments have similar reactions, whether they are male or female. The ecstatic Emily Dickinson has more in common with Gerard Manley Hopkins than with another member of the poetic sisterhood, Sarah Josepha Hale, author of *Mary Had a Little Lamb.* The fact that Phyllis McGinley is a woman and Ogden Nash is a man does not prevent them from being the equally brilliant twin stars of American light verse. What women poets have in common with each other is one essential thing: the ability to write poetry.

Sara Teasdale was one of the first exceptionally gifted women poets with whom I had a close relationship. When we first met, she was in her mid-twenties and had just published her first book. She was not a conventionally pretty woman—she lacked sexual allure, her complexion was pallid, her hair seemed delicately fawny if you were in a poetic mood or merely mouse-colored if you weren't—but there was something about her dark-brown eyes that made not only her face but her whole body alert. Not precisely a hypochondriac, she believed that she lacked one layer of skin and always wore long sleeves to hide her protective Jaeger underwear; her favorite evening attire was gray chiffon, which sometimes failed to conceal the underlying wool. Her voice was a contradiction of her frailty; languid at the beginning of a conversation, it kept gaining strength until it became irrepressible, while the tone changed from schoolgirl uncertainty to schoolmarm assurance.

One of Sara's pet theories was the superiority of the love poetry of the unmarried or unfulfilled woman over the poetry of wedded or consummated love. I remember her saying that the heartbroken cries of Sappho, the muted passion of Christina Rossetti, heavy with abnegation, and the agonized yearnings of Emily Dickinson are more intense and far more disturbing than the wifely outpourings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In addition to her theory about the effect of consummation on poetry, she also insisted that the modern woman poet had learned to analyze, or at least to rationalize, her emotions.

This was true of Sara herself. There is the widest possible contrast between the poems that Sara wrote before she rationalized her emotions and the poems she wrote after she determined to get married at 30. It was a difficult determination. She had been half in love with the romantic poet John Hall Wheelock and more than half in love with Vachel Lindsay, who recited or, rather, chanted his poems as though he were an evangelist backed by a jazz band. There was no question about Vachel's love and longing for her. She was his Golden Girl, his Gloriana, his Tree of Laughing Bells, his Bright Star, his Good Angel, his Saraphim. He pursued her with letters of mounting passion and increasing impatience; he rhapsodized over her glistening hair and "virginal, night-dreaming eyes." When, overwhelmed by the demands of his correspondence, she could not keep up with it, he chided her: "Do not ignore my letters. It is your womanly duty to walk in the ways of the spirit with me. We must resolve to be celestial nightingales together."

Sara was charmed and bewildered by his "beautiful exuberance"; she alternately encouraged and evaded his impetuous wooing. But, seldom in vibrant health, seemingly destined for spinsterhood, she was subconsciously afraid of matrimony and very consciously afraid of being carried off by the booming, boisterous Vachel. She delighted in his enthusiasm, but his unabated energy frightened her. "I have been living under the *(Continued on page 122)*

How Campbell's Split Pea with Ham Soup comes to the aid of the little dinner party

If you have a flair for entertaining, you probably know this simple trick: Start your "little dinner" with a good, homespun soup, and the rest of the meal seems to take care of itself. Campbell's Split Pea with Ham Soup is such a soup—hearty, honest and wonderfully good. It's new enough so your guests may never have had it before. And it's so

delicious (tender split peas and smokehouse ham in a green pea purée) you'll be tempted to take the credit for making it yourself. Other soups that come to your aid include special soups Campbell freezes for you. New England-style Clam Chowder and Cream of Shrimp Soup and Oyster Stew. They're all in your grocer's frozen-food cabinet.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*

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Sun's getting high! Swimsuit weather's on the way . . . shorts weather, playclothes weather . . . when you just can't keep extra pounds a secret. Will you be ready for the revelation? Yes, with SEGO to give you more help than any other 900-calorie diet food: two more ounces, and more protein. Isn't our sampling of '64 fashions enough to send you out for SEGO right now? Join the SEGO people. Join the fun.

Sun-yellow dashed with blue stripes—a cotton knit top with wide cuffed neck, worn over white short-shorts that ask for slim hips. SEGO to the rescue!

2 cans—FREE

To start you off, we'll buy your first two SEGO meals. We'll send a coupon good for two cans—in flavors of your choice—when you send your name and address to:
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Offer expires June 30, 1964. Limit: one coupon per family.

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Blouson and silky—two new swimsuit words from Catalina. Lush tropical flowered top joining olive green trunks. Clearly a case for the lean, taut line—good reason to start your SEGO-slimming now.

The beach life in hurrah colors. White calf-huggers, with a navy knit top jumper—striped in red and white. A look that's made for a SEGO figure.

SEGO may surprise you with its delicious taste. If you've tried others, the cool soda-fountain flavors will come as a pure delight. All the more reason why success is easier with SEGO. Nine—to keep you dieting happily from flavor to flavor: Chocolate • Vanilla • Banana • Orange • Strawberry • Pineapple Chocolate Malt • *And 2 new ones:* Cherry • Chocolate Coconut

PET MILK COMPANY
MILK PRODUCTS DIVISION

NEW FASHIONS FOR TABLES

By Margaret White
Decorating Editor

With little cost and care, you can now design tablecloths to fit your mood, your menu and your dining table.

Admittedly, the most beautiful way to dress a table is with a tablecloth. Too much care and money? Not anymore. We've found a way to put the tablecloth back into your everyday life, by using today's fabulous new fabrics. We scouted all sorts of non-table-linen fabric departments, chose fabrics for the seven tablecloths shown on these and the next pages (all reasonably priced and truly practical) and made all the tablecloths ourselves. Most of these fabrics come pretreated with a Zepel stain-resistant process (spilled wine can be sponged up and leave no trace); or they are drip-dry fabrics which need only touch-up ironing. All can be tossed in the washing machine, except one, which is vinyl and needs only a sponge-off. By making your own tablecloths, you can bring a brilliant new range of color and pattern to the table; you can turn an ordinary table into a handsome one, even change the look of familiar china and silver. You can also add imaginative touches with trimmings that are just as tubbable as the fabrics. Shopping information on page 128.

A fresh flowered look in a to-the-floor round cloth with spring greens and yellows and a centerpiece of growing daffodils. Gorham "Fairfax" flatware; Céralène Directoire china; "Auberge" print by Bloomcraft.

A full-length round of lemon-yellow vinyl cloth brightens breakfast. Oneida "Paul Revere" stainless flatware; Adams "Minuet" ironstone; Stieff pewter; fabric is from Columbus Coated Fabrics.

In the verdant seclusion of a glass-enclosed conservatory, afternoon coffee is served on a round ceramic table covered with a minute square tablecloth, weighted down at each corner with wooden tassels. Hammersley "Thistle" coffee set; linen-and-Dacron fabric by Sew-Best Fabrics.

CENTERPIECE (LEFT) BY GEORGE COTHRAN. LARGE PHOTOGRAPH, OPPOSITE, AND THOSE ON PAGE 72, TAKEN AT B. ALTMAN & CO.

Inexpensive and genuinely easy-to-care-for fabrics, from unexpected sources, can bring delightful decorative variety to your everyday dining life.

Photographs by Richard Jeffery.

r left, a cheerful, informal setting that vides a pink plaid background for flower-terned Melamine dinnerware. The center-ce is an old copper skillet filled with ichokes and bunches of fresh asparagus l green beans tied with pink velvet ribbons. ask "Fjord" stainless-and-teak flatware; ookpark "Capistrano" Melamine dinner-re; furniture by Richardson/Nemschoff; ormandy" cotton fabric from Bloomcraft.

t, vivid Wedgwood-blue runner is brightly med by white enamel edge of table to set oring pace amid rich browns and blacks. ite lacquer soup bowls accent brown-and-ber plates. White tulips, planted in low ra-cotta pots and grouped on a teakwood y, make a mobile table garden. Inter-ional "Reflection" silver-plated flatware; agnet" cotton fabric from Bloomcraft.

uctions for making a round tablecloth may be ined by sending request with 10 cents in coin and ped, self-addressed envelope to *Ladies' Home nal,* Dept. JIY, P.O. Box 84, New York, N.Y. 10046.

Above, India-print runner is deliberately cut narrower than table to allow a warm margin of handsome wood to show. A cluster of unmatched brass candlesticks next to a fern-filled tea caddie forms centerpiece. Gorham "Morocco" stainless flatware; Ginori "Impero Red" china; Redcliff ironstone tureen; "Kashan" cotton fabric by Everfast.

Left, an elegant formal setting with a white damask print tablecloth, ivory-gold china crystal glassware and accents of green. Alabaster bowl holds a miniature rock garden of ivy, clumps of flowers and quartz. International "Joan of Arc" sterling flatware; Lenox "Flourish" dinnerware; Baccarat crystal; "Espana" cotton fabric by Bloomcraft.

Please come for lunch

By ELAINE WARD-HANNA *Food Editor*

When ladies meet at your house—whether it's the entire garden club or a small intimate circle of friends—you'll undoubtedly want to avoid serving the tried and true of the luncheon circuit. Your guests will surely delight in your spirit of adventure. And to add to their delight, try to plan table settings which coordinate in color and feeling with your menus. Here and on the next pages we present three menus you will want to add to your repertoire, and three table settings designed especially for each. Menu I is particularly good for large groups, as individual plates can be made up in the morning and chilled. Menu II is easy and inexpensive for large groups—nearly all of it can be prepared and frozen days in advance. Menu III is perfect for buffet service; it's easy to do and simple to serve.

For shopping information, please see page 128.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY RIES

Menu I

VATERCRESS CONSOMMÉ—*clear amber consommé delicately flavored with watercress.*

SEAFOOD LOUISIANA IN AVOCADO—*succulent pieces of crab, lobster and shrimp blended with a zesty sauce of mayonnaise, chili sauce and capers, mounded in halves of avocado.*

CRESCENTS—*piping hot and made in minutes from packaged refrigerated rolls.*

RELISHES—*for added enjoyment—green and black olives and cherry tomatoes.*

ANILLA VELVET—*a regal molded dessert crowned with strawberries in a tangy orange-and-lemon sauce.*

COFFEE OR TEA

Colors that complement the food can increase your enjoyment of it. Here, avocado-green mats and napkins and "opal" dishes echo the color of the main course. White dinner plates in Wedgwood's "Willow Weave" pattern frame and highlight the greens. "Fiddle Thread" sterling flatware by Frank Smith Silver Co., Georgian goblets by Fostoria. Italian linen mats are at Bloomingdale's.

Menu II

SPRING SOUP—*spicy, clear deep-red beet-and-tomato soup (served hot or cold).*

CREPES THEODORA—*feather-light crepes, filled with chopped broccoli, mushrooms and water chestnuts, baked in a Parmesan cheese sauce until golden and bubbly.*

MIMOSA SALAD—*crisp greens topped with sieved egg yolk.*

RASPBERRY MERINGUES GLACÉES—*meringue shells filled with homemade raspberry sherbet.*

COFFEE OR TEA

An ultra-feminine dessert, like this raspberry sherbet in meringue, deserves the most delicate and feminine accessories. Here, raspberry-pink-and-white china ("Brittany" by Royal Crown Derby), a raspberry-pink tablecloth and a Bellflower antique cut crystal goblet filled with pretty flowers. Sterling coffeepot and creamer and "Onslow" English sterling flatware by James Robinson, Inc. Tablecloth by Craig Creations.

Menu III

ROSÉ WINE COOLER—*chilled rosé wine sparked with soda and lemonade.*

CHICKEN MONTEREY WITH PECAN PILAF—*chicken browned and simmered in a mushroom tarragon sauce and served on a bed of fluffy white rice, with chopped pecans.*

TOSSED SALAD

SPICED MACÉDOINE OF FRUIT—*pineapple, blueberries, strawberries and peaches, topped with a ginger-apricot sauce.*

MACAROON COOKIES COFFEE OR TEA

The Old California-Spanish decorating theme for this buffet was chosen to complement the main course—Chicken Monterey. Spanish dining table with parquet top in walnut gives an indoor-outdoor feeling; by World-Wide Design House Ltd. Sterling silver flatware: Reed and Barton's "Diamond" pattern. "Linear" iced-tea glasses by Rosenthal China. Pottery dinner plates in "Vintage" pattern by Taylor. Tortoise pattern salad bowl at Hammacher Schlemmer.

Recipes:

Watercress Consommé

4 (10½-oz.) cans consommé
3 cups water
1 tbs. lemon juice
¼ cup finely chopped watercress
Sprigs of watercress (garnish)

(1) Put the consommé and water into a large saucepan. Add the lemon juice and watercress. (2) Bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer about 5 minutes. Strain. Serve in soup cups, and garnish each with a sprig of watercress. Makes 2 quarts, or 8 servings.

(Recipes continued on page 118.)

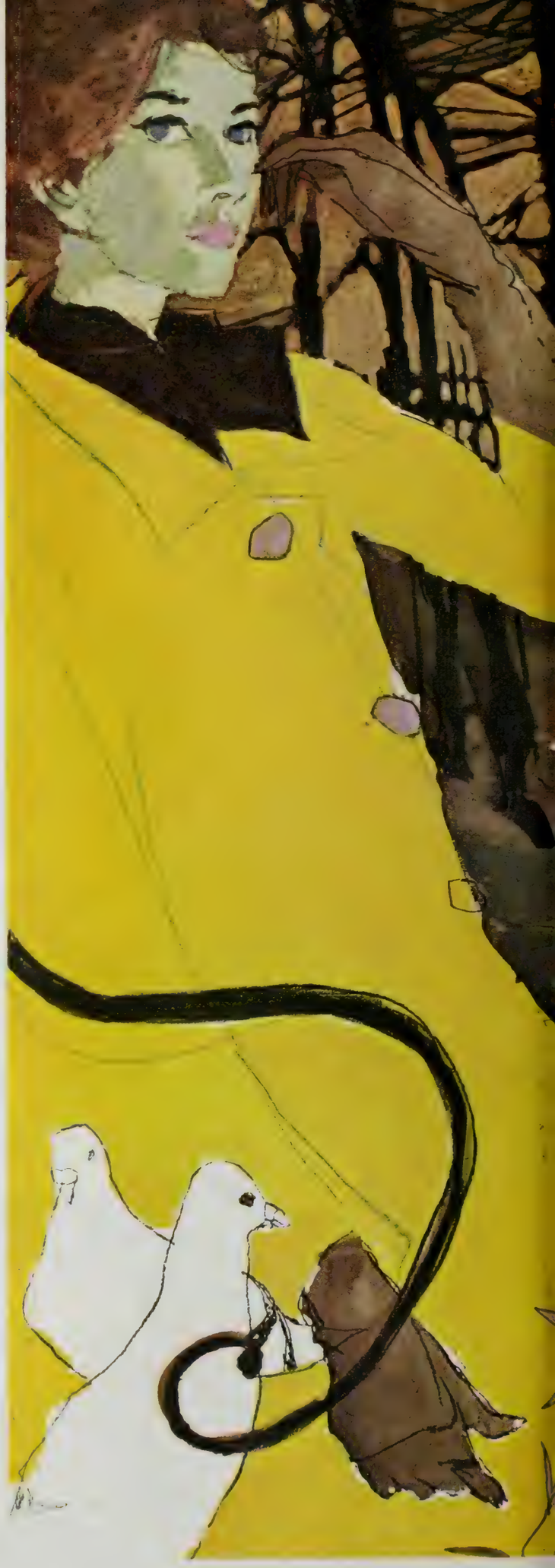
there's a bouquet of spices in MIRACLE WHIP!

It takes a gentle blend of sweet-smelling spices to create that famous, unforgettable Miracle Whip taste. We mix them fresh from the grinding to one of the world's great recipes. You just swirl Miracle Whip on. Spread its luxurious richness on a sandwich. Add its creamy smoothness to potato salad, or try the glamorous coleslaw shown here. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing—the dressing that people eat salads for! **New idea for coleslaw—Ribbon Slaw.** Toss purple cabbage with radish and stuffed green olive slices and Miracle Whip; layer this with green cabbage tossed with cucumber slices, kidney beans, Miracle Whip.

A CONDENSED MYSTERY NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

FOUR HOURS TO FEAR

By Frances and Richard Lockridge



She was uncomfortably hot, and her head ached. She wakened to that, and to dizziness. I've fallen asleep sitting up, she thought. What's happened to me? I'm dreaming that I am waking here, hot in the sun. I ——

She opened her eyes and found herself sitting on a park bench, holding to the iron arm. Bryant Park, behind the library. On the bench across the path a fat man was dozing in the sunshine. He wore a dingy shirt, open at the neck, and a coat sweater, unbuttoned. Beyond him, across the park, toward Fortieth Street, she could see the tall, narrow office building.

I must have started to walk through the park from the office, she thought, and sat down here and fallen asleep. That is how it must have been. Like the fat man, the ugly man, his face dirty under a gray stubble of beard. This is shameful. I'm sick, that's what it is. I've had—something dreadful has happened to me. I've ——

She looked at the watch on her wrist: twenty after five. Twenty after five in the afternoon, the sun still high. I must have been here almost two hours. Uncle Alex left the office in time to catch the three-thirty to Stamford to get in a round of golf, and I must have left a little after that ——

No, she thought, I don't remember that. I don't remember going back to the office at all after lunch.

Then she did remember.

"I'm leaving early," her uncle said. "Get in a round of golf. No need of your coming back. Nothing that won't keep until Monday."

"A couple of letters," she said. "May as well do them while I can still read my shorthand."

He laughed at that and asked, "Coming home this weekend?" She knew an instant of that rebellion which was so familiar. To him, she was still the little girl he and Aunt Harriet had brought up so carefully. Uncle Alex couldn't seem to understand that her home was her own apartment, not his big house in North Stamford.

"I'll call," she said, knowing he liked things settled. "I'll probably come. But I'll call first."

Alexander Hartley was a big man, in his late sixties. He had thick gray hair and the complexion of a man who spent a good deal of time on the golf course. A chairman of boards—that was Uncle Alex. A man of affairs with an office of his own on Fortieth Street between Fifth and Sixth. An elder chairman available for consultations.

She left him at his desk, and put on her summer coat of soft yellow; a coat which seemed, when she walked, to have an impertinent life of its own.

The single elevator which served the narrow building was filled when she got into it. It was always filled on Fridays in the summer, and there was a difference in the people. The people were somehow lighter, sniffing weekend freedom.

She walked toward Fifth, the yellow coat frolicking around her, and turned north. She was between the library lions, the pompous lions, when a woman's voice said, "Loren. Loren *Hartley!*"

The woman was about her own age, a little plumper and not quite so tall. Blond hair, and a small flowered hat. Her blue eyes were wide with delight.

I never saw her before in my life, Loren thought, and then, disconsolately, It's happened again. Why am I like this? Other people remember people.

"Why," Loren said, "hel*lo*."

The smile of anticipation left the pretty, bright-red lips. "You don't re*mem*ber me," the girl said. "You don't remember me at *all*."

"I ——" Loren said.

"Alice Jackson. In high school. Miss Dresser's English class. I sat next to the Kenny boy. The one who had so much trouble with tenses?"

"Alice *Jackson*," Loren said, hoping that she sounded as if she had merely been unable to choose among Alices.

"I *knew* you'd remember," Alice Jackson said, pleasure in her voice.

"Of course," Loren said, trying for emphasis. But it wasn't "Of course." It wasn't anything—not Alice Jackson, not a Kenny boy who had trouble with tenses. Miss Dresser—yes. Miss Dresser came clear enough. A slightly tubby woman, too fond of poetry.

"You'll never guess who I ran into this morning," Alice Jackson said. "Who's coming to my apartment for lunch."

Loren did her best to look expectant.

"Bertha Mason," Alice Jackson said, with triumph. "You remember Bertha."

Loren Hartley, standing in the sun on Fifth Avenue, talking to a young woman who still seemed a stranger, vividly remembered Bertha Mason—a tall, thin girl who hated her given name.

d Lockridge. A condensation of a novel to be released later this year by J. B. Lippincott Company.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

What happened to those four hours Friday afternoon? She couldn't remember at all... and yet now her life depended on it.

"She's on the stage," Alice Jackson said. "Wouldn't you know?"

"She used to talk about doing that," Loren said. "She was in all the school plays and ——"

"'Tomorrow's Cornell,'" Alice said. "That's what the yearbook said. Remember? She's just the same. Oh—I suppose none of us is really the same. I know I'm not. No wonder you didn't recognize me at first. You didn't, did you?"

"Not for a moment," Loren said.

"I'm a schoolteacher now," Alice Jackson said. "Would you ever believe it? In Sandusky, Ohio. It's one of those cities you always have to add the state to. I'm here to take summer courses, and I've found the cutest little apartment to sublet. It's really only a few blocks from—— Loren!"

It was apparent Alice had barked her mind on an idea. "I told you Bertha's coming to lunch. Won't you come too? It'll be—oh, a kind of reunion."

"Well ——"

"It's only around the corner," Alice said. "Please, Loren."

Loren thought, I owe her something for not recognizing her. An old schoolmate, uneasy in this city ——

It would be interesting to see what a few years had done to Bertha Mason.

"I'll have to get back to the office," Loren said. "I—I'm supposed to be back within an hour."

"Then come *on*," Alice said, not at all unreasonably. She fluttered to the curb and waved down a cab; the cab brought commitment.

It was a little more than around the corner; it was around several corners, in the east Thirties, near Madison; an old building. In the service elevator Alice pressed button number eight. "Good," Alice said. "I was afraid she'd have got here first. Be waiting out here and wondering ——"

She stopped at a door and fished a key from her bag. On the door was a metal device holding a slip of paper. The name ALICE JACKSON was typed on it.

The living room was narrow, with a door at either end. Through windows on the far side Loren could see a jumble of buildings.

"It's so exciting to be in New York," Alice said. "I envy you. Where do you live?"

"Downtown," Loren said. "On Tenth Street."

"Let's have a drink while we wait for Bertha," Alice said. "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

"Very much," Loren said. "But—very mild. I have to go back to the office."

"A Bloody Mary," Alice said. "Is that all right?"

"That'll be fine," Loren said, and Alice went through one of the doors and there were sounds of ice being wrenched from a tray.

Loren looked around the room. It was, in its small, slightly cluttered fashion, quite impersonal, like a hotel room. There was no patina of occupancy on the room. A sublet, Loren thought. The people who rented it to Alice for the summer erased themselves when they left.

"*Here* we are," Alice Jackson said. She brought tall glasses of vodka and tomato juice on a tray. "I hope there isn't too much Worcestershire."

"It's perfect," Loren said, sipping. "It's delicious. Do you like living in Sandusky?"

I remember that far, Loren thought. But then—what happened then?

What must have happened was all too clear. She must have finished that first Bloody Mary, and had more. Probably Bertha Mason had come and Alice had filled the glasses again. We must have got to talking and drunk without thinking. But I never do.

For the first time in my life I have pulled a blank—an afternoon of blank. I am sitting on a park bench, looking across the path at a sagging fat man who probably drank too much wine and came here to sleep it off.

I don't remember Bertha's coming. But she must have come, because I would not have sat and drunk and talked with this woman I still don't know. I would have said again that I had to get back to the office. Bertha must have come. We must have got to talking. What they must have thought of me!

But wait, Loren thought. It could not have been as obvious as that, or they would have—taken care of me. Bertha would not have let me leave, alone, if I had showed the way I was. I must have left alone and seemed all right, and tried to walk back to the office and got this far. I must have come here to sit a while and sober up.

There was, she realized then, no need to go to the office. Uncle Alex would have left more *(Continued on page 80)*

Special deodorant powder

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NEW AND IMPROVED

FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

than two hours ago and caught his train to Stamford. He would not care that she had not come back; he had told her she did not have to. But he would care that she hadn't telephoned to say she had changed her mind.

Is it possible, she thought, that I did telephone him? Anything is possible. That is the horrid thing about it. From a little before one until a little after five o'clock, I don't remember anything.

There was no use sitting here. She stood up and looked once more at the fat man fast asleep on the sunny bench. Then she walked to Forty-second Street, along to Fifth, and caught a Washington Square bus. On the bus, sitting very straight, she went over it again and again. But there was no light to pierce the blackness of the afternoon.

After she let herself into her apartment, as she put her key back in her bag, she saw the slip of paper. There was a telephone number written on it. Before the number were the letters A and J. She must have asked Alice for her number and written it down. Why had she asked for it? "We must keep in touch," surely not really meaning it? Or had she made some tentative engagement, to be confirmed or canceled by telephone? There was no telling. There was no telling about anything for four hours, from one o'clock or so until a little after five.

She took off the impertinent yellow coat and tossed it on a chair. A cold shower and a cup of hot coffee cleared her mind until her head no longer ached; but the afternoon was a blank still.

She dialed the number of her uncle's house in North Stamford. Charles, the butler, answered. "I'm sorry, Miss Loren. Mr. Hartley's at the club. He said he might be rather late."

She had been foolish to call so early. Eighteen holes, probably, and a drink or two afterward. A man does not hurry home to an empty house. "Tell him I called," she said.

"Yes, Miss Loren. Will you be coming up for the weekend?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'll call in the morning."

Her yellow coat was still on the chair. She hung it up, hung up the dress she had worn during the day, and put her underthings in the hamper. I will put everything in order, she thought. I will put myself in order.

And then she remembered: I've got a dinner date! In half an hour Robert Campbell would be ringing her doorbell. He would be punctual; she had known him only a few weeks, but knew him well enough to know that. He had said seven-thirty, so he would ring at seven-thirty.

Bob Campbell was her cousin. I guess he's actually my second cousin, she thought. My father and Uncle Alex had a sister. She was older than Uncle Alex—a lot older. She was almost twenty years older than my father. She married a man named Campbell, and had a son named Robert, and this Robert is her grandson. He is older than I am. Several years older. He is unmarried and he has a sister named—oh, I cannot *remember* his sister's name.

I *will* remember his sister's name. I will not forget anything more. His sister is named Dorothy. She is in California. Bob and she had shared an apartment in Los Angeles, before he was transferred to New York by his firm. He came around to the office a month or so ago to say hello to Uncle Alexander. He is at loose ends, and I have gone out with him twice; a nice man.

She put on a white sleeveless dress and sat in front of her mirror and, slowly, carefully, put her face in order, thinking, I got drunk this afternoon and went to sleep on a bench in Bryant Park, opposite a horrible, fat man who was sleeping off his drunkenness, as I slept off mine. People must have walked by and looked at me.

I will call Alice Jackson and apologize. And find out from her how I can get in touch with Bertha Mason, and tell her, too, how sorry I am.

She dialed the number written on the slip of paper. There was a ringing sound, a cool voice. "The number you have dialed is not a working number. Please consult your directory. The number you have dialed is not a working number. This is a recording." Loren put the receiver back. She looked again at what she had written down. Perhaps she had dialed wrong, she thought, and dialed again, slowly, and again there was a voice, polite and distant, "The number you have dialed is not. . . ."

There was no use looking in the directory. Alice Jackson would not be listed there. The telephone would be in the name of the people from whom she had sublet the apartment. Her hand had been steady enough when she wrote the number down. The unsteadiness had been in her mind. . . .

At exactly seven-thirty the doorbell rang. Robert Campbell Jr. was just under six feet tall, his shoulders were wide, he was solid, deep-chested. Looking at him, in a smoothly fitting summer suit, one could see him doing energetic things in a gymnasium, keeping himself fit. His tanned face was square and his crisp sandy hair was cut flat on the top. He had blue eyes and a pleased smile. He said, in a deep, reliable voice, "My, you look cool."

Bob Campbell had found a little French place in the Fifties. Everyone who comes to Manhattan finds a little French place—a very special little French place. "Not much from outside," Bob told her, as the cab stopped in the West Fifties. "Wait till you taste the food."

There were only three tables in the little lounge, and all three were occupied, but there were places at the bar. "Two Martinis, very dry, lemon peel," Bob said.

"No, not tonight, Bob. Could I have a Coke?"

Robert Campbell looked at her with concern. The barman looked at her with consternation and said, "A Coke, Miss?"

"I know it's terrible," Loren said. "I just don't feel like—I have a little headache," she said.

The Coke was cold and pleasant enough, but a little sweet, and Bob's Martini in a frosted glass looked tart and crisp.

"I'm sorry," Loren said. "I don't want to spoil your evening."

One of the things that made this little French restaurant different was that the menu was handwritten, in French. They ordered, assisted by the waiter. Loren wanted very little. "It's been such a hot day," she said.

The waiter said, "A little wine, *m'sieu?*" and Bob looked at her across the table.

"That would be very nice," she said.

While they waited, he talked of his search for an apartment; he talked of the office to which he had been transplanted. Things were done differently in New York, he was finding. One had to make adjustments.

She listened, from far off. She tried to keep bright interest in her eyes, because these things were important to this pleasant man who was, against odds, trying to keep a dinner date alive.

"The headache's come back, hasn't it?" he said. "I sit here talking my head off. Boring you, probably."

"No," she said. "My head's all right. It's only—I'm sorry I'm such a washout, Bob."

He said she wasn't that. "But," he said, "something's worrying you. That's obvious. Uncle Alex all right? Or—this boy-friend of yours? Peter something?"

"Sayres," she said. "No—it's nothing like that. Peter's in Washington."

He waited, sympathy and interest in his eyes.

"All right," she said. "Something upsetting happened this afternoon. Something I'm—ashamed of. I keep thinking about it ——" *(Continued)*

"Sure I get darker than you do—I'm closer to the ground."

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

"I doubt," he said, "whether you've done anything to be ashamed of."

She decided, finally, it was not easy to begin. "What happened to the afternoon," she said, "was that it disappeared."

That was an evasive way to start.

"While I was going to lunch," she said, "I met this girl, this girl I went to school with. Then. . . ."

As she told what she remembered, and of the long not-remembering, the whole of it grew even less real. As she talked, he nodded to show that he was listening.

When she had finished he looked thoughtful. "You never did remember this Alice Jackson?"

"No," she said.

"This pulling a blank," he said. "Has that ever happened before?"

She shook her head.

"You don't remember anything? Anything at all? This other girl, the one Miss Jackson said was an actress?"

"Nothing," Loren said. "Until I woke up on the park bench. Feeling—oh, dizzy, sick and terribly ashamed."

He was looking at his wineglass. "When you tried to telephone this Miss Jackson, you're sure you dialed it right?"

"I dialed it a second time. I was all right then, Bob." She heard the anxiety in her own voice.

He said, "It's odd you'd have slept that long on a park bench. I mean without somebody . . ." He let it trail off. "Wouldn't there be a policeman in that park?"

And then she thought of that for the first time, and was puzzled by it.

"I don't know how long I was there," she said. "I don't remember any of it. I could have been somewhere else most of the afternoon, and only in the park a few minutes."

He said, "Sure." But the word was only a token. Then he said, "What could have happened, you passed out at this Miss Jackson's place, but came out of it so that she and this other girl thought you were all right. And then you started back to Uncle Alexander's office and it caught up with you again."

"I suppose so."

"You don't remember going back to the office?"

"Nothing," Loren said. "I keep *telling* you—nothing." She could hear exhaustion in her voice. "I shouldn't have bothered you with all this. I can't imagine why I did."

"I'm the one who ought to be sorry," he said. "Asking you all these questions."

He finished the wine in his glass, and looked at her glass, which was still half-filled. Loren shook her head.

"This place she took you," he said. "You could find it again?"

"Why, yes," Loren said. "That is—I'm not sure about the street number. But the street—and I'd know the building."

"Why don't we go around and ask this dear old friend of yours what happened?"

She hesitated. "All right," she said.

"Between Madison and Fourth," she told the taxi driver. She sat straight and stiff in the cab, peering through the window for some time. "There it is," she said, and the cab stopped in front of the old building. "The eighth floor," Loren told Bob Campbell in the elevator, and he pressed the button numbered eight. They went down the corridor, and she remembered the corridor clearly and the number on the door—813.

"See," she said, "there's her name," and pointed at the white strip of card in the slot. She leaned down and forward and ——

"Alfred Dunkin."

That was what was typed on the slip of paper. Alfred Dunkin. Not Alice Jackson.

"Something wrong?" Bob asked.

"Not her name. Somebody named Dunkin," she said, her voice blank.

"Wrong apartment," he said. "Or—maybe this isn't the right floor?"

"I *know* this is right," she said.

"Let's look at the others, just to be sure," Bob Campbell said. He went to the other doors along the corridor. She did not. She stood in front of the door which was the right door and waited until he came back. It was she who pressed the bell button. A bell shrilled inside, but nobody came to the door.

He watched her, and his eyes narrowed. He is speculating about me, Loren thought; wondering whether he wants to get mixed up in this.

"I know this is the place," Loren said. "I know I'm right."

"Tell you what," Bob Campbell said. "There's probably a janitor or something. We can dig him up."

They brought the elevator up and went into it quickly. The elevator stopped at the ground floor.

"It'll be back here," Bob Campbell said, and started toward the rear of the building. The last door had an enameled sign that read: SUPERINTENDENT. Bob pressed the button, a bell rang inside, and the door opened. A man looked out.

He was a fat man, in a T-shirt and a pair of denim trousers. There was a grayish stubble on his sagging cheeks.

Loren shrank back. He merely looked puzzled, and then looked at Campbell, as if for an explanation.

But it isn't the same man, Loren thought. *Not the sloppy man drunkenly asleep on the park bench. It couldn't be him—merely someone a little like him.*

"Sorry to bother you this late," Campbell said. "We're looking for a friend who lives here. Seems we've got the wrong apartment number."

The fat man said, "What's the name?"

"Alice Jackson."

The fat man closed his eyes, apparently in thought. "Nope. Don't know her."

"It would be a sublet," Loren said.

"Got to list 'em," the fat man said. "'S regulation. Wait a minute." He went back into his apartment and left the door open. When he came back he said, "Nope. No Alice Jackson."

"On the eighth floor," Loren said. "Apartment eight-thirteen. I'm *sure* that's right but the name on the door's ——"

The fat man sighed and said, "Wait a minute." He went back into the apartment and returned, saying, "Eight-thirteen's a Mr. Dunkin," he said. "Moved in two-three weeks ago. Mr. and Mrs. Dunkin." He looked from one to the other.

"Well," Robert Campbell said, "Thanks."

"'S all right," the fat man said, and closed the door.

For an unpredictable y

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brilliant Brights—for an unpredictable y
that's never been before. You—matched mo
for mood . . . impulse by impulse—with

There had been nothing further to do about it that night. To that they had agreed, and he, she thought, had agreed readily. They had gone back to her apartment, where in the normal course she would have offered him a drink and they would have sat for half an hour, finishing off an evening. But he told her to get a good night's sleep, and not to worry, and then he had gone.

The point, Loren thought, when the door closed after him, was that he had not, in the end, believed a single word of her story. He did not believe there had been a chance-met schoolmate named Alice Jackson, or an afternoon forgotten. What he did believe, she could not even guess.

She was not sleepy. She made herself hot coffee, and sat quietly while sl e drank it, wondering what she should do. I should call Uncle Alex and tell him I'm not coming, as I told his butler I would do.

She got up quickly, went to the telephone, and dialed the number of her uncle's house in North Stamford. She waited longer than she had expected before Charles said, "Mr. Hartley's residence."

"Is my uncle there?"

"Oh, Miss Loren. No, he isn't, Miss Loren."

It was a few minutes after ten. Surely he couldn't still be at the club.

"He's spending the night on Mr. Cantrell's yacht, Miss Loren," Charles said. "They're cruising on the Sound tomorrow. Mr. Cantrell's man called up about it."

Loren said, "Oh."

"If the weather holds," Charles said, "they may stay out over the weekend,

"Let's see Mrs. Somebody get the lid off that jar!"

Miss Loren. Oh, Mr. Sayres called. He said he had called your apartment and you didn't answer."

Loren felt a twinge of disappointment. "*When*, Charles?"

Peter Sayres had telephoned the house in North Stamford about eight-thirty. He had not said where he was calling from, but Charles assumed it was New York, though it was possible he had been calling from Washington.

"It's got so you can't really tell any more," Charles said. "What with all this dialing, Miss Loren."

Loren said, "Good night, Charles. I'll call if I decide to come up."

She had been at the restaurant with Bob when Peter called. He had called several times. She sat and thought of Peter—a tall, black-haired man, with a mind which cut through litter; a man with a special smile. Peter would have believed her. He would have found the sense in her story.

She got the Manhattan telephone directory from its closet shelf and ran a finger down the long list of subscribers named Mason. There was no Bertha Mason. But there was a *Berta* Mason whose address was on Bank Street. Bertha had not liked her given name. She might have shortened it.

Forget about it, Loren told herself. Forget it ever happened. Don't telephone, at ten-thirty, a woman named Mason because her given name might be the shortening of the name of a woman you have not seen for years. She will almost certainly not be Bertha Mason.

She dialed anyway, and a telephone rang in Bank Street A woman said, "Hello." She spoke, Loren thought, from a room in which there were many other people, all of them talking at once. The woman who had answered said, "Won't some of you please shut up?" and her voice was more distant. Then she came back and said, "I'm sorry. It's a mob scene here. Really it's a wake For poor little Twinky. Who is this?"

Berta or Bertha, Loren thought, *my Bertha Mason.*

"Loren Hartley," she said.

"For the love of," Berta Mason said. "Strictly for the love of. Darling! Come right over!"

The wake had included, Loren thought, a normal number of drinks

"No," Loren said. "I can't. I'm sorry, Berta."

"Twinkle-Twinkle," Berta said. "So fresh. So young. 'The revue of youth,' it said there. And darling, what a flop.'

"Bertha," Loren said. "Will you listen a minute, Bertha? Just one small minute?"

It had been a request often made of Bertha Mason those years ago.

"Darling," Bertha said now. "You sound serious."

"Bertha," Loren asked, "did you have lunch with Alice Jackson today?"

There was a pause. Then: "Who she?" *(Continued)*

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THE BODY COSMETIC

FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

"Apparently," Loren said, "a girl we both went to school with. I met her . . ." She told enough of the story, briefly.

"For one thing," Bertha Mason said, "I don't remember anybody named Alice Jackson. For another, I had lunch with my agent, the poor dejected darling. But you said 'apparently.' Didn't you remember her either?"

"No," Loren said. "But—I'm not good at remembering. And she knew about you."

"If I were a confidence woman," Bertha Mason said, "and I knew where somebody went to school, I'd see if there was a yearbook, wouldn't you, darling? With pictures and cute sayings? 'Bertha Mason. The girl most likely to do a pratfall'? Tell me, did she take you for any money? You know what I mean?"

"No," Loren said. "Nothing happened."

"I have that feeling," Bertha said, "that you're keeping things from me, baby."

"Nothing that matters," Loren said. "I'm keeping you from your party."

It had been fun meeting again, even thus, after so many years. They agreed on that. They would get together for lunch or something soon.

It's as if I'd dreamed it all, Loren thought. But it can't be that. I didn't have a hallucination. I know I didn't.

She was undressing when the phone rang, and she ran across the room to it. She said, "Hello?" with eagerness in her voice.

The line was open, but no one spoke. After a few seconds she heard the sound of a receiver being replaced.

Loren woke to anxiety, as she had gone asleep. She woke depressed, and for a few seconds could not remember why. Then she remembered. She had slept in a turbulence, tossing among dreams. She dreamed of the sloppy fat man on the park bench, and part of the time he was the janitor of the building in which Alice Jackson lived. Loren ran down corridor after corridor, looked at names on a hundred doors.

She woke with a damp sheet twisted around her. She threw off the sheet and ran to the bathroom and stood there under a cold shower. She was still toweling herself when the telephone rang again. Her bare feet left damp shapes on the floor as she went with a kind of dread to answer. Would there be silence on the other end again? Or would it be Peter?

"Hope I didn't wake you up," Robert Campbell said, his voice cheerful, normal. "I wanted to be sure you were all right."

"I was awake," she said. She tried to put animation into her voice.

"Great," Bob said. "Nothing like a good night's sleep. You were in quite a state last night."

"I know," she said. "I'm sorry I was such a washout."

He hadn't meant that; he spent some seconds explaining. "Anything come back about the afternoon?" he asked, and she said, "No, Bob. Nothing."

"Well," he said, "long as you're all right now. How about lunch?"

After begging off from the lunch date, she stood in front of the door mirror in her bedroom. She looked at her slender, curving body—at high breasts and flat belly, at the smooth flow of hips. She hadn't changed. She leaned close and looked at her face; it was unchanged too.

She dressed and telephoned the garage to ask that her car be brought down. She got her new yellow coat from the closet, and at first thought it was none the worse for what it had been through. But looking at it more carefully, she saw a stain as if she had spilled some dark liquid. Probably *a drink*, she thought. And with that she felt an inner chill, which was almost a sickness. She folded the coat so that the stain did not show, put it over her arm and picked up her overnight bag. Then the telephone rang.

"And where," a familiar voice said, "have you been?"

"Peter! I thought you were ——"

"Got sprung from Washington," he said. "Flew up. No Loren. Nowhere any Loren. I'm at my home in Stamford. Charles doesn't seem to know whether you're coming up. I called to tell you, you *are* coming up."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Peter, I'm starting now."

"Start," Peter Sayres said. "I'll phone you there." And he hung up. Peter, too, was the same as he had always been.

I'll leave the coat at the cleaners, Loren thought.

"Something got spilled at a party," she told Louis, the special "little" cleaner at the corner.

"Wine, maybe," Louis said. "I don't know, Miss Hartley. Helps if they know." ("They" were the wholesale cleaners to which the coat would go on Monday. No collections on Saturday, he told her.) "Soup? It ain't oil."

"Possibly," Loren said, "a Bloody Mary."

"It helps to know," Louis said.

The MG had its nose at the garage door. Morning traffic was not too heavy driving north. In June the city flees on Friday afternoons, or gets up at the crack of Saturday's dawn. She went up the Merritt Parkway, which is best for North Stamford. It was not yet eleven when she turned the MG up the long, tree-lined drive to the big white house which had, until a year or so before, been where she lived. She parked the car in the turn-around and walked into the house through the open French doors.

"Here she is now, sir," Charles, middle-aged and firmly rotund, immaculate in white jacket, said into the telephone and then, over it, "Mr. Sayres, Miss."

"What kept you?" Peter said, when she took the telephone. "Been waiting hours."

He had talked to her so since they had been children together. She had never minded, and now to come to the safety of the house she had grown up in and the familiar, friendly impatience of Peter's voice seemed somehow to wipe yesterday away.

"I've reserved a court for eleven-thirty," he said. "Can't have dawdling, girl. Give you ten minutes."

"Yassuh, boss. Yassuh," Loren said.

She was on the terrace when he drove up, fast and confident, as he always was.

"You're a good girl," he told her. "A punctual girl. You've earned a reward."

He bent down and kissed her. He was a lean, tall man; his hair was very black in the morning sun.

"You haven't changed a bit," Peter Sayres said. "I'd know you anywhere."

"You look a bit familiar yourself," Loren said. "Act it too."

They drove to the club in Peter's big dan. They played two sets. They were ɔt unevenly matched so long as he did ɔt take the net or did not blast his first rvice. This was understood between ıem. He won both sets, but the second ent to deuce, and once she had set ɔint.

They changed and swam, and the ater in the pool was cool. They changed ;ain and found a shaded table on the ub terrace. It was, he told her, a day r gin and tonic. For a moment there as a catch in her mind. Abruptly, al-ost angrily, she said a gin and tonic ɔuld be fine. "How's Washington?" e asked, and he talked lightly, and ithout reverence, about Washington.

Suddenly, a man said, "Where's that ıcle of yours, Loren?"

They had not seen him coming to eir table. A good many people were ı the terrace, many of them in golf oes. The man was solid and red-faced ıd in his sixties; white hair fringed a nburned head. Loren looked up blankly Norman Cantrell.

"Why," she said, "I thought you and were on the Sound."

Norman Cantrell shook his head. Vhat gave you the idea old Alex and ——" He looked at her intently. His es were shrewd; concern began to ade them.

Loren moved her chair back a little d looked up at Cantrell, conscious at Peter's face was puzzled.

"Somebody," Loren said, "called ıarles last night and said he was call-g for you, and that you and Uncle ex were going sailing and would be ne over the weekend."

"That's damn funny," Norman Can-ell said, in the tone of a man who did t think it funny at all. He and Alex-der Hartley had planned, he said, to ıke two of a foursome the previous ernoon, meeting on the three-thirty ɔm Grand Central and going directly the club. But at three, just as Can-ell was about to leave his office, Alex ırtley had telephoned and broken the gagement.

Cantrell pulled out a chair and sat wn. "Only it wasn't Alex who called. mebody's secretary said Alex had ked her to call. That Alex had got tied in a conference and couldn't make it, d wondered if we couldn't set up the me foursome for this afternoon. One lock, she said. Now here it is twenty er, and no Alex. You know how the l boy is about punctuality, Loren."

"This conference must have come up very suddenly," she said. "I—yesterday his afternoon was free, I thought."

"You weren't at the office yesterday afternoon?" Peter said.

She shook her head. "No, I didn't go back after lunch." She stood up so suddenly that her hand upset her glass. It shattered on the flagstones.

"Something's happened," she said. "He was alone in the office and ——"

"It's not like old Alex," Norman Cantrell said. "Not a bit like him."

They telephoned the house first. No, Mr. Hartley had not come back. Charles had understood that he and Mr. Cantrell ——

"There seems to have been a change of plan," Peter told him. "Just thought he might have showed up. Tomorrow will do just as well."

They tried the office next, but there the telephone went unanswered.

"The police?" Peter suggested. Loren shook her head; it might all be nothing. If Alexander Hartley was engaged in some private matters, he would not want policemen blundering in on them.

"Peter," she said, "drive me to town? To the office? He may have left some word there."

They went fast on winding roads from club to parkway; far faster on the parkway. "Peter," Loren said, and, after a moment's wait, he said, "Yes, my dear?"

She had not meant to tell anybody else, but now she had to. Driving fast, Peter kept his eyes on the road as he listened. When she had finished she looked at him, with a kind of eagerness, but he looked only at the road ahead. Even when he spoke he did not look at her. "On the face of it," Peter Sayres said, "it's a pretty fishy story, isn't it?"

It was as if everything inside her sank, as if his mind had struck hers a numbing blow. When he began to talk again he still talked toward the road ahead.

"A woman you don't remember ever having seen stops you," he said. "Says she's an old schoolmate. You go to her place for lunch. Just like that. You remember having one drink and then, hours later, you wake up on a bench in Bryant Park. You and this Campbell bird go around to the place where this woman is supposed to live, but she's not known there. This other woman—the other one you went to school with, and do remember—never heard of Alice Jackson."

She could say nothing; her throat was too dry. *(Continued)*

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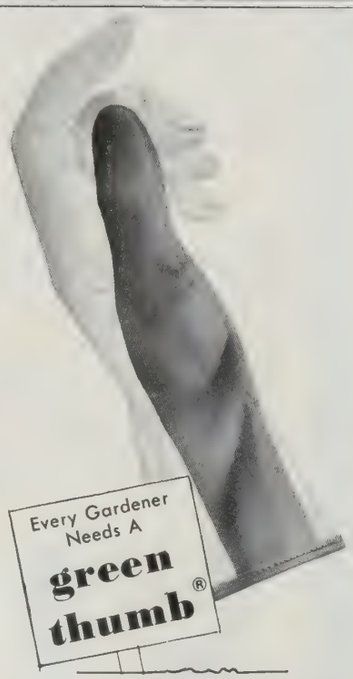

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

"This man Campbell," he said. "What kind of guy is he?" He slowed the car and looked at her intently. "What's the matter with you?" She did not look at him. "For God's sake," Peter said. "How stupid can a bright girl get?" The car's speed had built up again. "I shall try," Peter Sayres said, "to make it very simple. I, having known you since you were a pup, know that when you say things happened a certain way, they happened that way. Do you follow me to this point, girl?"

"You sounded ——" she began.

"I said that the story is fishy. You haven't a chance of proving it, if you have to prove it. This disappearing Alice Jackson. This passing out on one drink. This ——"

"I wish," she interrupted, "that you wouldn't talk as if you really thought me stupid."

"You have been given a very fishy story to tell, girl. If a client of mine came up with as fishy a story I'd throw him back. To start with, you say you went off with a woman you couldn't remember and ——"

"It's hard to explain," she said.

He said, "Shut up, will you, girl?"

She looked at him. He still did not look at her, but in profile she could see the edge of a smile on his wide mouth.

"You felt apologetic because you didn't recognize her," he said. "Because you had hurt her feelings, you had to make amends. Going to lunch with her seemed a little thing to make it up. You're just a young woman with a preposterous story you can't prove. A made-up story. A *story made up to cover something*. You begin to get it?"

"Peter, I'm afraid."

"With cause," he said. "With all due and proper cause."

It is easy to park on West Fortieth Street on a Saturday afternoon. The lobby of the office building was empty. There was no operator on Saturday afternoons. Anyone wanting to go up or down could press his own buttons.

As they walked along the wide corridor toward the office, she got her key out. In the outer office it was unexpectedly cold, and the door to the inner office was not locked. It was Loren who discovered the key was unneeded.

Alexander Hartley had fallen forward across his wide desk as he died. He had bled a good deal from the wound in his throat. The metal letter opener, Peter thought, must have pierced the jugular.

Loren put her hands over her face and drew back, while Peter put an arm around her and held her tightly. After a time he drew her through the door into the outer office.

"It's time to call the police," Peter said, and his voice was dull. "Only *not time* to tell them yet about your story. You understand?" he said.

Uniformed men came first. One of them, with a sergeant's chevrons, used the telephone, took their names and wrote them down. He said, "Have to ask you to wait around."

After that there were a good many men coming and going, none of whom said anything to Loren and Peter. A man with a camera was in the inner office for some time. There was a man with a physician's bag. After he had gone out, two men in white came, one at either end of a basketlike thing. They were i the office briefly, and came out, walkin as if the basket was much heavie

Then a very thin man with very re hair said his name was Simmons, tha he was from the District Attorney office. He said he was sorry to have kep them waiting so long. Another man, dar and good-looking, didn't say anythin

"This is Lieutenant Stein," the red haired man said. "Homicide. Now, jus one or two points. How'd you happen t come here and find Mr. Hartley?"

"I ——" Loren began, but Peter inte rupted. "Mr. Hartley didn't come hom last night," he said. "Had a golf date a one this afternoon. Didn't show up fo that. Miss Hartley got worried, and drove her in."

"Very bad thing to find," the redhea named Simmons said. "Sorry to have t bother you, Miss Hartley."

"It's all right," Loren said.

"Your uncle was killed about twenty four hours ago, the doctor thinks," Sim mons said. Loren looked at him an waited. He had the reddest hair she ha ever seen. His eyes were reddish brow "You weren't here, of course, Miss Har ley. But you did work for your uncle?

"There was little to do Friday afte noon," she said. "He planned to leav early himself, to go to the country an play golf. I had the afternoon off. went to lunch about twelve-thirty an didn't go back."

"And then?"

"Oh, I went to my apartment."

That was not untrue. She *had* gone t her apartment.

"They'll ask that," Peter had tol her, while they waited for the polic "You won't lie, but you won't fill in. If they pin you down, you won lie. But I don't think they will, yet.

"Suppose ——"

"Somebody wants you to tell tha story, somebody who killed your uncl We'll let the somebody wait. The polic probably will ask if you know of an enemies your uncle may have had, Peter had told her.

But Bernard Simmons did not as that. "Your uncle was stabbed wit what looks like a paper knife," he saic "Where was it, usually?"

"On the desk," she said. "It was jus something to put on a desk. A lette opener. I don't suppose he ever used i I opened the letters in here."

"When you and Mr. Sayres came thi afternoon," Simmons said, "the oute door was locked?"

"Yes," Loren said. "It's a snap lock It would lock behind anyone."

"Mr. Simmons," Sayres said. "I probably isn't very busy here on Frida afternoons. Not many people comin and going. Wouldn't the elevator op erator ——"

"Wasn't on after one," Simmons said "Self-service after one. Very convenien for somebody. Did your uncle alway keep his office cold, Miss Hartley? A conditioner's going full blast. Is that th usual thing?"

"I turned it up when I left," she said "*He* asked me to. I may have turned i up higher than I meant."

"That's probably it," Simmons said He looked at Lieutenant Stein and raised his eyebrows. "There'll be arrangements Miss Hartley, when the medical ex aminer's finished. Unpleasant business Somebody closer than you to your uncl we should get in touch with?"

"No," Loren said. "There's nobody closer."

(Continued)

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

"All right," Simmons said, "somebody'll get in touch." Which was a way of saying he was, for now at any rate, done with them.

"I thought," Loren said to Peter in the elevator going down, "that there would be more questions. He seemed almost casual. As if it ——"

"Take it easy," Peter said.

"—as if it didn't matter," she said, and her voice shook a little. "As if it were just an ordinary thing."

"When the D.A.'s office moves in at this stage," Peter said, "it isn't an ordinary thing, Loren."

They stepped into the corridor, where a uniformed policeman was standing near the street door.

Loren walked a little ahead, toward the policeman, then she stopped and seemed to stagger. Peter Sayres saw her body shaking, and he put an arm around her. When he saw how white her face had become, he leaned toward her and said, "Steady does it."

"My coat," Loren said. "There was something on my coat. Peter, *I'm afraid!*"

The policeman gave no indication he had heard anything. He was looking toward the street. He was a guard, merely standing by.

"He leaves a lot of money," Lt. John Stein said. "You've heard of him, Bernie?"

"Yes," Bernard Simmons said. He watched the last of the crew as they dusted for prints. "And she's next of kin, as you say."

"As *she* says. . . . Apparently she came to the office every day, like any working girl. She probably won't have to anymore, will she?"

"Nice not to work Friday afternoons," Bernard Simmons said. "Nice not to have to work at all, I suppose."

"The knife's pretty much a washout, Lieutenant," one of the fingerprint men said. "Corrugations all over the handle. Fragments of prints. Nothing we can use."

"No," Stein said, "I didn't think there would be. We can't have everything. She looks like a girl who might play a good deal of golf. Tennis, maybe. It toughens the muscles."

"They don't look tough," Bernie Sim mons said. "And she has very nice mu cles, from what I noticed. But, ye Johnny. Maybe he made her work he and she didn't like it. Maybe he was th Scrooge type, Johnny. We don't know do we? Too bad our friend next do can't help us more."

They were lucky, Stein pointed ou that the doorman of the restaurant ne door could help at all. He couldn't hav if it hadn't been for the coat. A war day for a coat of any kind, the doorma thought. Somewhere between three an three-thirty, a young woman hurryin out of an office building, wearing a ye low coat, asked him to get her a ta Medium sort of girl, brown hair, thought. No hat. No, he guessed wouldn't be able to identify the girl he saw her again. It was not as much they would have liked to get from the friend next door, but more than the had any right to expect.

"He didn't notice any stains?"

"Can't say either way."

"Boys are working on the cleaners Stein said. "Of course, a lot of the close up Saturdays, this time of year

"If it was her, she's not a very brig girl, is she, Johnny? Wearing a co which would attract attention. Gettin somebody to call her a cab when s could have got one for herself."

"We must take what the Lord pr vides," Stein said.

"And," Simmons said, "hope it's th Lord who's doing the providing."

She huddled away from Peter, again the car door. But not, he thought, aw from *him*. Away from everything.

"We don't know it was blood on yo coat," he said. "It could have been an thing."

She said, dully, "Could we get back? Do something to it?"

"I'm afraid not, Loren."

It was hot in her apartment, and opened windows. "We walk a line," said. "It's a thin line, and not a ve straight line, but we have to stay on We don't have to run to anybody a say, 'There was something on the coa Maybe it was a man's blood on the coa That's probably what somebody wan us to say. Just as somebody wants y to tell this story which you can't prov But we can't get hold of the coat a do something to it. For one thing,

"Mom, could you read that someplace else? I'm trying to get some sleep."

ht lead them to it. Lead them to
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ther, fooling with evidence would get
disbarred. Aside from these things,
don't know enough. It may be that
ng something to the coat is precisely
t somebody wants us to do. *Loren!*"
he was not listening. She was looking
nothing. If she listened, it was to
ething in her own mind.
Listen to me," he said.
Peter," she said, "it was Uncle's
od on the coat. *Did I wear the coat?*
I?"
He knelt in front of her, and took her
s in his hands and, gently, shook
He said, "Listen to me. Come out
t."
he put her head down. "You don't
erstand, Peter. I don't remember
thing at all about yesterday after-
n. Anything may have happened.
thing." She began to shake. He held
close to him, and after a while her
nbling lessened.
Listen to me," he said. "Come out of
damn fuzzy nightmare."
But anything could have happened!
don't know."
If you say that once more," he told
"I'll slap you across the room." She
ked at him and her eyes focused.
Why," she said, "I believe you
uld."
And then, to the considerable aston-
ment of Peter Sayres, she leaned her
d against his shoulder and moved so
t her lips were ready. This kiss was
a light one.
Now," she said, "we've settled that.
let's think as if it were somebody
. A girl who's been brought up by an
le she's fond of. She's grateful for
t but—she's grown up now. You see?
doesn't want to be protected any-
re. Given a nice safe job which isn't
lly a job. And it isn't, Peter. It's—it's
re like occupational therapy."
Loren," he said, "did you really feel
way?"
A little," she said. "But this is some-
else we're talking about. Remem-
? Perhaps in her it went a lot deeper.
is—I don't know what to call it. Re-
tment isn't a big enough word. But
it resentment. This thing in her took
r. That sort of thing could happen."
She killed the man she resented?
ile she was blanked out? Darling, I
nk you're nuts. In the nicest possible
y, but nuts."
But why should I feel so sure there's
od on the coat?"
I think it's damn probable. And that
're in a jam, girl."
If somebody else wore the coat,"
en Hartley said, in a quiet, reason-
e voice, "we'll have to find her, won't
?"

t wasn't Bernard Simmons's job to
ect evidence. That was the job of
cinct and squad detectives. The job
men like Bernard Simmons was to
k at the evidence others collected and
ide whether it was good enough. It
his job to conduct, or sit in on, the
rrogation of witnesses.
There was, that Saturday afternoon,
special reason why Simmons should
e gone with Stein to the West Twen-
h Street police station. It didn't even
k like a specially interesting case.
No reason, Simmons thought, why
es should be interesting. Much better
society when they were simple, bun-
l as absurdly as this thing had evi-
tly been bungled, including the child-

Will you spend 5 minutes on a better figure for life?

Who wouldn't, when it's so simple... and so important. The next time you buy a bra, go to a good store, step into the fitting room and *try it on.* Don't even consider buying a bra unless it is fitted to you.

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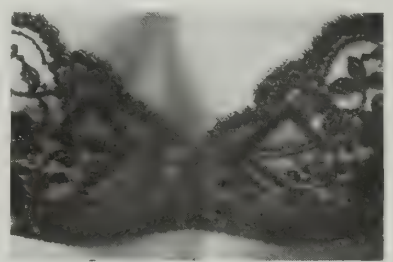

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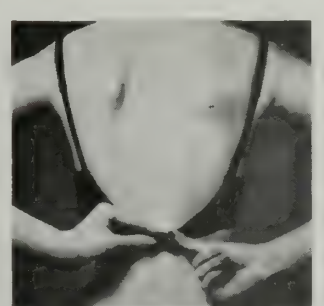

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Try one on soon—in the fitting room, of course. The Bali-Lo Beaucoup is made of nylon lace and Lycra® spandex. A cup, sizes 32-36; B and C cup, sizes 32-38. Black or white. $6.95.

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ish device of turning the air conditioning on full blast, probably believing that the coolness would make it difficult for the medical examiner to set the time of death.

Precinct called within an hour. The police lab had the girl's coat. Looked like blood, but the lab would decide.

"She took it to a place where she was known," Simmons said. "You'd think she'd know better than that."

"No experience, and not very bright, obviously."

Stein said much the same thing again half an hour later. The cab had been one of a fleet; the driver had checked it in early. His trip sheet showed: Two-thirty, picked up a fare in West Fortieth Street; Two forty-two, discharged in West Tenth Street. Reached by telephone, the driver remembered the fare was female, young. Yeah, she was wearing a coat. Couldn't say whether she had actually gone into the house they had stopped in front of.

Simmons said, "Almost too good to be true, isn't it, Johnny?"

Lines appeared between Stein's dark eyebrows. "Should we pick her up, you think?"

"May as well wait for the lab boys," Simmons said.

Loren told Peter again, more slowly, more carefully, what she had already told him in the car. No, she could remember nothing between the first drink in the apartment and awakening on a bench in Bryant Park. He pressed her on that.

(Continued)

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)UR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

Because," Peter said, "whoever they couldn't have carried you there and you on the bench. Not in broad day-t. You must have walked. Been helped valk, perhaps."

he shook her head. "I can't remem-."

You see," he said, "you've been ned—elaborately. Given a blank aft-oon to explain. But I'm certain there nore that we don't know about yet. police didn't appear to suspect you the office. Perhaps they have been en grounds to by now. And when the ce pick you up, you'll have to tell story."

And," she said, "they won't believe

Not," he said, "unless we can shore p. There may not be much time. I uldn't think they'd give us much e. So, let's move along."

Where?"

Back to the beginning," he said. "I w you and Campbell went to the e it started. Maybe you missed some-g. Did you ask the superintendent t this man—what's his name—who ly occupies the apartment ——"

Dunkin."

—what this Dunkin looks like? Or thing else about him?"

No."

Also, we'll see this fat janitor. See if can decide whether he might have n the fat man on the park bench."

They parked in front of the apartment se in the Thirties. There was nobody he lobby.

You're *quite* sure this is the right ding?"

Yes, Peter. Quite sure."

The elevator stopped at the eighth r. When they were in the corridor it ed, and they could hear it going down.

This is it," she said in front of the r with the number 813 on it. "And ?" She pointed. The name in the slot Alfred Dunkin.

Peter shrugged, and pressed Mr. Al-l Dunkin's doorbell. They could hear inging, but nobody came to the door. ey recalled the elevator car and de-nded. Peter pressed the button beside door marked SUPERINTENDENT, and bell rang inside, and they heard vy, sure footsteps.

The man who opened the door was young and tall and square-shouldered. He wore a tennis shirt, which fitted close over young muscles, and gray slacks, belted above narrow hips.

"Oh," Loren said, "we were looking for the superintendent."

"You got him," the young man said. "What can I do for you, Miss?"

"The other one?" Loren said.

"Afraid I don't get you, Miss. What other one?"

"The man," she said, "who was here last night."

The young man shrugged. "Nobody here last night. When last night?"

"Nine. A little after nine."

"There wasn't anybody here last night, Miss. I was out bowling."

"A heavy man," she said. "Older."

"Nope. Sorry, but nope. You say he was in here?" He jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

"Yes."

"Miss," he said, "when I go out, I lock up."

"Mr. ——" Peter said, and the young man said, "Jones."

"Mr. Jones, there was no sign anybody broke in? Or picked the lock?"

"Now, mister," Jones said. "Why would anybody ——" With the air of one who will play along, Mr. Jones bent down and looked at the keyhole. "Don't see anything. Look for yourself."

Peter looked. He did not know what for, precisely. Perhaps scratches. There was nothing to see.

Jones said, "Sure it was this building, Miss?"

"Yes," she said, "quite sure. We were looking for Miss Jackson, Alice Jackson. I thought she had apartment eight-thirteen. But there's another name on the door."

"Eight-thirteen," Jones said. "Wait a minute."

He went back into the apartment. As, Loren thought, the fat man had gone the night before. There must be some sort of ledger, a list of tenants. Jones came back almost at once. "The Dunkins," he said. "They've got eight-thirteen. Only, they're on vacation. Left last week. Wanted the place redecorated while they were gone. But the owners said nope, not with the rent they were paying."

"These Dunkinses," Peter said. "How long have they lived here?"

"Month or so," Jones said.

"A married couple or a family?" Peter asked. *(Continued)*

"Peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and chocolate milk, all around. I'm treating."

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

"Couple," Jones said. "Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dunkin. Sort of young. Paid two months in advance, furnished."

"They just walked in, looking?"

"Management had an ad in," Jones said. "They answered the ad. What's about the Dunkinses, mister?"

"Can you describe them?"

Jones sighed. "Lot of people here, mister. Eight-thirteen hasn't been much trouble."

"Would you know either of them if you met them again?"

"Maybe. I remember faces."

Peter Sayres said, "Yes."

"Look, Miss," Jones said. "You must have got the wrong building." He was very final, now.

They walked along the corridor and to the street, neither saying anything until they were in Peter's car.

Loren asked, "You still believe me?"

"Sure," he said.

She listened for doubt in his voice. She did not hear it, but there was abstraction in his tone.

"What I think is, Loren, that they are keeping a jump ahead of us."

"Bob Campbell was there with me," she said. "When we talked to the fat man who said he was the janitor."

He started the engine. "This Bob Campbell of yours. You know where he's staying?"

She did. It was a hotel in the Forties, near Eighth Avenue. At the hotel Loren used the house telephone. "Mr. Robert Campbell, please."

The hotel operator said, "One moment please. . . . You said *Robert* Campbell?"

Loren began to feel sick. "Yes. Robert Campbell."

"I'm sorry," the operator said. "We have no Robert Campbell registered. There is an Arthur Campbell "

"Thank you," Loren said.

"She could have made a mistake," Peter said, and they asked at the desk. "I'm sure he said he was stopping here," Loren said, but the clerk said no Robert Campbell was registered with them. He, too, offered an Arthur Campbell.

"I'm sure I'm right. I'm sure this is where he said," Loren said as they walked toward the street. She heard the smallness of her own voice.

The police laboratory had worked fast. Blood on the coat: Human. Type of blood: O. From the morgue: type of blood of Alexander Hartley, deceased: O.

"I guess," Stein said, "she'll have to explain how she got blood on her coat."

"Yes," Bernard Simmons said. "And why she took it to a cleaner—a place where she was known—instead of finding a nice incinerator someplace and poking it down that."

"Well," Stein said, "we never thought she was bright, did we? Want to come along, Bernie?"

Simmons didn't, especially. It wasn't his job to chase not very bright girls. His job was to interrogate them. And Bernard Simmons, Assistant District Attorney assigned to homicide, still was on duty. If he went gallivanting around playing detective, and something else came up, a dim view might be taken. He'd better get back to the office.

Somebody knocked on the door of Stein's office. A tall, dark man came in. Stein said, "Got something?"

Detective Nathan Shapiro said, "Probably nothing, Johnny."

Nathan Shapiro was the senior of the detectives left to take apart the office of the late Alexander Hartley, to see what it might reveal.

"Been writing memos to himself, apparently," Shapiro said, and produced a sheet of bond paper. It was headed, "Alexander Hartley."

It was badly typed, the touch uneven. Flagrant mistakes had been x'd out. Simmons stood behind Stein and read over his shoulder. It was clear enough: Alexander Hartley had been making notes for a new will.

"Charles HUn-t," the first entry read, "ann, fifteen, inst. TeN. Consideration logn sdverice." This was followed by a list of five names, with amounts typed after them. The amounts varied. The names had no immediate relevance. Midway down the page was an entry reading: "Cancel Para. 6. Substitute, res. to Harvard." Under that, the typed words were: "L.H. ten." The "ten" had been x'd out, although it could still be read. The word "five" had been typed after it and let stand.

Simmons said, "Looks as if she had been a bad girl, doesn't it? This is no good in law, you know."

"I wonder," Stein said, "what paragraph six was?"

Shapiro drew a will form out of his pocket. "Copy," he said. "In his safe."

"I hope," Stein said, "you didn't have to crack it."

"No, he had the combination pasted on the bottom of the top desk drawer. First place I looked."

Paragraph 6 bequeathed the entire residue of the estate of Alexander Hartley in equal parts to Loren Hartley and Harvard University.

"A very bad girl indeed," Simmons said.

"I took a sample from the office typewriter," Nathan Shapiro said. "Only one typewriter, in the outer office." He produced the sample: "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog," Stein and Simmons read. "After the payment of the specific bequests listed in the above paragraphs, I devise and bequeath the entire residue of my estate to my dear niece, Loren Hartley."

The typing was errorless, the touch even. Nathan Shapiro was an expert typist. "Looks like the same machine to me," Shapiro said. "The 'H' seems a little out of line in both." Shapiro took another sheet of paper from his pocket, marked COPY. It was a letter confirming an appointment on May 15 of that year. In the lower left-hand corner were the initials: "AH:lh." Again, as in Shapiro's sample, the typing was errorless, the touch even. "Good typist," Shapiro said. "Suppose she could have mistyped the memo notes, but it would have been an effort."

"Presumably," Stein said, "she didn't know her uncle had written these reminders to himself. Wouldn't have left them lying around if she had."

They were at the door of Stein's office when Bernard Simmons thought of something and turned back. He took the copy of the will and put it in his pocket.

In his office Simmons called Matthew Cumberland, of the law firm of Cumberland, Lacey and Frothman. "Matt? Bernie Simmons. Afraid I've got some bad news about a client of yours."

He talked for some five minutes with Matthew Cumberland, who was reasonably informative. Cumberland, Lacey and Frothman did not have the original, signed copy of Hartley's will. Hartley had sent for it on the previous Wednesday. A matter of making some changes, Alexander Hartley's secretary had explained, when she telephoned. Somehow they had misplaced the unsigned copy; wanted the original for reference.

Cumberland had not spoken to the secretary himself. He had approved turning over the original to Hartley. He thought, but was not entirely sure, that the secretary had picked up the will.

Cumberland had no idea what changes Hartley had planned in his will. So far as Cumberland knew, Loren Hartley was next of kin. Yes, from what Simmons read to him, Cumberland was pretty sure the copy found in Hartley's office was a correct copy. Of course, it was no good in law, except as showing intent. If Hartley had made the notes in his own hand, there might be an issue of intent, although an inconclusive one. Obviously, anybody might have typed the notes. Sure, if the original will couldn't be found, Alexander Hartley would in effect have died intestate.

A greedy girl, a not-bright girl, Bernard Simmons thought. If you are going to kill a man to prevent his leaving you out of a new will, you may as well go whole hog. Why share with Harvard University? *(Continued)*

"Wouldn't you be upset if you caught her eating out of your dish?"

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

Peter Sayres drove his car out of its parking space and went west.

"Where are we going?" Loren asked.

"Away from here," Peter said. "What do you really know about Campbell?"

"Well, he's the grandson of Uncle Alex's older sister. Born in California, I think. Anyway, he's lived there until recently. He works for United Solvents. He was transferred to the New York office about a month ago. Why?"

"Why anything? We're looking for crumbs. You went out with him a couple of times, you say. Your uncle have him up to the Stamford place?"

She said she didn't think so. Her uncle had said nothing about it, and Bob Campbell had not mentioned it. "He was very busy," she said. "Bob, I mean. Fitting into a new job."

"Sure. Your uncle had met him before? Before he showed up to pay his respects?"

She didn't know.

"Just walked in out of the blue?"

"I suppose you could say that. What are you driving at?"

"Nothing," he said. "Happen to have a dollar handy?"

She found a dollar bill in her purse. He said, "Gimme," and she gave him the dollar bill. "I'm now your lawyer, complete with retainer. Speaking of money, your uncle had a lot. How much? Millions?"

She didn't know. Probably more than a million.

"Hell of a secretary," Peter told her. "He was retired, wasn't he? Why the office?"

"He was still on several boards. There were meetings in New York. It was within walking distance of the Harvard Club. A place to be," she said. "A place to go." She was dispirited, suddenly.

"I suppose he wasn't playing around?"

"He was almost seventy."

She was told she talked like a child. Did she think a man was turned off like a light bulb at a time arranged? He drove for some time in silence up the Henry Hudson Parkway. "Your uncle had a lot of money to leave. How did he leave it, Loren? Do you know? The police will want to know."

"I don't know, Peter."

"He'd made a will?"

That she did know. A copy of it was in the office safe, in a heavy brown envelope.

"Yes," he said. "You don't know the contents?"

"No," she said, "but once when he was dictating something to his broker, he said for me to pay attention, be sure to keep my eyes and ears open, and something about my needing them one day. I suppose he meant the day when I had money."

He turned into the Cross County Parkway and ran for Connecticut. "You've got other relatives? Cousins?"

"I don't think so. Only Bob and his sister. Their parents are dead, I think."

"I suppose this Campbell and his sister could contest the will, but"—he shrugged—"a lot of trouble for a lawsuit which they'd probably lose anyway."

They drove for some time without speaking. The wind was noisy through the open windows. It is easy, Loren thought, to suspect a person you have never met; a person who is only a name. She was certain that they would be wasting their time on Robert Campbell. And there was no good in telling him. I could say, she thought, that Bob Campbell is a reliable man—a solid, reliable man. He tried to help.

"Did you ever call this Campbell at his office?" Peter asked, still watching the road ahead.

"No," Loren said. "Why?"

"Did he ever ask you not to call at the office?"

"Of course not," she said. "He did say something once about having been there two weeks and still not being sure anybody knew he was there. Why?"

He did not answer, except by a dismissing movement of his shoulders.

"A name," he said, "they could pick out of a hat. Alice Jackson. But there really was . . . what did you say her name was? The girl who was supposed to show up at this lunch?"

"Bertha Mason," she said. "She thought they might have looked in the school yearbook and found out about her."

"Mmmmm!"

"The books are filed at the school," she said. "A long shelf of them, going back for years. I suppose anybody ——"

He turned off on Long Ridge Road, toward Stamford. Soon he turned again, into a lesser road. "The school year's over. Also, it's Saturday."

They had to drive a quarter of a mile beyond the school access road before they could edge off the blacktop. They walked back. The school was one story, divided into several buildings. The door of the central building was open.

"Facilities," Peter said. "Where would they keep this file of yearbooks?"

A man in clean blue denims, wearing a yachting cap, came to them. "Ladies, end of the corridor and to the right. Gentlemen upstairs to the ——"

"This young lady promised to show me her picture in the yearbook," Peter said. "We've had an argument about it. I claim she wore them in braids."

The custodian smiled. Nice young people, having a friendly squabble. "Long as one of you signs the book." He unlocked the door and pointed to "the book," on its sloping shelf.

Peter signed the register.

"It hasn't changed at all," Loren said, surprised.

He smiled down at her. He had, sometimes, a gentle smile. "After all these years," he said. "All five of them."

"I was out a year," she said. "They took me to Europe."

They found the proper yearbook. Seventy-four boys and girls had been graduated that year. They looked at all the pictures, boys and girls alike. Loren remembered some of them. There *was* a boy named Richard Kenny. Bertha Mason ("Tomorrow's Katharine Cornell") looked precisely as Loren remembered her.

There was no Alice Jackson.

She started to go through the doorway, but Peter said, "Wait a minute. Hold your horses a minute." He began to turn the pages of the register, working back, running his finger down the signatures. He had turned several pages when he said, "Look!"

The date was ten days earlier. The signature, in legible characters, was "Loren Hartley."

She could feel blood draining from her face.

"I didn't," she said. "Peter, I didn't."

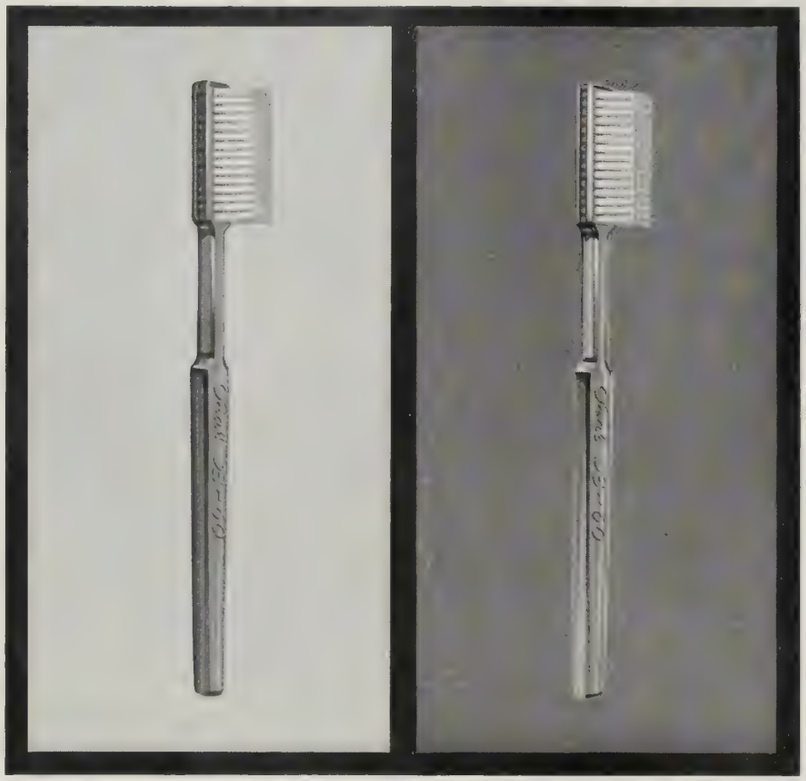
"Take it easy."

"I haven't been here for years, Peter."

He held her arm as they walked back to the car, but that was needless. She walked quite steadily. When they reached Long Ridge Road, he turned the car north.

"We're going to take a little drive in the country," Peter said. "Followed by a drink and dinner."

He drove slowly now—into New York State, up Route 22; after some miles on it into a side road. He parked in front of an ancient building, and led her into the low, dim taproom of the Old Drover's Inn. Relaxed, they did not try to hurry over dinner. *(Continued)*



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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

"There'll have been reporters," he said, as they drove slowly back to North Stamford. "If we run into any, tell as little as you can get away with, without lying directly."

There were no cars in the driveway, but there were lights in the house. Charles opened the door for them. He, who was usually a ruddy man, was pale

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Loren thought he had been crying. He said, "Oh, Miss Loren. Miss *Loren*."

"I know," she said, and put an arm around the man's shoulders.

After the door closed, the uniformed trooper who had sat inconspicuously parked within view of the driveway used his two-way radio. He said, "OK" into the transmitter, and drove off.

The decision to arrest is basically one for the police, but when complications exist, the office of the district attorney sits in. It sat in that Saturday evening, in the persons of Assistant District Attorney Bernard Simmons, and Chief Assistant District Attorney Franklin Trowbridge. Lt. John Stein, assigned to Homicide, Manhattan West, represented the police, and was conscious of sitting in shadow

Deputy Chief Inspector Artemus O'Malley, in command of borough detectives, was not in attendance, being involved in a poker game. But he had sat out long enough to tell Stein, "Pick her up. Lock her up." O'Malley felt that modern policemen are inclined to fiddle-faddle

"After all," Stein said, at around ten o'clock Saturday evening, "we've got enough. The girl pulls this business about picking up the will, so he'll die intestate and she'll get the bundle as next of kin. She was seen leaving the office wearing this coat."

"A coat was seen leaving the building," Simmons told him. "Unidentified woman inside it."

Stein said, "Phooey, Bernie. The weapon was one she knew about. Somebody coming in from outside would have brought along a better weapon. There was blood on her coat. She runs to a cleaner first thing."

"Which wasn't bright," Bernie Simmons said.

"She profits. Who else profits?"

"Harvard, if the will hasn't been destroyed. A variety of people."

Trowbridge said, "Come off it, Bernie."

"She turned up the air conditioning to hell and gone, figuring it would confuse the time of death," Stein said.

"When she left," Simmons said. "Which was somewhere around *twelve-thirty*. The old boy was killed, the doc says, sometime around three."

"Between one and five. And that's guessing, because the coolness did make a difference."

"Bernie," Trowbridge said, "what *is* your out?"

"We don't know enough," Simmons said. "Haven't eliminated enough. Maybe if Johnny and the boys nose around we'll turn up somebody. Listen, Frank, she's not some no-good babe we pick up and heave inside. This is going to be a big one. A hell of a big one."

"Counselor," Stein said to Simmons, "you'd be for arresting the archbishop of the diocese if you had this much on him."

Chief Assistant District Attorney Franklin Trowbridge and Lt. John Stein looked at Bernard Simmons.

"I don't like the way it feels," Simmons said. "Hell, somehow it feels too easy. Maybe we're being had."

"It's the first time," Stein said, "I ever knew you to throw down a case because it was too good. Look, a jury wouldn't have to leave the box."

"Unless," Simmons said, "she turns up with an alibi for the whole of the afternoon."

"Nobody suggests we won't ask her questions, Bernie. Give me one solid reason we shouldn't pick her up."

"All right," Bernard Simmons told the ceiling. "We don't know where she is, Frank."

At a little after eleven, when information provided by the Connecticut State Police reached the office of the New York County District Attorney, John Stein said, "Well, she's settled down for the night, apparently. So there's no great rush about it, is there?"

Bernard Simmons grinned. "Thanks, Johnny. Do the same for you sometime."

The telephone rang at a little after nine Sunday morning. Loren was awake and took it quickly.

"You all right?" Peter Sayres asked.

"I'm all right, Peter."

Peter had driven to the center of the village for newspapers, so he arrived with the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune* and the Sunday *News*.

LOVE SONG FOR YOUNG OEDIPUS

By

DILYS LAING

Youth dreams large and age
dreams long
and all a lovetime lies between.
The old no more suffice
the young
than leaves of umber match
the green.

The North keens and the flocks
are gone.
October bleeds.
The crocus cures.
Turn from your mother soon,
my son,
to kiss a girl with lips
like yours.

FINANCIER SLAIN, the *News* headlined the story; A.J. HARTLEY MURDERED, the *Herald Tribune* reported, in type almost as large, and also on the front page. The *Times* story, by far the longest, ran to almost two columns.

It was apparent to both of them, as they read the papers over breakfast, that either the police had made little progress or were keeping their progress to themselves. Deputy Chief Inspector Artemus O'Malley, in command of Manhattan detectives, said that numerous avenues were being explored. Lt. John Stein, Homicide Squad, Manhattan West, mentioned "leads." Assistant District Attorney Bernard Simmons said that the preliminary investigations were, of course, in the hands of the police.

All three papers had found efforts to interview Miss Hartley unavailing. The *Times* reported that she was in seclusion. The *News* had her under the care of a physician.

They finished the newspapers, having read rather less than they already knew, and finished breakfast.

In time, Peter said, the reporters would be back; if it were not Sunday they would have come already.

They went over it, and over it again, and Peter seemed to Loren most interested in Robert Campbell. "I wonder," Peter said, "whether anybody else saw this Campbell of yours?"

"I don't know what you mean, Peter."

"Out of the blue," Peter said, "he shows up at your uncle's office. Had he written to say he was coming?"

She didn't know.

"You saw him," Peter said. "Your uncle saw him. But your uncle's dead. . . ."

The bedside telephone in Bernard Simmons's apartment rang. It was ten o'clock, but Bernie Simmons had spent most of the night chasing ideas.

"Sorry to wake you up, Bernie," John Stein said. His voice was weary, but he sounded pleased. "We've got a story you'd maybe better listen to. In the office now," Stein said. "I think you'd better come, Bernie."

Bernard Simmons made himself coffee, and drank it while he dressed. He got his car from the curb in front of the apartment house. Traffic was light between his apartment house and West Twentieth Street. A certain lassitude was apparent even at the station house, shared by the Tenth Precinct and Homicide, Manhattan West. Simmons went into a small office, where Stein was looking through a window at a brick wall. He turned and said, "Sorry." He looked very tired.

Stein picked up the telephone on his desk. He said, "Ask Mr. Lathrop to come in." They sat down, Stein behind the desk, Simmons beside it.

Oscar Lathrop was a rather short man, but he made up for that in thickness and in width. He wore a blue suit, slightly spotted.

"This is Mr. Simmons of the District Attorney's office, Mr. Lathrop," Stein said. "Will you tell him what you told me?"

"The way it is," Lathrop said, "I'm retired. See? Nothing to do but loaf around."

Simmons nodded, encouraging him. "You're lucky, Mr. Lathrop."

"Depends on how you look at it," Lathrop said. His face was folded in fat, and he had nicked his chin shaving. "I was sitting in Bryant Park. Friday afternoon that was. Just sitting."

Bernie Simmons nodded.

"There was this girl," Lathrop said. "Sitting on the bench opposite me. And she wore this coat. Hot as blazes, but she was wearing this yellow coat."

"When was this, Mr. Lathrop?" Stein asked.

"Maybe two-thirty. Maybe two-twenty."

"You looked at your watch?"

"Sitting where I was I could see a clock. Big clock over toward Times Square."

Simmons said, "Go ahead, Mr. Lathrop. This young woman sat on the bench opposite you. Facing?"

"Huh?"

"Which way was she facing?"

"Oh. South. Toward Fortieth. She had a watch," Lathrop said. "Kept looking at it and then looking toward Fortieth Street. I figured she had a date to meet somebody. See? I figured a man, on account of she was a good-looking girl."

Simmons nodded again.

"Maybe twenty minutes she does that," Lathrop said. "Keeps looking at her watch. Maybe, I thought, she's being stood up."

(Continued)

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"Yes, Mr. Lathrop."

"About quarter of three, she gets up, like she'd waited long enough. Like she was making up her mind about something." He paused and looked at Stein, then at Simmons. "So," he said, "she walks off toward Fortieth Street. I turned around and watched her because I thought maybe she'd meet this man she was waiting for."

"You stood up to watch her?"

"Yep. I was interested. Don't deny that."

"All right," Simmons said. "She crossed the street. And?"

"And went into a building," Lathrop said. "Tall, narrow building. Office building. Next to a restaurant. I figured maybe the man she was waiting for worked there, see?"

"Sure."

"Only," Lathrop said, "this morning, there was this same girl's picture in the papers. This girl worked for this man who was killed. Said in the paper they thought he was killed maybe around three o'clock. Did I say this was Friday?"

"Yes, Mr. Lathrop," Simmons said.

"All right, Mr. Lathrop," Stein said. "Thanks for coming in. You're positive it was the same girl?"

"Yep. I guess I am."

They would be in touch with him. They had his address. Mr. Lathrop went out, heavily.

"You've checked him out?" Simmons asked.

"Far as we can in the time we've had," John Stein said. "He walks in about nine and tells this story you've just heard. Lives where he says he does. Generally accepted as being retired. Seems he was a meat cutter."

"No sign he's come into money?"

"Nobody said anything about it, if he did. What's up your sleeve, Bernie?"

"Nothing," Bernie Simmons said. "I guess I've been playing a hunch, and it just fell through."

The telephone rang inside the living room, and rang again.

Peter Sayres moved to get up, but Loren said, "Charles will answer it. It's something for him to do." For a little while, routine would give him something to cling to.

After a few moments Charles came through one of the French doors and said, "Miss Loren, a man from the police, a Lieutenant Stein. He wishes to talk to you, Miss Loren. He said he would come here if you preferred."

Peter said, "I'll talk to him." He went into the living room. He spoke in a low voice, but he listened more than he spoke. He came back. "They're coming up," he said. "A police lieutenant and the man named Simmons from the D.A.'s office."

It is hard to take waiting easily, to sit in the comfort of a familiar place and wait for something which will be shockingly unfamiliar.

An hour and a half, Peter guessed, but it was less than that. The unmarked sedan, when it came, did not hurry up the drive, and the red-haired man who got out of it first looked around him at lawn and trees and the big house. The other man also looked about him appreciatively, as one who comes from hot streets to a shaded place. When they stepped up on the terrace, the red-haired man said he was sorry they were barging in this way.

Peter said, "Sit down, won't you?" and they pulled terrace chairs into the shade.

Charles appeared then in one of the doorways and asked, "Will there be anything, Miss Loren?"

It is all unreal, Loren thought, like something happening on the stage. She said, "Mr. Simmons? Lieutenant? Iced tea, perhaps? Or ——"

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"If it's not too much trouble," Simmons said. "Iced tea would be fine. It's ot on the road."

He looked at Lieutenant Stein, who esitated a moment and then said, "If isn't too much trouble."

Charles came, his old hands steady on tray. There would not be anything ore, Loren told Charles.

"Miss Hartley," Simmons said, were you in Bryant Park Friday afteroon between a quarter after two and a ttle before three?" He sipped from a all, ice-filled glass. He seemed in no urry.

"I take it," Peter said, "that this is fficial?"

"Now, counselor," Simmons said, and ipped again from his glass. He nodded ward Loren. "If you mean, are we aking a formal statement, not preisely. If you mean, am I an assistant istrict attorney and is John here a olice lieutenant, yes. And I'm quite ware I'm in Connecticut, counselor."

It was lightly and pleasantly spoken.

"You're representing Miss Hartley, ounselor?"

"Yes," Peter said.

They talk over my head, Loren hought, as if I were a child.

"Is there a charge against Miss Hartey," Peter asked, "which would subject er to arrest in the state of Connecticut s a fugitive from justice?"

"No," Simmons said. "However, if ou and your client want it that way, she an be arrested as a fugitive by the Connecticut police. You can even fight xtradition, if you want it that way."

"Mr. Simmons," Loren said, "I don't now where I was Friday afternoon beween two-fifteen and three. I may have een in Bryant Park. I may have been nywhere."

Simmons made no movement, no ound.

"At about five, I was in the park," oren said. "I—I woke up in the park. suppose," she said, "I ought to say I bbered up then. Between about one nd about five I don't remember anyhing at all about Friday afternoon."

Peter put an arm around her shoulers, and over her head, looked at Simons, his eyes narrowing.

She let him hold her so for seconds, er head against his shoulder, her face idden. Then she turned to look at Simons. "I may have done anything," oren said. "That's what you're getting t, isn't it? You think I ——"

"Simmons," Peter said, "does someone say Miss Hartley was in the park at he time you mention?"

"Yes," Simmons said, "someone says hat she sat on a bench in Bryant Park r twenty minutes or half an hour. That he left the park at a little before three, oing toward her uncle's office."

"Then," Peter said, "I don't think Miss Hartley has anything more to say t the present time."

Simmons shrugged. "Up to you, counlor."

"No," Loren said, "it isn't up to anyody except me. I'm sorry, Peter. You id yourself there'd be a time. This is he time, isn't it?"

She looked up at him, and finally he miled. "Perhaps," Sayres said.

"Miss Hartley," Simmons said, "you on't have to tell us anything. Even if e were not out of our jurisdiction, you ould not have to answer any questions."

"I was going to lunch," she said. "I as in front of the public library and this woman. . . ." It was familiar to her on this third telling. All the words were familiar. "I woke up on a park bench," she said. "I felt dizzy and my head ached. I was dreadfully hot. I had a coat on. There was a fat man sitting on the bench across the walk ——"

"This was about five o'clock Friday afternoon?"

"Yes." She told of going home to her apartment. She told of trying to reach her uncle and of being told he had not returned from the golf club.

She told of dialing the number which she assumed was that of the woman who had called herself Alice Jackson, and of being told that it was not a "working" number. She then told of going to dinner with Robert Campbell, of telling him what had happened, of what they had done then.

Simmons asked, "You thought this janitor might have been the man you saw in the park?"

"I thought he might be. Perhaps there wasn't really a resemblance."

"Then?"

She told of telephoning Bertha Mason. Stein wrote Bertha Mason's name down. They did not interrupt until she had finished telling of their finding of Alexander Hartley's body.

"Miss Hartley," Simmons said, "did you know this Mr. Cantrell who had chartered this boat?"

"No. I had met Mr. Cantrell at the club. But never really to know."

"He wouldn't recognize your voice on the telephone?"

She was puzzled for a moment. "Why no. I shouldn't think so."

"Miss Hartley," Simmons said, "did you telephone Mr. Cantrell Friday afternoon, tell him your uncle had to attend a conference and couldn't play golf?"

"No," Loren said.

"He didn't have any conference scheduled that you knew of?"

"No."

"Did you know that he had this golf date?"

"I knew he was going to play golf. I knew that he usually played with Mr. Cantrell."

Simmons lit a cigarette. "Who else would have known?" he asked.

Peter answered, "Damn near anyone at the club."

"And the people not at the club?" Simmons looked at Loren, not at Peter. She shook her head. "I don't know. How would I know?"

"You might have told someone. Campbell, perhaps?"

"I don't remember telling him."

"Your uncle had a desk calendar? Jotted engagements down on it?"

"Sometimes. I kept a list, but he did jot down arrangements he made himself."

"Mr. Campbell told you he was staying at this hotel? Where apparently he never registered?"

"Yes. While he was looking for an apartment."

"You never telephoned him there?"

"No."

"Miss Hartley," Simmons said, "a few weeks ago, did your uncle want the signed copy of his will, the one his lawyers had? Did he tell you to pick it up?"

"No," she said. "There was a copy of the will in the office safe."

"Did somebody?" Peter asked, and Simmons seemed to take the question under consideration.

Finally he said, "We're told something like that happened." *(Continued)*

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Praying to the Saints, we know, is almost solely a Catholic practice.

Many other people, it seems, regard the practice as silly, futile and even idolatrous. They imagine that all prayers must be addressed directly to God, and that there is no need for such intercessors and mediators as Saints. Some seem to think Catholic veneration of the Saints is in opposition to the doctrine that Christ is the one Mediator between God and Man.

If it is hard for others to understand why Catholics pray to the Saints, it is equally hard for Catholics to understand why other Christians do *not* so pray. It is a custom which has been observed in the Church since the time of the Apostles. Its merits are clearly indicated in both the Old Testament and the New, and Catholics the world over can testify that God does, indeed, listen with special favor to the prayers addressed to Him in our behalf by the Saints.

It sounds illogical to Catholics to recite in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in . . . the Communion of Saints . . ." and then to scoff at prayer to the Saints. The difficulty, it seems to us, is that there is confusion concerning just what the Saints are. There is certainly confusion concerning the Catholic attitude toward Saints, and Catholic customs with respect to them.

Belief in the Saints depends upon the conviction that we can help one another with our prayers. Catholics have no doubt about this. We read, for example, in Genesis, God's instructions to Abimelech to ask Abraham to pray for him: "He shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live" (Gen. 20:7, 17).

God had mercy on the children of Israel because Moses prayed for them. At another time God said ". . . and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him I will accept" (Job 42:8). The New Testament contains equally convincing testimony. St. Paul asks repeatedly for the prayers of the faithful. In the Epistle of St. James, we find: "And pray one for another, that ye may be healed" (James 5:16).

If God heeds the prayers offered by sinful mortals in behalf of one another, how much more surely will He listen to His friends, the Saints in Heaven, who are in a position to know the needs expressed in our prayers to them? If the individual appeal "of one for another" is heard in Heaven, how much more certainly will God hearken to the swelling chorus of prayer rising up from the "communion of the faithful" in Heaven and on earth?

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

And then, unexpectedly, Simmons stood up. "I guess that's all for now," he said.

Stein stood up too. Loren and Peter watched the two of them walk across the grass toward the car.

"Well," Peter Sayres said, "I'll be damned."

Charles would have given them lunch, but Loren and Peter drove to Ridgefield, to Tode's Inn. They got back to North Stamford at a little after three, accompanied, at a discreet distance, by an ununiformed state trooper in an unmarked car. Charles said that a Mr. Snyder had been trying to reach Mr. Sayres and had left a New York City number. A woman with a cheerful voice answered. "Oh yes, Mr. Sayres. This is Mr. Perkins's secretary. They're here at his office. They wonder if you can come in?"

Perkins was the client; Perkins was Intercontinental Lead. When a senior partner—Snyder—beckons, a junior is responsive. Peter said, "Of course Hour and a half." He put the telephone on its rack and said, "Damn it to hell."

Of course she would take care of herself. Probably she would have a nap. Yes, she had the number of the Perkins office. But as she watched Peter's car go down the drive, gravel spurting under its wheels, she felt a sudden loneliness.

She was within a foot of the telephone when it rang. She picked it up. "Yes?"

"Loren," a woman said. "You're all *right?*"

Loren did not know the voice.

"Whatever you must think of me!" the woman said. "This is Alice Jackson. *Are* you all right? When I came back and you were gone, I was terribly worried. And then this awful thing about your uncle."

"You're talking about Friday?"

"Of course," the woman said. "When you went to sleep, dear. But you seemed all right—only when I couldn't wake you up, I got worried. I thought of smelling salts, and went to the drugstore, and when I came back—it was after *four* and you'd been sleeping for hours—well, you weren't there."

"Alice," Loren said, "where are you?"

"In New York. I tried your apartment, and then I got a Stamford book—I'm at Grand Central, actually."

"Alice. Will you get a train and come up here?"

"Darling. I've got a *dinner* date."

I mustn't, Loren thought, I mustn't let her slip through my fingers. "Listen. I'll drive in. It'll take me about an hour and a half or so. I live downtown on Tenth ——"

"But I *know!* Down in the *Village.* You gave me the address."

"Will you meet me there."

"Why, yes," Alice Jackson said.

And then Loren thought of something which she, and Peter too, should long ago have thought of. "Alice," she said. "Did you graduate? I mean from Elmwood?"

"You don't *remember.* Oh, dear." Loren could hear an indrawn breath, a sigh of disappointment. "No," Alice Jackson said. "We moved out west after my junior year. I finished high school in Sandusky."

And so she would not have been pictured in the Elmwood yearbook with the graduating class. How could we have failed to think of that, of a thing so simple? "Will you meet me? At my apartment?"

"Of course, Loren. Of course I will."

Loren made fairly good time, and in Tenth Street she found a place to park. She ran up the brownstone steps to the door of the old house, turned her key in the lock and pushed the door open.

Intercontinental Lead occupied the twelfth floor of a twenty-four story building in the financial district. The financial district might have been a cemetery at midnight; the inert buildings towering gravestones. After he had turned off Broadway into Wall Street Peter Sayres might safely have driven on the sidewalk.

As he pulled in front of the building Peter was nevertheless surprised to find the curb empty. Snyder might have come by cab, but Mr. Perkins, from what he knew of Perkins, would have come by limousine, with chauffeur.

In the lobby a man in uniform sat on a wooden chair, tilted back against the wall. He looked at Peter with surprise. Peter went toward an elevator, and the man in uniform went after him. When Peter said, "Twelve, please," the man ran him up.

There was a small anteroom, and Peter faced double doors of frosted glass marked INTERCONTINENTAL LEAD. They were locked. Peter looked at the man in uniform, who was standing in the doorway of the elevator car, watching.

"I was to meet Mr. Perkins here. He's been here and gone?"

"Not today he ain't," the man said. "This is Sunday, mister. Nobody's been here."

There was a telephone booth in the lobby, and Peter hastily dialed the number he had dialed from Stamford. The ringing sound went on and on. Finally a man's voice said, "Yeah?" It was not the voice of Snyder, nor was it the executive vice president of Intercontinental Lead.

"Perkins? Snyder? Never heard of 'em. This is Barnett's drugstore; you've got one of the booths."

"An hour or so ago," Peter said, "I called this number and a woman answered and said she was speaking for Mr. Snyder."

"Mister, this is a drugstore. You musta got it wrong, mister."

Peter hung up and immediately dialed Loren in North Stamford. "Miss Loren received a telephone call," Charles said. "Went out right after that, Mr. Sayres in a hurry."

Peter leaned for a moment against the side of the booth. Then he went out to his car. She might be in town. If she was in town, she might be at her apartment. It didn't seem likely, but it was a place to start. He twisted the car out through the narrow streets, and with each turn his impatience mounted.

It was one of Trooper Peroni's bad days. After managing to tail Loren Hartley into New York, he had lost her MG at the Nineteenth Street exit from the West Side Highway. Calling in, he had been instructed to go by her apartment and when he got to the proper block in West Tenth Street, the MG was there parked at the curb.

But there was no place for Peroni to park. The next block was no better, and he had to go back through Ninth. Finally he found a place. He walked back to the Tenth Street block. There was a gap now, where the MG had been.

Peroni found a telephone; he called omicide, asked for Lieutenant Stein.

Peter drove slowly through the Tenth reet block. The white MG was not in ht, but that meant nothing. Probably e had garaged the car and walked the v blocks home. He circled the block ain. A black sedan with Connecticut tes pulled out from the curb, and ere was room for Peter to slide in.

In the vestibule of the dignified old use Peter pushed Loren's button and ited for the clicking sound of a resing lock. There was no clicking und. When he tried the inner door, the ob turned and the door opened.

She lived on the top floor in an apartnt of two large rooms, connected by passage from which the bath opened, d two smaller rooms, one of them a chen. Her front door opened from the ir hall.

That door was not quite closed. Peter ened it and called Loren's name. From e corridor he could see into the living om—a large, pleasant room, with winws from which one could look down o a garden in the rear.

The man who lay on his back in the ddle of the rug had been a fat man. A chen knife was stuck in his throat. e man was dead. Nothing could look e that and not be dead. Peter had ver seen the fat man before. The fat an. The words repeated themselves his mind. A fat man on a bench in yant Park. A fat man posing as the itor of a building in the East Thirties. fat man lying dead in the living room Loren's apartment on Tenth Street. Thank God, he thought, she didn't me here and find this. Thank God e——

He saw the scarf, then. When they ove to lunch in Ridgefield, she had rn a yellow scarf around her head. It s on a chair in the living room. Maybe was another scarf.

She had put the scarf in her lap while ey lunched. She had said, "Oh, damn," d pressed with hurried fingers at the al which had fallen from her cigarette d lodged in the scarf's silk. The coal d burned a tiny hole.

Peter went around the spreading ood on the rug and picked up the arf. It had a little charred hole. He arted to cram the silk scarf into his cket pocket.

"No," a man said. "You know better an that, Mr. Sayres."

They had come very quietly. Lieutent Stein looked angry. "Let's have it, r. Sayres," Stein said, coming into the om. Peter took the scarf out of his cket and handed it over.

A tall thin man went carefully around e blood and dialed a number on the one. "Shapiro. Got another stabbing." gave the address. "Yes. Miss Hart's apartment," and then, after a mont of listening, "Yes, he's dead."

"Looks like they had a drink together t," Stein said. On a low table in front a sofa there were two glasses. Nathan apiro leaned down and, without uching either glass, sniffed both. "At uess," he said, "Scotch with chloral drate."

Stein said, "You know this man, Mr. yres?"

"No, I never saw him before."

"Name of Lathrop," Stein said. "Os Lathrop. He was the one who said he y Miss Hartley in the park. Saw her ng toward the office building about ee. Could be he tried a shakedown."

"Lieutenant," Peter said, "when I got here ten minutes ago, the downstairs door was not locked. The door to the apartment wasn't even closed. Anybody could have walked in."

There was the sound of a siren, and then men coming up the stairway.

"And if you don't mind, Mr. Sayres," Stein added, "we'll go someplace we can talk."

Peter followed him downstairs to a dark sedan not identified as a police car. At the West Twentieth Street station house Stein opened a door marked HOMICIDE SQUAD, MANHATTAN WEST. Peter followed him into the room.

Bernard Simmons sat down near the window, and Stein sat behind a desk, motioning to another chair. Peter sat down. "All right," Stein said. "Do you want to tell us where your client is?"

"I don't know where she is."

"All right," Simmons said, "what *do* you know?"

"I was played for a sucker. I think we're all being played for suckers."

Stein looked pained. The red-haired man looked interested. Stein said, "Leave the theories to us. You and Miss Hartley drove over to Ridgefield for lunch."

"Lieutenant," Peter said, "you want to listen?"

"We're listening," Simmons said.

They did listen; they did not interrupt. "This drugstore," Stein said. "The man who answered, when you called from downtown, he said it was Barnett's drugstore?" Peter nodded. "We'll check it out," Stein said. *(Continued)*

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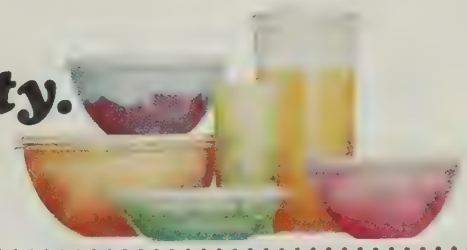

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

"It's an old gimmick," Simmons said. "Tell us about this scarf, Mr. Sayres."

"It's her scarf," Peter admitted. "The one she was wearing when we drove over to Ridgefield." He looked up, glaring at Stein. "But it proves nothing. The man could have been dead when she got there. She could have panicked."

"Why would he go there?" Simmons said. "Except to meet her? Probably to tell her that, if it was made worth his while, he'd say he'd made a mistake. Who else would have a reason to kill him?"

"Kill him in her own apartment?"

"Mr. Sayres," Stein said. "Did you know you and she were followed today?"

Peter shook his head.

"If she hadn't been followed into the city, she might have got away with saying that she had never left the Stamford house. It might have been difficult to prove she had. She could have said that killing Lathrop, leaving his body in her apartment, was part of this plot against her," said Stein. "Because that's what she's made you believe, isn't it? That there's some sort of an elaborate frameup?"

"I was tricked into coming to New York," Peter said. He spoke flatly, as a man who defends a cause already lost. "I suppose you think I made that up? The Hartley butler took the message. Or do you think we're bribing him to lie?"

"This restaurant you went to for lunch," Stein said. "There's a public telephone, no doubt. And anybody can alter his voice."

"And, I suppose, after I'd made this trip downtown to the lead company's office, I went around to her apartment to see how she'd made out?"

Stein shrugged. "Maybe to tidy up."

"Are you charging me with that?" Peter said. "Or, with anything? If you're not ——" He pushed his chair back; it grated on the wooden floor. "Lieutenant, chloral hydrate, knockout drops, works fast, doesn't it?"

"Very fast. Particularly in alcohol."

"And induces, in the proper dosage, the duplicate of natural sleep?"

"Yes. Render a man Lathrop's size and weight helpless in seconds."

"I think, Johnny," Simmons said. "Mr. Sayres has another point. Let him make it. Or shall I? Chloral hydrate in a Bloody Mary. That's what's in your mind, isn't it, counselor?"

"Isn't it in yours, Simmons?"

"Yes," Simmons said. "My mind is full of a number of things. That included. We've been trying to check out on this cousin of the girl's—Robert Campbell. Difficult to do on Sunday. He doesn't work at the New York office of United Solvents. Never has. Man of the same name does work in the Los Angeles office. Appears to be on vacation at the moment ——"

"On the other hand," Stein said, "he may never have been here. She may be trying to make him the fall guy, instead of its being the other way around. You never saw him, did you, Mr. Sayres? He was never at the hotel where she says he was. Her uncle, who she says saw Campbell, can't say he did. We told you his will's missing, didn't we? If it doesn't turn up. . . ."

It was clear enough: If Alexander Hartley died without leaving a will, his money would go to his nearest kin—to Loren and, through their mother, to Robert Campbell and his sister.

The telephone on Stein's desk rang, and he said, "Put him on." He listened. Loren Hartley's MG, identified by its license number, had been spotted going away from New York on the Saw Mill River Parkway. It had been going very fast, with a lone woman driving.

"Well," said Stein, "Loren Hartley is running."

Now that Loren had committed herself, she thought it was very probable that she had made a mistake. She had acted on impulse, and that was not the way she had been taught to act, or believed in acting.

Loren had opened the door of her apartment, and found the fat man lying on his back with blood all around him on the rug. She felt sickness inside her, and fought against it. She thought the dead man had been the man who had posed as a janitor. She still could not tell whether he also was the man who had been on the bench across the path when she wakened in the park behind the library. She only knew that he was part of it; that the darkness she moved in was deeper.

He had come here, to her apartment, to die. No, he had been brought here to be killed. And—she had been brought here to find his body. There was a telephone call telling me to come here. But there is no way I can prove there was.

Then she heard a sound; the sound of someone moving. It came from the kitchen, into which she could not see. Footsteps, then the sound of the back door opening. Then she heard the door close, and the footsteps were crossing the landing toward the stairs.

She turned and ran through the hallway and into her bedroom on the street side of the house. Standing there, she could look down on the steps which led to the sidewalk, could see who had been hiding in her kitchen.

A woman came in sight, and Loren heard the heavy front door close after her. As Loren looked down, the woman was foreshortened; a foreshortened head and back. The woman turned to her right and began to walk toward Fifth.

Loren ran back through the hall, remembered to snatch her bag from the hall table. She wrenched the door open and ran down the stairs. The woman was walking toward Fifth Avenue. The door of a car opened, and she got into the car.

The MG was the other way, toward Sixth, and Loren ran to it. As she yanked the door open, she looked up the street and saw that a car was working its way out of a tight parking space.

The MG was in an open lane by the time the car ahead nosed away from the curb. The car was gray. There seemed to be two people in it, a man and a woman. She drove slowly after it. Perhaps they would not look back. And perhaps they were a man and woman with no reason to look back.

Lights stopped the gray car at Fifth. Loren dawdled. The lights released the car, and it turned uptown, the MG following. At Eleventh Street, the gray car turned left. Downtown traffic held Loren; finally she saw a chance and cut in front of a taxi. The gray car was almost at the end of the block by then. The MG jumped. On a weekday it might have been impossible, but on Sunday the streets were clear. When the gray car turned west on Twenty-second, she loitered well behind

There wasn't much doubt by then. e gray car went up the ramp to the st Side Highway. A little more than hour later, she was close behind the at Hawthorne Circle. The gray car it around, into the Taconic State kway.

ieutenant Stein said he was sorry, he sounded sorry. The girl was run- g. She was alone in her car—a second son cannot easily hide in an open . Nobody had a gun on her, nobody making her run.

There's some reason," Peter Sayres .

e thought there was sympathy in mons's reddish-brown eyes. Sim- s stood up, and said, "I'll run you k to where your car is," and went n to the street with Peter Sayres. y drove back to Tenth Street and er got out.

Don't think we've closed our minds," mons said, and then, not waiting for nswer, drove away.

p the Saw Mill was one route to th Stamford, a way home. One of ways. That's it, Peter thought, 's all it is. She's merely going home. er went west on Nineteenth Street. the West Side Highway and the ry Hudson and the Saw Mill and the ritt he drove too fast.

hen Peter drove up, Charles was ding in the driveway in front of the se, which was unlike Charles. "Thank , sir." This was very unlike Charles. e been trying every place I could k of," Charles said, and the words e jerkily. "Miss Loren called and...."

ieutenant Stein had gone for the day n Charles finally got a line to the lquarters of Homicide, Manhattan t. The message would be delivered— s Loren Hartley had called from n's Socony" filling station in a place d Van Brunt; Miss Hartley had she was following somebody. Her e nad not seemed to mean much to detective Charles had spoken to.

ow long ago had Miss Hartley called? rles thought about half an hour. long ago had he talked to the de- ive in New York? Not more than minutes.

eter scrambled through the glove partment of his car for a New York e road map. Van Brunt was above kskill, near the Hudson, on a road h was the thinnest of map lines.

eter started the engine and then, r a few seconds, cut it off. There was anhattan telephone directory in the District Attorney, New York nty. *REctor 2-7300.* Assistant Dis- Attorney Bernard Simmons? One nent, please. Mr. Simmons? Left be ten minutes ago. No, they were supposed—Mr. Sayres calling? Said ive Mr. Sayres his home number, if Sayres happened to call. Peter ed again, and again there was the al of a telephone's ringing. But there no answer.

ack the way he had come on the ritt. Cut off to bypass White Plains, the Saw Mill north and then over ard the river. That seemed the best . He had to guess.

alf an hour ago Loren had called the er, Charles. More than that, now. ought to be safe enough in a filling ion on a public road. Listen to me, *Stay where you are!*

he road was steep and narrow for en. It twisted its way up, climbing from the valley road on a densely wooded hillside. Now and then, when the road turned to run along the side of the hill, she could momentarily glimpse the Hudson through the trees. But then the road would climb again.

There was no sign of habitation; the people who owned the mailboxes at the bottom of the hill must live at its very top. Summer people, weekend people. This road would be impassable in winter.

I've done the wrong thing, Loren thought. This is not a road to anywhere. It will end in someone's front yard. The gray car, and the people in it, are in a trap. The thing to do is to turn around and go back to the filling station, and wait for Peter to come. Then we will get the police, who will block this road.

She came around a blind corner, and pressed down hard on the brake pedal. She stopped within feet of the gray car which blocked the road. A man stood there smoking a cigarette.

"Afternoon, Loren," he said. "Began to be afraid you'd lost us."

I'm being a damn fool, Bernard Simmons thought. Everything points one way and I keep looking another. The girl killed her uncle, to get his money. She killed Lathrop because he tried to put the bite on her. Then she ran. It is as open and shut as Johnny Stein has thought it all along. Why didn't it feel right?

Simmons went over it again in his mind. There was one thing: Robert Campbell existed. The girl hadn't made him up. He was an (*Continued*)

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

assistant office manager in the Los Angeles office of United Solvents. He was on vacation, on a camping trip, and nobody seemed to know where.

Had the girl known that when she dragged him into it—known that a man alone on a camping trip cannot readily prove he has not spent his time in New York City, killing a great-uncle for money?

Simmons had entertained that suspicion until the girl had killed Lathrop and run for it. It wasn't good anymore. Suppose somebody had been trying to frame the girl, that somebody had no reason to kill Lathrop. Lathrop was a witness against the girl, and this "somebody" wanted witnesses against the girl. A signed statement is not as good as a live man—as a man who can look at a woman in court and say, "Yes. She's the one I saw on a bench in Bryant Park."

Lathrop's prints on the glass he had drunk from. The glass which had contained chloral hydrate, as well as whiskey. The girl's prints—but faintly—on the other glass, from which, apparently, only Scotch had been drunk. Defense counsel, Bernard Simmons thought, won't have too much trouble getting around her prints on the glass. You wash a glass and put it on a shelf, and you leave fingerprints on it.

It would be better, Simmons thought, if we could prove Loren Hartley had telephoned Lathrop to drop around and pick up his payoff. *Somebody* had called him at around one o'clock, and the man who had answered the telephone in the downstairs hall of Lathrop's rooming house had said the caller was a woman. But she had given no name, and all Lathrop had been heard to say on the telephone was "Yeah," a couple of times, and "OK" once. Score a doubt for learned counsel, but only a doubt.

Bernard Simmons wondered. Why the hell do I keep worrying at it? She killed them both and is running, and they'll pick her up. Why don't I go home and have a drink?

The telephone was ringing in Simmons's apartment as he stood outside the door. He grabbed for his keys and rushed inside to snatch the receiver.

Nathan Shapiro said, "Something I thought you'd want to hear about."

Simmons said, "Go ahead, Nate."

Detective Nathan Shapiro hadn't bee there when the call came in. Murph ha taken it. Murph hadn't been filled in, s it had taken a while. "One of thos things," Nathan Shapiro said.

Loren Hartley had telephoned in—a least a man who said he was Charles, th Hartley butler, said that she had calle him and had asked him to call the polic A filling station in a place called Va Brunt. By now—by ten minutes ago any way—she wasn't there. Filling statio closed. Trooper sent to look for the ma who ran the station to find out if a youn woman in a white MG had been at i

Simmons said, "You said Van Brunt?

"Yes," Shapiro said, "she apparentl said for the butler to say she was follow ing somebody."

"Only *why* give us a reference poin Nate? If she's running?"

"Probably phony. To send us off i the wrong direction."

"On the other hand," Simmons sai "she was headed that way when th parkway cop spotted her—and let h run." There was some bitterness in th last words.

"Realized she'd been spotted," Natha Shapiro said. "Turned off and went th other way. I don't know, Bernie."

Bernie Simmons said, "Thanks, Nat Keep me filled in, huh?"

He put the receiver back and stood f some seconds looking at it. She really a fool kid, he thought. Either way, a fo kid. If she is following somebody, an following the right people—there's g to be a woman in it somewhere—she following people who've killed twice. she's lying, trying to throw us off, she still a fool kid.

Coincidence it should be Van Brun Simmons thought. He knew a man wh lived in Van Brunt in a hilltop hous with a pretty new wife. If I happened t drive up that way, I could drop in an say hello. It'll be cooler there. The there's that rather pleasant inn.

It's you who's the damn fool, Bern Simmons thought, dressing for a drive the country. You're not a cop. You're lawyer, remember? They get the ev dence; you put it together and put it o the scales. Remember? Dressed in slack and summer jacket, Bernard Simmon went to the telephone. He called Natha Shapiro and told Shapiro that if any thing hot came up it could be passe along by car radio.

Of course Charles knew the sound her voice, Peter reminded himself.

"You're supposed to pet him on the outside."

rse it was she who called and said that was "following them." It wasn't other trick—a lure to lead them nowere. He would find her at this filling tion waiting for him, find her safe. Peter hoped, driving north on the conic.

This seemed, from the map, the best y. Up the Taconic, toward Peekskill—parently into Peekskill. Up Route 9 a rt distance, sharply to the left on the rest tracing of a road. Then 11F, ich was, to the map makers, not much a road. Then ——

There was a sign which read, TOWN VAN BRUNT. The light changed, and drove north on N.Y. 11F, looking for am's Socony."

t was about two miles beyond the t. There was a telephone booth near pumps. The white MG wasn't there. ign on one of the pumps read, CLOSED. Peter Sayres stopped his car and sat some seconds staring at nothing. He hurried to nothing.

There is this, he thought, the place ts. There is a telephone here from ich she could have called, even if the tion was closed. But it may have been n when she was here. She was followsomebody, and stopped to telephone n here. Because she had run out of ? She wouldn't have; she drives on top of the tank. She took time to phone, perhaps to gas up, because, some reason, she had the time. The d to keep close behind the other car been eliminated. Why?

He went into the telephone booth and ked out through its glass sides. A litway up the road he could see a group mailboxes, which meant a private d. A road which led nowhere, except houses up a hill.

f she had seen the car she was followturn up such a road she might have nced it. She had lived most of her life he country. She knew as well as he meaning of a cluster of mailboxes. If ar turns up a road which almost cerly dead-ends, a driver following it take a chance.

Peter Sayres had a logical mind. He ized that his assumptions had no e, except the base of hope. He again d to reach Bernard Simmons at his rtment in New York. Again the phone re rang unanswered.

Then he went back to the car and ed out of the deserted filling station. en he got to the mailboxes, he turned a narrow, steeply climbing road.

Simmons had left the New York Thru for the Saw Mill River Parkway, was a little below Hawthorne Circle en the radio called him.

"Message from Detective Shapiro," radio said. "White MG seen by ng-station attendant at Sam's Sony, north Van Brunt Center. Tank d. Believed to have proceeded north New York 11F. Woman driver. Over."

Bernard Simmons said, "Thanks." He ched to the New York State Police uency, and the air was full of it. en Hartley, wanted for questioning, ight driving white MG sports car, eved proceeding north on New York toward Poughkeepsie. Pick up and l. Age early twenties. Brown hair eyes. Approximately five feet four, hundred and five.

Simmons turned down the volume. It been the girl, then. She had told the h, or part of the truth. Following eone, then. But stopped long enough elephone. Because the car she was following had stopped? Pulled up beside it, or behind it, in a filling station? Then, presumably she hadn't known the occupants, nor thought she would be recognized by them. Didn't look like being this cousin, then.

When he was opposite the Old Stone Inn at Van Brunt Center, Simmons decided he might as well have a look at this filling station. There wasn't anything to see. Simmons slowed, and drove on. He passed a lane leading up the hill and drove on for a mile and pulled off onto the shoulder. Looked, he thought, as if several cars had just used the lane he had passed. Which meant nothing—probably weekenders going home. Still. . . .

Simmons had to drive almost a mile before he found a decent place in which to turn his car around.

What her mind balked at was an entirely inconsequential thing: They did not look their parts. It should show on their faces. If one has planned murder, committed murder, one cannot be unscarred by evil. But when Robert Campbell told Loren that, as things momentarily stood, they did not plan to kill her, because it would "leave things up in the air" he seemed to be precisely the straightforward, reliable man he had been when she first met him. There was no shadow of evil in the blueness of his eyes. There was not even any harshness in his voice.

She had looked for a change when he came back to this little, hidden house ten minutes or so after they had picked her up. She had been certain that now she would see in his face what must have been there always, what she had been blind not to see before.

She had also searched for the evil which must be in Dorothy Campbell's innocent blue eyes. Dorothy Campbell, Robert's sister—also sometimes called Alice Jackson. But Loren had seen only the meaningless prettiness of a round young face above the calm hands holding the revolver.

Robert had said, "Just sit over there, will you, Loren? I won't be a minute."

The woman who had called herself Alice Jackson had sat down opposite her in a straight chair, primly.

Dorothy Campbell looked like a rather pretty, not especially bright, young matron from somewhere out of town. Her cheeks were rouged; her blond hair was tightly rippled.

"He just doesn't want to block the road," Dorothy said, after her brother had gone out. "He's so considerate."

Her voice was small and sweet. It was almost a child's voice.

Loren felt hate rising in her mind.

"Now," Dorothy said, "don't be impatient. He'll take care of everything."

Robert Campbell opened the door and came back into the room. He was carrying a big suitcase.

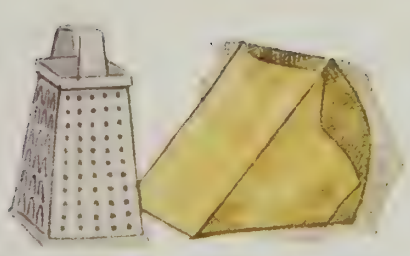
"I'm glad you came back so soon, Robert," Dorothy said. "She's getting impatient, I'm afraid. Did you get it taken care of?"

"Squared away, sis," Campbell said. "According to plan. Won't be too hard to find. And our car's at the bottom of the back road."

He put the big suitcase on the floor. Loren stared at it. It was *her* suitcase.

"Yes," the man said, pleasantly. "Came prepared for a stay in your hideout, Loren."

He squatted down and opened the suitcase and began to take clothes out of it. *My* clothes, Loren (*Continued*)



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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

thought. After they killed the man in my apartment they must have ——

"This is the place you rented a couple of weeks ago," Robert said. He carried the clothes over to a chair and piled them there. "Under an assumed name. When you first planned all of this, Loren."

"We haven't got all the time in the world, you know," Dorothy said. She still sat primly, the little revolver in her soft, plump hands. "She telephoned."

"Before she knew where she'd be," he said. "Don't worry, sis. All as planned."

"Not if somebody comes too soon," the woman said. "I still think the other way's safer."

"We've been over that," he said.

It was, Loren thought, as if she were not there.

"They can't convict her if she's dead," Robert said. "And they'll want to convict somebody."

"If it's suicide, they'll close it up. It'll be as good as if she'd confessed."

"Maybe, but the other way's better." He picked up an armful of clothing from the chair and carried it into another room. He left the door open.

"Suppose they start believing her?" Dorothy asked, raising her voice a little.

He laughed and came back into the living room of the little, hidden house. They had brought her to the house in their sedan, had come, she guessed, half a mile on a narrow road. The gray car had stopped on the road, and they had come down a path to the house which, clinging to the hillside, was lost in trees.

"Would you believe her?" Robert asked his sister. "Who'd believe her? Follows her cousins up here because she thinks they killed both men, but where are the cousins? On a camping trip in California. Have been all along. Picking up supplies regularly."

"I suppose you're right," the woman said. But she spoke slowly, doubtfully. "It's worked all right so far, I guess." She looked, for the first time, away from Loren, toward her brother. Loren's body tensed. There was only a few feet between them. If she had the gun ——

"I wouldn't, cousin," Campbell said. "I really wouldn't. We might have to change our plans. You wouldn't want that, would you? Who knows, maybe this time you can get them to believe you." He laughed again.

The narrow road twisted and climbed. At each lane which branched from it, Peter stopped and saw nothing except houses with no cars parked near them, or lanes which twisted out of view among the trees. It would take a long time to inspect each house to make sure the MG was not parked near it.

I should have waited for help at the filling station, Peter thought. But he went up the narrow road, which grew rougher, less used, as the car climbed. The road did end, high above the Hudson. It ended where a house had been. The house had burned down. It was trail's end, and time wasted.

There was room to turn, to back and crimp and pull ahead. Finally the car faced toward the river. He had made a good many tire tracks as he edged the car around, but there were some tracks he was sure he had not made.

A car had pressed down tall grass, left tracings in dust—and vanished in the underbrush, among trees.

Peter walked the way the car had gone. After a dozen steps he saw sunlight on whiteness. The MG was there, a front wheel deep in a gully.

He searched the underbrush around the car. He looked at leaves, fearing what might stain them.

Perhaps she had not seen the gully, and fumbled the car into it. He drove down the steep lane. At the first branching drive he stopped, and walked up a drive toward a house. It was a one-story house, and a section of it was cantilevered out over the hillside.

There was no real reason for Simmons to think the girl had driven up this lane, or followed another car up it. There was no real reason, come to think of it, that she had been anywhere around here. Speaking on a telephone, a girl can say she is speaking from anywhere.

Bernard Simmons nosed his car into the lane and cut the engine. He left his radio on, from which police conversation still came loudly. He got out of the car, and started to walk up the lane.

It was as if Robert Campbell were talking about a game—a game he had played well, and won and was not above boasting about.

He was telling how he and his sister had arranged to kill a man for his money and see that somebody else was blamed for it; how they had hired a man to pose as a janitor and tell a story, and killed him, too, once the impersonation was completed and the story told. "Didn't miss a trick that I can see," he said. "Got rid of the will—only you did that, didn't you, Loren? So it goes to us, and to you, share and share alike. Only nothing goes to the one who took care of the old man, of course. And, you did that, didn't you, Loren? And got blood on your pretty coat."

She sat and listened, but it was as if somebody else listened. It could not be true. Nobody would ever believe it was true. And that was why he felt free to tell her all about it now.

They would go and leave her there. That was the rest of it. Unless they killed her and made it look like a suicide. It would not really matter. She had nothing to tell that anybody would believe.

They had gone back and forth by pla she supposed. Or he had gone. Flow California and, at the times which fitt bought supplies for their "camping tri Gone back with them into the woo into the hills. Now he walked around room, boasting about his cleverness rubbing all exposed surfaces with a clo After he had wiped, he leaned close the surface and looked across it, tow the light. He rubbed the cloth carefu over Loren's suitcase.

"You're talking a lot, aren't you?" sister said once without taking her e off Loren. "You're very sure they w believe her."

He laughed. "Sister, we're gho Don't you realize that? She's made up. Made it all up. We're thousand miles away, snug in our little tents. haven't been East in years."

"I still think ——" Dorothy said, the little gun fidgeted in her hands

"Just leave it to me," he said. "D bother your pretty head, sis. I k what I'm doing."

He went into the room he had ta Loren's clothes into, and she could him moving there, wiping.

He came out and went through ano door, and left it open. She could see this room. It was a neat, small kitc He wiped the stove and refrigerator the counter. He was very slow, careful. Then he came back into the ing room and looked around to be he had missed nothing.

"Doorknobs when we go," he said guess that does it. Her turn now."

He went back into the room he taken the clothes into and came out a scarf. My scarf, Loren thought, du

He went behind her, the scarf sp between his hands.

Loren said, "No! *No!*" and put hands up to guard her throat.

But he put the scarf over her eye a blindfold, and knotted it hard in b

"Mustn't be so jumpy," he said i pleasant voice. "Not going to hurt y

He pulled her to her feet, came aro the sofa and stood behind her, hol her wrists.

"This is the place you live in," he s "The place you rent to hide out i you leave fingerprints, you know. H there and everywhere." *(Contin*

"Thought you said he didn't like spinach. Looka there, cleaned the bowl right out!"

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

He took her around the room, pressing her fingers down on wood, on metal. Sometimes he pressed all her fingers down; sometimes, his hands hard on hers, he touched only one of her fingers to a surface. Sometimes he twisted the finger so that it would leave only a partial imprint. She could see nothing. After a few moments she lost all sense of where he directed her, of what she touched. Presently she guessed why he had blindfolded her. If I knew where my prints were, she thought, I could go around and rub them out after they had gone. But this way, I could wipe every surface in the house, and still not be sure.

She could tell when they were in the kitchen. There most of what he put her fingers on was cold and hard. They were in the living room again when he said, "Pick it up," and pushed her down and closed her right hand on the handle of her suitcase. She lifted the suitcase, as the pressure of his hands made her do, and they went through the doorway.

"Put it on the bed," he said. "Open it." Her hands obeyed his as they raised the lid of the case. He said, "Thata girl." He left the suitcase open on the bed and began to take her around the room, still pressing her fingers on surfaces which would retain their prints.

She was pulling on a knob to open a drawer when the woman spoke from the other room. Her voice was low, not much more than a harsh whisper: "*Somebody's coming.*"

He pushed Loren from him, with a violence he had not shown before, and she felt herself falling across the bed. She heard his feet, moving fast, first on a rug, then on the bare floor. She twisted to sit up, to tear at the knots in the scarf. The material was soft, and he had pulled the knots tight. At first her anxious fingers slipped from the knotted silk. She worked at the knots for seconds before she realized that that was the wrong way. She pushed the blindfold up from the back of her head and there was pressure on her eyes before it came free. Everything about her seemed unbelievably bright. She turned toward the closed bedroom door, and heard the front door opening, and heard the woman speaking.

"No bother at all," Dorothy Campbell said. "Come on in, won't you?"

"I," a man said, "am looking ——"

Then there was an ugly, soft thud, and the man's voice stopped. There was a heavier sound, and Loren knew that a body had fallen to the floor. She was at the door, tugging at it. The door stuck, then suddenly came free. She looked into the living room.

Campbell was squatting beside a man who lay face downward just inside the open front door. As the bedroom door came open in Loren's hands he turned without rising and said to his sister, abruptly, "Take this." He handed her the revolver. She turned and faced Loren.

Loren looked beyond her at the man on the floor. Red hair; she knew he was Simmons.

Campbell tugged the body along the floor so they could close the front door. It was easy to understand what had happened; Campbell had stood behind the door as his sister opened it, and had struck Simmons with the revolver.

Campbell ran his hands over the red-haired man's jacket, and pulled out a wallet. He sat on his heels, then, reading identification cards. "Well, I'll be damned!"

He turned to his sister, who continued to watch Loren. "Know what we've got?" Campbell said. "We've got an assistant district attorney. Bernard Simmons," he read. "Assistant district attorney, New York County. Think of that."

"You think of it," the woman said, not looking at him. "You're so damn smart. Such a goddam planner."

Campbell sat on his heels and looked at the prostrate man.

"Well," his sister said. "Did you kill him?"

"Shut up," Campbell said. "Of course I didn't kill him."

"Because," the woman said, "he saw me. And he'll know when he comes to that there was somebody else. Somebody to slug him. And we're nobody the girl just made up anymore, are we?" She was no longer the prim woman from the Middle West. She had another voice.

Campbell stood up and looked at Loren. His eyes narrowed a little, and then, quite suddenly, he smiled and nodded. The smile was just as pleasant, as considerate, as always.

"You don't get it, sis," he said, still looking at Loren. "It's right in our hands, and you don't get it. Use your head, sis. Just use your head."

Dorothy did not take her eyes off Loren, and the revolver remained steady. But after a few seconds she said, "Oh," as one might who had suddenly solved a puzzle.

"In words of one syllable," Campbell said, "he comes to arrest her. But she sees him coming down the path and leaves the door a little open and hides behind it and—wham! And then what she's done before. That'll please them. Our little knife-in-the-throat girl."

"If," the woman said, "he was alone."

"Did you see anybody else out there?" Campbell said. He answered for her. "No, you don't, and if anyone were out there he'd be in here by now."

The woman nodded slowly, as if she were not sure.

"Oh," her brother said, "I don't say we haven't got to move right along. Before we go out the back way, and return camping-trip tents."

He stood for a moment longer and looked at Loren, and then he nodded again, and said, "Watch her," and went into the kitchen. He was gone about a minute.

When he came back he carried a round-headed hammer and a kitchen knife. He put the knife on a table.

He held the hammer by the head in a cloth, and held the wooden handle toward Loren.

She was still near the door to the bedroom, and she shrank against the frame. If she could throw herself down and back, through the doorway—kick the door closed behind her . . . It was a thought out of a dream. Dorothy's bullet would move too fast.

"Take hold of it, Loren," Campbell said. "Take a good, firm hold of it. With your right hand, Loren."

She did not move.

"As if you were going to drive a nail," he said. "Or hit a man's head. *Take hold of it!*"

"If you shoot me, your plan falls apart, doesn't it?" Loren said, and was amazed at the steadiness of her own voice.

"It'll be suicide," Campbell said. "You kill him and then you hear the police coming and kill yourself. You'll have a chance the other way. I don't say it's a very good chance but . . ." He shrugged.

Dorothy took another step forward, and held the gun out stiffly, pointing at Loren's head.

"Yes," Campbell said. "Contact wound. Or so near as makes no difference. Well?" The hard little gun was real, and the hardness in the man's voice was real too. *(Continued)*

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FOUR HOURS TO FEAR *continued*

Loren Hartley reached out with her right hand and closed it on the handle of the hammer.

"Good and hard," Campbell said. "That's the girl."

She pressed the handle good and hard.

There had been nobody in the house which was cantilevered from the hillside, nor in the next, a modified salt-box at the end of a long lane, invisible from the road. There was one more lane, and it led off to the left. Peter got out and then, from below, he heard a car radio. It was a rather loud radio; men with metallic voices were talking to one another. A police radio patrol car. It seemed to be standing at the bottom of the hill, waiting for something. He went down and looked at the car. It was not marked as a police car. He walked back to the drive, and toward the house he could not see.

"You'd better wear something of hers," Campbell said to his sister. "Splattery business, sometimes."

"As if I didn't know," she said. "Me again. Always the messy jobs."

"Practice, sis," Campbell said. "You know what it takes. There's a robe. I'll get it."

He went past Loren to the bedroom. *If I can move so he's between me and the gun*, she thought.

He put an arm out, and pushed her aside. He said, "Just stand still," and went into the bedroom. When he came out he was carrying a green silk housecoat.

"Always me," Dorothy said. "Hold this."

He put the hammer down on a table near the center of the room and took the gun. He held it pointed at Loren.

Dorothy Campbell picked up the knife, scraped her thumb across the edge, testing its keenness. She walked over and looked down at the prostrate man.

"Don't be all day about it," Campbell said, an edge to his voice.

"Turn him over on his back," the woman said. "You can do that much." Her tone was entirely matter-of-fact.

Campbell went across the room, sidling, keeping his eyes on Loren, holding the revolver ready. He put his left hand under Simmons's shoulder and started to lift.

And Simmons's body twisted like the body of an endangered cat. His left leg swung up and out, and the swinging foot caught Campbell low in the abdomen. Campbell fell backward, off balance, for an instant sat on the floor.

In that instant the revolver pointed into the air.

Simmons twisted to his feet and his right foot swung in a kick aimed at the gun. But the heavier man rolled away from that, and scrambled to his feet. He was almost ready to fire when Simmons jumped at him, grabbing for the hand that held the gun.

The woman held the knife up above her shoulder. She moved toward the two men as Campbell shoved the lighter man from him, toward his sister. Campbell was for the moment free, and the redhaired man, twisting to regain his balance, staggered toward the knife.

Two long steps had taken Loren to the table and her hand was on the hammer. She did not hold it as one holds a hammer to drive a nail. She held it as one holds a tennis racquet to serve with it, and the hammer went up and then down and away, the girl's body moving with smooth violence in a long-accustomed pattern.

The flying hammer struck Dorothy Campbell on the back of the head. She fell forward, the knife clattering on the floor.

Campbell fired at Loren.

But her body was moving forward, and down, following through as a server's body follows. The bullet went over her moving body.

Simmons tensed to leap again at the bigger man, at the gun, but Campbell backed away and held the revolver up, moving it from side to side, now toward Simmons, now toward Loren. Simmons stood on the balls of his feet, leaning a little forward, but he did not go in against the gun.

And then Campbell began, slowly, carefully, to back toward the door. He reached behind him with his free hand and groped for the knob and pulled the door open. The gun was still ready, still moving from Simmons to Loren. Campbell felt behind him for footing. His face had changed, finally. It was set, the upper lip drawn a little back from his teeth, the eyes very narrow.

Suddenly Loren was conscious of motion. There was an ugly crunching sound. Robert Campbell made a sound—a wordless sound—and fell forward. The revolver skidded on the bare floor to Simmons's feet.

Peter stood in the doorway. He held a stick of firewood in his hand.

The woman on the floor made a low, moaning sound. Her brother made no sound at all.

Then there was a thudding of men running outside.

Simmons went slowly to a chair and sat down.

He smiled. "I think, Miss Hartley," he said, his voice almost blurred. He sat straighter in the chair, with great effort, and said, quite distinctly, "I think you win the hammer throw." Then he fell off the chair.

At the Van Brunt Clinic, Simmons had said nonsense, he'd had concussions before and knew about them. Just tre the concussions of those who had them Robert Campbell, and very likely h sister. What Simmons needed, he sai was a drink. What all three of the needed was a drink, and he knew whe to get one.

They found a corner table in the coc tail lounge of the Old Stone Inn.

Loren sat between the two men, ar Peter had an arm around her to reassu himself that she was there, all in o piece.

Simmons waited until the drinks we served, and said, "The point is, noboc believes in the devious anymore. N really. Oh, the word is applied to u pleasant people you fear are smart than you are. People run into a real devious course of action, and they di miss it as preposterous. Which is wh Campbell counted on, of course. Give girl a story to tell that nobody w believe."

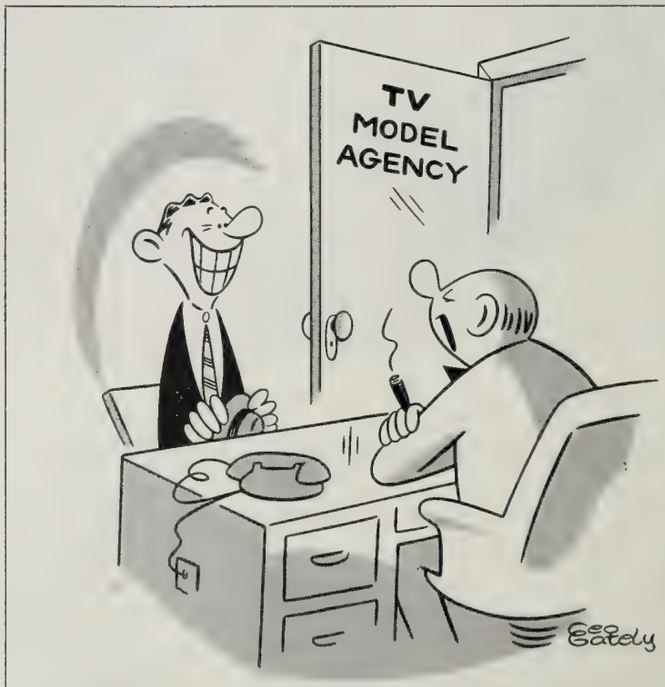
"They almost got away with it," Pet said.

"Covered almost everything, whe you think it over," Simmons said, "e erything that would make you, Mi Hartley, look like an overinventive lia If they had stopped there. But amateu often don't know when to stop. So afra the poor blundering policemen will mi the point that they keep on underlini it. Enticing you up here looks like a mi take now, Miss Hartley, like an ove elaboration. But that's because we caug them."

"You have caught them?" Peter sai "I mean, you won't have trouble pro ing it?"

Bernard Simmons finished his dri and looked at his empty glass. "Tro ble?" Simmons said. "Oh yes, we'll ha trouble. We always have trouble, M Sayres. Murder convictions aren't easi come by. Shouldn't be. But—not t much this time. People can't be in tw places at once, you know. Not in Ca fornia on a camping trip, in New Yo killing people."

He got up from the table, and look down at them. "She'll be handy arou the house, Mr. Sayres. So good wi tools." They watched him walk acro the lounge and out the door.



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Good Night, Mister Mulcahy, Good Night

There was no reason to run anymore. He walked all the way home.

By JAMES T. MAHER

On Sunday mornings Richard Mulcahy had to walk to Mass with his mother and sisters. The discipline nearly destroyed him. This morning he pretended to have a loose shoelace. He knelt on the sidewalk and fussed with the knot of his shoe. When his family had a good lead, he assumed the starting crouch he had studied in the sports pages. He waited tensely for the ghostly starter's gun and drove forward, head low and elbows high. He raced past his mother and sisters, absorbed and forgetful of his Sunday duty.

Richard was the tireless sprinter of Greenwood Avenue in Hawthorne Ridge, Ohio. Neighbors saw him race to the grocery store after school and run from house to house when he delivered campaign literature before election for the Democratic ward leader—his mother. Now he loped, a dream runner, beyond the dry cleaner's, where a hand-lettered placard urgently announced GOD IS COMING, a Protestant notion that seemed to him bizarre, but which sped him on in the anxious certainty that the Lord of Heaven was jogging along only a step behind, grinning.

"Richard!"

His mother's voice, oddly soft in the holy vastness of Sunday morning and filled with the iron nuance of authority, surprised him as he ran; and drew him back, mildly shattered, from his pagan rapture.

"Holy Moses," he said, "I was a full yard ahead of the field and on my way to a new record."

"Did you bring your rosary?" his mother asked him.

"Nope, I dint," he said.

"Did-n't," his mother said.

"Did-n't," he said, thoughtfully. Then he went on: "Mamma, what does ideal mean? Old Jonesy always talks about mixed marriages being against the Catholic ideal. Hey, you notice how he always harps on it when the Warners are at Mass. I bet he's trying to rub it in because Mr. Warner's not a Catholic. Is it the same as idea and he's got it wrong?"

"No. No. But you'd be happy if he were wrong, now wouldn't you?"

"I guess," Richard said.

"An ideal is a goal," his mother said, "the perfect way of doing things. When I was in law school, we learned certain ideals. Doctors learn ideals about serving their fellow men. And priests have very high ideals—even your friend Father Jones, although he talks too much sometimes. Like someone else we know."

"Someone else we know never stops talking," Rose, his older sister, said, not spitefully, but with uneasy concern. Rose did not know that Richard was trapped in a conceit from which he could not now escape (he being on toward fourteen). He had found in conversation a devious way of showing his love to his mother. He had no father, and so could show his father none. His mother's own way with affection was spare, and her manner formal, and she had long ago blunted the swift rush of Richard's feelings.

"Is it in Blackstone's—about lawyers' ideals?" he asked.

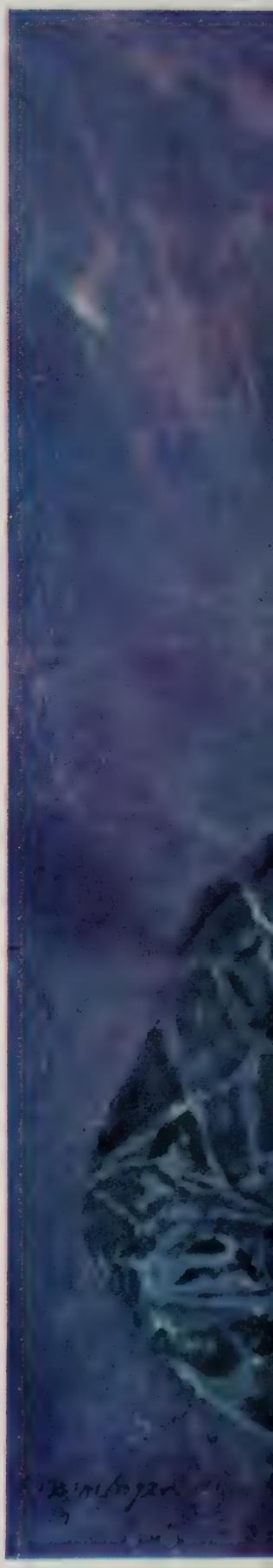
"Why don't you look and see," his mother said.

"The first volume is gone. I think you lent it to somebody."

"I can't remember who it was," she said.

"I'll ask everyone who comes," Richard said.

(Continued)



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Good Night, Mister Mulcahy: Good Night *Continued*

The look on Rose's face plainly said that, Dear Saviour, he *will*. She foresaw disasters of rudeness. A vivid dialogue with her mother formed in Rose's mind:

But why don't you say something to him, Mamma? I know I should, but what can I say? He means no harm, and he's generally right. Yes, Mamma, but it's so annoying. Like last Sunday when he kept interrupting Mr. Collins to tell him that Heywood Broun's name is *Broon* and not *Brown*. Well? Yes, I know, but don't forget the time he told Michael Delaney that Joyce Kilmer wasn't a real Christian because of some poem he wrote about a friend who killed himself, or something. You know what I think, Mamma? He reads too much. And the time we went to the Websters' and they had that man from Goodyear with the very high position for dinner, and Richard told him that dirigibles are no good because of the *Akron*. And *they* built it. And Rose, in her inner ear where the melodrama of Richard's disputes rustled windily for days after the event, could hear her mother saying, Now, now.

After Mass, Richard was allowed to go on alone while his mother and sisters visited on the steps of St. Thomas's in the sunshine. However, if Mr. and Mrs. Fallon were there, Richard would stay too. He greatly admired, and rarely corrected, Mr. Fallon, a man in his late forties, cleanly groomed, stout in the waist, wheedling and courtly, full of gay schemes and dearly meant compliments for Richard's mother and sisters, his eyes glinting with wit and warmth as he suborned the tranquil moment after Sunday Mass with political gossip. He was a precinct committeeman for Richard's mother, the best she had. His wife, Louise, frail and comely and full of gentle praise for Richard, was quietly watchful when Mr. Fallon lurched toward buffoonery. She saved him with a tug on the arm if need be. They talked with great pride about their daughter Ann, who lived in another parish where her husband had grown up and served Mass as a boy.

After such visits, filled now with hopeful speculations about new WPA projects for the county, Richard leaped down the steps and raced home, his white linen Sunday knickers clinging to his legs. . . .

After dinner Rose and Kathleen started the dishes. Richard cleared the table and then went to his room to do his homework. He was trying, for the fifth time, to diagram a sentence when the telephone downstairs rang. He came out of his room and went to the top of the stairs. His sisters, Kathleen and Rose, stopped doing the dishes long enough to find out who was calling.

"Mr. Fallon," their mother said. "He's coming over."

"Oh hang," Kathleen said. "I wanted to listen in tonight. Rudy Vallee's on."

When the doorbell rang, Richard was sitting on the little landing at the top of the stairs, ready. He could listen without being seen, and he could lean forward and look through the stair railing down into the front room. He liked when men came to their house.

"Come in, Mr. Fallon. Do come in," his mother said. "How is everything at home, and with Ann and the children?"

"Just fine, thank you," he said, and he greeted the girls, bowing to e

"I'm dyeing a scarf," Kathleen s "Chiffon. In the new sunburst patt so if you'll excuse me."

Richard ducked back into his r until Kathleen had come upstairs, cl the bathroom door, and started the ter in the basin to mix her dyes. The went back to the landing. He heard H excuse herself to finish the pans.

Richard edged forward for his look. Mr. Fallon was seated on the l comfortable seat in the front room mahogany settee. He sat forward tow the edge and he had his feet locked un neath him. His hands gripped the e He looked down at a worn spot in the

"Where's Dick?" he asked.

"In his room studying," Richa mother said.

"Dear God, if he learns anymore ruin us all." Mr. Fallon started to la softly at some recollection. "The o day he asked me if God was so knowing and all-powerful, why He di create the Catholics first and then Jews. 'Then Jesus could have bee Catholic,' he said. And then he wa to know if I had ever thought wha might have been like if Luther had come Pope."

"He wrote a theme on Luther school," Richard's mother said.

"You *let* him?" Mr. Fallon said.

"It was for history," Richard's mo said. "You can't prevent history."

"No, I guess not," Mr. Fallon sai

Silence.

Mr. Fallon rocked slightly at the of the settee, and Richard settled to listen.

"Did you see Gower?" Mr. Fa asked.

"I couldn't get in to him tod Richard's mother said. "I went u headquarters at noon and waited as as I could. He sent out word with McNamara. Ed said they have a li five hundred men for a dozen jobs. Republican trouble in Congress slowed up the highway projects. The out to kill the WPA."

"Never," Mr. Fallon said. Then, so almost as though he were thinking al "Dammit, they're just not human their kind were starving they might gin to understand. They hate a ma get a few hours on the highway f pittance of scrip."

Richard had never heard Mr. Fa talk with such bitterness. He leaned ward again for another look. The lamp on the gate-leg table with its le shade of parti-colored glass cast a glow on Mr. Fallon's white hair. forehead had begun to glisten. He stopped rocking. Richard sat back, arms tightly folded against his stom

"You couldn't even get one da *single day?*" Mr. Fallon asked.

"I'm going in again tomorrow," R ard's mother said. "I go in every d can. But don't forget we got ten day Carl Bednash and two weeks for J Zembach, and Zembach got drunk the foreman had to send him home.

"I know," Mr. Fallon said. "F John. He's a simple sort—scared death. He can barely speak English, he thinks the whole world has falle on him."

Mr. Fallon rubbed the back of hand on his lips

"It's fallen in on all of us," he ad

His voice whispered off into sile

Richard leaned forward to look a mother. She sat straight up in her chair. Her fingers usually brushed sl

ck and forth across the lace squares in e arms of the chair; now they lay in lap clasped together. Richard was zzled: he wondered why she kept let- g the conversation die out. She seemed be waiting.

'*Margaret*," Mr. Fallon said. One rd—so quietly said that Richard barely ard it.

'Yes, Tom," his mother said.

Richard had never heard Mr. Fallon l his mother by her first name.

'It's not for Zembach. Or for Bed- sh. Or old man Porter—or anybody e. It's for me," Mr. Fallon said. His ce had not risen much above a whisper.

'But, Tom, why didn't you say so— eks ago? I thought you could go a r. What happened?"

Mr. Fallon drew his arms tight against sides. His head dipped between the low of his hunched shoulders.

'Is there trouble in the family, Tom?" hard's mother asked.

'Bad trouble," he said. "Ann's hus- nd tried to kill himself—early in the nmer. We couldn't say anything. How ld we? You know how people are out that. It was terrible. He took rat son. Imagine, *rat poison*. He's been in other of Mercy Hospital. He's coming ough now, but he'll never come home. s his mind. Something happened. 've kept quiet and paid the bills and ped Ann all we can. He doesn't even w he has three children. Oh, God in ven. . . ."

'I'm sorry, Tom."

'I have thoughts myself now I've er had before in my life."

'We all do these days, Tom," Rich- 's mother said.

'I wonder if we'll ever be the same in when this depression's over—if it's r over," Mr. Fallon said.

He paused to wonder at the limitless ht of his thoughts.

'This morning I gave Louise some ney for the house," Mr. Fallon went "She doesn't know it's almost the money we have. I've never been aid before, at least not like this, until n's husband tried to kill himself. It's posed to be a sin, isn't it? But can a n be dead with no compassion for n? George was a fine boy. Oh, God, en to me—I sound like he's really d. The nuns saved him. They simply uldn't let him die. But that night that n called us—it did something to me. e I was badly hurt when I was laid Twenty years with the same com- y and down the drain. But that night lt the terror that makes a man want top living. Margaret, there are some igs the Church doesn't know about pair. It's so easy to make rules. So . . . . This morning I gave Louise dollars and then left the house. I en't gone back. I'm afraid."

t started while Mr. Fallon was talk- a snuffling sound when he took his ath between words. Then, in the si- e, a great sob filled the room. Mr. on wept.

Richard had never seen a man cry be- . He leaned well forward, doubled r his folded arms, and watched his her for a clue. He heard the kitchen r squeak. Rose was listening too.

Richard's mother remained silent. Her s were closed and her head was high inst the back of the chair.

I'm afraid," Mr. Fallon said again. His tears fell to his thighs. Richard him let go of the edge of the settee. Mr. Fallon brought his hands up in t of his chest—soft, white, clerkly; hands that had never been warped to a shovel.

"We're all afraid," Richard's mother said. "Every house must have some fear in it these days. When I lost my practice I was afraid. Then when the bank foreclosed this house I was even more afraid. You hide fear from the children and sometimes you can hide it from yourself, but sooner or later you know it's there and has to be dealt with. If you try to pretend you're not afraid, then is when the real trouble sets in. Maybe Ann's husband pretended too long. And listen, Tom, rent and grocery bills are enough to scare anyone. Louise would tell you that. Anyone with real pride knows you have to face up to honest trouble."

There was a lean rage in her words, but she spoke evenly and without raising her voice.

Mr. Fallon pushed the palms of his hands against his eyes.

"My God, my God," he said.

He shook his head. "What a terrible thing to do in your house, Margaret," he said.

Richard became aware that Kathleen was sitting on a stair above him, listening. She was holding the dyed scarf by the corners.

The house was still.

"We need some coffee," Richard's mother said.

She went to the kitchen, and the sound of voices could be heard behind the kitchen door.

When she came back she was laughing to herself.

"What?" Mr. Fallon asked.

"Carl Bednash," she said.

"Oh, that one," Mr. Fallon said. "What did he do now?"

"He must have been paid for the ten days we got him," Richard's mother said. "So he came down to the courthouse yesterday looking for me. The judge doesn't like people coming in there on precinct work. But he got in and found his way to my desk. I could hear his terrible English coming down the aisle."

Mr. Fallon smiled, and said, "But he's such a cheerful banty of a man," he added.

"I knew there was no stopping him," Richard's mother went on, "so I just sat and waited. The first thing I saw coming was that terrible yellow hat."

Richard's mother was practicing an Irish black art, and Richard was learning it in a sure school. A music formed in the air about him, a music to give wing to the cadence of hope that lay buried in his marrow. He was absorbed by his mother's story, and Mr. Fallon was so bemused that his own small embellishments came unbidden, and his eyes shone.

Richard's mother began to tremble with laughter. She reached under her arm and touched her back. Richard knew a corset stay was digging her as she laughed.

". . . and he put the sweaty hat down on my desk and reached into his pocket for change. He took a quarter and threw it down on my desk."

She brushed a gathering film from her eye.

"And he said, 'Get yourself a sandwich.'"

"A *sand*wich!" Mr. Fallon rocked forward on the settee. "He gave *me* a cigar . . . oh my God, that's it! He couldn't buy you a cigar . . . 'Get yourself a sandwich.' Oh my God. Oh saints in heaven."

There were tears in his eyes again.

Rose came in with *(Continued)*

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VA DOUCHE POWDER

Good Night, Mister Mulcahy, Good Night *Continued*

the coffee. "Good gravy," she said, "what's so funny?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell it again, Rose. Not just now."

Richard and Kathleen had forgot entirely about Rudy Vallee. When Richard came downstairs into the front room, Mr. Fallon asked him, "Say, Dick, do you know Carl Bednash?"

"Yeah," Richard said. "I hate to answer the phone when it's him."

Mr. Fallon's laughter started up again. He stirred his coffee and drank it slowly.

"Are you for a big navy?" Richard asked him.

"Why?"

"I just wondered," Richard said. "We had a debate at school today. I was against a big navy. The other kid won, but I was right. Kids don't understand politics."

"I see," Mr. Fallon said.

Richard then asked Mr. Fallon if he thought all the banks would open up again someday.

"Let's hope so," Mr. Fallon said.

"It says in the paper tonight there's another talk on the radio by the President next month," Richard said. "I hope he really gives it to them."

When he had finished his coffee, Mr. Fallon said he must get on home.

"I'll walk to the corner with you," Richard said. "And I think I'll light a candle tomorrow," he added.

"Why?" his mother said.

He avoided her eye. "No reason in particular," he said. "Maybe for the Jews to become Catholics."

"Unlikely," Mr. Fallon said.

They were all at the door.

"I'll be going in at lunch again tomorrow," Richard's mother said to Mr. Fallon. "It could be the day."

The great maples on the tree lawns along Greenwood Avenue formed an arcade above Richard and Mr. Fallon. Their footsteps echoed lightly. The air was soft and the evening still. When they reached the corner a streetcar rumbled by, and without a word Richard continued to walk along with Mr. Fallon.

"What do you think about Protestants?" Richard asked him.

"I really don't think about them much, Dick," Mr. Fallon said.

"All these guys I run around with are Protestants," Richard said. "We're good friends, I guess, but it puzzles me 'cause they really hate us."

"What makes you say that?"

"That's what the nuns warned us when we had to quit boarding school when Mamma lost her practice. And during the Al Smith campaign the guys at school told a lot of dirty stories about nuns and priests."

"But you said you're friends now," Mr. Fallon said.

"Yeah. I make friends easily. So does Kathleen. But Rose had it tough. She was scared. Rose is very pious. She gets gaga about priests. But, not me. It was different at boarding school. Everyone was Catholic except for two Jewish boys. One was almost my best friend."

Richard suddenly stopped. "Anyway, they can't get into heaven," he said.

"Who?" Mr. Fallon asked.

"The Protestants," Richard said.

Mr. Fallon almost asked *why?* He saved himself from the abyss by suddenly changing the conversation: "Do you still want to be a lawyer, Dick?"

"No. It's too—it isn't exciting enough. I've decided to be a reporter," Richard said. "Reporters get all the inside dope. Even stuff that isn't printed. There's a guy who covers the courthouse who told Mamma that when they found Councilman Field's body, with his tongue pinned to the lapel of his coat. You know what that meant? It was a warning to everyone who knew anything not to testify in the public-parks scandal. And you know who started the whole thing? A reporter for the *Citizen*. He exposed the whole scandal. Boy."

They passed St. Thomas's, and Mr. Fallon blessed himself and said, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph."

"Priests make me sore sometimes," Richard said.

Mr. Fallon headed him off: "They're not saints, Dick," he said.

Richard half-heard, half-imagined the whispered prayer. He could sense Mr. Fallon's lips moving quietly, privately

A protest surged from Richard's mind, a quicksilver cry against—against God's fierce ways, so hard for a boy to survive. But, at a great depth, Richard shuddered. A wild, disarming happiness seized his throat in the ritual privacy of that instant. The queer joy of silence struck him dumb.

The sound of their footsteps, the slight rasp in Mr. Fallon's short breaths, made Richard feel very close to his older companion. The stillness touched him.

The lights of a drugstore across the street glittered in the darkness. All the other store fronts were dark.

"Can you wait a minute, Mr. Fallon?" Richard asked. "Kathleen wants the new Hit-of-the-Week record. It'll only take a sec."

Richard had run halfway across the car tracks before Mr. Fallon could answer him.

Sometime, sometime, Mr. Fallon thought, he's going to have to start walking.

Richard ran back across the street with the paper record.

"Kathleen likes Anson Weeks best right now, but Rose still thinks George Olsen is better," Richard said. "My favorite on the radio is Casa Loma. I like to hear the dance bands when I can stay up late."

Richard was suddenly silent again. He fitted his stride to Mr. Fallon's, and from the corner of his eye he noticed that Mr. Fallon held his hands clasped behind his back and pursed his lips.

They had gone another block when Mr. Fallon said, "I haven't danced for years."

The remark lay on the air; Richard waited for Mr. Fallon to say something more, but he didn't.

"Mr. Fallon," Richard said.

There was no answer. Richard waited.

"Mr. Fallon."

"Yes, Dick?"

"Don't worry."

Mr. Fallon was silent. His breath sighed out of him in a long thread of fatigue.

"I was sitting at the top of the steps," Richard said. "Kathleen too—part of the time. She made me promise to tell you we're sure you'll get a swell job. Not just on the highway, but a *real* job. She's going to say a rosary every day. Girls pray better. I'm going to light a candle for you."

"Not for the Jews?"

"I made that up," Richard said.

They had come to the corner of Mr. Fallon's street.

"But I'd like to talk to you about the Jews sometime," Richard said. "I like them. I know a Jewish lawyer who went to Harvard. He comes to supper and we have long talks."

"Naturally," Mr. Fallon said.

They stood under the corner streetlight. A big semitrailer truck rumbled by, and Richard waited for it to pass.

"Gee, this is a nice talk, Mr. Fallon," he said.

He turned away and watched the truck disappear.

"There's something I'd like to tell you. About me," he added. "See, every month when the rent bill comes from the bank Mamma puts it in the drawer of the gate-leg table. That bill scares me. I'm afraid of the bank. Every day I look to see if she has opened the bill and paid it. See, she doesn't know it, but I steamed the bill open once when I didn't know what it was, and there was a notice in it. They said they were going to evict us. I was scared. I didn't even tell Kathleen. I was going to run away so it wouldn't cost so much for food."

"No, Dick," Mr. Fallon said. "You can't run out on the family, even if you're scared to death. A man doesn't do that—and you're the only man they've got."

Richard took his tweed cap off and rubbed his hand through his hair.

They stood together a moment longer, and Richard was restive. Last-minute thoughts flowed through his mind, then halted.

"I guess I'd better go now," he said. "Good night, Mr. Fallon."

Mr. Fallon extended his hand. Richard looked at it, then awkwardly held out his own. Mr. Fallon shook it warmly.

"Good night, Mister Mulcahy, good night," Mr. Fallon said. "It was a grand talk we had."

He turned and started to walk up the street.

"Good night," he called back.

Richard waved and started home. He tucked Kathleen's record under his arm and pressed it carefully against the side of his chest. He then drew his arms back slowly and clasped his hands behind his back. He began to sing the song *Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore.*

Richard sang slowly, and the solemn melody pleased him. He was deeply happy. The engine in his bones was idle now. He walked all the way home. ■

CHOICE

By Barbara A. Jones

He wondered just which girl
he'd choose
Of all the many girls he knew;
Which girl he'd pick at
choosing time,
Say, maybe, in a year or two.

And while he wondered on
this thing,
This vital choice, he strolled
about
With Judy of the quiet eyes,
With Judy, who had picked
him out.

Here

or here

or here

or here

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LUNCH *continued from page 76*

SEAFOOD LOUISIANA IN AVOCADO

- *4 large avocados*
- *Cooked meat from 2 whole (1½-lb.) lobsters or 4 lobster tails*
- *1 lb. shrimp, shelled and deveined (fresh or frozen)*
- *½ lb. crabmeat (cooked fresh, canned or frozen)*
- *1 teaspoon shrimp spice*
- *1 cup mayonnaise*
- *2 tablespoons French dressing (oil-and-vinegar type)*
- *½ cup chili sauce*
- *1 tablespoon minced onion*
- *2 teaspoons lemon juice*
- *2 tablespoons capers*
- *2 teaspoons bottled horseradish*
- *½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce*
- *1 teaspoon salt*
- *Dash pepper*
- *Lettuce (garnish)*
- *Lemon wedges (garnish)*

(1) Prepare the seafood and sauce early on the morning of the luncheon. Cut the lobster meat into bite-size pieces. Cook the shrimp in boiling water until they turn pink (5–7 minutes); for extra flavor add 1 teaspoon shrimp spice tied in a little cheesecloth. (If you are unable to get shrimp spice, use about 4 peppercorns, 3 allspice, 2 cloves and ½ bay leaf.) Carefully pick over the crabmeat, removing any bones. Cover and refrigerate seafood while you prepare the sauce. (2) In a small bowl mix together all remaining ingredients except garnish. Pour over seafood and mix well. Cover and refrigerate 2–3 hours to blend flavors. (3) To serve, carefully cut avocados in half. Remove pits and brush cut surfaces with lemon juice. Spoon seafood in centers, heaping it generously. Serve on lettuce and garnish with lemon wedges. Makes 8 servings. You can use just one type of shellfish in this recipe, if you prefer; use enough to equal the total amount of shellfish called for above.

VANILLA VELVET

Vanilla Velvet:

- *1 quart milk*
- *2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon farina*
- *1 cup sugar*
- *5 teaspoons unflavored gelatin*
- *1 teaspoon vanilla*
- *2 teaspoons grated lemon rind*
- *1 cup heavy cream, whipped to soft peaks*

Strawberry Sauce:

- *3 tablespoons sugar*
- *1 tablespoon cornstarch*
- *3 tablespoons lemon juice*
- *1¼ cups orange juice*
- *¼ teaspoon almond extract*
- *½ cup toasted slivered almonds*
- *2 cups sliced fresh strawberries*

For best results make the Vanilla Velvet the night before the luncheon. (1) Measure the milk into a large saucepan. Mix together the farina, sugar and gelatin; add to the milk. (2) Heat to boiling point, stirring constantly, then simmer, stirring occasionally for 12 minutes. Cool. Stir to prevent a film forming. (3) When mixture begins to thicken, add the vanilla and lemon rind. Fold in the whipped cream. Spoon into a 6-cup ring mold and chill overnight or several hours until firm. *Sauce:* (4) Mix together the sugar, cornstarch, lemon and orange juices. Bring to a boil, stirring; lower heat and simmer until sauce is clear and thickened, about 10 minutes. Cool. (5) Stir in almond extract. Just before serving, stir in the almonds and the strawberries. Makes about 4 cups sauce. (6) To serve, run knife or small spatula around the edge of mold; dip mold quickly into hot water and invert on serving plate. Spoon some of the sauce in the center and pass the rest. Makes 8 servings.

MENU II

SPRING SOUP

- *6 large beets, scrubbed, without tops*
- *4 carrots, scraped and sliced*
- *1 stalk celery, sliced*
- *9 cups water*
- *2 (1-lb.) cans tomatoes*
- *¾ cup chopped onion*
- *2 egg whites*
- *2 egg shells*
- *1 teaspoon sugar*
- *½ teaspoon whole cloves*
- *½ teaspoon whole allspice*
- *½ teaspoon cherril*
- *1 teaspoon salt*
- *Chopped parsley (garnish)*

(1) Put beets, carrots and celery in a large kettle. Add the water. Cook, covered, until beets are tender, about 1 hour. Carefully pour off the liquid into a bowl. (You will not use the vegetables, just the liquid. Use the beets in a salad.) (2) In another pan, cook the tomatoes, onion, egg whites, shells, sugar and seasonings for half an hour. Strain through cheesecloth, squeezing out all the juice. (The liquid will be clear.) (3) Combine beet-juice and tomato-juice mixtures. Taste for seasonings. This soup is delicious served hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley, or served ice cold, "on the rocks." Makes about 3 quarts soup, 8–12 servings. *Note:* Spring Soup may be made weeks in advance, as it freezes well.

CREPES THEODORA

Crepes:

- *4 eggs*
- *1¾ cups milk*
- *1½ cups flour*
- *1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine*
- *½ teaspoon salt*
- *¼ teaspoon baking powder*
- *¼ cup chicken broth*
- *2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese*
- *1 can (4-oz.) water chestnuts, chopped*
- *1 teaspoon salt*
- *⅛ teaspoon pepper*

Filling:

- *2 (10-oz.) packages frozen chopped broccoli*
- *2 tablespoons butter or margarine*
- *2 tablespoons chopped onion*
- *1 can (6-oz.) chopped mushrooms, drained*
- *2 tablespoons flour*
- *½ cup light cream*

Sauce:

- *¼ cup butter or margarine*
- *¼ cup flour*
- *1¾ cups light cream*
- *2 cups milk*
- *1½ cups grated Parmesan cheese*
- *2 teaspoons prepared mustard*
- *1 teaspoon salt*

(1) For the crepes, beat the eggs slightly. Stir in the milk and the flour. Beat until smooth. Add butter or margarine, salt and baking powder. Beat smooth. Let stand 5 minutes. (2) Brush a 6-inch skillet lightly with a little butter or margarine. When pan is hot, add 3–4 tablespoons batter to skillet, tipping skillet quickly so batter will run around pan thinly and completely cover bottom of pan. Turn heat down and let cook through; they need not be turned, but bottom should be golden. If crepes are too thick, use less batter. Stack crepes, cover with a towel and keep warm in a slow oven. Yield: 20 crepes. (3) Filling: Cook broccoli according to package directions. Do not allow to overcook. Drain well. In a saucepan, melt the butter or margarine. Sauté the onion and mushrooms until lightly browned

Stir in the flour. Add the cream and chicken broth slowly and cook, stirring until thickened. (4) Mix in remaining filling ingredients, including the broccoli. The mixture will be quite thick. Taste for seasonings; add salt and pepper if needed. (5) Sauce: Melt butter or margarine and stir in flour. Add cream and milk. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add remaining sauce ingredients and cook gently until smooth and cheese has melted completely. (6) To assemble the crepes, spread each with filling, roll up and place seam side down in 2 greased shallow casseroles. Pour sauce over all and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25–30 minutes, until bubbly and slightly browned. Makes 8 servings, 2 crepes each. *Note:* The crepes may be made a day before, kept covered and refrigerated. Or make them a week in advance and freeze them. To freeze: separate each crepe with a piece of waxed paper, then wrap the stack entirely in foil. The sauce and the filling may be prepared the night before or the morning of the luncheon. Assemble crepes for baking (without sauce) about an hour before guests arrive. Thirty minutes before serving, heat sauce, pour over crepes and bake.

RASPBERRY MERINGUES GLACÉES

Meringues:

6 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups sugar

Raspberry Cream Sherbet:

2 (10-oz.) boxes frozen raspberries, thawed
1 can (6-oz.) frozen lemonade concentrate
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
Candied violets (garnish)

Meringues: (1) Have egg whites at room temperature. Beat until frothy. (2) Add cream of tartar and salt and beat until soft peaks form. (3) *Very gradually* (a tablespoon at a time) sprinkle the sugar over egg whites, beating continually until very stiff and glossy, and sugar is completely dissolved. Test by rubbing a bit of the meringue between your fingers; you should not be able to feel any grains of sugar. (4) Draw eight 3-inch circles on brown paper cut to fit 2 baking sheets. Spread a spoonful of meringue on each circle to form a base. (5) With a frosting gun and star tip make small stars around the edge of the circle. They should just touch each other. Continue to build circles of stars until the meringue is about 1½ inches high (about 3 rows). (6) Bake in a very slow oven, 250° F. for 1 hour. Turn the oven off and cool for another hour in the oven with the door ajar. Makes 8 meringues. Sherbet: (7) Buzz together in a blender the raspberries and lemonade concentrate. Strain. (8) Carefully fold in the whipped cream. Spoon into two freezer trays, cover with foil, and freeze overnight. Makes about 1½ quarts sherbet, 8 servings. (9) To serve, scoop sherbet into meringues, add candied violets. *Note:* Make the meringues several days before the party, arrange on trays, cover with foil, and freeze. On the morning of the party, remove from freezer, fill them with sherbet and return to freezer until serving time.

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MENU III

ROSÉ WINE COOLER

1 large bottle rosé wine
1 bottle (7-oz.) soda water
8–9 tablespoons frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed
Dash of grenadine

Have all ingredients well chilled. To serve, mix all ingredients together. If you like a sweeter drink, add a little more lemonade. Pour over crushed ice in tall glasses. Makes 8 servings.

CHICKEN MONTEREY WITH PECAN PILAF

2 (3½-lb.) frying chickens, cut up
¾ cup flour
2 teaspoons seasoned salt
¾ teaspoon tarragon
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 lb. mushrooms, wiped and sliced
3 cups chicken broth
1 chicken bouillon cube
1 tablespoon Curaçao (optional)
6 cups hot cooked rice
1 cup coarsely chopped pecans
Mandarin oranges (garnish)
Green grapes (garnish)

(1) Mix the flour with 1 teaspoon seasoned salt and the tarragon. Coat chicken pieces with seasoned flour and let dry a few minutes. Save remaining flour. (2) Melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in a large skillet. Sauté a few pieces of chicken on both sides until golden. Transfer to a baking pan. Repeat until all pieces are browned. (3) Add mushrooms to skillet and cook a few minutes to brown lightly. Spoon over chicken in baking pan. (4) Add remaining 3 tablespoons butter or margarine to the skillet. Stir in ¼ cup of the reserved seasoned flour. Add the chicken broth and bouillon cube. Cook, stirring, until smooth and thickened. Add Curaçao, if you like. Pour sauce over chicken and mushrooms. Cover tightly with foil. Bake until tender, about 1 hour in a slow oven, 325° F. (5) For Pecan Pilaf, toss the hot rice with the pecans. Taste for seasoning and adjust. To serve, arrange chicken pieces on a bed of the Pecan Pilaf, spoon a little sauce over all and pass the rest. Garnish with clusters of mandarin oranges and grapes. Makes 8 servings. *Note:* Chicken Monterey may be prepared the night before the luncheon. Refrigerate chicken and sauce (combined in baking pan) until about 1 hour and 20 minutes before you plan to serve it. Bake, according to directions, allowing another 10–15 minutes longer. Recipe is easily doubled for a crowd. To save time use two skillets to brown the chicken.

SPICED MACÉDOINE OF FRUITS WITH GINGER-APRICOT SAUCE

1 pineapple, peeled, cored and cubed or 4 cups (drained) canned or frozen
2 cups blueberries (fresh or frozen without sugar)
2 (10-oz.) packages frozen peaches, thawed
1 pint strawberries, washed and hulled
Mint (garnish)

Ginger-Apricot Sauce:

½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1¼ cups pineapple juice
1 can (12-oz.) apricot nectar
1 tablespoon lemon juice

(1) Prepare the sauce first (it may be made several days in advance; store it in a tightly covered container and refrigerate). Mix together the sugar, cornstarch, nutmeg, ginger and lemon rind. Stir in remaining ingredients and mix until smooth. (2) Bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer, stirring, until smooth and thickened, about 10 minutes. Cool stirring occasionally to prevent a film forming, then chill. Makes about 3 cups sauce. (3) Prepare fruits early on the morning of the luncheon. Sprinkle peaches with a little lemon juice to prevent darkening. Taste fruit for sweetness, add sugar if needed. Cover and chill. To serve, alternate layers of fruit in tall glasses. Top with a few strawberries. Spoon on the sauce until it just covers the fruit. Garnish with sprigs of mint. Makes 8 servings. *Note:* Any combination of fresh, canned, or frozen fruit may be used with this sauce according to your preference. ■

The mother of the groom

By VIRGINIA TAYLOR KLOSE

It's a good trick if you can lose a son without actually making a fool of yourself.

In a recent tabulation of vital statistics I read that the month of June will see more than 200,000 American girls pushing their fathers toward bankruptcy to the strains of wedding marches and the pop of champagne corks. Since it takes two to tango, there will be an equal number of grooms—a joyous thought to caterers, shop owners, engravers, florists and purveyors of tents, services and booze.

Lurking somewhere in the background will be armies of fidgety parents. And, since I have become one of them, a mother of a groom, I would say that the parental group would do well to keep lurking—far to the rear.

There are all kinds of advice for the wedding, but nowhere is there anything meaty, barring the bride, into which the mother of the groom can sink her teeth. How is this woman supposed to perform during the tribal dance in which her darling boy is snatched from her loving clutches?

After a great deal of soul-searching and interviewing of friends I have concluded that the groom's mother should realize she is like a traveler on an intercity bus: She must leave the driving to them—the bride and the bride's parents. Theirs is the chore of deciding whether it's a one-tent, two-tent or no-tent wedding, whether the invitations will be from Tiffany's or the corner card shop.

If she is a Tennessee Williams type, this may be a traumatic experience. But she must reevaluate her mother-son relationship and remind herself constantly that whether he eats properly, gets enough sleep or wears his raincoat is no longer her problem. She mustn't be caught discussing with him anything more important than getting his laundry into the hamper by Monday.

Of course, she may discover that Junior is down to three shirts, and where did he hide the underwear? And off she goes on a sentimental buying spree, trying to recapture that departed image of indispensability she had when Her Boy was fed, watered and prodded to brush his teeth after every meal.

That she will come home from this binge with the wrong type of shorts, shirts and pajamas may bother Her Boy. But Mummy, for one delirious day of shopping, will feel *needed again*. And this will have as heady an effect as a double Martini. If Her Boy is smart, he'll indulge the poor thing and pretend to be delighted, even if he never unwraps the merchandise.

Just let the groom's mother remember that this brief lapse into the old maternal role doesn't put her back in the driver's seat as the mother figure. She must keep reminding herself, in spite of such intervals of careless rapture, that she's a has-been. Who needs her? She has a walk-on in the big show, and if she plays it right, she comes on small. No ad libs. No scene stealing. No pictures, please. Banquo's ghost, Harvey and the Blithe Spirit should be Mummy's models for this charade. And she'd do well to learn all their stage directions.

When she's got these parts in hand she can go through the whole show without an idiot card. A certified cretin can see the blessings attached to this form of nonperformance. While keeping her distance and a civil tongue, the groom's mother can have a relaxing time napping, reading or digging up last year's gladiolus bulbs. Free as a bird, happy as a clam, she's only the auditor of the premarital loot song. This consists of an infinite number of showers given by well-meaning wretches who repeatedly tap the same victims for worldly goods in honor of the coming merger.

The tons of tissue and gift wrap, the delighted shrieks as each offering is passed around for beady-eyed comparison, and the cups of pale punch at the end, all can be skipped if the groom's mother has had the foresight to live at least 500 miles from the scene.

Casting about for good advice, I wrote to a cousin who recently saw her son married. She wrote back that the most important thing was to send in our guest list on time, and sit tight while the bride's parents cut it down. And afterward, to tell no family business to our son, unless we wished it bandied about the Other House. Actually, she said, her main problem now is that her daughter-in-law won't call her by her first name, and my cousin refuses to be called Mother by someone she hasn't produced.

When I read this to my husband, he looked at me thoughtfully and said, "Well, I imagine your problem is also going to be what you are called."

"You mean when I'm not around?"

"Well, yes," he admitted.

Our guest list poses no problem for us, because my husband's family and mine are almost extinct, and what's left live far from the scene. What's more, I can't imagine any of these dwindling kinsmen wanting to take the time or spend the money to witness the joining. All the world loves a lover, but not at transcontinental jet fares.

Another fringe benefit the mother of the groom gains from her noncombatant status is in being disengaged from the makeup of the wedding party. The question of who's in, who's out, is academic for her, because she hears very little of the awful primaries. In quiet moments of introspection she may find herself hoping that none of her son's ushers appear at the church in sneakers or an untrimmed beard, but beyond that her mind can be a blank. Occasionally she may ask her son casually, "By the way, aren't you going to ask John to be in your wedding party?"

At which point the future groom may look at her absently and mumble: "Unh-unh. Say, where's my overnight case? The one I used to have at college." Since he may have been out of college for years, you are unwilling to admit that you donated it years ago to a worthy charity.

So, being a woman, dogged as well as crafty, you go back to worrying the original bone. "Well, why *aren't* you going to ask John to be in your wedding party?"

"Mother, *please!* For heaven's sake, don't sweat it!"

That leaves you free to brood over having brought him up to say "perspire"—on the good Victorian precept that only horses did the other. You may also brood about a great many other things for which—if they became public—you might be sued for libel. But as long as you brood in secret you'll still be on the team—benched, but still on.

Occasionally, I understand, a mother with a touch of anxiety neurosis is tempted to offer a suggestion here and there. It may be an innocent feeling she expresses. Perhaps a wistful thought that she really doesn't look good in blue, and would prefer a rose in her teeth to the traditional floral display on the left shoulder. Or she might let slip the fact that she thinks small weddings are lovely and two-tent affairs are for the birds.

From the example of several contemporaries who have ad-libbed themselves into this trap I recognize such remarks as devastating. The best thing the mother of the groom can do—when such an urge hits her—is to go out and buy a roll of masking tape to apply over her lipstick.

Going into the psychological aspects of the coming marriage, the mother of the groom must remind herself that the bride, the groom and the groom's mother sometimes provide as much of a triangle as the husband, the wife and the blonde. And I have a feeling that, in this event, the groom's mother can be much more poisonous than the "other woman." If a wife is smart, she can usually get rid of a blonde. But who can get rid of a bothersome mother-in-law?

I have a very independent friend who has mothered a large brood of children, consisting mainly of boys, who feels the ideal situation is not only *not* to gain a daughter but to lose a son. She thinks this is the only way for a marriage to get off the ground. Nobody's mother's biscuits or bed-making, nobody's father's income or success should cast their long shadows over the new ménage. "We're shooting for the moon, aren't we? Why not this too?" she asks.

This same friend, one of whose sons recently married, feels that his marriage is bound to work. Just before the wedding, mother and son sat down for a quiet chat and a drink together. The young man told my friend very honestly why he loved his fiancée so devotedly.

"Because she's the exact opposite of you, Mother," said her son lovingly.

"Thank heavens!" my friend reported. "That let me off the Oedipus hook."

One of the things that seems to worry many a mother of the groom is where the newlyweds will dine on festivals and holidays. This I find hard to believe, but I have it from several sources which I consider unimpeachable. My own feeling is that the mother of the groom should be realistic, remembering that the bride gravitates naturally toward her own family. This is something every honest woman will admit.

At our house we shall be happy to welcome the bride and groom, but there will be no hand-wringing when they dine with our opposite numbers for Thanksgiving, Christmas, or the Fourth of July. Perhaps that's because we're supplied with five other children, and an occasional classmate, and we always have to count the house to see who's missing.

Undoubtedly the detachment I feel about the role of mother-in-law is inherited. My mother never had one. Neither did I. Both grooms' mothers were dead at the time of our marriages. That, of course, disqualifies us from speaking authoritatively on the subject.

My husband, listening to me expound this theory asked, "Since when did not knowing about something ever disqualify *you* from speaking authoritatively?"

I just smiled. What else is left for the mother of the groom? ■

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2. COUNTRY GARDEN

3/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 hard cooked egg, finely chopped
2 to 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon finely chopped chives
1-1/2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar
1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard

Blend ingredients. Chill. Makes 1 cup.

3. CHEESE PLEASER

1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup grated Parmesan or finely shredded Cheddar cheese
2 to 4 tablespoons ketchup

Blend ingredients. Chill. Makes 3/4 cup.

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torrent that flows from Vachel's pen for six months daily," she wrote to me, "and now (under the vernal influence) sometimes twice-daily letters.... What shall I do about Vachel? Would there be any excuse for my marrying him? I wish you would tell me some way definitely to say no—and yet I do not want wholly to lose him."

A poet who happened to be a woman, I told her lightly, should never marry a poet; she should marry a businessman. Which, taking my flippancy literally, is precisely what she did. Sara had met Ernst Filsinger, a tall, distinguished-looking shoe merchant who became an expert in international trade, and who had admired her poetry for years. A few months after asking my advice she announced her engagement to him.

It should have been a happy union, and for several years it seemed to be. But, though her husband made no demands upon her, she could not meet the ordinary responsibilities of wedded life. She did not feel strong enough to participate in any but the most infrequent social activities; she could not accompany Ernst on his trips abroad; she had long spells of nervous exhaustion; she had no children. More and more she retreated into herself. She did not resent her husband; she resented marriage. After 14 years, she went to Reno under an assumed name and obtained a divorce. Withdrawn and lonely, she established a rapport with a young girl who wrote her a fan letter and became her secretary as well as a temporary solace. She was not yet 49 when, a year after Vachel Lindsay's suicide, she swallowed an overdose of barbiturates and died.

What about the poetry? Does it carry out her contentions? I am afraid, sadly enough, it does. It is at its best when it is the poetry of unfulfillment. The poems she wrote during her married life are pleasant to read; they are the expressions of a gracious spirit. But they lack the swift impact and the poignance of the lines freighted with longing, loneliness, hesitation and heartbreak. Moreover, joined to the unhappiness, there is the beginning of self-analysis, tentative and tremulous but unmistakable. It is heard in a dozen or more early poems, notably in *Spring Night* with its refrain of unsatisfied desire:

O beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love?[1]

It is a note that was, at first, teasing. In *Night Song at Amalfi* she asked the heaven of stars and the darkened sea what she should give her love, and when they answered her with silence, she countered with:

Oh, I could give him weeping,
Or I could give him song—
But how can I give silence
My whole life long?[1]

Teasing gave way to a subdued terror. The poems grew somber with fears and frustrations: "My heart is a garden tired with autumn." ... "The heart asks more than life can give." ... "That what we never have, remains; it is the things we have that go." ... "Let it be forgotten for ever and ever; Time is a kind friend, he will make us old." The word "gray" (sometimes spelled "grey" for special grayness) occurs increasingly.

The somber-singing mood was a mood in which she was most herself, a triumph not of comfort or carefree delight but quiet despair. It is a mood synthesized in one of her most popular poems, *I Shall Not Care*, which, with Sara Teasdale's characteristic delicacy, accepts the hope of love and its rejection with tight-lipped resignation.

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough;
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.[1]

ELINOR WYLIE

Elinor Wylie was more challengingly feminine. She used both analysis and irony with sharp effect. Unlike Sara Teasdale, she was sure of her poetic persuasiveness, surer of herself. It was said that she could not bear being less than first in any company. This was understandable, although it did not make her lovable, for she was essentially a prima donna. One of the most beautiful women I have ever met, she was also the vainest. She mirrored herself in all her works, in the supple grace of the heroines of her prose, in the proud precision of her verse. She was elegantly made, with (as she put it) "limbs fine, narrow and strong, small bones in wrists and ankles." Her cheekbones were high, her eyes large and wide apart, the mouth was small and taut, the chin pointedly resolute, the skin was alabaster-pale. Someone described her as the white queen of a white country, and her much-quoted poem *Velvet Shoes* pictured a world of white snow, white lace and white silence. I saw her more colorfully regal. The tilt of the head, the long, smooth column of the throat, the face that was imperial and calmly imperious recalled features more than 3,000 years old, the exquisite face of Queen Nefertiti. A catalog of her loveliness would have to include the spellbinding power of her hazel eyes—I once called them witch hazel—and the tawny, bronze, or burnt-gold, hair which she considered "lion-colored."

Next to her devotion to herself, her greatest love was for a poet who had been dead a hundred years. At his feet she laid *A Red Carpet for Shelley* and a quartet of sonnets which were, she said, "the legendary patchwork of a year flung into muddiness like Raleigh's cloak, to ask the honor of your step." In his honor she also composed a fantasy disguised as a novel in which Shelley, instead of drowning in the Mediterranean, is rescued and brought to America. Yet though she yearned with an inextinguishable passion for the flamboyant Shelley, the things she cherished and celebrated in her own poetry were conspicuously chill: cold crystal, snowy landscapes, filigrees of frost, pure silver, pearly monotones. "I like to think about ice and snow—and Blake and Shelley," she wrote in reply to my request for biographical data. Then she added blandly, "I am sorry that there is nothing interesting about my life and habits."

The last phrase is a model of understatement, for few women have had a more interesting not to say irregular life. The men whom she loved, lived with and married were varied substitutes for the Shelley who was her soul mate. The first, a rebound from a youthful romance following her coming-out party, was Philip Hichborn, son of a rear admiral, whom she married at 20 and by whom she had a son. A few years later she eloped with Horace Wylie, a married man 15 years her senior, and the couple lived in England under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Waring. The First World War brought them back to the United States where, after Wylie's wife finally consented to a divorce, they were married. Eight years later she divorced Wylie and, though she retained his name, married the poet and editor William Rose Benét. For a while she was happy leading a literary life in New York, but she soon went abroad, and it became evident that she was spending much of her time in London alone. It was said that she had imagined herself a Druid priestess and had declaimed her own poetry among the megaliths at Stonehenge and that, on another occasion, she had wept over a grave which was supposed to contain a lock of Shelley's hair. In England she wrote some of her most self-searching poetry, planned a new home in the Wiltshire downs and, after a fall that dislocated a vertebra and fractured her coccyx, returned to New York for the Christmas holidays. Suffering from high blood pressure and a facial paralysis, she drove herself to finish her last and best book, *Angels and Earthly Creatures*, made the final revisions on December 15, 1928, and sent the manuscript to her publisher. She felt that her beauty was gone and her work was finished. Next day she died.

If Elinor Wylie's personal life was anything but orderly, her poems were governed by the severest discipline. She thought of her poetry as her essential self: proud, precise and patrician. She expressed that self in lines which grew increasingly intense. She cut through the early flattering pretenses in a dozen brilliant poems such as *Let No Charitable Hope*, in which, turning away from comforting comparisons to free spirits like eagles and antelopes, she declared:

I was, being human, born alone;
I am, being woman, hard beset;
I live by squeezing from a stone
The little nourishment I get.[2]

A late-maturing genius, whose four books of poetry and four of prose were published in less than eight years, she pictured herself in poem after poem, sometimes directly, sometimes tangentially. She concluded *Self-Portrait* with these lines:

Instead of stone, instead of sculptured strength,
This soul, this vanity, blown hither and thither
By trivial breath, over the whole world's length.[2]

"Trivial breath" was a phrase she used often. "It's a kind of paradox," she said one evening. "Actually nothing is more precious than breath. Remember Emily Brontë's 'Thou art being and breath' and Wordsworth's statement that poetry is 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge' Still, it is something we spend prodigally and thoughtlessly—at any rate lightly. I'm thinking of calling a whole book of light verse *Trivial Breath*. It's a disarming title, don't you think?"

Elinor Wylie did give that title to one of her books; but, curiously enough, far from being a collection of light verse, it contained some of her most plangent poems, including the four-part passionate tribute to Shelley. But she continually toyed with an edged kind of light verse or, as it used to be called, *vers de société*. In contrast to the analytical *Self-Portrait*, she amused herself with another probing portrayal later in life. She called it *Portrait in Black, With a Very Sparing Use of Whitewash*, a casual half-mocking, half-revealing set of 13 verses. Here are two of the concluding stanzas:

Sometimes she gives her heart; sometimes instead
Her tongue's sharp side. Her will is quick to soften.
She has no strength of purpose in her head
And she gives up entirely too often.
Her manners mingle in disastrous ways
"The Lower Depths" and the Court of Louis Seize.

Doubtless she gives her enemies the creeps
And all her friends a vast amount of worry;
She's given oblivion only when she sleeps;
She says she loves the grave, but she'd be sorry
To die, while it is vanity to live;
"She gives herself." What has she left to give?[2]

AMY LOWELL

There were only a few who resisted the persuasive power of Elinor Wylie's poetry. Amy Lowell was one of them. "I quite agree that her work is remarkable," she wrote to me after I had announced my intention of including Elinor's work in *A Miscellany of American* *(Continued)*

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Poetry. "But I do not feel at all certain as to her future. She is 36 years old, I understand, and this is her first book. Now I am the last person to quarrel with an author beginning late. I myself was 38 when my first book came out, and my first book was not in the same class as hers—as *you* know only too too well. But the thing that makes a reputation in the end, the thing that really makes a poet, is not the first book but the last book and all the books between. . . . Now, Elinor Wylie's work is at the moment static. These little poems of hers are all built to a pattern. She has learnt her pattern perfectly, but I see no reason to suppose she can ever vary it. . . . From what I know of her, she will lack industry and perseverance."

Rereading Amy Lowell's letter confirms my belief that poets, especially poets as critics, are as jealous as actors and equally unable to arrive at impersonal appraisals of each other. The history of literature is full of examples of judgments that are not only inaccurate but ridiculous. The great panjandrum Samuel Johnson sneered at Milton, but he praised such forgotten nonentities as John Denham ("deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry"), Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon ("perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison"), Thomas Tickell ("cannot be refused a high place among the minor poets"), and Edmund Smith ("his contrivances were adroit and magnificent, his sentiments majestic"). Poe belittled most of his worthy contemporaries and lauded the mediocrities; he acclaimed the saccharine Frances Sargent Osgood (author of "Little drops of water, little grains of sand" and "Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird!") and wrote that she had no superior in America "if indeed she has any equal under the sun." After one horrified look, Whittier threw Whitman's epochal *Leaves of Grass* in the fire. It might not have been jealousy that caused Amy Lowell to deny Elinor Wylie a future, but she was certainly a poor appraiser and a worse prophet. She lived to be shamed by Elinor's refutation of the charge about lacking industry and perseverance, for Elinor Wylie's industry and growth is one of the legends of American letters.

What strikes me most pointedly and somewhat humorously about Amy Lowell's letter of the '20's is that sidelong phrase: "as *you* know only too well." It brings back the beginning of a long and dear friendship, a friendship that started with a malicious wisecrack. I had reviewed her first book scathingly. It was called *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*, and I said that the only good line in the book was its title, and that was by Shelley. Years later, she told me she wept over the piece, and it was not easy to imagine the redoubtable Bostonian in tears. When I reviewed that tentative little volume, I knew nothing about the author—the book had come in a pile of barely competent works—and I pictured her somehow as a slight, naïve girl, an unknown wistfully hoping for recognition. The shock was great when I learned that she was a woman close to 40 weighing about 200 pounds, an inveterate cigar smoker, conspicuously wealthy, the formidable sister of the president of Harvard University.

She did not appear the least formidable when I first met her. On the contrary she was amicable, even (to risk a wordplay) amiable, eager to be liked for her poetry and for herself rather than for the legends which had accumulated about her. She deprecated the stories of her fabulous Brookline house, "Sevenels," set in its own park, where she kept an armada of huge English sheepdogs which intimidated her guests but which were less watchdogs than substitutes for the children she never had, a mansion where the doorknobs were sterling silver, where the mirrors were concealed in black draperies because she could not bear to look at herself, where her bed was made of 24 pillows because mattresses were too hard for her oversensitive flesh, and where, reversing the usual routine, she slept all day and wrote all night so that she would not be interrupted by the ordinary daily demands.

It was not long, however, before I came to know her in her true role: that of the controversialist, the combatant for every sort of experiment, the belligerent champion of free verse, a veritable *vers libretine*, the leader of the Imagist movement she had captured from Ezra Pound—Pound dismissed the defectors as the Amygists—and the fighter for everything that would "push the Philistines to the wall." She was dramatically energetic, powerful and persuasive. Future historians may rank her more highly as a personality than as a poet, but her place as a pioneer is secure. Her campaigns for the new tendencies were planned with military skill and thoroughness.

Accustomed to being in command, she could not help but be peremptory, and sometimes rude. I recall the time when she gave a lecture at the University of Michigan when Robert Frost was there as "poet in residence." She had swept down the long walk to the auditorium followed by her chauffeur, who carried a special reading lamp, for she always insisted on bringing her own lighting equipment. When a fuse blew and the lamp refused to light, she turned on everyone in sight. In a letter dated May 19, 1922, Robert Frost described the situation: "Amy upset a lamp and then a water pitcher and was in turn herself upset when I told her what you said about the lumberyard." (I once remarked that she carried not merely a chip but a lumberyard on each shoulder.) "She called the janitor fool and damn fool to his face, and she called Conrad (the head of the organization which had brought her to Ann Arbor) 'boy' in the sense of slave." Finally Frost had to crawl under the platform and disentangle the wire for her lamp, after which, said Frost, "she laid about her, and in that respect disappointed nobody."

If her imperativeness made enemies of those she mowed down, it also troubled her friends. One of the members of her own Imagist clan, Hilda Doolittle, who signed her poems cryptically "H.D.," wrote to me from Switzerland: "I expect you to give her tactful messages from me, for I do wish the best in the world for her. My only objection is: she will *not* leave other people alone."

Impulsive and impatient, Amy Lowell seemed an invincible fighter. She was, however, waging a losing battle against ill health. She suffered from glandular imbalance and a series of hernia operations for years. Her endless researches in preparation for her two-volume life of Keats weakened her, fatally, she thought. "Keats is killing me," she wrote. "I used to be a walking sideshow; now I'm a crawling disease." What Shelley was to Elinor Wylie, Keats became to Amy Lowell. For him she bore interminable pains in the head, aches in the groin and ruptured blood vessels in the eyes. She went down like a noble vessel that refused to surrender in the face of relentless odds. It was said that she had chosen the wrong career; instead of deciding to be a poet she should have been a politician, a senator from Massachusetts. When she died at 51, the woman who had been less a woman than a driving act of nature, a cyclone on the warpath, had become a national phenomenon.

Amy Lowell never married; there were no "affairs"; she disdained to write poetry merely as a woman. Nevertheless the feminine note breaks through from time to time. It is heard in the adoring tone of *A Lady*, which begins:

> *You are beautiful and faded,*
> *Like an old opera tune*
> *Played upon a harpsichord;*
> *Or like the sun-flooded silks*
> *Of an eighteenth-century boudoir.*[3]

The suppressed note of longing is heard most clamorously in her most famous poem, *Patterns*, in which her emotional frustration is transferred to a woman of an earlier century who loses her lover. Here is a central stanza:

> *In a month he would have been*
> *my husband.*
> *In a month, here, underneath*
> *this lime,*
> *He would have broke the pattern;*
> *He for me, and I for him,*
> *He as Colonel, I as Lady,*
> *On this shady seat.*
> *He had a whim*
> *That sunlight carried blessing.*
> *And I answered, "It shall be as*
> *you have said."*
> *Now he is dead.*[3]

MARIANNE MOORE

I can think of no greater contrast to Amy Lowell than Marianne Moore. Amy Lowell was a storm center always at the pitch of violence; Marianne Moore is a refuge, a haven of quiet "at the still point of the turning world." Those who say that, whereas her poetry is as colorful as a kaleidoscope, her life is colorless, forget that Marianne Moore taught stenography, bookkeeping, and commercial law at the Indian school at Carlisle, was an assistant in a branch of the New York Public Library, became the editor of *The Dial*, and went on to receive *(Continued)*

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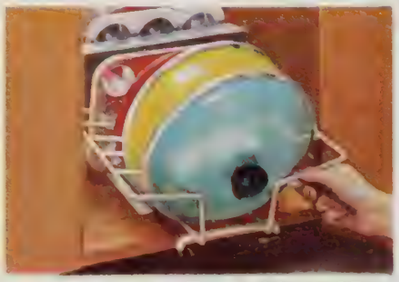

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honor after honor—in a single year, 1951, her *Collected Poems* made a clean sweep of the three most coveted awards for poetry: the Pulitzer Prize, the Bollingen Prize and the National Book Award. When she was given the Gold Medal by the National Institute of Arts and Letters, she modestly declared: "I can see no reason for calling my work poetry except that there is no other category in which to put it. Anyone could do what I do; and I am, therefore, the more grateful that those whose judgment I trust should regard it as poetry."

I not only understood but respected her statement, for I was one of those who found her work was so syllabically measured, so mathematically exact and logical that, at first glance, it seemed less like poetry than a kind of witty and critical geometry.

Her effects are accomplished by a curious blend of observation, information and quotation, a montagelike method, for between the quotations she inserts images and odd data about all sorts of things which catch her microscopic eye: the lizard, a "nervous, naked sword," the snake with "hypodermic teeth," the elephant with "fog-colored skin and strictly practical appendages," waves of the sea, "as formal as the scales on a fish," the pangolin, a species of anteater, a "near artichoke" who is a "night miniature artist-engineer," while, in a triumph of acute sensibility, poetry itself is a series of "imaginary gardens with real toads in them"—which happens to be a quotation from the Irish poet William Butler Yeats.

Although Marianne Moore is the pet of the intelligentsia, her poems disclose a roving enthusiasm for subjects as wide-ranging as a skunk and a carriage from Sweden, a quartz crystal clock and racehorses, intellectual exercises, Floyd Patterson and baseball—she played in left field as a youngster. Her first lines are sudden and always arresting.

"If you can't catch the attention at the start, and hold it, there's no use going on," she said, emphasizing the words with nods of her famous tricorn hat, which, with her Colonial cape, made her look like a white-haired Paul Revere. "In a poem the excitement has to maintain itself." She told an interviewer, "I am governed by the pull of the sentence as the pull of a fabric is governed by gravity. I like the end-stopped line; I like symmetry." It was the end-stopped, symmetrical rhyme she liked in all kinds of verse, from the plain jingles of Mother Goose to the intricate patter songs of W. S. Gilbert.

When asked whether she deliberated a long time before choosing a subject, she replied, "Nothing deliberate about it. Subjects choose me . . . I lie in wait like a leopard on a branch-strained metaphor." The fact that no one could look less like a leopard than Marianne Moore makes the remark as humorous as it is memorable.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Another and perhaps the greatest imaginable contrast is in the personality as well as the poetry of Marianne Moore and Edna St. Vincent Millay. In manner Miss Moore is always primly demure whereas Edna (or, as she liked to call herself, Vincent) Millay was vividly dramatic. In youth Edna Millay looked like a cross between an unearthly Ariel-like sprite with copper-colored hair and sea-green eyes, and a very earthy village (particularly Greenwich Village) gamin. Before her death at 58 she resembled the classical figure of Melpomene, Muse of Tragedy. The differences were similarly marked in the contrast between Marianne Moore's coolly patterned, intellectually detached verse and Edna Millay's candidly emotional love poems. It has become the fashion to deprecate the Millay lyrics as outpourings of a period that has passed, the era of Flaming Youth, and to disparage her sonnets as the product of an outworn rhetoric. But even those who decry her onetime popularity as unofficial feminine laureate are willing to concede the innocent rapture of *God's World* and *Renascence*, written at nineteen, the young abandon of *The Poet and His Book*, as well as a dozen sonnets as musical as those beginning "Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare," "O, sleep forever in the Latmian cave," and "I shall go back again to the bleak shore."

We had begun as good friends—I was one of the first to hail her remarkable advent—but I failed her as devotee. After praising the radiance of her first two books I was too severe about the trivialities in *A Few Figs From Thistles*, the little posturings of promiscuity by the emancipated woman who was also the naughty little girl; I regretted the clever pirouettes which exhibited what I called her falling archness. Later, when I reviewed *Wine from These Grapes*, I overstressed the laments for lost love and the somewhat petulant subjective outcries. I hinted meanly that the book might have been called *Whine from These Gripes*. She never forgave either of the shameless puns. I could not blame her. I never forgave myself. ■

[1]SARA TEASDALE
Reprinted with permission of the publisher from "The Collected Poems of Sara Teasdale." Copyright 1915 by The Macmillan Company, renewed 1943 by Mamie T. Wheless.

[2]ELINOR WYLIE
From "Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie." Copyright 1923, 1932 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

[3]AMY LOWELL
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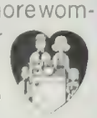

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Poetry

HYMN FOR A HOME

By Frances Swarbrick

O Holy Guest, dwell here with me
And all my speech and action be.
Reshape this house till all accord
With Thy desire, and be its Lord.

Guard Thou this door against
the sin
That save for Thee will enter in.
To every hated deed and thought
Say "No" for me, for I cannot.

But open wide to all in need,
And from my hoardings,
freely feed.
Speak out Thy love through
my disdain,
That none may come to me in vain.

Let welcome from these
windows shine;
Rekindle my faint light
with Thine,
Till all who visit me are blest,
And see but Thee, the Holy Guest.

SONORA COUNTRY

By A. R. Q.

Softer than soft the angel rain
soaked my poor gray and
golden land—
the gold dead grass, the gray
dead chaparral,
gold and gray rock, gold soil, gray
sand;
for months blotted the terrible
blue sky,
ran in the canyons, filled the
deep ground.

Tell every lonely thing: love is
the same.
It comes when it will; and three
years,
three rainy seasons rainless,
everything sick or dead,
does not mean it will not rain, run,
shimmer and bloom again.

A GENTLENESS

By Elizabeth McFarland

May the light shine
Upon your children's hair.
May you have always someone small
To squirrel round your chair.
Horse chestnuts every autumn,
Water bugs in spring—
Oh, may you never feel the pinch
For any lovely thing!

I know you need
Gifts more than others do.
I see the way all children spend
Their lavish smiles on you.
Oh, may you live
Forever in their care
Whose little arms are strong
to hold
More love than *one* could bear!

AT THE UN-NATIONAL MONUMENT ALONG THE CANADIAN BORDER

By William Stafford

This is the field where the battle
did not happen,
where the unknown soldier did not die.
This is the field where grass joined hands,
where no monument stands,
and the only heroic thing is the sky.

Birds fly here without any sound,
unfolding their wings across the open.
No people killed—or were killed—on
this ground
hallowed by neglect and an air so tame
that people celebrate it by
forgetting its name.

CRADLE SONG

By Gabriela Mistral

The sea cradles
its millions of stars divine.
Listening to the seas in love,
I cradle the one who is mine.

The errant wind in the night
cradles the wheat.
Listening to the winds in love,
I cradle my sweet.

God our Father cradles
His thousands of worlds
without sound.
Feeling His hand in the darkness,
I cradle the babe I have found.

From *Selected Poems of Gabriela Mistral*, translated by Langston Hughes and published by Indiana University Press.

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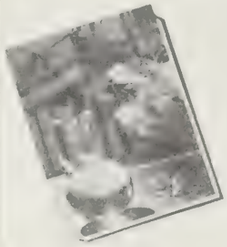

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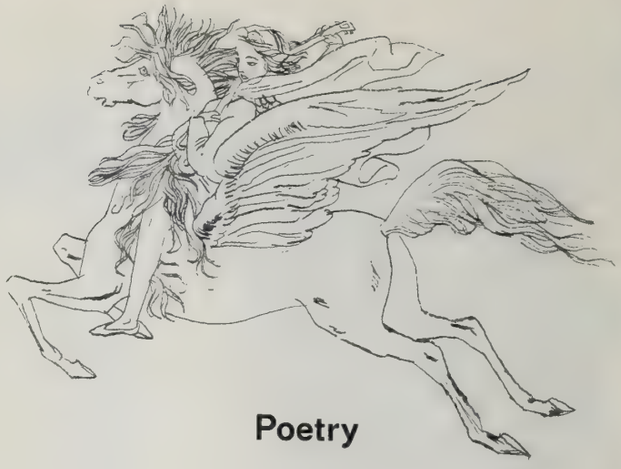

Poetry

FOR THE SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MY MOTHER

By Harold Norse

Who but I could praise the patience
of worn hands,
Years of coarse wool under the
wearing eyes.
The courage that attacks shuttle
and spool
To earn the right to live, make
no demands,
The childish country laugh, the
straight blue gaze
Reckoning things as they are,
simple as grammar school—
My darling, who but I could praise?

Bearing anonymity like a crown,
Erect and clear as light, full
of the now,
The credible, with faith in trees
and streets,
You walk through the hard past
like a ghost town,
Moving your lips to read the signs
you know—
Saying that pain and loss
are no defeats—
Through poverty clean as a queen
of snow.

THE SAILORS

By Dorothy Lee Richardson

Beautiful past belief they dazzle
my eye,
Splicing braces, running up ladders,
coiling ropes;
More perfect than I had thought
young men could be
With their sunburned faces, loud
laughter, impossible hopes.

Finer seeming than when I was
young as they,
More wonderful than I ever
noticed when
I fluttered my lashes and flirted,
trying to be,
With my gaze on myself, the
queen of the young men.

Now I watch them with eyes that
never seem to tire—
The muscled shoulder, the glance
alert and keen
Dearer because their ship sails
from my shore
And all time's widening waters
flow between

IT'S TIME, SETH THOMAS

By Dilys Laing

Enclosed in clapboard
shingled under self
she wore out clocks
and wasted calendars
awaiting a strange knock
to change her luck.
But no one came
till Death's bare
knuckles struck
and he (no doubt
reluctantly enough)
carried her off.

LETTER AFTER SEPARATION

By Katherine Reeves

What is the substance
moving in the words
to lift them from the page
in overtones so pure
I hear your voice?
What symbol so alive
makes me recall
the hour of love and choice,
and see you, tall
in the garden, bringing
yellow apples
from the early tree?

Why do your words arrive
with apples, and with singing?

ONLY YOUR EYES

By Willis Eberman

I remember your great, green eyes,
and the way they shone
when you listened to poems I read.
This I recall, but do not recall your
voice, nor its tone . . .
It is gone. I am lonely for the sound
of your answering voice . . .
It has been said
that nothing is lost forever. It may
be so.
And yet I have no power to conjure
again
your voice into living air, into this
light about me.
Only your eyes are recalled, and
their emerald glow,
that color of half-happiness,
half-pain . . .

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Poetry

HANGING THE LAUNDRY

By Claire Nicolas White

In the chill morning, balloon full of gold,
I hang out my sails for trapping the wind,
On a small flat field where the grass is cold
And all the trees stand still to pray.

Tweaking bird with a clothespin voice,
Where are you hiding in the still-born day?
I spread out wide my arms to unfold
A smell of wet wings, glistening.

Then the greedy wind comes tugging wild,
And harnessed to a strength so bright
I am overcome in this lonely place
And swell with joy like a pillow-case.

HAS ANYONE SEEN MY HEAD?

By Janice Hays

Now let me stop and think—where *did* I leave my head?
I had it on this morning when I first got out of bed.
It was there all during breakfast, although a bit askew
From cutting cardboard wagon trains with Captain Kangaroo.
And then, let's see, the telephone rang, the washer gave up the ghost,
The Indians hit the warpath, then convened for cinnamon toast;
The baby found the toothpaste and proceeded to ingest it,
The cat brought home a mouse—I took off my head, just to rest it.
I left it by the kitchen sink, or was it on the bed?
I really can't go out without it—will *somebody* find my head?

DEXTEROUS DAME

By Philene Hammer

Oh, Sally is a homespun gal,
And she lives in our alley;
Of all the gals in our locale
There's none like clever Sally:

She freezes produce that she grew,
And butchers her own steer for stew,
And built from scratch a barbecue
Where she can barbecue things;
She weaves her place mats from bamboo,
And even brews her own shampoo,
Putting to shame us housewives who
Quite frankly just don't Do Things.

No gal has so had man in hand
Since Hero lured Leander;
And every husband thinks she's grand,
And every wife can't stand her.

THESIS

By M. A. Bracker

When "M. A. Smith" submits a commentary
In verse, suggesting women are alike,
No one supposes "M" could stand for Mary—
Most probably, the writer's name is Mike.

So, too, when "M.A." pens a graceful jingle
Declaring men are stubborn and contrary,
Who can escape the ultimate and single
Conclusion—that it isn't Mike, but Mary?

Views on romance seem many. When you find them,
There are but two; the sexes split the claims.
The only geniuses who have combined them
Are poets—whose initials hide their names.

DREAM WORLD

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

In the day's melee of laundry and mopping,
Formulas, didies and grocery shopping,
Whereby our heroine keeps her status
As wife and mother, a brief hiatus
Of wonderful quiet sometimes falls.
And tranced with nostalgia, she recalls
Her halcyon days at a desk neck-deep
With files and ledgers and books to keep
And letters to type in a late-hour foment,
When now and again fell a quiet moment
In which she could dream of that sweet felicity,
Neat and well-ordered domesticity!

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Look for the new *yellow* tablets with the familiar One-A-Day name.

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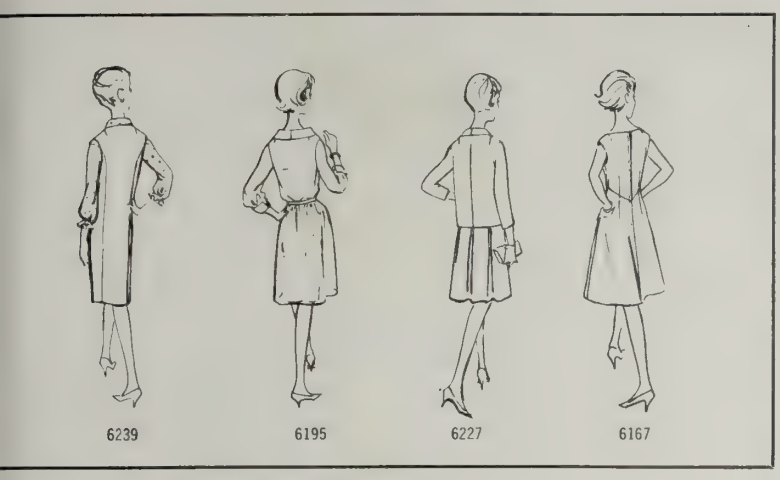


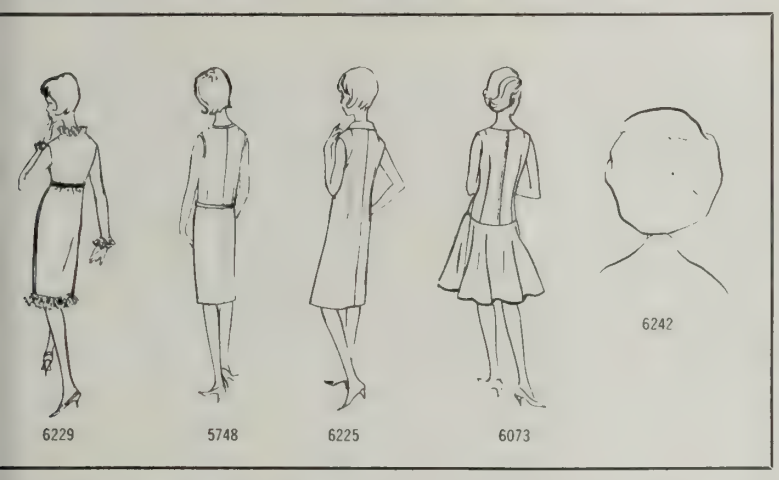
DOTS WITH DASH *See Page 52*

gue Pattern No. 6239 Jumper and Blouse, 10–18 (31–38) $1.00, in Canada 10. Jumper shown requires 3¼ yards of 36/37″ fabric without nap, size 14. use shown requires 2⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 6195 One-Piece Dress and Slip, 10–20 (31–40) $1.50, in Canada 65. Dress shown requires 3¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 6227 Two-Piece Dress and Jacket, 10–20 (31–40) $1.50, in nada $1.65. Jacket and skirt shown require 4¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, e 14. Blouse shown requires 1 yard of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 6167 One-Piece Dress, 10–16 (31–36) $2.00, in Canada $2.20. ss shown (cut bias) requires 3½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.



gue Pattern No. 6229 One-Piece Dress, 10–16 (31–36) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. ss shown requires 2⅞ yards of 43/44″ fabric without nap, size 14. Lace trim neckline, cuffs and hem requires 5¾ yards of 3″-wide lace edging, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 5748 One-Piece Dress, 10–18 (31–38) $1.00, in Canada $1.10. ss shown requires 1⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14. Binding on neck, eves and matching belt requires ¾ yard of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 6225 One-Piece Tunic Dress and Skirt, 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, Canada $1.65. Sleeveless dress shown requires 4¼ yards of 36/37″ fabric with- nap, size 14.

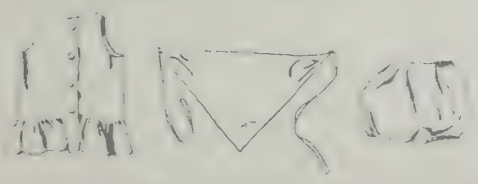
gue Pattern No. 6073 One-Piece Dress and Scarf, 10–16 (31–36) $1.50, in Can- $1.65. Dress shown (without scarf) requires 3⅜ yards of 45″ fabric without , size 14.

gue Pattern No. 6242 Hat, all one size, $.75, in Canada $.85. Hat shown re- res ¾ yard of 45″ fabric without nap, for all sizes.

TE: **Vogue Patterns Nos. 6239, 6229, 6227, 6242, 6225** *available May 5, 1964*

der Vogue Patterns by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pat- n Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Ter- nal A, Toronto 1, Ont. Patterns sent third-class mail. For first-class, include cents for each pattern. *California and Pennsylvania residents add sales tax.

THE JOURNAL'S OWN COPYCAT



The little girl's 3-piece outfit on the cover was inspired by the mother's—a calico beach shift by Pembroke Squires for Cabana, $14. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Harold's, Minneapolis; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati. The pattern created by the Journal to fit size 2–6 is available by sending 35 cents to *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dept. JPJ, P.O. Box 84, New York, N.Y. 10046.

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Why invite needless swelling and pain with ordinary "support" hose intended for tired legs? They do not give the compression necessary for real relief from surface varicose veins.

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Best of all, no one else can tell you are wearing these flattering seamless or 51-gauge styles. But you know, their extra relief and comfort tell you so.

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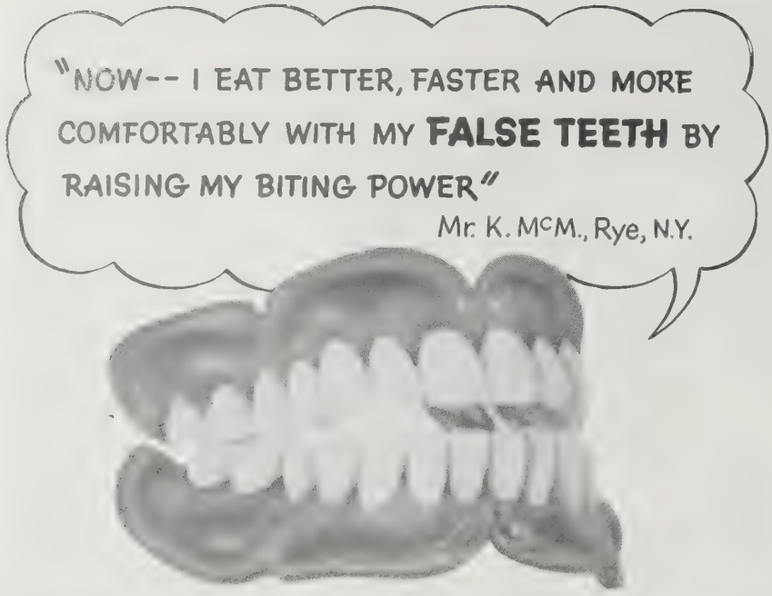

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Be happy with your false teeth. Laugh, talk, eat without embarrassment. Wear teeth all day long with more comfort. Use FASTEETH — the special powder thousands of dentists give patients to hold plates more firmly in place. You may speak more clearly—eat faster. FASTEETH soothes and protects tender gums when chewing. You can bite harder — enjoy the hard-to-eat foods you need. FASTEETH checks "plate odor" (denture breath). No gummy, gooey, "pasty" feel. At drug counters everywhere. **FASTEETH Outsells all Others.**

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A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

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In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

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NEW FASHIONS FOR TABLES

*(All prices approximate, include Federal tax. *Through decorators.)*

Page 70, Top: Tablecloth: "Auberge" citrus cotton, Zepel finish, 54" w., $4 a yd., Bloomcraft. China: "Directoire," 5-pc. place setting, $28.50; rimmed soup, $7.50, Céralene, Inc., 55 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. Gorham's "Fairfax" sterling flatware, 5-pc. place setting, $41.75. "Latham" goblets, blue, $3 ea.; bowl, $2.50, Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y. Leacock linen napkins, lime, 69c ea., B. Altman & Co., New York, N.Y. Bottom: Tablecloth: yellow vinyl, 45" w. or 53" w., 79c and 89c a yd., Columbus Coated Fabrics. Adam "Minuet" ironstone, 5-pc. place setting, $4.50, Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y. Oneida's "Paul Revere" stainless flatware, 16-pc. set for four, $24.95. Leacock gold linen napkins, 69c ea., Stieff pewter coffeepot, $57.25; sugar and creamer, $22.50; silver-plated toast rack, $6.50; country armchair, white, $100; side chair $90, all at B. Altman & Co., New York, N.Y. Centerpiece container: wire egg basket, $7.50, Richard Camp, 993 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. Wallpaper: "Swiss Daisy," $13.75 a roll, Leoda de Mar, Inc.*

Page 71: Italian ceramic table, 16" diameter, $100, Luten-Clarey-Stern.* Tablecloth: Sew-Best "Sir Raleigh," 45" w., flax and dacron, $2 a yd., B. Altman & Co., New York, N.Y. Hammersley "Thistle" coffeepot, $19.95; demitasse cups, $5.95 ea.; sugar, creamer, $11.95, Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y. "Classic" sterling spoons, $3.80 ea.; sugar tongs, $13.50, H. Nils, 573 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Throw pillows: from $3 to $10 ea., Nettle Creek.

Page 72, Left: Tablecloth: "Normandy" cotton plaid, 48" w., $3 a yd., Bloomcraft. "Capistrano" Melamine plates, 45-pc. set, $39.95, Brookpark. "Fjord" teak-and-stainless flatware, 5-pc. place setting, $17.94, Dansk Designs. Imperial Glass "Bambu" footed tumblers, $2 ea.; Leacock linen napkins, lime green, 69c ea.; teak napkin rings, 6 for $3; old copper skillet, $25; dark wood cutting board, $4; pewter jug, $32.95; hanging lamp, green net shade over white globe, $50; Richardson/Nemschoff drop-leaf table, $177; spindle-back, cane-seat armchair $65; side chair, $55; buffet, base, $220; hutch $200, all at B. Altman & Co., New York, N.Y.

Page 72, Right: Tablecloth: "Magnet" blue cotton, Zepel finish 48" w., $2.75 a yd., Bloomcraft. Covered bowls, white lacquer finish, $1 ea., Azuma, 790 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. International's "Reflection" silver-plated flatware, 5-pc. place setting, $10.25. Italian pottery plates, brown, $2 ea.; pottery plates, amber, $3 ea.; goblets, taupe bowl, $5 ea.; linen napkins, taupe, $1.25 ea.; oval ironstone platter, white, approx. $7; Italian pepper mill, $25; lattice teak tray, $13.95; white table, enameled metal with Formica top, $350; reproduction French chair, black finished walnut, made in Spain, $79 ea.; copper hanging lamp, $125; plaid wallpaper, black and brown, $6.75 a roll, all at B. Altman & Co., New York, N.Y.

Page 73, Left: Tablecloth: "Espana" damask patterned linen and cotton, Zepel finish, 54" w., $4 a yd., Bloomcraft. China: "Flourish," 24K gold border design, 5-pc. place setting, $25.95, Lenox, Inc. "Joan of Arc" sterling flatware, 5-pc. place setting, $39.50; sterling salt and peppers, $36.50 a pair; sterling candelabra, $99.50 a pair. International Silver Co. "Montaigne Uni" water goblet, $5 ea.; Rhine wine, green bowl, $9.50 ea., Baccarat, 55 E. 57 St., New York, N.Y. Centerpiece container: green rock alabaster, $18.50, Stuart's Gifts, 1036 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. Mahogany ladderback chair, $230, Kittinger Furniture Co. Wallpaper: "Commander," beige-and-white stripe, 8'9" x 27" w. panels, $13.50 per panel, Leoda de Mar, Inc.*

Page 73, Right: Tablecloth: "Kashan" cotton paisley, 44" w., $1.98 a yd., Everfast Fabrics. "Impero" red china, 5-pc. place setting, $35.75, Ginori, 711 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. Gorham's "Morocco" stainless flatware, 16-pc. place setting for four, $29.95. Redcliff covered tureen, from 3 to 5 qts., from $18 to $25; Leacock linen napkins, 69c ea.; leather napkin rings, $1.25 ea., all at Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y. Val St. Lambert "Laeken" wine glasses, $4.75 ea.; brass candlesticks from $9 to $40 a pair, B. Altman & Co., New York, N.Y. Old tea caddie (planter), $55, Stuart's Gifts, 1036 Third Ave., New York, N.Y.

PLEASE COME FOR LUNCH

*(Federal tax included in all prices. *Through decorators.)*

Page 74: "Madeline" glazed-chintz, $7.30 yd Brunschwig & Fils, Inc.* Cherry-wood table with pa quetry top, $790; cherry-wood side chair $140; arm chair $180, Baker Furniture, Inc., 305 East 63rd St New York, N.Y. Italian linen place mats, $2.50 ea Swiss linen napkins, 80c ea., Bloomingdale's, Ne York, N.Y. I. Freeman silver wire bread basket $16.5 Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. "Willow Weave" dinne plates, $1.75 ea., 5-piece place setting, $5.95, Josia Wedgwood & Sons, Inc. "Opal" leaf-green sala plate, $3 ea.; fingerbowl, $2 ea., Bloomingdale' New York, N.Y. "Georgian" goblets, $4.50 e Fostoria. "Fiddle Thread" sterling flatware, 6-pie place setting, $45, Frank Smith Silver Co. Salt an pepper shakers with sterling enameled tops, $7.5 pair, Georg Jensen, Inc., 667 Fifth Ave., New York, N.

Page 75: Ottavia Tambour embroidered organdy cu tains, 44"x78", pair $25; Carina cotton raspberry-pin tablecloth, 85" diam., $20, Bonwit Teller, New Yor N.Y. George II reproduction sterling coffeepot, $26 creamer, $105; "Onslow" hand-forged English silve James Robinson, Inc., 12 East 57th St., New Yor N.Y. Bellflower antique goblet, $10, Julia E. Kuttne 951 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. "Brittany" bon china, Royal Crown Derby, dessert plate, cup an saucer, Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.

Page 76: Spanish parquet-top table with wrough iron base, World-Wide Design House Ltd.* Oil pain ing of orange, $225, Rhoda Sande.* "Diamond sterling flatware, 5-piece place setting, $47, Reed an Barton. "Linear" iced-tea glasses, $6.50 ea., Rosen thal China Corp. "Vintage" 11" pottery dinner plat by Taylor, $2.95 ea.; amber glass platter, $18.5 Leacock linen napkins, 69c ea., Bloomingdale' New York, N.Y. "Tortoise" thermaline salad bow 12" diameter, $7.50, Hammacher Schlemmer, Ne York, N.Y.

ME JANE pages 62 to 65

DARLENE KNITWEAR: Bloomingdale's, New Yor Burdine's, Florida; Donaldson's-Golden Rule, Min neapolis, St. Paul, Southdale. ELISABETH STEWART B. Altman & Co., New York; Halle Bros., Clevelan SEA B: Franklin Simon, New York; John Wanamake Philadelphia; Richard's, Miami; Carson Pirie Scot Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. ROSE MARI REID: Gimbels, New York; John Wanamaker, Phila delphia; Halle Bros., Cleveland. CATALINA (woman and child's): B. Altman & Co., New York; John Wana maker, Philadelphia; Halle Bros., Cleveland. ROBB LEN: The Lynch Co., Manchester, N.H.; The Vogu Shops, Brunswick and Valdosta, Ga.; Jacksonvill Melbourne and Ocala, Fla.; The May Co., Los Angele HARBOR ROAD: Lord & Taylor, New York; Halle Bros Cleveland; Famous Barr, St. Louis. COLE of Californi Bloomingdale's, New York; John Wanamaker, Phila delphia. REGAL: Bloomingdale's, New York; Bu dine's, Miami; The May Co., Cleveland; Meier Frank, Portland-Salem, Oregon. GLEN OF MICHIGAN Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Halle Bros., Cleve land; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. STRETCHIN Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Donaldson's Golden Rule, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Southdal TRIMFIT: B. Altman & Co., New York; Wieboldt' Chicago; The May Co., Los Angeles. BLUE BIRD John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; The McAlpin Stor Cincinnati.

NOW ADD THIS page 130

CABANA ruffled pajamas: Henri Bendel, New Yor Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. ADOLFO REALITIE hat: Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin & Co West Coast. SHIP 'N SHORE ruffled blouse: Bloom ingdale's, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattl OCULENS sunglasses: Joseph Magnin Co., Californ and Nevada. SANDOR GOLDBERGER earrings: Bonw Teller, all stores. CAPEZIO shoes: Bloomingdale' New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. FLORENC WALSH tennis dress: B. Altman & Co., New Yor Harold's, Minneapolis; Hutzler's, Baltimore. R & ORIGINALS dress: Lord & Taylor, New York; Hall Bros., Cleveland; Winkelman's, Detroit.

WHAT-FUN PLAYWIGS—for the little who wants to make-believe in her's latest hair-do! Three different rs, three different hair styles for ever-changing moods! Safe, soft l . . . in blonde, red-head and bru-e shades—fits 3 to 8-year olds.
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74062 D-Fuzz-It Comb in Case. **$1.**

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19786 Extra Pins (50). Set, **49¢**

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Brace. **70276** 28-33". **70326** 34-37". **70466** 38-41". **70516** 42-45". **$3.98**

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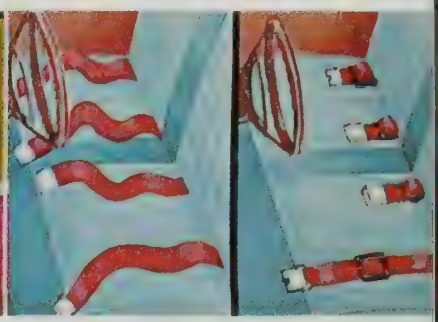

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95265 Retractors. pair, **$1.98**

'ER-BRITE TRAY provides protection vell as storage space! Stores serv-for 12, with carving set. Treated r keeps tarnish away! Compact, sures only 10¾x10½x2¼".
65 Silverware Caddy. **$2.98**

CEDAR LOGS CHASE MOTHS—rid closet of musty odors, keep clothes fragrant, fresh! Contain more cedar oil than natural wood — slip over hangers for year-round protection. 1½".
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TEA FOR TWO — with refills! Charming **Electric Brewmaster,** raised grape pattern white ceramic, makes 3 to 4 cups of tea, broth or instant coffee — right at table, and fast! 6½" tall.
50245 Electric Brewmaster. **$1.98**

SMART PURSE TISSUE-TOTE—pretty practical accessory for well-groomed gals. Floral brocade "slipcover" fits regular 5x3½" pack; has pull-thru golden metal slot, keeps purse lint-free.
53173 Purse-Size Tissue Case. **$1.**

COLONIAL STYLE DOORBELL adds a quaint note of decor, sounds a ringing note of cheer! Solid brass, lacquered to withstand the weather. Easy to attach—no wires. 2½" diam.
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10 LACY HEARTS IN A CIRCLE—A CHAPEL HAT so becoming, you'll wear it to dinner, theatre, as well as to church! Nylon lace in handy vinyl case.
77099 Chapel Hat, Black. **$1.**
77149 Chapel Hat, White. **$1.**

SECRET UNDERCOVER FILES for sanitary napkins—home or handbag! Rose-adorned white quilted plastic cases.
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75804 Home Size, holds 24. **$1.25**
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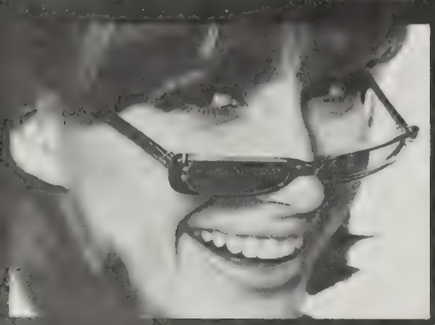
A little of this and a little of that, and only a little at a time—these are the spice-of-life extras that will give you a wonderful new lift, a wonderful new outlook this summer. It doesn't take much to turn the trick. Simply add, at your pleasure: a hatful of red-and-white dotted Swiss, a dab of color at your ear, a ruffle or two or three, a head-to-toe beach pajama, a sliver of sunglass, a bit of eyelet and bright cotton flowers at your feet.

Ruffled pajamas at the

In black, white, gray cot

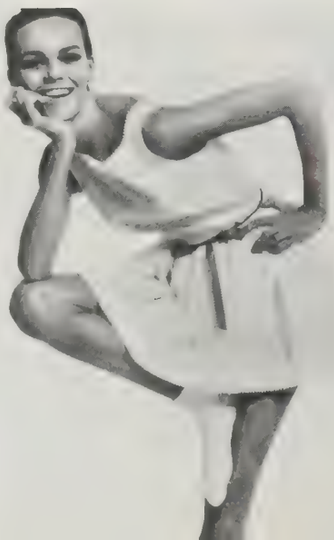
By Cabana, sizes 6–16, $45.



Above: Red-and-white dotted Swiss sun hat, the crown cut like a pie, by Adolfo Realities, $15; black-and-white dotted cotton blouse, with ruffles in three tiers, by Ship N Shore, 28–38, $3.50; wide white enamel hoop earrings, edged in black enamel, by Sandor Goldberger, $6. Oleg Cassini half-glass sunglasses for Oculens, $5.

Photographs by JÉRÔME DUCROT

Red, white, blue cotton shoes, Capezio, $8.95.



Center, a feminine new look on the tennis court: a tennis dress in embroidered white cotton eyelet, the waist tied with a soft olive-green ribbon. By Florence Walsh, 8–16, $30. Left, dress with a softly pleated skirt, of pale blue Celanese Arnel and cotton seersucker, R & K Originals, 8–16, $20. All shopping information on page 128.

"If suddenly I were chief designer at Philco, I'd want Improved Tide packed in every new washer to give customers the cleanest, freshest washes possible."

That's a good reason why Philco does put Tide inside.

If *you* were boss at Philco, you'd share their unchanging goal: to help women get the kind of clean washes they've always wanted.

So you'd build a great washer. You'd develop Philco's Undertow Agitator that works six to ten times faster than ordinary agitators, so fast it gets even big 12-pound loads gloriously clean.

Then to help make *sure* your customers get the very cleanest, the very freshest-smelling washes possible, you'd say "Let's pack a box of Improved Tide in every new Philco toploader."

That's what the Philco people *do* say. You can tell by buying a new Philco and peeking inside.

25 leading washer makers pack Improved Tide in every new top-loading washer.

Tide samples, and this ad, supplied by Tide pursuant to agreement with appliance manufacturer.

Our best friends and severest critics

They're with us until the bowl goes dry. But each one's an individual...wants his own special flavor of Lipton Soup. We keep them all happy. We've got twelve different kinds of Lipton Soups...and they all taste like Mother just cooked them.

ALPHABET VEGETABLE • TOMATO • BEEF NOODLE • MUSHROOM • TOMATO VEGETABLE • GREEN PEA • ONION • CHICKEN NOODLE • CHICKEN NOODLE WITH MEAT • CHICKEN RICE • CREAM STYLE CHICKEN • POTATO

A portfolio all about herbs—how to grow and keep them, new recipes to expand your herb-cookery experiences.

growing

herbs is easy—just think of them as "cultivated" weeds.

The very fact that just a pinch of an herb can influence the flavor and aroma of food has exaggerated the herb's reputation for magic and, in so doing, brought culinary fame to the cook who uses them. The truth is that herbs are really cultivated weeds, and as easy to cook with as they are to grow. Once you've become intrigued with the fresh and dried herbs you bring home from the store, you'll undoubtedly want to experiment with recipes that depend on their unique flavors (see some of our recipes on the pages that follow). Another way to expand both your herb knowledge and supply is to grow your own either outdoors or in an indoor garden on a kitchen windowsill.

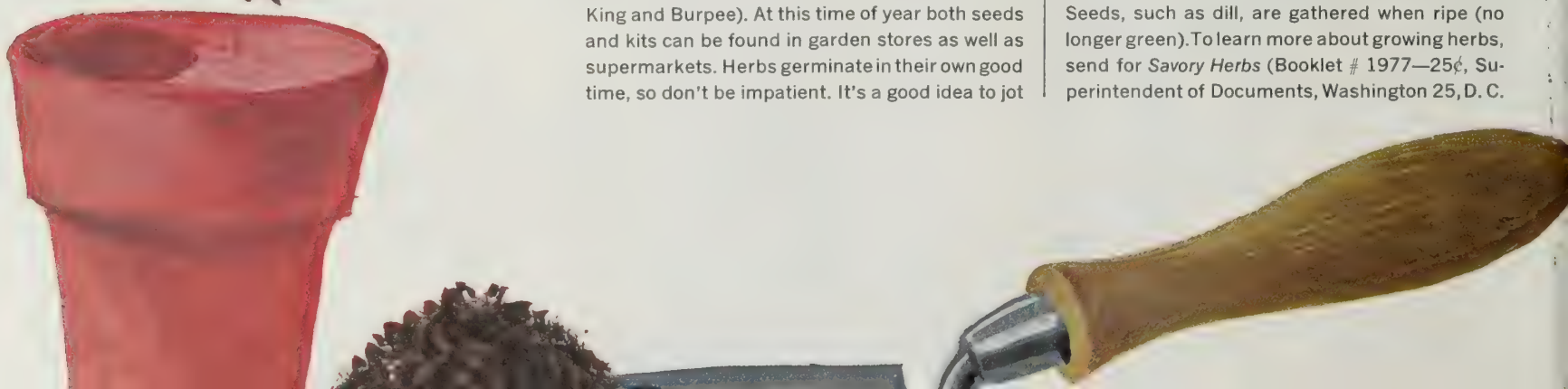
More than likely the first herbs you'll want to grow are ones you already know and favor in your cooking—parsley, marjoram, thyme, mint, rosemary and the salad favorites, dill, basil, tarragon. Because some herbs have similar flavors (anise and fennel, sweet marjoram and oregano) select one of a kind by flavor and add its kissing cousins to your garden later.

Warmth, sunshine and fairly sweet, moderately enriched soil will produce the prettiest plants and tastiest herbs. Heavy clay-type soils that are acid in character will need treatment—lightening with sand, sweetening with lime. Some herbs, such as mint, chervil and sweet woodruff, thrive with more moisture and some shade; borage grows best in chalky, dry soil, and a very few—watercress, for instance—are native to the brookside.

Big seed companies are answering the call of gardeners for herb seeds with special kits of favorite herbs that come complete with indoor-outdoor planting instructions (Northrup-King, Ferry-Morse, Burpee); or you can buy herb seeds accompanied by their own planters (Northrup-King and Burpee). At this time of year both seeds and kits can be found in garden stores as well as supermarkets. Herbs germinate in their own good time, so don't be impatient. It's a good idea to jot down the planting date and save the seed packets to remind you of this fact. Thin seedlings by discarding the extras—or giving them away to your friends. Allow enough space for bunchy herbs, like parsley, and bushy herbs, like dill and tarragon.

Grow them in baskets (plastic, woven willow or wire), and hang one on each side of your back door, or suspend them from the roof of a sheltered patio or breezeway. Plant thyme in the chinks of stone walks where hot sun and a careless footstep will send forth the special thyme aroma to sweeten the air. Tuck herbs in the pockets of dry walls or plant them in an outsize shallow metal bowl to be set doorside. Ordinary flowerpots of herbs placed on the steps of an old ladder will give you pantry shelves of living herbs to choose from; or use an old wheelbarrow to make an herb garden on wheels. If you've grown tired of keeping the little terrace pool free of leaves, convert it to an herb garden. Plant a strawberry jar with herbs and miniature roses, or take an architectural tack with herbs planted in flue tiles of varying sizes. Roman-wreath laurel—bay leaf—can be grown as a topiaried shrub or tree outdoors in summer, indoors in winter where it lends a particularly elegant and formal appearance.

Top leaves and tips of herbs can be picked any time during the growing season. When buds, flowers or seed heads first appear, cut back to encourage a new growth of tender leaves. However, be wary of cutting deeply into the woody stems of perennial herbs, such as winter savory or tarragon (it can have an opposite effect, causing unsightly plants and arresting new growth). The crucial time to gather most herb leaves for keeping is just as flower buds are ready to bloom. Then leaves are rich in the oils that convey their flavor. Seeds, such as dill, are gathered when ripe (no longer green). To learn more about growing herbs, send for *Savory Herbs* (Booklet # 1977—25¢, Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C.



keeping

herbs requires the simplest kind of kitchen know-how.

Once you've experienced the joy of growing your own herbs, you'll also want to know how to preserve them so that you can keep them readily available for any and all times of the year. The extras—provided you package them attractively—will make unique gifts for your cooking friends at Christmastime. (A garden club could grow and dry herbs as a money-raising project.)

During the growing season the refrigerator is the best place to keep fresh-picked or purchased herbs. Strip the older, tougher leaves off the bottom of the stems, then stand them, stems upright, in a wide-mouth jar or refrigerator container that has about a quarter inch of water in the bottom. Close tightly. The herbs will stay fresh this way for as long as two weeks. At the end of summer you can save herbs for later use in two ways: freezing and drying. A few exceptions—parsley and chives—can be taken up from the garden and transferred to pots or planters to grow on a sunny indoor windowsill during the winter.

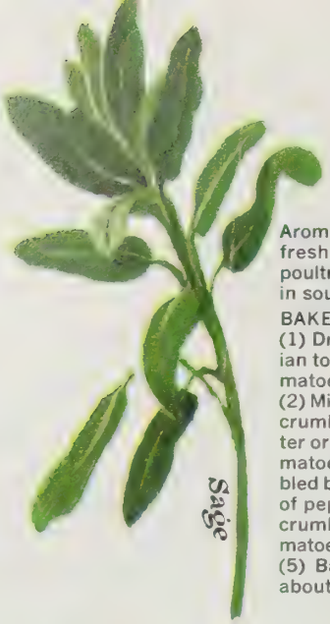
Drying: The secret of capturing flavor in dried herbs is to dehydrate them as rapidly as possible, away from direct sunlight. Begin by choosing only leaves or seeds in their prime. Wash and dry the leaves tenderly. (Never bruise an herb or you'll release its flavor prematurely.) These are then scattered on a well-ventilated surface, so that the air can circulate around them. You can use a section of screen, a cake cooler with cheesecloth stretched over it or netting tacked firmly to a wood frame. The drying can be done outdoors in a warm, shady place (but bring herbs in at night to protect them from dampness), or you can use a dry, airy room, or an oven with the control set very low (at a temperature that will warm, not cook). After herbs are dry, crush leaves with your fingers or with a rolling pin. Discard twigs and stems and pack the rest in tightly stoppered glass jars.

The easiest way to preserve sprigs of herbs is to freeze them, but since the leaves turn limp and begin to darken soon after they are thawed, you must time their exit from the freezer carefully. To freeze, wash, pat dry and sort herb leaves. Spread out on freezer wrap and roll the wrap carefully so that there is just a single layer of leaves, then twist ends tightly or seal with freezer tape. Make each package small; as leftover herbs can't be refrozen. Don't forget to label each roll.

Herbs frozen in ice cubes add decoration as well as flavor to cold tea or fruit drinks. Mint is the herb most commonly frozen in this way, and other herbs, such as rosemary, thyme and basil, can be frozen in cubes to garnish cold consommé or broth. To make these, freeze a layer of water in the cube tray, place the herb in the middle, add more water and refreeze. Another way is to freeze herbs for flavoring. For each two cups of water use a cup of herb leaves. These can be whole, minced with scissors, or the leaves plus water can be buzzed in a blender until finely chopped. Pour into ice trays to freeze. Wrap each cube separately in a twist of saran and store in a large plastic bag in the freezer. At cooking time, let the cube melt and add just the herbs to the dish.

Herb vinegars: You can add savor to vinegars with herbs such as tarragon, thyme, dill, basil, marjoram or mint—used alone or in combination. Select a small bouquet of herbs plucked when most flavorful. Bruise the leaves, put in a glass jar and cover with warm vinegar (preferably wine; white is more subtle, red robust). Allow to stand in a warm place for 10 to 14 days. Taste; when it seems strong enough, strain and bottle.

In the recipes on the following pages we show the many different ways herbs can enhance the taste of food. Note: To taste the true flavor of an herb you've never tried before, use this simple method: Mix ½ teaspoon crushed herb with one tablespoon cream cheese or sweet butter. Let stand for 10–15 minutes, then spread the mixture on a small piece of bread and taste.



BASIL

Aromatic, clovelike scent. Use fresh or dried with tomatoes, poultry, meat, game, fish, eggs, in soups and sauces.

BAKED TOMATOES WITH BASIL: (1) Drain 1 can (2-lb.-3-oz.) Italian tomatoes. Arrange half of tomatoes in a 1-quart baking dish. (2) Mix 1½ cups soft white bread crumbs with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. (3) Sprinkle tomatoes with ¼ teaspoon crumbled basil, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and half the buttered crumbs. (4) Repeat layer of tomatoes, seasonings and crumbs. (5) Bake in a 375° F. oven for about 1 hour. Makes 6 servings.

BAY LEAF

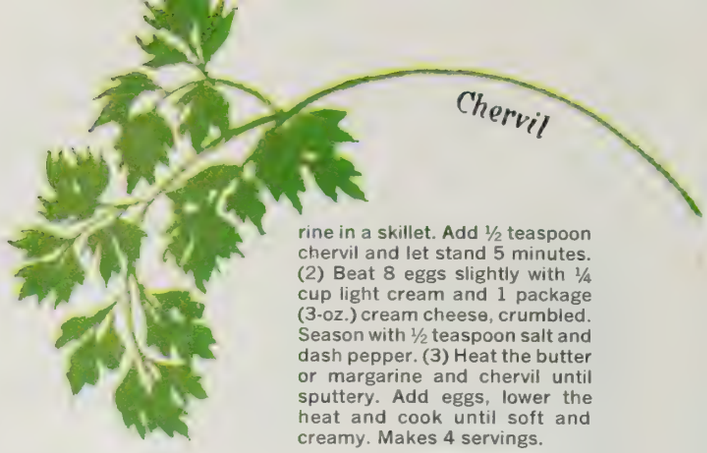
Leaf of the laurel. Pungent, usually used dried. Use sparingly with tomatoes (soup, juice, aspic), vegetables, game, pot roast, for pickling.

OLD-FASHIONED PEA SOUP: (1) Soak 1 lb. yellow split peas following package directions. (2) In a large kettle sauté ½ pound salt pork, diced. Reserve. (3) Use drippings to sauté ½ cup chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. (4) Add peas, 2 quarts water, 2 stalks celery with leaves, 1 small smoked ham hock or ham bone, 1 bay leaf, crushed, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Simmer 2 hours or until peas are tender. (5) Strain. Reheat, thinning, if needed with a little water. Add reserved pork. Makes about 9 cups.

CHERVIL

Delicate, looks like parsley, akin to tarragon in flavor. Use fresh or dried in salads, soups, with fish and eggs.

SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPREME: (1) Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in a skillet. Add ½ teaspoon chervil and let stand 5 minutes. (2) Beat 8 eggs slightly with ¼ cup light cream and 1 package (3-oz.) cream cheese, crumbled. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and dash pepper. (3) Heat the butter or margarine and chervil until sputtery. Add eggs, lower the heat and cook until soft and creamy. Makes 4 servings.



CHIVES

Mild onion flavor. Usually used fresh, also available frozen. Use in salads, as a sauce mixed with butter, lemon juice or sour cream, sprinkle over vegetables.

CHIVE-AND-OLIVE DRESSING: (1) Combine 1 heaping tablespoon minced chives (cut fine with scissors), 1 cup salad oil, ⅓ cup red-wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon catsup and 2 tablespoons finely chopped olives. (2) Mix thoroughly and chill. Makes 1½ cups.

DILL

Sharp, aromatic carawaylike flavor—available as leaves, stems, seeds, juice. Use fresh or dried with shell fish, meats, vegetables, salads, soups, in pickling.

DILL LAMB STEW: (1) Cut meat off 3–4 lbs. lamb shanks in medium-size pieces. Sauté meat and bones in 2 tablespoons shortening. (2) Add 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dill, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 2 onions, chopped. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. (3) Add 4 potatoes, diced, 4 carrots, diced, and 4 whole onions. Simmer until vegetables are tender. (4) Remove bones and add 1 cup peas. Cook until peas are tender. (5) Make a paste from 3 tablespoons flour and a little cold water. Stir into stew. Simmer and stir until thickened. Makes 4 servings.

GARLIC

Available as fresh bulbs ("cloves" are the individual separations), dried instant minced or chips, powder, salt, juice. Use sparingly, it has a pungent, onionlike flavor. Put slivers in roasts, especially lamb, before cooking; add a clove to stews, sauces, soups, salad dressing, to butter for garlic bread.

SIZZLING SCAMPI: (1) Arrange 1 lb. large fresh shrimp, shelled and deveined, close together in a pie plate. (2) Melt 2 table-

oons butter or margarine. Add tablespoons lemon juice and 1 ove garlic, crushed. (3) Pour er shrimp; add salt and pep- er. (4) Broil under moderate eat about 5 minutes or until rimp turn pink and are just nder. Serve on rice with the uce. Makes 2–3 servings.

MARJORAM

veet, spicy flavor. Use fresh or ied with lamb, cheese dishes, sh, eggs, soups.

ARJORAM JELLY: (1) Pour 1¼ ps boiling water over 2 tea- oons marjoram. Cover and eep 15 minutes. (2) Strain; easure 1 cup of the infusion to a saucepan. (3) Stir in ¼ cup negar and 3 cups sugar. Bring a boil. Add a few drops red od coloring. (4) When syrup ils, add ½ bottle liquid fruit ctin, stirring constantly. Bring a boil again and boil for 30 conds. (5) Remove from heat, im, and pour into hot steril- ed jelly glasses. Seal with hot raffin. Serve with pork, veal, mb or poultry. Makes 4 glasses.

MINT

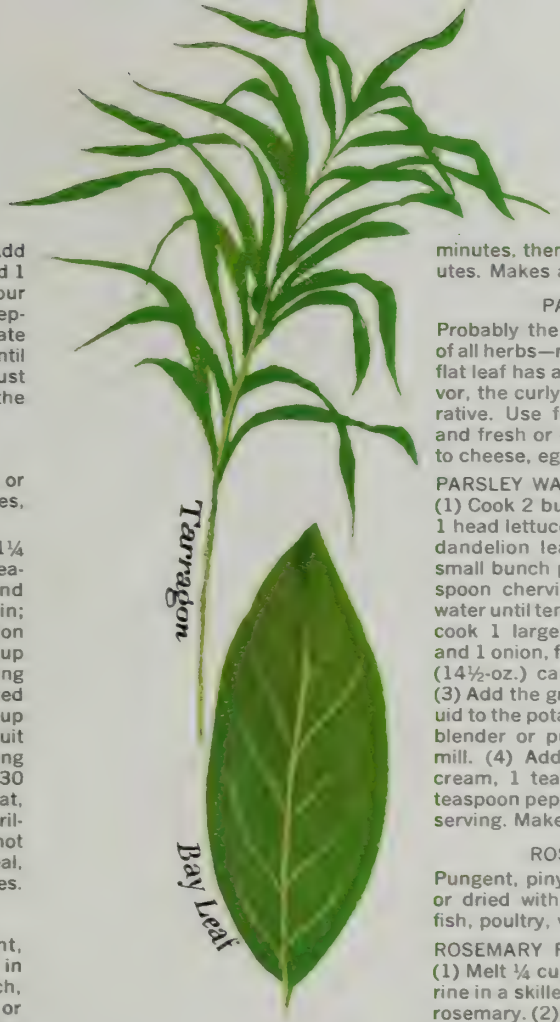
any varieties (peppermint, earmint, etc.). Use fresh in t and iced tea, fruit punch, eps, desserts, and fresh or ied with lamb, veal, vegetables.

EAS WITH MINT AND ORANGE ND: (1) Cook 4 pounds fresh as or 3 packages frozen. (2) eat 3 tablespoons slivered ange rind in ½ cup butter or argarine. (3) Add with ¼ cup esh mint, finely chopped, or 1 aspoon dried to the drained as. Season with salt and pep- r. Makes 8 servings.

OREGANO

e Italian and Spanish name wild marjoram. Somewhat onger than sweet marjoram. e fresh or dried with tomatoes, rk, lamb, poultry, and in lian recipes.

JICK PIZZAS: (1) Discard skins 5 sweet Italian sausages, break meat and sauté until browned; ain. (2) Arrange 1 package oz.) sliced "party rye" bread baking sheets. (3) Toast un- r broiler. (4) Turn and spread h 1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce. d 2 teaspoons cooked sausage d a slice of Mozzarella cheese out ¾ lb. for all) to each bread ce. Sprinkle with a pinch of egano and pepper and ½ tea- oon grated Parmesan cheese. ke in a 400° F. oven for 10 minutes, then broil for 2–3 minutes. Makes about 36 servings.



PARSLEY

Probably the most widely used of all herbs—many varieties. The flat leaf has a more pungent flavor, the curly leaf is more decorative. Use fresh as a garnish and fresh or dried to add flavor to cheese, eggs, fish.

PARSLEY WATERCRESS SOUP: (1) Cook 2 bunches watercress, 1 head lettuce, shredded, 1 cup dandelion leaves (optional), 1 small bunch parsley and ⅛ teaspoon chervil in a little salted water until tender. (2) Meanwhile cook 1 large potato, chopped, and 1 onion, finely chopped, in 2 (14½-oz.) cans chicken broth. (3) Add the greens and their liquid to the potatoes and buzz in a blender or put through a food mill. (4) Add ½–¾ cup heavy cream, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Reheat before serving. Makes 1½ quarts.

ROSEMARY

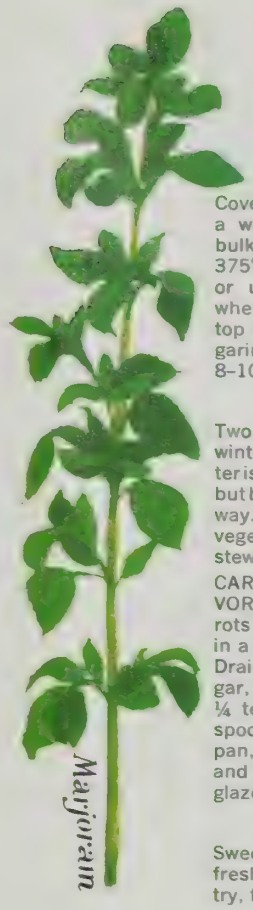
Pungent, piny flavor—use fresh or dried with beef, veal, lamb, fish, poultry, vegetables.

ROSEMARY FILLETS OF BEEF: (1) Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in a skillet. Add ¼ teaspoon rosemary. (2) When the butter is slightly brown, add 4 slices fillet of beef, about 1 inch thick. Cook over high heat for 2–3 minutes on each side. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. (3) Combine 2½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard and 1 tablespoon brandy (optional). Pour into the skillet and cook the fillets 2 minutes more in the sauce, turning once. (4) Remove meat to hot platter. Cook sauce over high heat, stirring constantly, for 1 minute and serve over meat. Makes 4 servings.

SAGE

Fragrant, slightly bitter. Use fresh or dried with pork, poultry, cheese, in stuffings, chowders.

SAGE-AND-ONION BREAD: (1) Dissolve 1 package active dry yeast in ¾ cup warm water (110–115°). (2) Stir in 2½ cups biscuit mix, ½ teaspoon sage, 1 tablespoon instant minced onion and ¼ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Beat vigorously. (3) Knead on a floured surface until smooth, about 20 times. (4) Shape into a ball, about 5 inches in diameter, and place on a lightly greased baking sheet. Cover with a towel and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk, about 1 hour. (5) Bake in a 375° F. oven for about 40 minutes or until bread sounds hollow when the crust is tapped. Brush top with melted butter or margarine and cool on a rack. Makes 8–10 servings.



SAVORY

Two most popular varieties are winter and summer savory—winter is sharper and more pungent, but both can be used in the same way. Use fresh or dried with vegetables, eggs, fish, soup, stew, poultry stuffings.

CARROTS JULIENNE WITH SAVORY: (1) Cut two bunches carrots into tiny julienne strips. Boil in a little water until tender. (2) Drain. Add ¼ cup light-brown sugar, ¼ cup butter or margarine, ¼ teaspoon savory and 1 teaspoon salt. (3) Heat, shaking the pan, until butter or margarine and sugar melt and carrots are glazed. Makes 8 servings.

TARRAGON

Sweet, licoricelike flavor. Use fresh or dried with lamb, poultry, fish, eggs, green salads.

TARRAGON FRIED CHICKEN: (1) Flour 1 frying chicken (3½ lbs.), cut up, in 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¼ cup flour. (2) Beat 2 eggs with ¼ cup milk. Add 1½ teaspoons tarragon to 1½ cups fresh bread crumbs. (3) Dip chicken in egg mixture, then in crumbs. (4) Brown in ½ cup shortening. Cover, lower heat, and cook until tender. Uncover and cook 10 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

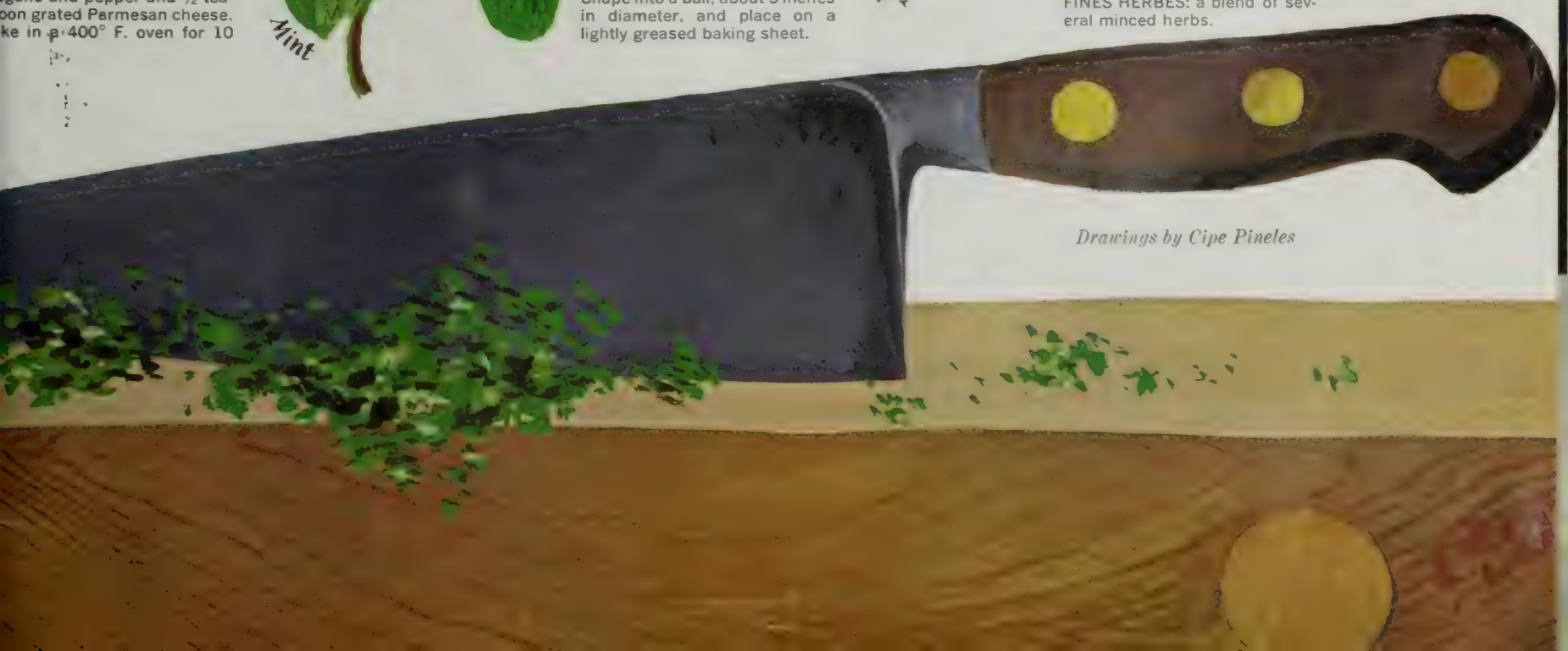
THYME

Warm and pungent. Use fresh or dried with fish, poultry, meat, tomatoes, egg dishes, stuffings.

DOWN EAST CLAM CHOWDER: (1) Drain and chop 1 quart clams, reserve liquid. (2) Dice ¼ pound salt pork and sauté in a heavy saucepan. Reserve pork. (3) Sauté ¾ cup minced onion in drippings. (4) Add clam liquor and 3 cups diced raw potatoes, cover, cook until tender. (5) Stir in 3 cups hot milk. Add clams. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and a pinch of thyme. Simmer for 5 minutes. Sprinkle with salt pork. Makes 6 servings.

BOUQUET GARNI: sprigs of several herbs tied together.

FINES HERBES: a blend of several minced herbs.



Drawings by Cipe Pineles

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4 shelves
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Fully Frost-Proof
Model
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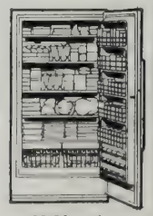
17.87 cu. ft.
625-lb. size.
Model
UFD-18-64



20.52 cu. ft.
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SPECIAL ISSUE

A DARING NEW CONCEPT TO ENLARGE YOUR LIFE

WOMAN THE FOURTH DIMENSION

BY THE EDITORS AND

BETTY FRIEDAN

AUTHOR OF

'THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE'

What it means in terms of jobs, children, husbands, home life and personal identity

CONTRIBUTIONS BY JESSICA MITFORD, RONA JAFFE, MARYA MANNES AND MANY OTHERS

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2 Golden Onion

3 Creamy Leek

4 Spring Vegetable

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1

Smoky Pea & Cheddar Dip: Prepare basic recipe. Before chilling, add ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese.
(Note: Chilling time 4 hours.)

2

Golden Onion & Parmesan Dip: Prepare basic recipe. Before chilling, add 3 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese.

3

Creamy Leek & Clam Dip: Prepare basic recipe. Before chilling, add 7 to 10 oz. can drained minced clams

4

Spring Vegetable & Cucumber Dip: Prepare basic recipe. Before chilling, add ½ cup finely chopped cucumbers.

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LADIES' HOME

JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

JUNE 1964 VOLUME LXXXI NUMBER 5

The Curtis Publishing Company

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Art, creativity and the home fires . . . . . Margaret White

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Future dimension for food . . . . . Margaret Davidson

Cover: The four-dimensional woman, as interpreted by Horn/Griner, is vibran attractively alive. Who she is, what she does and why, the problems and reward her busy life, are the subjects of this special issue. In addition, the *Journal* lo into her wardrobe, her beauty secrets and the way she plans her family's me

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OUR READERS' REPORT

Dear Editors: I am horrified that so many intelligent, well-meaning people completely misunderstood the purpose of THE CHILDREN'S STORY (A REPORT TO OUR READERS, April, 1964), even more that some didn't even bother to read it before they voiced their criticisms. It certainly causes one to ponder the saying about decay from within.

Mark down my vote *for* this provocative and enlightening piece of fiction, and thank God it is only fiction! Give us more of the same.

MRS. BEVERLY SWITZER
Waterloo, Iowa

Dear Editors: I was quite shocked after reading the comments you received pertaining to THE CHILDREN'S STORY. Although only a high-school senior, I found the message very clear.

It is easy to see why the quality of American literature is declining when adults can't understand a story as simply told as this one. Perhaps a refresher course in literature would be of help to some, but, of course, it wouldn't help the weak-minded people who dare to criticize a story without even reading it. In fact, these are the very people this story is trying to warn—those who follow without weighing the facts.

MISS CONNIE HERTZOG
Reading, Pa.

Dear Editors: I did not think you would go this far with your "cause," but you did. Your vehement protestations have stripped you of any shred of sincerity you may have had. Any way you look at it, the story was a major blunder, and your vitriolic defense merely calls attention to it.

Your insistence that the story was very subtle, pro-American and anti-Communist is too ludicrous to merit further consideration.

F. JAMES JEFFERSON
Richmond, Va.

• *Up to press time, we had received 611 letters regarding* A REPORT TO OUR READERS, *a summary of reader reaction to our publication last October of James Clavell's* THE CHILDREN'S STORY. *All but 25 of these letters commend us for publishing the story and most of them express incredulity that it was misunderstood. The remainder persisted in their belief that in printing the story, and the later report, we were engaged in some sort of Communist conspiracy.—ED.*

RECIPROCAL GIFT

Dear Editors: I feel compelled to express my gratitude to have had the opportunity to become a naturalized American citizen. A Sue and Stan Friedman (THEY CARED ENOUGH TO GIVE THE MOST, April, 1964) one can only find in these United States. Thank you for your splendid magazine, and please continue on the same level.

MRS. R. W. MYERS
Montoursville, Pa.

Dear Editors: The story of Sue and Stan Friedman's adoption of Jamie is warm and interesting. More families like them are needed by adoption agencies everywhere. Few adoption agencies would have been overly concerned by the fact that Mrs. Friedman had a prior marriage or had married someone from another religion or that she had changed her own. That Sue is fifteen years older than Stan would require special evaluation, but should not in itself eliminate consideration.

May the Friedmans have a wonderful life!

WALTER A. HEATH, *Director*
Bureau of Adoptions
Los Angeles, Calif.

THEY'LL REMEMBER APRIL

Dear Editors: I have just finished reading IN ONE ERA—AND OUT THE OTHER by Phyllis McGinley (April, 1964). I have *never* read anything I agreed with more. We have five children and are trying to raise them to amuse themselves without "keeping up with the Joneses." It is hard to do, when all you hear all around is "everybody else has one."

Children now seem unable to play unless someone puts a fancy toy in their hands and tells them how. I wish every parent and teacher in America would memorize this article.

MRS. J. DICKSON
Collbran, Colo.

Dear Editors: IN ONE ERA—AND OUT THE OTHER recorded my own thoughts so vividly, it amazed me and made me realize the hopelessness of it all.

What is to become of our children when we place such an emphasis on false values that we ourselves have created as important? Are we so insecure as adults that we rob our children of their childhood, creativeness and individualism in order to keep up with false status seekers? We push and push and push them, and to ease our own consciences, we claim we are doing it for their own good. Anything that is pushed too far reaches a breaking point. Is it any wonder we have an abundance of mental illness in our youth?

MRS. BARBARA PAINTER
Mableton, Ga.

SWEET AND SOUR

Dear Editors: I must tell you how much I appreciate your new fiction policy, and the fiction itself. Reading pieces by Anton Chekhov, Romain Gary, Shirley Ann Grau, Santha Rama Rau, etc. makes me feel like a human being with a brain again. *(Continued on page 10)*

Miss Patrice Munsel, internationally famous star of The Metropolitan Opera, says, "I love travel as much as I love clothes, and I love my American Tourister luggage, because it's so attractive I can consider it part of my wardrobe. And American Tourister travels as well as it looks!"

Triumph *IS DELIGHTFULLY NEW*

Miss Patrice Munsel is the incomparable—a great star. And everything she does and everything she owns exemplify her brilliant taste and style. How proudly, then, do we announce that Miss Munsel chooses American Tourister Luggage. Here is true superiority—in appearance, performance, luxury and endurance. The interior is rich floral brocade, lushly quilted to pamper your finery. The exterior is Permanite, fabulously tough for the rigors of travel. And, of course, American Tourister Luggage has such patented exclusive features as stainless steel closures to seal out dust and moisture, and foam-rubber-padded handles. See American Tourister in 5 original colors and 8 sizes for men and women at fine luggage and department stores. From $21.95*.

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Outdoor Salads to Go with Your Favorite Meats

Each one of these outdoorsy salads is a perfect mate for a favorite meat. And each one gets its sparkle and flair from the very special flavors of

Kraft Dressings

Choice with chicken!

Roka brand Blue atop Melony Salad

Here's the scoop in melon salad—a delight to see and eat. Cut rind from top of a watermelon. Scoop out pink balls with a small ice cream scoop. Make cantaloupe balls with a melon baller; then toss together, garnish with mint. Serve with Roka brand Blue Cheese Dressing. There's an abundance of blue cheese in this rich, creamy dressing. *Aged* blue, too—for that special, tangy flavor. Wait till you taste it on melon balls. Terrific on tossed salads, too!

Wonderful with wieners!

Kraft Mayonnaise makes Kidney Bean Coleslaw

You'll like the way Kraft Mayonnaise with its magic lilt of lemon adds a sparkling flavor to this unique coleslaw. Combine 4 c. shredded cabbage, 1 c. canned kidney beans, ⅓ c. sliced dill gherkins and ¼ c. sliced green onions. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten and toss lightly. Top with rings of green pepper. Any coleslaw is perfect with the velvety texture of Kraft Mayonnaise. This one is frankly superb!

Heavenly with hamburgers!

Miracle Whip's perky Hot Pickled Potato Salad

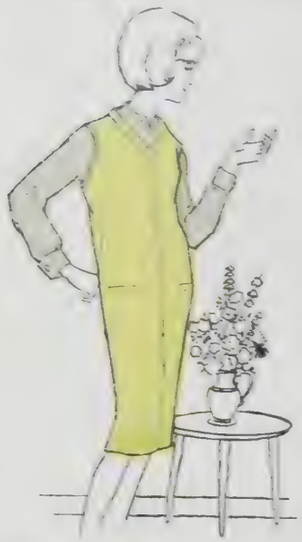
Hot potato salad made with Miracle Whip? Well, why not? Dice 6 slices of bacon and sauté until crisp. Add 6 c. sliced hot cooked potatoes; ¾ c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing; ¼ c. Kraft Italian Dressing; ¼ c. each of minced onion and chopped green pepper; 2 tbsps. chopped pimiento; salt and pepper to taste. Then heat and garnish with pimiento strips. See how Miracle Whip's creamy texture clings and clings. Taste its famous savory flavor that comes from a gentle blend of sweet-smelling spices!

Great mate for steak!

Kraft French's flavorful Cherry Tomato Toss-Up

It's easy to make a delicious splash with Kraft French Dressing. That bright yet mellow flavor is liked by everyone—even the youngest barbecuers. Just toss cherry tomatoes, red onion rings, sliced cauliflowerets, hard-cooked egg slices and greens with the bright, never too sharp taste of Kraft French. Top with croutons and serve. Kraft French is an American classic—the year-after-year favorite of more families than any other French. Creamy-thick. It's zippy but not too sharp.

How to give last year's outfit



this year's look!

Just dye it with RIT in your washer (It's easy!)

Dyeing with RIT® is fast, fun, almost foolproof!

I notice also a new seriousness in your nonfiction. I think that the frequent articles on movie stars or by them, evidently designed to boost circulation, are silly and rather deplorable. Can't we acknowledge the existence and achievements of women in the arts and other public fields?

MRS. JEFFREY WISE
Houston, Tex.

Dear Editors: Today I received my April issue of the *Journal*, and I simply must tell you how satisfied I am.

Your choice of fiction was very enjoyable. I especially enjoyed FURTHER EDUCATION and UNCLE CHOLLY. Both were realistic and down-to-earth. No complaints, keep up the good work.

LINDA AKERS
Vienna, Mo.

Dear Editors: I just finished reading the story FURTHER EDUCATION by John Wain. I'm sorry I wasted my time on it, as I was disappointed, disgusted and disillusioned to find a story of this caliber in my favorite magazine.

MRS. JUNE SWANDER
Stevensville, Mich.

P.S. Loved the cover on the April issue.

DUCK DEFENDER

Dear Editors: I am sorry that you placed that cover picture on the April issue. The little boy and his spontaneous smile were delightful, but how many children may be inspired to wish for a little chick or duckling for Easter, and how many thoughtless and indulgent parents may comply?

These helpless little animals soon die through inadequate care and the mishandling of their delicate little bodies.

MRS. AUGUST J. FREY
Larchmont, N.Y.

FACE FACTS

Dear Editors: I have just read Mrs. Hilbert Frey's letter (OUR READERS WRITE US, March, 1964) in which she asks, "Are all children little, blond, blue-eyed girls?" and in turn I am moved to ask, "Are all women in the world young?" *Everything*, even advertisements, is about or appealing to the teen-ager or young married. Once in a while a woman is allowed to reach the ripe old age of 25 or 30, but after that she fades out of the picture completely.

There are plenty of us who, although past our youth, are not exactly ancient. We still have loads of interests and we like to keep up with clothes, hair and make-up styles becoming to us.

The fact is, dear *Journal*, we're living longer than we used to, so why do you stick your head in the sand and pretend we're not here?

MRS. BERNARD D. KEATTS
Canary Islands, Spain

A LOYALIST SPEAKS

Dear Editors: The *Journal* has been a good friend of mine for at least 17 years. It is one of the few magazines I haven't outgrown as I've progressed through college and graduate school to a Ph.D. in Americanism.

It's a pleasure to find one "woman's magazine" which doesn't write down to its readers or camouflage lack of content with flashy pictures. The announcement of the resumption of a full 12-issue schedule of publication is most welcome and reassuring.

MRS. A. M. WILSON
Decatur, Ga.

MAUROIS' MESSAGE

Dear Editors: It was refreshing to read that wonderful article by André Maurois (THE SWEET MONOTONY OF MARRIAGE, March, 1964). People contemplating divorce should read this, and maybe it would give them a new outlook on married life.

MRS. JOHN E. FOSTER
Portland, Oreg.

ERROR FLAGGED

Dear Editors: The picture that was taken at our Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club in New York (NORELL, April, 1964) is an excellent picture. However, the most important part is incorrect. The American flag is improperly displayed and we are hearing about it ever since from people who have been reading the April issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

You can understand, I am sure, that it is unfortunate for the club, a patriotic organization, to have a blight of this kind on its record.

H. E. NICOLAI
New York, N.Y.

• *Our apology to the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club. The flag was moved by a zealous photographer's aide and replaced incorrectly.—ED.*

DALLAS WITHOUT MALICE

Dear Editors: For many months now, I have wanted to speak out in answer to the overwhelming amount of magazine articles condemning Dallas as a "City of Hate," the "City of Blame" and the "Scapegoat for the rest of America." I, myself, am a displaced Northerner who moved to Dallas when it was still very small-townish and very hospitable. Dallasites pride themselves on being a friendly, loving people. We were the first Northerners to move onto our street, and were greeted by our Texas neighbors with cakes, pies and flowers. I never knew people could be so thoughtful.

Sure, Dallasites are worried about their image. They want to stay a nice, friendly, neighborly town.

Perhaps we all, not just in Dallas, but all over the country, should slow down; take inventory, and ask ourselves, where are we headed? Perhaps we need a change in our thinking, or as your panel (POLITICS WITHOUT MALICE, April, 1964) concluded, "The Moderates can restrain the Extremists by taking more responsibility." I am one "Moderate American" who "without malice" suggests that Americans quit blaming Dallas for the tragic death of a great American, and put the blame on haters, whatever they choose to call themselves, and on all Moderates who, because of fear of jeopardizing home or family, do not speak out for Americanism without malice.

MRS. LORETTA BEAUREGARD
Dallas, Tex.

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Don't suffer from tender, tired, hot, perspiring feet! Every morning apply Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder to feet and shake into shoes. Helps soothe away soreness all day. Eases tight shoes. Dispels foot odor. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 19¢, 50¢, 90¢. At all stores.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

Medication works quickly, for hours, to

break "itch-cycle" ...stop skin itch

even embarrassing itch

Now you can get fast, blessed relief from the tortures of itching, chafing, rashes, dry skin, eczema . . . even embarrassing *membrane* itch (vaginal and rectal itching).

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Doctors explain how LANACANE breaks "itch-cycle"

1. Itching causes scratching... scratching increases irritation, causing more itching, more scratching.

2. LANACANE's scientific formula calms irritated nerve ends, relieves itching. Stops urge to scratch, thus breaks the vicious "itch-scratch-itch-cycle".

LANACANE soothes raw, inflamed tissue, checks harmful bacteria growth, helps speed healing. Don't suffer. Try LANACANE. This amazing medicated creme is greaseless, pleasant to use. At all drug stores.

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Don't touch this dirty oven...

just set dials, latch the door...

it cleans itself electrically.

There isn't, there can't possibly be, a more exciting range in the whole world today.

For now the fabulous Americana has P-7 in the master oven!

No, those pictures are no trick. You don't use any cleanser. No liquids, no pastes, no fumes, no nothing. Just turn two dials to "CLEAN," set timer, latch door. The same electricity that cooks for you cleans this oven completely. All that's left of crusted-on pie juices, cheese spillings, roast drippings is a trace of fine white ash on the oven floor!

No range ever deserved such a feature more. The Americana's smart built-in look, 2-level exhaust system, 2 full ovens, rotisserie, Sensi-Temp® cooktop unit, push-button controls, and a host of other extras in its compact 30" width, make it ideal for your new kitchen. And because it's electric, it means *flameless cooking.*

Only your General Electric dealer has the Americana. Only he can show you the P-7 oven—on the Americana and on two other models. Look him up today, in your Yellow Pages.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

There are lean years ahead

Wish-Bone Low Calorie Dressings
Flavor so delicious, only your figure will know they're low calorie.

Contributors and Editors

Shortly after *The Feminine Mystique* burst upon the book-buying public last year (a prepublication excerpt appeared in the Winter, 1963, issue of *Ladies' Home Journal*), author BETTY FRIEDAN began to suspect that she hadn't said enough on the subject. "After the book came out and the response began to roll in from around the country," she recalls, "I realized that we'd gone far past the feminine mystique. Hundreds of women wrote me telling how they had broken out into a new kind of

Betty Friedan

life involving jobs and a myriad other activities outside the three dimensions of their former lives as wives, mothers and homemakers." Spurred by this response, Mrs. Friedan set about researching a new book dealing with the fourth-dimensional aspect of women's lives—a book which will be published in due course by Random House. At the invitation of the editors of the *Journal*, she interrupted work on the book to write the lead article and collaborate in the editing of this special issue. Much of the planning and writing took place on airplanes between Mrs. Friedan's home, husband and three children in Grandview, N.Y., and lecture dates in widely separated parts of the country. Toward the end of the project, as she became ever more laden with reams of manuscript, she claims she felt that stewardesses from coast to coast regarded her as the Mealtime Menace. Betty Friedan was born and raised in Peoria, Ill., graduated from Smith College, *summa cum laude*, in 1942. A student of psychology, she has worked as a clinical psychologist. Mrs. Friedan was founder and director of the Community Resources Pool, an experiment in the enrichment of public education.

At the White House in February, DAVIS THOMAS, editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*, and WESLEY PRICE, articles editor, joined editors of five other women's magazines at lunch with President Lyndon B. Johnson. In informal conversation, the President emphasized a need for women in high government posts, followed up by appointing a number of them to key jobs. Before lunch the editors met the President's daughter, Lynda, who answered a question about college studies: "One subject is government, but, goodness, it isn't at all like the real thing."

Journal editors Price and Thomas, left, meet with President Johnson.

The women your husband works with...

—are you as interesting as they?

Can you compete when the talk gets around to ideas? Or do you stop short at diapers, pot roasts and doctor bills?

It will pay you to read this thought-provoking message from Great Books.

It takes so much these days to be a wife and mother. Love, of course. And devotion. Understanding. Courage. Wisdom.

The willingness to do the many drudgey little things that keep a family going.

And there's a lot of satisfaction to it, as you no doubt admit to yourself.

But, sometimes—just sometimes, don't you find yourself envying the "Gals at the office" just a little bit? And the opportunities they have to stay in the swim of things while you wrestle with diapers and diced carrots and whether to buy two or three dozen eggs?

Have you fallen into a trap?

Let's be honest. In the pressure of everyday affairs, did you slip your mind out of gear when you slipped on that plain gold band?

Don't blame yourself. Millions of married women have done the same thing. They've become "just too busy to think."

A stimulating way out

Being in the daily give and take of the business world certainly helps keep your mind supple. But there are other ways to stay sharp. Ways that are available even to a woman with a dozen youngsters, certainly available to you.

One, of course, is through service activities, which you may or may not have time to indulge in just yet.

Another, perhaps the very best way of all, is to read. Not just helpful household hints. But the kinds of books you enjoyed so much in high school and college, when your mind was still tuned to these things.

And what better way to get back mentally where you belong than with the Great Books?

Great Books? Who said so?

Great Books are a unique master library of 443 masterpieces in all.

They include tragedy, comedy, history, philosophy — published in collaboration with the University of Chicago by Encyclopaedia Britannica.

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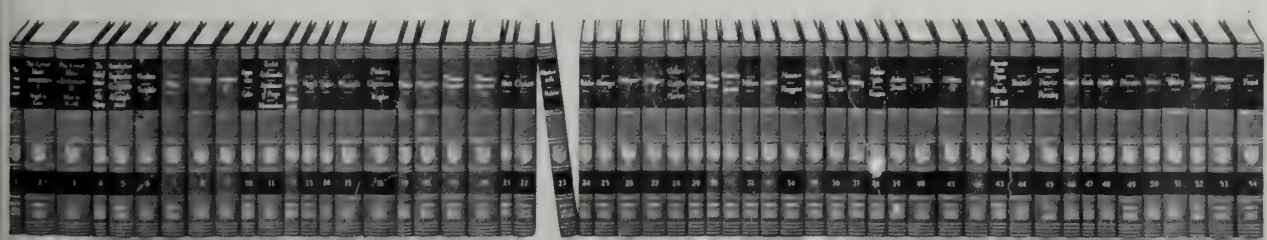
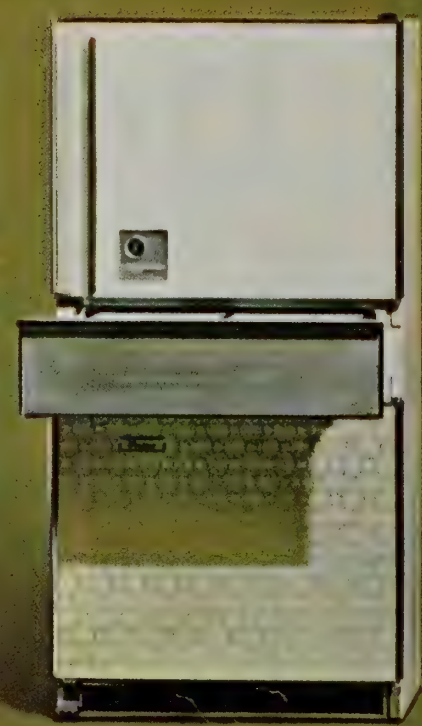


GREAT BOOKS

smart refrigerator shoppers:

START HERE...



RBE

1

4-Zone Cooling keeps all food fresh in our Center Drawer. Exclusive Cold Injector pushes cold air eve throughout the refrigerator. Completely Frost-Free

RVE 31

4

If you have to be thrifty, be smart, too. This 13 cu.ft. model has a 63-pound freezer, twin crispers, 2-position shelf, extra door storage.

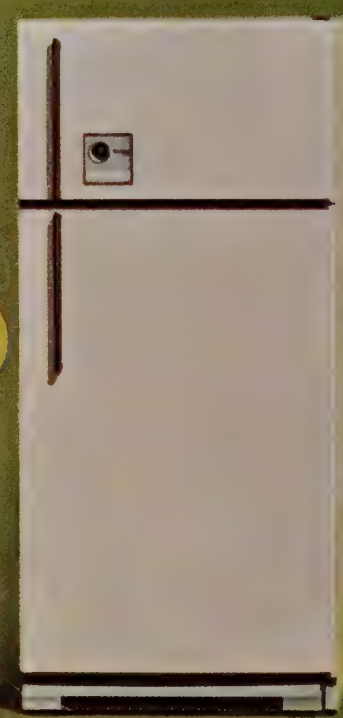
RJE 43

5

Who ever heard of a high-fashion refrigerator? Westinghouse, that's who. This one has 7-Day Meat Keeper, Cold Injector Cooling, Frost-Free.

RJE 41

6



Nice, isn't it? Has a 13.5 cu.ft. capacity. Frost Free. 119-pound freezer. Special Glide-Out Sh Four full-width shelves. Cold Injector Cooling.

RNE 32

10

ate, shrink your family you, r is roomy model. refrigerator section.

RNE 31

11

Like smart styling? You'll like this 12.6 cu.ft. model. Handles are of imported wood, heavy chrome. No-defrosting refrigerator section.

RFE 41

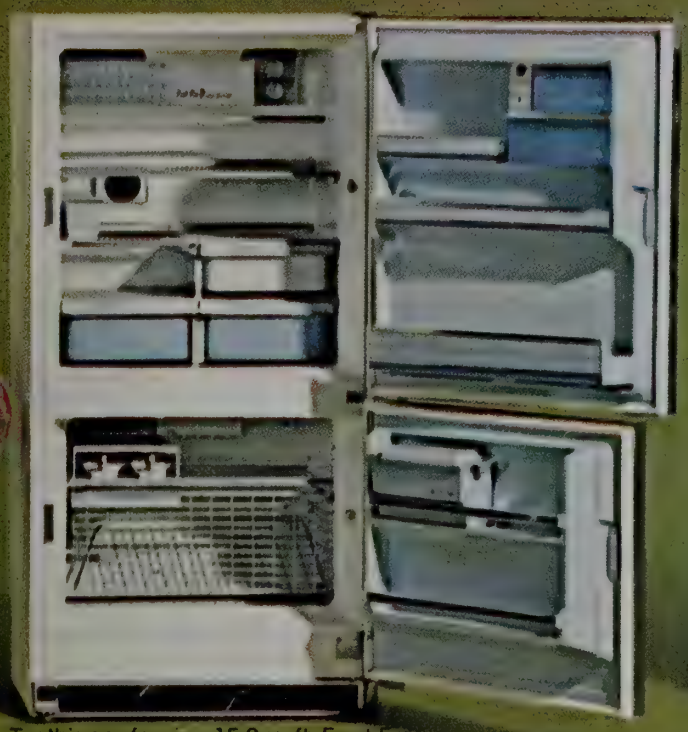
12

Beauty is as this 14 cu.ft. refrigerator does. Has smart new decorator trim. Big 161-pound freezer. Cold Injector Cooling. Spacious refrigerator secti

A step ahead

RDE 61

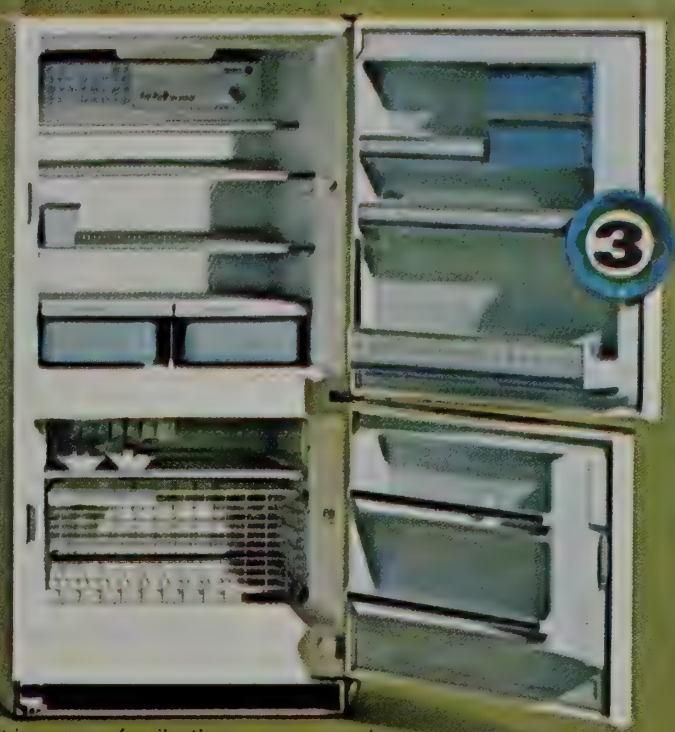
2



Try this one for size. 15.9 cu.ft. Frost-Free. Has 7-Day Meat Keeper just like Center Drawer model. 178-lb. freezer. Cold Injector Cooling.

3

RDE 41



The bigger your family, the more you need this giant two-door model. Hefty 152-lb. freezer. Cold Injector Cooling. Completely Frost-Free.

RVE 21

7

On a tight budget? This is the one for you. Compact. Economical. 12 cubic feet. Ideal for young families. Has 77-pound freezer. Full-width crisper.

RPE 31

8

New Space King Twins. Refrigerator has less freezer and more room for fresh foods. Cold Injector Cooling, too. Matching freezer (closed) holds a big 440 pounds.

FYE 32

9

Together, they give you 25.2 cu.ft. of storage. Each can be bought separately. Buy them both and you've got yourself a supermarket.

STOP HERE!

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse

When the shine in your eyes is on the end of your nose

FRENCH FLAIR
compact make-up
COTY

FUN TO WORK THIS SUMMER

Journal Original

No. 12

Here is some lighthearted needlework to take along to the beach or on your vacation this summer: abstract designs (by Mimi Hovsepian) in crewel embroidery and felt appliqué on burlap, all in brilliant poster-color combinations. Even a beginner can do one easily in a weekend. There are five separate kits. Counterclockwise: a wall hanging with or without frame; a shocking-pink tote bag; a small pillow in green and blue and a large pillow in licorice, cocoa and white. Both pillow kits include a zipper, cording and material for back. All kits include felt appliqué, rug yarn (by Paternayan), glue and full instructions.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Dept. JEJ, Post Office Box 84, New York, New York 10046

Please send me the following items for which I enclose $_____

____	Small Pillow (Green and Blue)	JEJ-12 G	$4.98
____	Large Pillow (Licorice, Cocoa and White)	JEJ-12 B	5.98
____	Tote Bag (Shocking Pink)	JEJ-12 P	5.98
____	Wall Hanging (without frame)	JEJ-12 H	5.98
____	Wall Hanging complete with Swedish modern handmade walnut box frame as shown (no glass). Overall size 15"x33"x1¼".	JEJ-12 F	13.98

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Why your dentist may recommend Crest at your next checkup

Your dentist would much rather prevent cavities than fill them. So, in addition to the care he gives your family at six-month checkups, he may give advice for daily care at home.

He may show you how to brush. He may say what you should—or shouldn't—eat for fewer cavities. And he may recommend Crest.

If your dentist does recommend Crest, consider it a tribute to your good sense. He realizes that you will use Crest as a part of a good dental program—not as a substitute for it.

As an expert on oral health—and a good friend besides—your dentist stands ready to help you make your dental-health program even better. For your family's sake, why not ask him about Crest at your next checkup?

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care."

Council on Dental Therapeutics
American Dental Association

Corvair Monza Convertible

It has a twinkle in its eye

It flirts with you, that's what it does. But its come-hither looks aren't the only attraction. Corvair's got a practical side that makes as much sense to women as it does to mechanically minded men.

For instance, the engine's air-cooled so there's no radiator to add water to or buy antifreeze for. No hoses to check, tighten or replace. And you won't spend time or money getting brakes adjusted. They adjust themselves. Just nothing much for you to do but enjoy driving like you probably never have before.

The peppery standard engine's got almost 19% more horsepower this year. Its location in back puts extra weight on your rear wheels, gives them a surer grip on mud, ice and snow. And the easy-to-park size and easy steering make even downtown driving more relaxing.

In fact, this is the kind of car it's a pleasure just to *think* about driving. Why not do just that—all the way down to your dealer's? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CORVAIR MONZA

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette
THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

Do you have to hide your hair to look prettier?

Use **condition*** great new beauty prescription for troubled hair!

Most women today have one or more of these hair troubles—do you?

- ☐ Dry hair
- ☐ Over-permanented
- ☐ Dull, limp hair
- ☐ Over-lightened
- ☐ Sun-damaged hair
- ☐ Brittle hair
- ☐ Splitting ends
- ☐ Over-porous hair

If you checked even one, we prescribe **condition*** by Clairol. This richly corrective creme formula adds such lively bounce, new vital body, satiny sheen—try it! You'll never want to hide your hair again!

Actually makes your hair feel stronger—right away! Entirely different from hairdressings or from surface pomades, **condition*** goes deeply into hair troubles. Revitalizes your hair's inner strength, outer beauty. Hairdressers use it even while tinting, toning, lightening. Avoids frizziness in permanent waving. And imagine! **condition*** works all its beautiful magic without heat—just a luxurious beauty pack treatment after your shampoo. So good for your hair. You'll love it! At beauty salons, cosmetic counters.

In jars or new travel size tube

condition* by Cl

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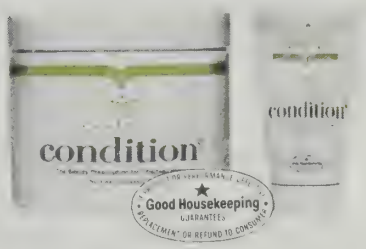
In jars or new travel size tube



condition* by Clairol®

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By JESSICA MITFOR

The 4-D Woman

THE AMERICAN WAY OF SUCCESS

Uneducated, untrained and approaching forty, s was unemployable. Obviously, there was only one wise move—to write a bo

An English review of my book *The American Way of Death* began, "Miss Mitford is a minor curiosity of the age." I made the mistake of mentioning this during a radio interview in the presence of the young press agent who had been assigned to guide me through the shoals of sudden Public Figuredom. I felt deeply for him, for he was, I supposed, in charge of my Image; but every time he got it in focus something like this would shatter it before his very eyes.

The interview over, he drew me aside urgently: "You're *not* a minor curiosity, you're the author of the number-one best seller in the country." And, he went on, hadn't my book been the subject of national television programs, and the basis for articles in a dozen major newspapers, from *The Wall Street Journal* to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer?* Hadn't it been debated in state legislatures across the country? Wasn't my opinion on funerary matters sought by public agencies, law-enforcement officials, probate judges, Congressional investigators, ministerial councils? Hadn't I been asked to contribute a piece on funeral customs to a children's encyclopedia? In short, he said, "You're a major authority, not a minor curiosity."

I gazed at him down the years that separated us, trying to see myself as he saw me. To him I'm Grand Old Miss Mitford, I thought, with not a hint of the paradoxes and surprises my life has afforded. For life was not ever thus—far from it, believe me.

The change was brought home to me when, shortly after publication of my second book, I received an entry blank from *The International Who's Who.* The covering letter said, "We should like to include a short biography of yourself similar to the one printed on page three of this leaflet." Similar? The sample biography, that of Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, listed in about 30 lines of serried print his illustrious educational achievements, the various positions he has held—Fellow, British Academy; Chairman of UNESCO; Ambassador to the U.S.S.R.—his considerable honors and awards, his 20 major publications.

Reviewing my own experiences in terms of the *Who's Who* questionnaire gave me a rather odd feeling, like that of a drowning man who sees his whole life flash before his mind's eye. The questions themselves sound, in view of my answers, positively accusatory: "Education . . . Academic Degrees . . . Honors, Awards and Prizes . . . Major Works. . . .

The answer to the first question—"Education, with names of schools, colleges and universities"—is, sad to say, "None." My mother was firmly opposed to education for girls. She herself taught us to read—by the age of six we had to be able to read *The Times* editorials without mistake. Thereafter we were on our own, except for a couple of hours spent each morning in the schoolroom with our governess.

The governess was not, I think, expected to teach us much, but rather to keep us occupied for a few specified hours each day; to see that we practiced the piano, went for walks and were tidy for tea. My mother, after all, never expected that any of us would face anything more demanding than running a well-staffed English household; the mastery of history, science, mathematics, geography and the like seemed totally unnecessary to her.

Like most children I had my own Walter Mitty dream life. Reading Sir James Jeans, I saw myself as a great astronomer searching the night skies with my giant telescope; I read Bertrand Russell, and was a philosopher probing the hearts and minds of men. To fulfill these ambitions I should have to go to school, I knew, and I constantly begged to be sent; but my mother always put me off with what struck her as valid reasons: "The uniforms are so expensive." "You know you wouldn't be any good at hockey." "If you want to learn things, you can read about them at home just as well." Or simply: "Well, you *can't* go, so that's that."

The result of this peculiar upbringing is starkly apparent in the answers to the next question on the *Who's Who* questionnaire: "List your principal positions." Salesgirl? Subeligible typist? Negligible housewife? Volunteer civil-rights worker? Classified-ad solicitor? There are many more of the same order.

For at the age of 19 I abruptly forsook the path my mother expected me to follow. I ran away from home to marry a penniless fascinator, thereby incurring the solid opposition of my family.

Entering the unfamiliar world of job-hunting and day-to-day work was a new and extraordinary experience, like being reborn into another life as a brand-new person. Since I was completely untrained for anything, and lacked even "high-school degree or equivalent," the only work I could get was that called "unskilled"; and the wage derived from it was meager indeed. I did not find these jobs dull; far from it, I embraced them eagerly, each a new slice of life. For years the excitement and pleasure of helping to earn our living provided a sort of built-in dynamo; the novelty of dashing out in the early-morning rush hour, the unfamiliar kinds of people who were my co-workers, all this was like being part of a continuous movie.

Nor did I find any of these jobs easy; in my experience there is no such thing as an "easy" job. It often seemed to me that I was not very good at anything, that others constantly zoomed by me, floating up and beyond my reach on invisible wires of competency like fairies in a Peter Pan stage play, while I lumbered and labored below.

As we were always on the move, I hardly had the opportunity to become adept at anything, let alone to move up the rungs of any ladder to those enviable heights of "supervisor," "buyer," "department head." Looking back, I see myself eagerly stumbling through a variety of routines, but never mastering any of them.

Typical of the jobs I had in those nomadic days was selling junk jewelry in Bloomingdale's, shortly after we emigrated to America in 1939. From the other side of the counter it might appear that nothing could require less brains; yet there are many booby traps in this sort of work. The sales book, for example, so deceptively simple-looking, seems to contain hidden time bombs that go off disastrously if you make the slightest mistake. You sell some items which are to be charged and sent, but in the excitement of the sale you forget to jot down the customer's name and address in the appropriate place. Or you forget to insert the carbon papers, with the result that there are dismal blanks where a record of the day's sales should appear. There is the stock to be looked after and kept tidy, the dreadful strands of beads that get hopelessly tangled within ten minutes of opening time; the swarming customers to be reckoned with; the frowning countenance of the supervisor when anything goes wrong—it took every ounce of energy and concentration to survive the day.

To escape from the ranks of the completely unskilled I enrolled in a typing course during World War II. At this time I was living in Washington, D.C., a war widow with an infant daughter to support. Again, learning to type *sounds* easy, but I did not find it so.

In wartime Washington, it was said, there was such a shortage of typists that applicants for Government jobs were put in a room with a washing machine and a typewriter. If the applicant could identify the typewriter, she was hired. Nevertheless, the best I could qualify for was the cruel category of SUBELIGIBLE TYPIST, at a salary $1,260 a year, in the Office of Pr Administration. The job descript consisted chiefly, as I recall, of the couraging words, "Must be able to derstand and follow simple direction Mocking me from above was the brig efficient world of properly trained sec taries whose job descriptions contai phrases like, "Must be able to use ini tive and make independent decision

Even in those days of extreme p sonnel shortage I was able to hang to my job only through a series of s terfuges. Sometimes I would take copy to the typing pool and, pretend to be a high-up executive ("Must able to give instructions and maintai high level of discipline"), would han over to the supervisor: "I want twe copies of this by noon, please. And sure they're all legible and prope proofread." Such was the confusion Government agencies that I was ne questioned, and in fact spent much my tenure as subeligible typist lurk in the ladies' room waiting for some to finish doing my copy.

My boss was a woman lawyer. As herself was fairly low in the Gove ment hierarchy, we did not rate a vate office, but worked in a huge, no barnlike room, our tiny desks squee in with hundreds of others. She co plained strenuously of our condit more than once. Was this a Sim Direction to me to find us better qu ters? I construed it as such.

One day as I was mooning around corridors, waiting for the typing poo finish my work, I noticed a snug li office, fully equipped with desks, ty writer, telephone, but deserted and used. I kept this cozy haven under s veillance for a few days to make cert that the coast was really clear bef moving our stuff in. All we needed was a title (the OPA was a wonderla of grand-sounding titles). I typed words WHOLESALE RETAIL COORDIN ING COMMISSION on a number of tags affixed these to the furnishings of new office early one morning.

Other OPA workers would stop in chat: "You're new here, aren't y What do you do?"

"Oh . . . we just coordinate wh salers and retailers."

As a reward for this coup my boss p moted me to the rank of Investigat which paid twice as much as I'd b getting, and required no typing.

About this time I met my present h band, Bob Treuhaft, then a Governm lawyer. He says now that he first noti me in the (Continued on page

7 summer short cuts

How many do you know?

Nothing wraps up work like a strong, absorbent ScotTowel

1. Take roll of soft ScotTowels to beach. Use to remove sand, suntan oil. Dry hands, faces. No stains on beach towels.

2. Strong even when wet, ScotTowels scrub a greasy bake dish under water, yet won't break, shred or tear.

3. ScotTowels are super-absorbent. Soak up 5 times their weight in water. Mop spills faster. Drain food better.

4. Keep flowers fresh going home in damp, absorbent ScotTowel. Cut stems on ScotTowel. No leafy clutter.

5. Create melon boat on big thirsty ScotTowel. Cut out "meat" in chunks, seed on strong ScotTowel. Drain berries, pit cherries, pare peaches, scoop out cantaloupe balls on ScotTowel. Pile fruit in shell. Parings pick up neat and tidy.

6. Scour grill with wet ScotTowel and cleanser. Strong ScotTowels last through toughest jobs. No cloths to wash.

7. ScotTowel Holders in your summer cottage keep ScotTowels handy for wash-ups. Cut down towel laundry.

ScotTowels are built to take to the water...

that's why they do all these jobs so well

ScotTowels are built to handle wet jobs. So super-absorbent they soak up five times their weight in water. So strong they *stay* strong even when wet. And they're soft, too. That's why they do more jobs more efficiently, from scouring pans to drying hands. No wonder more women use ScotTowels. Get the Regular or Big Roll today.

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

New Scott Family Placemats

So much like cloth it's hard to believe they're disposable!

Most practical placemat ever for kids. Drinks up spills. Just use 'em and toss 'em away. New Scott Plastic Cups are great for youngsters too.

Lovely as cloth for entertaining. Cushioned to insulate and protect against scratches. A variety of colors to coordinate with Scott Family Napkins.

Perfect for informal living. Great for TV snacks and "drop in" guests. They are always fresh and handy—no wiping, no washing, no ironing.

Beautiful designs and colors. These thrifty new Scott paper placemats dress up any table. Look for them wherever Scott products are sold.

3 quilted thicknesses of special absorbent paper

Thrifty enough
to use
every day!

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

 continued from page 22

cafeteria, shuffling through the long, slow line, gulping down a tomato juice and putting the glass on a convenient shelf just beneath the food counter. Then I would scoop up some salad and a sandwich and dispose of the plates in the same way, ending up at the cash register with a nickel cup of coffee. He was attracted, he says, by this display of frugality. We courted over Price Schedules for Shoe-Repair Businesses, Enforcement of Quality and Price in the Textile Industry, War Ration Book No. 3, and other tools of our trade. In 1943 we were married and moved to California.

Oddly enough it was not until several years after Bob and I were married that I was faced with serious housework—by serious I mean doing all of it, every day and all day. Until then I had clung to my amateur status in this respect by always managing to have a full-time job outside our home.

When our son Benjamin was born in 1947 I stayed at home for a few depressing months trying to cope with the tidal waves of cleaning and washing that daily threatened to engulf us.

My daughter Dinky, then aged six, immediately appropriated the adored baby, rushed home to give him his bottle, and patiently taught him his first words: "Dinky's always right, Benjy's always wrong."

I acquired a number of texts on the subject of housework, hoping to improve through study. My favorite of these was a 2,000-page tome, *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management*, published in 1871. It was full of riveting information: "Menus for a Servants'-Hall Dinner for 12" . . . "Duties of the Butler" . . . "How to Select a Wet Nurse" . . . "To clean ribbons: Mix together ½ pint gin, ½ lb. honey, ½ lb. soft soap. . . ."

Too often the end of the day found me curled up on the sofa poring over these instructions, so full of mystery, while the unwashed breakfast dishes lay drearily in the sink. "Woman's work is never done," I would murmur sadly when my husband got home in the evening; to which his rejoinder was, "You can say that again, in this house."

Many women complain that they have great difficulty escaping household ties for more productive and interesting pursuits, because their husbands dislike their neglect of home responsibilities. I cannot truthfully say that this attitude was ever a problem for me. On the contrary, my husband positively drove me from the nest, urging that the housework be put in more competent hands. Perhaps he feared for his evening Martini should I need to clean dirty ribbons. In any event my stint as negligible housewife was short-lived.

I suppose that about now I could have entered the state of den motherhood or become cookie chairman of our local parent-teacher organization. Instead I decided to cast my lot with the civil-rights movement.

My husband's law practice was heavily loaded with cases of police brutality against Negroes, housing and job discrimination, free-speech issues. For the first time I was now eligible for something: I worked with him as investigator on many of his cases, and became full-time volunteer organizer of an interracial civil-rights group. Our children grew up in an atmosphere of Causes, Issues, Emergency Meetings, their weekend recreation often a fair-employment picket line or fund-raising picnic.

Honors, Awards and Prizes to report in *Who's Who?* I have none, alas, arising out of this work, unless I list the occasional subpoenas flung my way by various state and national legislative committees.

These were the years when the McCarthy witch-hunting was at its height, when "loyalty oaths," "subversive lists," Congressional "un-American activities" hearings and blacklisting took an incredible toll in wrecked professional careers. It was considered suspicious in those days to speak too loudly in favor of Negro rights, and friendship with Negroes was commonly offered in "loyalty" hearings as evidence of subversion.

Some of it seems like ancient history now. The blacklist, denounced by the courts, has lost much of its virulence, and the fight for Negro equality has emerged in recent years as the foremost domestic issue in the country. But for those of us who had joined the fray in those bad times, a return to the ordinary world of jobs did not prove easy. In my own case the difficulty was compounded, of course, by lack of marketable skills. It is true that I had become a proficient organizer of protest delegations, leaflet distributions and mass meetings, but these were not the accomplishments that employers were looking for. And by now there was a further barrier to employment, the malevolent words in the help-wanted ads: "Must be under 35 years of age."

In spite of all, I did manage to land a job, and to savor once again the pleasure of earning a paycheck. The pay was only $50 a week and the job was of rock-bottom variety: telephone classified-advertising solicitor. There were eight of us in the office, and each morning we were supplied with the classified pages of the rival newspaper. We spent all day telephoning the advertisers, the objective being to talk them into switching their patronage to our newspaper. I was rather good at it. I even won some Honors, Awards and Prizes—a bottle of champagne and free passes to a movie—for exceeding my sales quota. The job lasted only a few weeks, because when the boss learned of my past involvement with civil-rights activities I was fired from this top-secret work.

The realization that in approaching the age of 40 I was in fact unemployable dawned slowly. There really was nothing for it but to start writing a book.

My life might have turned out very differently if I had been properly educated or cleverer at learning a trade in my youth. I might have become a schoolteacher, a head buyer of junk jewelry, somebody's indispensable gem of a secretary. Or, had I chosen the path of respectability and stuck with housework during the McCarthy witch-hunt, I might have become a Noted Hostess and Clubwoman.

As it is, I can at least sneak in under the wire to join Sir Sarvepalli in *The International Who's Who* with one line: my two publications, *Daughters and Rebels*, 1960, and *The American Way of Death*, 1963. And the latest issue of *Casket and Sunnyside*, a morticians' trade journal, reports that the topic for a forthcoming meeting of undertakers will be, "Is Jessica Mitford Writing Another Book?" Is she? ■

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WHAT THE HUSBANDS THINK

The husband of a 4-D woman acknowledges threats to his self-esteem and his comfort, but sees his wife's new life bringing advantages to their marriage.

BY ALVIN TOFFLER

Heidi, my wife, had dreamed of becoming a doctor ever since childhood. Now, at age 34, after 14 years of marriage and 10 years of motherhood, she was using her spare time to read thick texts like *Principles of Internal Medicine.* Nevertheless, I was not wholly prepared when Heidi decided to return to college for extra credits and then enroll in medical school. Her decision to become a doctor will alter our lives.

I have never been impressed with Thomas Wolfe's notion that "there is no spectacle on earth more appealing than that of a beautiful woman in the act of cooking dinner for someone she loves." In short, I have always thought of myself as an enlightened male. It was easy; excepting a few brief interludes of outside work, Heidi has stayed close to home during these 14 years.

It cost nothing to say things like, "Why don't you go out and find some kind of job for yourself? It's not the money. It will be good for you." Now the moment has come to put my principles to the test. In fact, Heidi's commitment will test our entire relationship.

When a woman goes out to work, or undertakes a campaign of serious study, or even accepts heavy volunteer duties outside the home, it places a strain on the husband as well as on the wife. The change calls for sacrifice and discipline. Now, after talking this over with dozens of other husbands, and after thinking it through in personal terms, I understand better what these strains are. I also know what the advantages are; and I understand why the thought of a wife's working looms so threateningly to many men. The threat exists on many levels, challenging a man's comfort, his social life, his children's welfare, his sexuality, and his self-esteem.

The first threat is simple. The more time my wife is away from home, the greater the likelihood that I, the husband, will have to share the household responsibilities. I detest washing dishes or vacuuming rugs, nor can I see why women shouldn't hate such drudgery. But, as long as I am working and my wife is not, it is easy to make these chores her responsibility. Of course, in times of illness or unexpected trouble, any husband who is not a brute will lend a hand. But most men can find excuses for avoiding housework. The wife who works, or is away a lot, threatens her husband's tranquillity on this primitive level. Petty as it is, there are reasons, as we shall see, why this problem looms large for many men.

The second threat is to the husband's social or recreational life. There are millions of men who hate their work and simply live for their moments free of the job. Such men want escape. They want free time—to write a string quartet, to invent a better mousetrap, or merely to enjoy golf or hunting or reading. Even men who enjoy their work—and I count myself lucky in this regard—may need and deeply value their social activities. Yet the wife's absence from the home frequently curtails social life, if only because evenings and weekends are the only times when both parents can be with their children.

A common objection to the wife's absence from home is the charge that the children will be hurt. Scientific evidence to support this accusation is lacking, but fathers worry about the possibility. A young engineer I know is married to a remarkable woman who devotes many hours a week to volunteer work. A magnificent cook, and one of the brightest women I have ever met, she has made a real contribution to every community in which she has lived. She is a natural and effective leader. Her husband is proud of her activity. Nonetheless, he told me not long ago that he's concerned about their two-year-old child.

"She's had a kind of haphazard childhood. Also, Nancy's under pressure. Sometimes this makes her short-tempered. Everything at the house has to be done with great efficiency. There's no lolling about. We're aware of this now, and we are just going to have to cut down on Nancy's time out of the house."

Here we are not dealing with the kind of "real" problems that confront some working couples: Kids returning from school to find no one at home, then roaming the streets. We are not dealing with gross neglect. We are dealing, rather, with a quality of strain that the child may suffer, even in a home where the parents are intelligent, perceptive, and financially well off. The question of the child's welfare takes on threatening form when a man's wife plans major out-of-the-house commitments.

Another threat, the one least likely to be discussed openly, is that a woman's decision to work has subtle sexual connotations. In our society money and success have always been linked with the concept of masculinity. The poor provider has always been looked down upon by some men as being something less than a man. To the husband who is unsure of his maleness, a working wife may seem like a public announcement that his worst fears are true.

For similar reasons he may resent being asked to take on housekeeping chores that have always been "women's work." All men are sensitive to other men's opinions. One young husband I know, an executive whose wife is back at school temporarily, has taken on many homemaking tasks. He cooks some of the meals, he dresses his sons, buys their clothes, and is active in the P.T.A. As he told me all this, he laughed wryly. Referring to that stereotype of the hairy-chested male that is propagated by the men's magazines—the male mystique, as it were—he said: "Boy, I'm no hero to the *Argosy* crowd, am I?" He put his concern in the form of a joke, but his public image was obviously on his mind. It is a fair guess that when a husband argues that his wife's working will harm the children, or that he doesn't want his social life wrecked, he may be worried about something entirely different.

If the very notion of a working wife may threaten some men's sense of masculinity, what happens when the wife holds a more prestigious job, or makes more money than he does, or is competing in his own field? One husband I talked with, a mathematics professor, told me of a woman professor who repeatedly turns down raises because her husband, (*Continued on page 28*)

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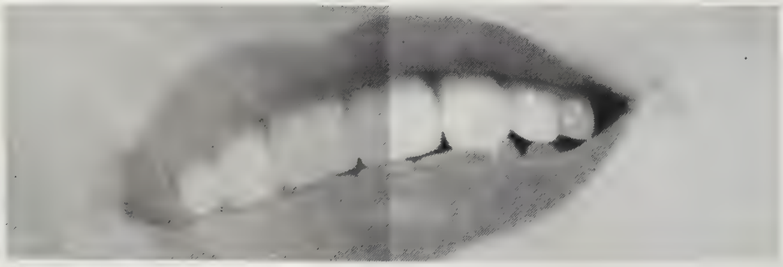

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 continued from page 26

working in the same field, is unable to match her earning power. "That woman," he said, "is living a lie."

The lie may be necessary to hold her marriage together. Not all men can face this kind of challenge. The businessman-husband of a young actress I know spoke poignantly about his own feelings: "There have been times when she's been more successful than I was. Then she would have a lean period, while I was doing well. It seemed to me she was looking at me with envious eyes, just as I looked at her enviously when she was getting ahead and I was standing still. This crazy relationship went so far that it even made me edgy to have things go well for me. I was afraid it might provoke her envy. I know it's senseless, but I don't think either of us have gotten rid of this feeling yet. It seems as if it's either her turn or my turn, and so far we haven't found a formula for being successful simultaneously."

The woman who carves out a successful niche for herself may be setting a standard of performance that her husband fears he cannot match. Competition does not bother *all* men, and it may even be good for a man. But the threat of such competition is enough to alarm many a husband.

Why, then, do so many husbands nowadays actually encourage their wives to seek careers outside the home? One reason given to me by nearly every husband of a working wife was, "My wife is more interesting since she works." Here again is that engineer speaking about his wife, who is so active in her community: "She's a helluva lot more interesting than most wives. You say to the average wife, 'What do you do?' and, unless she's at work or involved in community activity, she's usually pretty dull."

Prof. Leo Schubert, chairman of the Chemistry Department at The American University in Washington, D.C., told me that his wife runs her own gift shop. "When Edith was home after the baby was born," Doctor Schubert recalled, "she was obsessed with taking care of the baby and with trivial things—how the house was kept, and so on. Now she travels to Scandinavia, Italy and France on buying trips for the shop. She is involved in the store. This makes her more vital. The job that is at all creative—and I think hers is—brings something creative into the marriage."

Another man, Joseph Lubman, a former machinist who runs his own tool-and-die shop in Cleveland, Ohio, is married to a speech therapist who now runs a preschool nursery.

He said, "Socially, my wife is a much better person. Her values are more worldly. I don't want a wife whose total values are those of the house."

These men were unmistakably proud of their mates. An economist said of his music-teacher wife: "There's no interaction in our professional lives, but I gain an awareness that I have a wife who is a competent person in her own field. I hear her complimented as an excellent teacher. I have pride in this. I have pride when one of her students does well. She is using her education."

Perhaps it is because our society is so work-oriented, perhaps it is because labor-saving appliances have made housework easier—whatever the reason, being a housewife no longer commands much respect. Maybe this attitude is wrong, but I confess I share it. Few housewives of my acquaintance nowadays attack their household responsibilities with any of the drive, competence and *élan* that characterize a professional in any field. They may be excellent cooks or cleaners or mothers, but there is a ragged, dispirited quality about the way they function. They do not treat their work as either a craft or an art. It is just drudgery.

Granted, much of it is. But society does not admire the drudge. And why should it? Moreover, most of us were taught to abhor waste. And a woman of intelligence, particularly if she has some education, very often wastes it in the anesthetizing round of housework. This is why the economist-husband puts so much pride into the words: "She is using her education."

This pride is shown not only by the husbands but by the children as well. As we sat in his office, the drills and lathes chirring in the background, Joe Lubman said, "The kids are downright proud of their mother. She has always seemed a little better than other mothers, partly because she has some status the others didn't."

Professor Schubert observed: "Women have told me that the child needs the mother at home. Well, the sickest kids I know are the ones whose mothers have been home all the time—and hated it. Our daughter says, 'I wouldn't have had it any other way. Mom is different. I'm proud of her.'"

I came away from these conversations thinking that, all too often, parents who boast of the number of hours they spend with their children fail to weigh the quality of those hours. I found also that I was not at all convinced that my own child would suffer from Heidi's decision. Of course, our little girl Karen is ten now, and increasingly self-sufficient. Moreover, I work at home a good bit, so that, even when Heidi is at school, at least one parent will be home most of the time. Granted, this position is not typical. But most of the husbands with whom I discussed the problem had grown out of whatever misgivings they once had in this regard.

David Davidson is a lawyer in Washington. His wife Rita is a lawyer too, starting her own practice in a suburb of the capital. "Our little girl," he observed, "has said now and then that she wished Mommy would stay home. But at other times she's expressed obvious pride in her mother's activities. The boy is too young to know. The question is, what would these kids be like if their mother didn't work? There's no way of knowing. But, as I look at my daughter's periods of relative happiness and unhappiness, the times when she's done well in school and the times she has done less well, they don't seem to correlate with the periods of Rita's work or nonwork. Right now Rita is very busy, and our little girl is in a new school. Yet it's been one of our daughter's best and happiest years in class."

I emphasize these effects not because I think that all women should rush into the labor market, and not because I think that all children stand to benefit from the fact of their mothers' working. Of course not. The effect on children is the touchiest part of the decision for most families, and it deserves the deepest thought. But the issue seems always

o be stated in the negative. The ques-
ion is always, "How much *harm* will be
one to the child?" My conversations
ersuade me that some of the changes
rought about by a mother's working
nay be healthy for the child.

For example, Tony Silano is the busi-
ess manager of Mogubgub, Ltd., a
mall film-making company in New
ork. A tall, slender, dark-eyed man of
4, he is married to a woman who
orked as a fashion designer for several
ears before their first boy, Christopher,
ame along. For two years thereafter
nn Silano stayed home. But she be-
ame increasingly tense and anxious,
reoccupied with details, as Tony tells
, and overprotective toward the baby.
he was afraid to leave him, even with a
ualified baby-sitter. There were other
rains between Tony and Ann, many of
hich, he said, simply disappeared after
e started teaching fashion design part
me in 1959. But the most striking
hange, he pointed out, was in her phys-
al energy. "Ann used to be tired all
e time when she was staying home.
ow she bounces all over the place."

I have heard similar accounts from
any husbands, all testifying that a
ife gains vitality when she has some
rong interest that takes her out of the
ome. Her family gains too. As one hus-
and put it, "Her being so alive tends
keep me more alive."

These husbands listed many other
ems on the credit side of the ledger in
iscussing their wives' outside activities.
or the husband who is advancing eco-
omically and socially, there is always
e danger that his wife will be left
ehind, that her horizons will remain
arrow, that a distance will grow be-
veen them. The woman who is keenly
terested in something outside the home
less likely to be left behind.

Then there is the enhanced sense of
curity about the future. Lawyer Da-
dson alluded to this when he told me:
I remember having an insurance agent
me and plot out for me what my fam-
y would need if the unthinkable hap-
ened. It was a graphic illustration of
hat can happen to a widow who is left
ith young children. But I know that
y wife can take care of herself; she has
profession. I feel pretty comfortable
out this. I don't have to worry about
hat will become of my family."

There are subtler advantages too.
hus the very competition that some
en fear acts as a spur to others. Joe
ubman says he probably would not
ave started his own business if he
dn't been aware that his wife, as a
eech therapist, held a more prestigious
b than he during the years he knocked
out from one shop to another as a
achinist working for wages.

Only some men, not all, suffer from a
nse of competition with their wives.
dward Gavin, vice president of a real-
tate company, and husband of Patty
avin, a Washington public-relations
oman who for several years was a
cal radio celebrity, told me that he
uld enjoy her fame "because I've had
good, solid career of my own."

Doctor Schubert, remarking on the
mpetitive threat, pointed out that
he point is to realize how one's worth
measured. If money's the measure,
en you might have trouble. But if I
ave preeminent competence in my field,
no longer matters."

Lawyer Davidson says that even though his wife is in the same profession, they have different talents—she is good at strategy and impromptu maneuver, he is better at writing and has a broader fund of legal knowledge. "I've never had any feeling that either of us displayed jealousy," he said.

All this suggests that the man who doubts his own competence, or who is unsure of his wife's love, is the man most likely to fear his wife's success in the outer world. For such men the thought of a wife in a professional career, or even a challenging nonprofessional job, may be truly frightening. The wife's participation in community volunteer work, or a part-time occupation, represents a safer, halfway house, less likely to disturb his hidden insecurities. But if there is an element of danger for the insecure man, there is opportunity for the secure husband. He may enrich his relationship with his wife and his children, if he is willing to take the necessary risks.

This, then, is why I say that my wife's decision to return to college and train for a medical career will test our relationship, as well as my principles. It will require concrete sacrifices on my part. I will have to take on household duties. I will have to cut my social life to the bone. But most important, her decision will change what might be called the locus of our relationship.

We have been married for 14 years now, happily, faithfully and without benefit of psychiatry. During this time there were periods when Heidi actually worked with me as a researcher. She has been my intellectual companion, to whom I have read millions of words for criticism and comment. Recently she has helped me to articulate my ideas for a book about the arts. She has never resembled that characteristic product of our time, the "suburban vegetable." Even so, it has been my career, my wounds, and my glory, that formed the core of our collective life.

Now the issue is clear: Am I willing to make room in our life for a second truly independent personality, one who is involved with the world independently of me, one who needs me as a husband and a friend, but not as a medium through which to know the world vicariously?

Why should I make what may turn out to be painful changes and sacrifices? I asked other husbands why they do. Some told me that they accommodate themselves to their wives' activities because "if you love someone, you want them to have what they want." But I see this as a moral issue.

Does any person have the right to stand in the way of any other person's desire to become a truly independent human being?

One of the most precious, most deliciously exhilarating experiences one can have is the feeling that one is actively pursuing and approaching the fulfillment of a childhood ambition. As a simple matter of ethics, have I the right to hinder Heidi's attempt to turn her childhood dream into reality? I do not think so. I would not like to be responsible for cramping anyone's freedom in such a matter. Least of all, someone I love. The risks are, therefore, risks I cannot and must not avoid. Posed in this way, as a moral issue, my decision is clear. There is only one answer. Morality, like charity, begins at home. ■

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The 4-D Woman

A fictional diary

THE HAPPIEST DAY

BY MARYA MANNES

An imaginary day in the life of a woman who is wife, mother and sculptor, but who discovers she cannot be exclusively *any one of these.*

THREE A.M.

Jeff has just uttered one of those short, sharp snorts—punctuating a sequence of gentle snoring—which usually pull me out of some lovely dream in a strange place with interesting people. Anyway, the minute I awake, a host of little devils crowds in, filling my mind. I must remember to tell Lula to put less vinegar in her dressing, or better, switch to lemon. Why on earth is Paul suddenly slumping in his marks? The headmaster wrote, "We feel Paul is not living up to his potential"; why couldn't he just have said, "Paul is not working"? I'll have to write the boy a pep talk, or get Jeff to do it, there's really no excuse for an intelligent boy of 16 getting two C's, even if he does loathe math and the social sciences.

Jessie *must* do something about her hair if she's going to join us for dinner tonight, she looks like a Village espresso queen with all that dank stream of hair falling over her face. Why on earth do these girls have to get so sex-ridden at 13? Heaven help us all, any day now Jessie'll marry a teen-age jazz drummer and have six children that we'll support. Not over my dead body, she won't, she's going to learn how to use her mind and her talents before she settles for that.

Worry, worry, worry. When it gets like that, I force my mind away from this nagging and think about my work. I love my work. I think about the head I am doing, and about today's appointments: the senator in the morning and Mrs. Wilberforce in the afternoon. I don't mind worrying about the senator's mouth, which I haven't got quite right; I try to reconstruct his face in my mind's eye so that my fingers will know it by heart. Anyway, he has a good face—strong bones and an imperious nose. The trouble with Mrs. Wilberforce is that she is a blob. Women who have no bones are hard to do; I try to avoid them, but it's a sort of challenge, and we do need the money. But she talks so much her cheeks wobble, and if I did her really honestly she'd be horrified.

If I were Jacob Epstein, or Jo Davidson, I'd be honest and hang the consequences, but I'm merely a proficient portrait sculptor who can ply her trade only by pleasing the sitter. To salve my conscience, I am ruthlessly honest when the faces are good—not necessarily handsome, but strong and real. The main thing is to get the *inner* person, and if I can show that underneath all her social and charity surface Mrs. Wilberforce is a lonely and unsure woman, I'll have done my job.

EIGHT A.M.

Agony. Every morning is agony. Breakfast for Jeff, breakfast for Jessie, breakfast for me, and no time to make myself look like those women in TV commercials, all shiny and neat in the morning. Besides, when I went into the kitchen to start the percolator, I saw a cockroach. Two weeks after the exterminator man came. I'll have to call him again, I can't stand roaches.

Jeff, thank God, hides behind his paper at breakfast, but Jessie looks like a body fished out of the river and eats like the wenches in *Tom Jones*. For 12 years Jeff and I have tried to show her how to open a boiled egg neatly, but it always looks like a street accident when she's through with it. God help her husband! God help her teachers! Maybe girls at 13 should be put away; you love them, but they're quite intolerable. Why *must* they behave like underprivileged minorities?

Suddenly Jessie says, "Ma, I don't feel well," and I feel guilty for being irritated with her, and take her temperature. It's only 99.6, but I put her to bed and call the school and call the doctor and wonder if it is any of a dozen hideous diseases, and whether I can go on with my senator's sitting. But Jeff says, don't be silly, I don't have a class till eleven, I'll be working at home till then, you go ahead. But still I worry, any mother does, although I honestly don't think Jessie's ill. It's just that she stays up most of the night listening to her radio, or reading, and never gets enough sleep.

NINE A.M.

Jessie is now comfortably ensconced in bed with a copy of *Playboy* that Paul must have bought on his last weekend here. (I usually dispose of them, but I missed this one.) Jeff is working on a lecture, and I am making my marketing list. Eight for dinner tonight, all faculty except Mary Brown, and all of them gourmet-minded, heaven help me. But Lula does the veal very well, so I guess we'll have that again, and the chocolate soufflé is her masterpiece.

NINE-FIFTEEN A.M.

Telephone rings. It's Lula. "I'm awfully sorry, Miz Cooper, but I'm feelin' just awful. I don't know what it is, but I ache all over, an' my head feels like it's bustin'. . . ." My heart sinks, but what can I do? If she's sick, she's sick. So I say of course I understand, and then I redo the whole menu, because I'm not so good at veal and have never dared a soufflé. I settle on baked chicken in sour cream and thyme and a bought dessert, and wonder how I can get home from Mrs. Wilberforce in time to get it all ready and pull myself together as well.

I look in the mirror and groan: I need a hairdresser desperately, but how can I take the time? I can't miss the sittings, and even if I sacrificed my lunch period it would be to come home and check on Jessie. So the hair will have to stay as it is—like one of those poodles whose topknot has wilted. For the thousandth time I envy my wholly domestic sisters, who can take the time to look right and smart and fresh.

But do I envy them? Do they feel this eagerness to get to work, to plunge into something beyond the material trivia of daily living? I can hardly wait to get the marketing done and go to my little studio-room two blocks away. It is half of my life.

NINE-THIRTY A.M.

I don't really mind marketing, because I like food and love to look at fruits and vegetables—firm ones, fresh and glowing on the stands. If I ever get any time between heads, I'd like to do a huge eggplant or squash, to be cast in bronze. The shapes and textures are fascinating: real abstractions, if you will, like almost anything seen purely and whole in the natural world. I sometimes wonder why artists need to go any further than the crystal, the tree root, the shell, the plant, the boulder, for their patterns and visions. They are apt to be far more interesting than the interior chaos of the artist himself.

Today the supermarket is very crowded, and I have a hard time piloting my cart through a heavy traffic of women with babies in their carts and at their heels. But the vegetable man is a good friend, and we have our usual little talk about life while he weighs the onions and tomatoes and mushrooms and picks out the biggest and freshest Boston lettuce in sight.

I only began to get fidgety waiting at the check-out counter; the woman ahead of me must be running a youth hostel. I have never seen so many cartons and cans in my life, plus frozen everything. No fresh fruits or vegetables at all, heaven help the kids. This is the sort of moment when I wonder what it must be like to have a wife. I mean, Jeff can devote himself wholly to his work, he never has to bother with the endless string of small details that keeps a house going. I try not to wonder whether I might be twice as good a sculptor if my mind and hands were freed of housekeeping; how marvelous it would be to have someone always standing between you and family needs and interruptions—like a wife. I don't think men—even Jeff—have any conception of what it's like to keep a steady rhythm of work and commitment going through all these chopped-up days and hours. Does Jeff worry about Jessie while he writes his lecture? About roaches, or what we are going to eat tonight, or Paul's marks? About Lula's aches? I doubt it. But there it is. A wife can't have a wife, and that's all there is to it. I count myself lucky that the children have now reached the stage where I can at least detach myself from them for six hours of the day. Unless they are ill . . . I wonder what is wrong with Jessie, she seemed perfectly all right last night. Oh dear . . .

That woman's through at last. I have a game with myself: I guess my bill. Looks like—$15.50 today. Pretty good: $15.35. I have (*Continued on page 33*)

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The Duplex 19's unique stand-up design and new, foamed-in Thinwall Insulation save valuable space inside and outside . . . nearly double the storage capacity of your present refrigerator space!

At left: the spacious 246 lb. freezer is just 64 3/16″ high . . . lets you reach right in without squatting, stooping or stretching.

At right: the expansive 11.8 cu. ft. refrigerator holds gallon milk bottles, big hams, bulky packages . . . lets you help yourself without hunting.

Shop just once a week for the big family. Enjoy a convenient automatic ice maker* . . . and automatic defrosting in both the freezer and refrigerator.*

See the Duplex 19 now . . . in Copper Bronze, Shell Pink, Citron Yellow, Turquoise and White.

ADMIRAL® DUPLEX® 19

Newest thin-wall freezer refrigerator

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Model shown, ND 1949. *Ice maker and no-defrost freezer, optional extra. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

stopped thinking how monumental the week's food bill has become—what's the use? We have to eat, and I don't buy any frills, really. Besides, we're nine in all tonight, heaven help me. Oh, Lula, why do you have to get sick *today?*

TEN A.M.

It's only a bare room with a north window, three flights up in an old brownstone, but every time I come into it I feel freedom and peace. The armatures, the shrouded forms, the tools, the table, the turntables, the plaster casts—and me. Myself. Alone. Not Mrs. Cooper, wife of the professor of economics; not the mother of Paul and Jessica. Just me: a single human being in love with the human face, humble before its mysteries, proud of certain skills, never satisfied with what is done but always excited by the doing. Someday, I tell myself, there will be revelation and I will really produce the form of truth.

I take the wrapping of cloth—now dry outside but still moist inside—gently off the senator's head. There have been only three sittings, but he's beginning to live. And yet, the mouth *isn't* right. There's a setness about it that gives no indication of speech; one ought to get the feeling that he's about to talk (God knows, most senators are). I think it's the upper lip. I take the smallest of my spatulas and work at it.

I love the smell of the wet clay. I love the way the slightest pressure of a fingertip can make the difference between true and false. I love the silence. I have a phone in the room so the family can reach me, but they're the only ones who have the number, and they know—on pain of maternal fury—that it's for emergency use only. I hate the telephone: It's a ravisher of peace.

What I do have and use is an FM radio, because I find good music goes very well with sculpture and, anyway, it seems to make sitters less self-conscious. I usually shop around the dial for Bach or Vivaldi or Brahms or Beethoven or Mozart—not because I'm a classical snob but because these people have such a sublime sense of structure and form, of passion and serenity. Most contemporary stuff makes me jittery; I think highly of some Stravinsky, but I can't listen to him while I'm working. He's too restless.

The front doorbell announces the senator, and I push the buzzer and go out to the landing to watch him toil upward, getting a good view of the top of his head, which is broad and Roman and well covered with crisp white hair.

I can't deny that the more I see of this man the more I like him. He's a public servant in the real sense of the word, and with the minimum political "cheapness." At least with me. He likes to talk to me while I work, and what he says opens up a whole new world. Here again is where I'm so lucky in the work I love: I meet a range of people whom I'd never know if I just stayed home—like a good housewife should. Of course I meet interesting people through Jeff and the university, but this is something different. The artist-subject relationship is far more personal and direct. In fact, there have been times when it threatened to be too personal and direct, and I've had to remind myself that I am not single or free.

But a little danger is good for a woman; it makes her feel more like a woman. Come, come, now, my girl, get on with your business. The right ear is not right enough. Work and listen.

The senator stretches and smiles and asks for a break. I tell him reluctantly that his time is up anyway. He looks at his watch and seems surprised.

He likes the head, but he wonders whether his nose is really as large as that. I tell him it is. We confirm the date of our next-to-last sitting, and after he puts on his coat he holds my hand a little longer than necessary and says nice things. I thank him, and he leaves.

I hope the trustees of his university like his head—it's to go in their directors' room, in a special niche, where probably nobody will see it. But the senator wants a bronze replica of his own, for his home.

TWELVE-THIRTY P.M.

I rush home to see how Jessie is doing and find Doctor Mathis just closing his bag and about to go. I follow him to the front door, and out of Jessie's range. He says there's nothing to worry about—just a light intestinal flu that's "going around." He gives me a prescription and tells me not to worry, although he concedes that she is run down and ought to have more sleep. Try and make her, I say, and he smiles. He has three teenagers at home.

Then I heat up some broth and bring it to her and sit while she sips it. She seems in a much better mood since the doctor came: She thrives on male attention. (But then, don't we all?) I only wish that her boredom with females, especially her mother, were not quite so conspicuous.

Anyway, she's not too sick to ask for a new formal and tell me to get from the drugstore some new teen-age face lotion that's supposed to cover spots. Also, she wants some toast, so it's clear she is not dying.

I get myself some leftover cheese and an apple, which is now standard midday fare for me, and try to compose a letter to Paul. "*Dear Paul,* Your father and I are naturally concerned about your slump in marks this term. Do you realize how heavily this bears on your college chances? . . ." No. Pompous. Too much pressure in this college rat race as it is.

"*Dear Paul,* Do you think you could make a stupendous effort and get through that math block this term? Not for our sakes but your own. You have the brains—how about using them? . . ."

Oh, dear. He'll just groan and stop reading. How do you reach a boy of that age? I'll wait till I see Jeff and work something out. Heaven knows, he should know better than I the right approach to the young male.

My own approach to the son I love is rather mixed at this moment. I had a letter today from the Pentagon, of all places, asking whether I would do a head of General Havemann. It would mean being in Washington for at least a week. I'd love to do it—from his pictures he's got a bold and interesting face—but they want me the second week in June, just when Paul gets home from school. Obviously I can't accept. Jeff will be here, of course, but the household seems to fall apart when I'm away, and I can't leave the children entirely on their own. Here we go again—the old conflict of loyalties. I want to do that head in Washington. It's a big commission and might lead to (*Continued on page 36*)

Shades of Rome: Ravioli with real Italian flavor

In Rome, we take bite-size squares of macaroni, stuff them with beef till they bulge, then simmer them in a special tomato sauce and true Italian spices. Here, we follow the same recipe.

Yes, I make ravioli the old Italian way. And the result is delicious! Nutritious, too. Because the quick pep of macaroni is made more lasting by all the beefy protein. It's true, too, of the milk protein in cheese-filled ravioli.

It's real Italian ravioli, and costs only about 15¢ a serving. And as you listen to compliments on your Italian cooking, let it be our secret that you did it the convenient Chef Boy-Ar-Dee way.

Hector Boiardi, Chef

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Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® Ravioli

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Colgate is *unsurpassed* in reducing new cavities. (*Journal of Dentistry for Children*, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25.)
And it stops mouth odor for most people instantly. No wonder Colgate's the world's largest selling toothpaste.

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Slim down with low-calorie salads made extra tasty with Heinz Vinegars

Pleasure is part of your weight-losing program when you treat yourself to Pretty Figure Salads made with sparkling Heinz Vinegars.

• **Heinz Vinegars are mellowed in wood**—just as fine wine is mellowed—so they have a wonderfully smooth taste and aroma that bring out the subtle, hidden flavors of your salad ingredients as no other vinegars can. Use only finer, mellower Heinz Vinegars in your salads. They give your *taste* an exciting reward as you *help yourself to a prettier figure.*

Fruit Medley Salad

(Illustrated above.) Combine salad greens with fruits such as apple slices, cantaloupe balls, grapefruit sections and pineapple chunks. Toss lightly with Mint French Dressing *(recipe below)*, and add a topping of cottage cheese.

Mint French Dressing: Combine ⅓ cup Heinz White or Apple Cider Vinegar, ⅔ cup salad oil, ¼ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. salt and 1 tsp. sugar. Add 1 or 2 Tbsp. crushed mint leaves. Chill, and shake well before serving.

Try Heinz Cider, White, Wine, Tarragon or Salad Vinegar. All five of them give you a big difference in flavor for such a little difference in price.

HAPPIEST DAY *continued from page 33*

more. If I were a man, I'd take the job without question. But if I went, I would be plagued by guilt. . . . Perhaps in five more years, when the kids are grown up, I'll only be torn two ways. I guess it's all part of the price.

I now make a new little list. Flowers. Nuts for cocktails. Bottle vodka. Jeff is supposed to handle the liquor, but he forgot that. Pants to cleaner's. Medicine for Jessie. It never ends. My trips to the studio and back are a conveyer belt: I don't remember any when I wasn't carrying something in a paper bag.

TWO-THIRTY P.M.

My heart sinks when I uncover Mrs. Wilberforce. It's an amorphous blob, but already uncannily like her. The trouble is, she has no neck, no bones—just a sort of birdlike expression under a nest of hair. I really can't give her features she hasn't got; the best I can do is suggest the charm she has when she's talking about something she likes. When she isn't talking, her face is tragic. Either way I can't imagine anyone's wanting the head, but if she's to be the presiding bronze angel of the Home for Unwed Mothers, they are welcome to it.

Mrs. W. is half an hour late, but bubbling. Every time she comes I have to remind her to take off clips, beads, earrings, etc. I wish I could do her in a hat, because she's definitely a hat-woman. She probably goes to bed in one.

I have to shorten the sitting because of the appalling evening ahead, but we got quite a lot done, and I must say she's a good sport; when she took a look at her clay image, she said, "That's why women can't be Presidents!"

FIVE P.M.

After picking up stuff on the way home, I totter into the apartment yearning to drop everything and put my feet up: Standing and working intensely for five or six hours leaves me bushed. But dear Jeff, looking professorial with pipe in mouth, comes out of his den with a sheaf of typescript in his hand and asks me (he has the decency to kiss me first) to look at his lecture. I feel like crying because (a) I never have understood economic theory and he ought to know it now, and (b) I simply have to get the chickens on their first stage and myself into a bath. But I'm always touched by Jeff's faith in my judgment, however misplaced. So I tell him I will read as soon as I get food started and look in on Jessie. She says she feels better and could she have chocolate ice cream, and I say no—rather sharply, I fear.

That's another thing: Men are allowed to be silent, even grumpy, after a full day's work (leave Daddy alone, he's tired), but there's a fiction abroad that the working female has no right to be cross or moody, it's "unfeminine." Who was it—Schopenhauer? Nietzsche?—who said the function of woman was to comfort the warrior? It would be lovely once in a while if the roles were reversed. But then, people point at you and say: See, that's the trouble with career women, they're tense and temperamental, etc., etc. As if the wholly homebound housewife were never either!

Ah, well. It's just one of those nights.

SIX-THIRTY P.M.

I think everything's just about ready: table set, chicken in oven, salad dressing mixed, noodles standing by, nuts distributed, ice in bucket (Jeff did that) and now—finally—the salvage of me.

This process was started by a drink-while-cooking—a simple ritual which makes the difference between a sullen cook and a cheerful one. Jeff now brings it to me automatically (he *is* a comfort) while I chop and stir.

Stage two is rehabilitation in a long hot bath. Then, maybe, a little ice on the face ("to firm those tired muscles"), a noble, if vain, effort to brush and comb some life into wilted hair, and, finally, the dress. I take out the only cocktail-y one that makes me feel moderately attractive and find, after it's on, that half of the hem's come undone. I utter a foul word (Tsk, tsk, says Jeff from his bed of ease) and settle for another one that I'm thoroughly sick of.

The doorbell rings (I bet it's the Goddards, they're always the first—and the dullest) and I gallop to answer it, fastening earrings.

ELEVEN-THIRTY P.M.

Well, I suppose it was a success. They were all nice about the food, and the talk never flagged, except for that endless hiatus when Jeff took his buddies into the den, leaving me with the wives, only one of whom is any real fun. The others are the kind of women who say things like this to someone like me: "I used to love art myself, but of course when you take care of children, you can't keep up hobbies." Hobbies! What does she think I do—therapy? Another one kept telling us how marvelous her children are—all in the right schools and getting straight A's—and said, when we congratulated her, "Well, I've always believed that children are a full-time career—at least till they're in college." Incidentally, she never mentioned her husband . . . I guess he wasn't. (I mean, a full-time career.) Jeff couldn't stand being one for me, and as for the kids, I maintain that my occasional absences are a boon for them. At least they have learned to think for themselves, and entertain themselves. As for me, if I stayed with them all day, I'd go mad. Not all of us are born to be exclusively maternal.

I ponder such things as I groan with dismay at the pile of glasses and dishes in the kitchen. The dishwasher is a godsend, but it doesn't scour pots and pans and skillets, and the rinsing and loading always take more time than you expect.

Periodically Jeff stands in the doorway and says, "Can I help?" He can, simply by being there. I tell him to check on Jessie. She ought to be asleep by now, if she isn't tuned in on one of those late late talkfests on radio.

TWELVE-FIFTEEN A.M.

As we both collapse in bed, Jeff says he forgot to ask me how it went today. I stifle a yawn and murmur, pretty good, except for Mrs. Wilberforce's neck, and he puts his arms around me and says, "Funny girl," and we kiss each other, and he says, "Get some sleep—you deserve it."

Maybe the full-time housewife would be less tired, maybe she'd be alf fresh and dewy and ardent for her warrior. All I know is that I wouldn't trade my life for hers for anything.

Mine is tough, and I don't do anything perfectly, but at least I'm using everything I have as a human being as fully as I am able. And I am doubly fortunate to be living with a man who wants me the way I am. As I want him.

I can hardly wait for the morning and what it might bring. ■

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NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD

Everything here cares for itself—wash and hang, they'll do the rest

By Susan Harney

BARELY DIVIDED, FORTREL-AND-COTTON CHECKS

Above, pink-and-white ruffled top and matching to-the-ankle skirt, by Jantzen, 8–16. Top, $5.98; skirt, $13.

Snug, hooded beach playsuit, right, in white cotton terry cloth, by White Stag, small, medium, large, $14.

Blue-and-white chec cover-up, left, is sashe above waist. By Dorian Macksoud, sizes 8–16, $18

AROUND-THE-HOUSE COVER-UP CHECKS IN AN ARNEL-COTTON BLEN

SWEET SLEEP IN FLOWER-PATTERNED DACRON-AND-COTTON BATISTE

Long blue-and-white clover-pattern Empire nightgown, above, by Parisian Maid, petite, small and medium, $18.

AN ALL-TIME SUMMER CLASSIC, LEFT, WHITE COTTON TERRY CLOTH

Continued on page 42

Want to be sure you pour it pure?

Get it in GLASS

Best thing next to milk—clean, clear glass. Bottles lock purity in, impurities out. Glass makes pure, wholesome milk even more appetizing. Next time you buy milk—get it in glass!

Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

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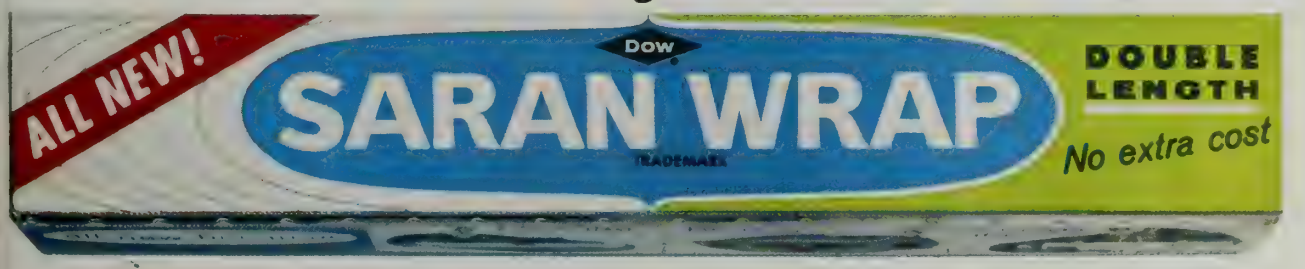

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Cuts?

Help heal the hurt with new First Aid Cream—the long-lasting antiseptic that helps fight infection, soothe the hurt, promote healing. Every minor skin break, from scrapes to scratches, from burns to bites, needs Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream.

Johnson & Johnson

A good way to face the sun: wear a yellow-and-white harlequin print scarf fringed at the bottom and tied under the chin. By Symphony Scarfs, $1.

TRIANGLE SUNSHADE FOR SUMMER HAIR IN COLORFUL COTTON TERRY CLOTH

Neat little to-the-wrist gloves scattered with brilliant yellow, red and blue summer flowers. By Hansen Gloves, in sizes 6–7½, $3.50.

BRIGHT HANDFULS OF GAY SUMMER FLOWERS ON WHITE PIQUÉ-LIKE NYLON

For a pretty summer figure: petti-pants by Warner's, available in small, medium and large, $5.95. For all shopping information, see page 94.

PRETTY SUMMER SHAPING IN STRETCH LACE OF NYLON-AND-LYCRA SPANDEX

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surger

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

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COLOR FOAM goes on in minutes, stays on for shampoo after shampoo. Ten flattering colors to choose from. All leave your hair looking and feeling soft, natural, and delightfully manageable. For that beautiful bright new look your hairdresser knows so well . . . use COLOR FOAM.

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Does it really make sense to buy a new refrigerator-freezer before your old refrigerator is worn out? You be the judge.

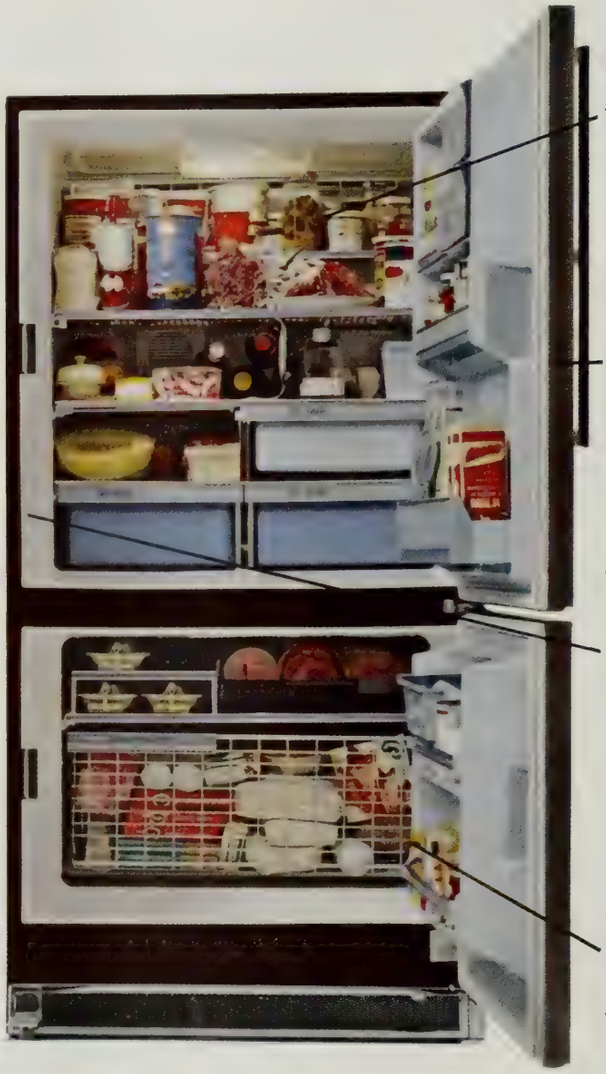
Here's a comparison between the old and the new models

Defrost every week or you're in trouble.

Design that doesn't look right with anything in the kitchen.

Vault-like walls, built thick to insulate, but they rob you of storage space.

Helter-skelter placement of your food.



No defrosting ever with a new, no-fro refrigerator-freeze

New styling, that makes the refriger ator-freezer a handsome addition

Thin walls, made with new insulatio provide more storage space in th same dimensions.

At-your-finger-tip storage because all items are right where you want them.

with a new no-frost refrigerator freezer

See the difference? Now you can do something about it. Stores in your area are featuring special displays of new refrigerator-freezers during the entire month of June. Look for this happy Eskimo symbol that points the way to special values . . .

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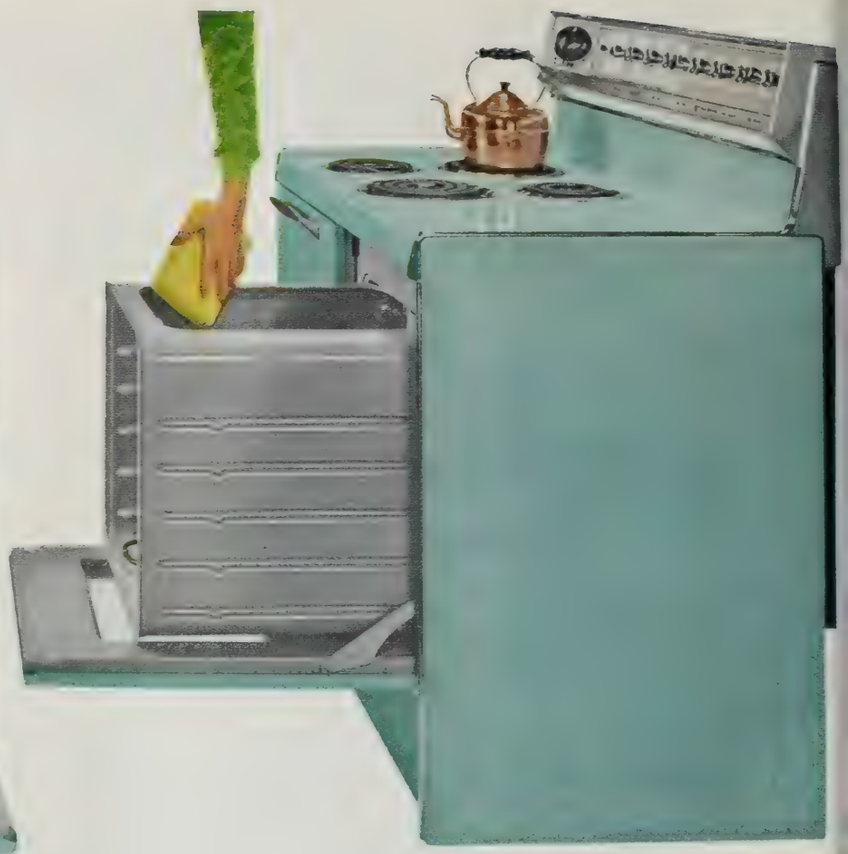

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THE PRACTICAL PULL'N CLEAN OVEN
THE PRACTICAL FRIGIDAIRE RANGE!

Only Frigidaire Electric Ranges give you all these easy-clean features inside and out! One example, the completely practical Pull 'N Clean oven! No awkward stooping or stretching—just pull this oven out like a drawer, clean it standing up. What's more, you get the exclusive Pull 'N Clean oven in 10 different Frigidaire models, many budget-priced. Newly designed for even easier cleaning—all over! New high back is smooth...has no cracks to trap splatters. Knobs on control panel pull off for quick, thorough cleaning. New deep recessed top catches spills; raised cooking units help keep spills from dripping back into range. Deep porcelain enamel drip bowls clean easier, resist scratches and stains. Even the storage drawer pulls all the way out for mop-under floor cleaning! *Practical cooking:* Speed-Heat unit gets red hot in seconds. Heat-Minder frees you from worry about scorched pans, boil-overs. No push buttons to limit number of heat settings—dial the cooking temperature you want for ovens or cooking units. *Practical choice:* Frigidaire offers you a wide selection of range models, from 40-inch Flair Ranges with eye-level ovens to 21-inch apartment models. Products of General Motors. (Factory-trained servicemen everywhere.)

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F

WOMAN: THE FOURTH DIMENSION

Special issue on a quiet revolution that is changing the lives of American women

An unheralded revolution which is transforming the lives of American women—and will change the lives of their daughters even more—is gathering momentum across the country. The foundations of this quiet revolution were laid half a century ago, and not so quietly at that. Women paraded militantly on the main streets of towns and cities in their struggle to win the vote. They talked aggressively about careers and equal rights. But relatively few women really took part in these battles. The present revolution involves many millions of women who are getting the education, working at the jobs and using the vote for which these earlier crusaders campaigned. It was no accident that the end of World War II marked the beginning of a new and massive impetus in this revolution. The war had summoned women with almost the same urgency as men, and it had placed them in jobs that demanded skill, responsibility and intelligence. During the postwar years, as the last barriers of prejudice began to fall away, women found themselves facing opportunities for achievement that had never before existed. They were welcomed to the professions, to the sciences and to the arts. At the same time, however, an illusory notion prevailed that the revolution had stopped or even reversed itself. The key words were "feminine fulfillment," and this concept seemed to apply only to the traditional roles of marriage, motherhood and homemaking which women appeared to embrace with new zeal. But great numbers of young girls were also getting educations never open to their mothers, and an even greater number of happily married wives and mothers were beginning to use that education in the world beyond the home. One of the most articulate spokesmen for this revolution is Betty Friedan, author of the best-selling book *The Feminine Mystique*. In the year since its publication she has had an opportunity to study many additional aspects of this new direction in women's lives, which she calls a woman's fourth dimension—the realization of her own ambitions in the mainstream of society. The editors asked Mrs. Friedan to help edit a special issue of the *Journal* dealing with this emerging new pattern, and this month's contents are the result of this collaboration.

WOMAN: THE FOURTH DIMENSION

·By BETTY FRIEDAN

Now, in mid-twentieth-century America, millions of women have broken through to a fourth dimension in women's existence: woman as a person herself, employing all her intelligence and abilities in a changing world.

"When you stop asking yourself the same question, over and over, you have the energy to move on."

Rosalind Loring, busy wife and mother, also holds down a full-time job as adult-education coordinator at U.C.L.A.

All at once even the arguments about the feminine mystique seem obsolete, swept aside by a massive breakthrough that is actually happening in the lives and minds of American women.

"Now I can see a future before me—not just marriage as my inevitable destiny," a high-school graduate on Long Island told me. After seven years of going steady, she has canceled plans for marrying right away and working to put her boyfriend through law school. Instead, she will work her own way through college. "The difference is—I am an individual human being. I still want a home and children, but I know now about a world big enough for me to become a part of it myself."

A college senior from Sioux Falls, S.D., told me that she had broken through "a strange kind of fuzz about my life ahead, which made me hang onto my boyfriend as the only future, so desperately wanting him to propose that I would do almost anything." The fuzz cleared away when she "made the first decision not only about what I'll be doing next year, but what I'll be doing for the rest of my life." She has resolved "to go on" in microbiology.

A serene wife and mother living in Seattle, and making a new job for herself by starting a nursery school, decided against bleaching her hair: "I like looking my own age, I've lived it, I enjoy it, it's more becoming than trying to look nineteen. Strangely enough, forty-six feels terribly young in terms of all I want to do—although thirty-six once seemed terribly old. Now I have this tremendous feeling of growth that's come of starting something new."

A 43-year-old mother in Greenbelt, Md., is learning to become an orbital programmer—one day she will be tracking satellites in space: "You go through life as Joey's mother, Helen's mother, and you come to a dead end. Two years ago I felt my life was all over. My mother died at forty-seven, and in her day that was beyond middle age. But the numbers don't feel the same now. It's the new things that keep opening up in my life."

Even words like "fulfillment" seemed inadequate, as I listened to Marty Camp, Seattle housewife, tracing her progress from den mother, Sunday-school teacher, frustrated campaigner for better schools, to her own weekly television program, *What's New in the Schoolhouse.* "'Fulfillment' sounds so selfish," she said. "Actually, it's suddenly feeling that you are part of the world before and the world after, of something bigger than you are. And the excitement of making your own ideas become realities. You can sit around and talk till hell freezes over, but it's just daydreaming unless you have the courage to take the next step, and get personally committed to real action that tunes you in to other people, and to the community."

I have filled 20 notebooks with the words of such women this past year. They are creating, in their own lives, the new image of woman I was groping toward in my book *The Feminine Mystique.* So far I have received more than

a thousand letters from women who have made decisions and taken action "that changed my whole life" as a result of breaking through the feminine mystique. I have been traveling too, talking with women across the country, from small towns in the Pacific Northwest to the suburbs of New York, Boston, Dallas, Detroit, Minneapolis, Baton Rouge, Los Angeles, women who seem to have found a new dimension of existence, untroubled by the old dilemmas—"marriage-motherhood-career" and "self-fulfillment-femininity." Concerned not with themselves but with larger purposes in the world, these women do not ask, "Who am I?" Somehow, in actions of individual commitment to society, they have found that sense of their own identity which eludes so many women, young and old, who are caught in the narrow confines of the feminine mystique.

Far more American women than I realized have now moved *beyond* the feminine mystique, which defined woman solely in terms of her three-dimensional sexual relation to man as wife, mother, homemaker; passively dependent, her own role restricted to timeless, changeless love and service of husband and children. Millions of women in mid-twentieth-century America have broken through, or are on the verge of breakthrough, to a fourth dimension in women's existence: woman as a person herself, using her abilities in a changing world. And the new identity she finds there does not deny her age-old three-dimensional femininity but meshes with it in patterns that can only be seen in that other fourth dimension: time.

The emergence of this fourth dimension involves a subtle but profound change in the whole *Gestalt* of women's lives, changing the way they see themselves, and the way others see them; posing new problems for women, men and society; creating new patterns in marriage, motherhood, homemaking, education and all the professions, even impinging on American politics and the national economy.

Women who *use time* to create the fourth dimension of their world, who serenely accept *change* as the normal state of life, simply bypass the conflicts that cannot be solved by regarding marriage-motherhood-career as changeless, separate states of being. Cramped within the narrow, three-dimensional terms of the feminine mystique, a woman sees the relatively young fulfillment of love and childbearing as the peak of life. She dreads the years beyond, the so-called "empty years," which for a young mother today might span half a century, if she has her last child at 30 and expects to live till nearly 80—as she can. She lives in fear of the rapid changes in our complex society, which seem to be leaving her behind. The experts on woman still debate "careers" for women as if time, that other fourth dimension, did not exist; as if she could remain forever a young mother, as if the world would stop moving while she devoted 20 years to having babies.

But it is the new years which medical science has added to woman's life, her future *beyond* childbearing, which demand and make possible the fourth dimension: her own identity in society. The women I have met this past year who have, with pain or ease, really begun to live in the fourth dimension, seem to move in the mainstream of the swift current of change, finding patterns of life more attuned to the future than the conventional career patterns of men. Even women who until recently couldn't see beyond motherhood, and a dead end at 30 or 32, are breaking through to a new world, created by new demands of our swiftly changing society. Women are the key to whole new professions and occupations that are suddenly needed—to educate, govern, nurture, treat the new ills, use the new leisure, record the new information, pursue the new discoveries for our exploding society.

After a woman becomes keenly aware that she has nearly 80 years of life to plan for, a qualitative difference is evident in her use of time; in her choices and her goals; in her haste to marry and have babies; even a difference in the maturity she achieves, and in the way she ages. The women I have met who have broken through to that fourth dimension—their own identity as persons—move with a new serenity and freedom in the three other dimensions of marriage, motherhood, home.

Bette Kurtzman of Detroit told me how she had gone back to school as a young mother of three, and emerged with a brand-new job in communications: "The day I came home from work and realized that one of my ideas had contributed something—they had listened to me not as a pretty woman but as a person with something to contribute—that's the day I began to enjoy being a pretty woman, and clothes and cooking and taking care of my house and children. Suddenly I had a new kind of energy and freedom and tranquillity, and everything became different. I put my whole mind to it, and fitted the pieces of my life together."

Such a woman is a "heroine" in the Greek sense, which defined the hero as any free man who took his own part in the Trojan War, and about whom a story could be told. For the Greeks understood that "courage," which we now assume in the hero, is involved in leaving one's private hiding place and showing who one is.

As the political scientist Hannah Arendt puts it, courage "is in fact already present in a willingness to act or speak at all, to insert oneself into the world and begin a story of one's own. . . ." In this sense there are no heroines today on television, in movies or conventional fiction. Instead, there are sex objects, mindless household drudges devoted to cleaning the sink, keeping their bodies feminine, being Jimmy's mother or John's wife, kissing husband and children good-bye as they depart for adventures in the world.

That obsolete image, the feminine mystique, makes the woman on the verge of breaking through feel guilty for being more than the doctor's wife, Jimmy's mother, the cleaner of kitchen sinks. She feels uncomfortably "different" from her suburban neighbors, or the other girls at college, not realizing how much company she has, among women her own age, older, younger, in other suburbs, other cities across this nation, more company every day. Perhaps she has company right on her own block, for that obsolete feminine mystique impels many women who have moved beyond it to keep secret their entry into a fourth dimension. The woman who is writing and selling short stories uses a pseudonym "for fear of being lynched by the other housewives," she tells her editor. The woman who has an absorbing job pretends that she's working only "to help pay the mortgage."

The human abilities of women, now being released, are as various as the evolving needs of society. They may be as familiar as the mothering of children or as strange as mapping outer space. And the four-dimensional pattern in any woman's life evolves and changes, as it meshes now one way, now another, with marriage, motherhood, homemaking. That's why it's so confusing for any woman to measure herself in terms of what she is doing right now. The curse of so many housewives—and men and women who hold jobs—is that fragmented *dailyness*.

As the great architect Eero Saarinen said to his wife, Aline, "You've got to stop living in rabbit time. Architects live in elephant time."

The fourth dimension, in any woman's life, does not emerge in one day, full-blown; indeed, it is often found by trial and error.

The mother of three children, Bette Kurtzman returned to school, won a new job.

"After I made a place for myself in the world, I could enjoy my work at home."

Margaret Menzel of Florida has three children, a career in genetics.

"Plot your strategy, but keep the tactics flexible."

"It's not one big choice," said Rosalind Loring, an engineer's wife and mother of two children, who, after 14 years of volunteer activity and part-time teaching jobs in Los Angeles, became adult-education coordinator for the University of California. "You make minor decisions at first. The first decision is yes, I will travel sixty miles twice a week to take the course, for credit. Or, I will find some other mothers to start the cooperative nursery school, and take turns baby-sitting, so I can take the part-time job, or work in the voters' campaign. Or, that you will apply for the grant to get the new degree in adult education. And put the kids in camp two weeks, and travel three thousand miles for the leadership training program.

"That year was the turning point for me. I was thirty-seven, and suddenly all the possibilities in the big wide world became apparent. But by then you know what kind of a person you are, you don't keep asking yourself the same piddling question, 'Am I right to do this?' You're making other decisions that produce results."

I have observed six patterns by which women in the United States today seem to be achieving a fourth dimension in life:

FIRST: The Job. The 23,000,000 women who work in the United States today have, at least, emerged from the isolation of household "labor" to face the world. But to be fourth-dimensional a job must involve *choice*, entail a future and permit a meshing with marriage, motherhood, home. A girl who takes a "nothing" job to fill the time before marriage, or to put her husband through graduate school, is evading choice. Personnel experts call it a "terminal job"; it has no "future." An untrained widow or divorcée or wife, who must take a routine job to earn money, is not free to choose. In the United States, most jobs are difficult for women to keep when they begin having children. This job pattern is responsible for employers' prejudices against hiring, or training, women for jobs with a real future, and for the general impression that children are neglected when their mothers work.

But there is a great influx in the working force today of women who are married and living with their husbands, with children over six, who work from "choice." Four out of 10 such women work in the United States today, a 400 percent increase in 20 years. According to recent research by sociologists F. Ivan Nye of Washington State University and Lois Hoffman of the University of Michigan, these women differ basically from the working mother of 1940 who was "forced into an unskilled, physically tiring, low-paying job by direct economic necessity." Women who work because of commitment are more aware of themselves as individuals, take a greater joy in their own children, and know greater physical well-being than housewife-mothers, or mothers "forced" to work. The forced workers often have to quit a "job" to find a fourth dimension. One of them wrote me:

"An outside job as a stenographer meant working eight hours a day for someone else, leaving my baby with someone else, eating quickly prepared meals, cramming a day's housework into an evening, and, at the same time, taking a bath, curling my hair, bathing the baby and putting her to bed, without spending much time with her. I got no more thrill out of typing a letter than cleaning the toilet bowl. After I quit my job, my flexible schedule at home gave me time for my husband and baby and for myself. I now take a nursing course two nights a week. . . ."

For a different woman, a typist's job became fourth-dimensional. When her youngest child was enrolled in kindergarten, Harriett Bassett, wife of a chemical engineer in Rockland County, New York, took shorthand lessons to become a clerk-typist at the Lamont Geological Observatory. Though she never finished college, she is now assistant to the director of the observatory. Last year she was given a sabbatical to study in the physical and biological sciences, on a fellowship from Columbia. A frail-looking blonde, she runs a large suburban home, with a cleaning woman twice a week and some help from her three children.

SECOND: Commitment to a Profession. Women who made a firm and early commitment to a life work or profession, integrating it with marriage and motherhood as they come along, keep moving in the fourth dimension with the evolution of their own field. In the past 20 years these women have been in a distinct minority, not only because the feminine mystique dissuaded girls from such commitments but because society itself has made it difficult for a woman to keep progressing in any profession during the years when she has duties toward children, marriage and home. The world of work is still so much a "man's world" that only now are professions such as medicine beginning to arrange training schedules for the human beings who give birth to babies.

Margaret Menzel of Tallahassee, Fla., research geneticist and mother of three, spent three and a half years "arguing the strategy for combining two careers into one marriage" before she married a fellow biologist. They decided against working as a husband-and-wife team; they did not want to compete, nor did they want her to be a restive subordinate member of the team. "We agreed—one—to give his career first precedence in selecting locations, but to seek positions where there were some possibilities for me. Two, when children came, I should try to work at least part time to keep abreast of my field. Three, I should be responsible for seeing that the household was run and look upon domestic help as a necessary professional expense. He doesn't enjoy housework, but he volunteers cheerfully when I'm in a pinch.

"We have three children, now ten, six and five. I worked right through all my pregnancies until the day I was delivered, and bore them easily and with great exhilaration. They are bright, affectionate, self-reliant children with no serious problems.

"Of course there *are* other problems—the overt and subtle professional discrimination; the necessity of saying 'no' to a lot of minor pleasures and community duties; the hostility mixed with envy of other women; the difficulty of fitting children's school schedules into a working day; the crises when a child, or worse, the maid, is ill; the guilt you sometimes feel when a child gets into difficulty.

"Let's not pretend combining a career and children is easy work. You've got to put more into your job than a man would to get ahead (or just stay even) and, despite all the modern gadgets, a household takes some executive attention. But once you've overcome the initial inertia, employers prove surprisingly cooperative, children adaptable, husbands admiring. Parkinson's law even runs in reverse and time begins to expand to meet the work required."

"I think it will be easier for my daughters to find their own identity."

Harriett Bassett, assistant to the director of Lamont Geological Observatory, also manages a large and happy household.

Marty Camp, a Seattle housewife, finds fulfillment with her own weekly television program, entitled What's New in the Schoolhouse.

"I wouldn't go back a day—I feel tuned in to the world."

THIRD: The Committed Volunteer. A great many women who wrote "housewife" on the census blank while their children were young followed a fourth-dimensional commitment—to politics, education, art, mental health—through action in community projects, voluntary or paid. Some who never thought of themselves as career women are being tapped, at 35 or 40, for posts on the new frontiers of our time. For their movement, tuned to the evolving needs of their own communities, keeps them abreast of change, unhampered by the blind spots of professional conformity. Others move on to still higher levels of responsible leadership, often breaking through to run for political office, instead of serving in the safe backwater of the women's auxiliary, or forever seconding the nomination. Instead of the painful, often tortuous, period other women often experience before the breakthrough—that "first decision" at 18, or 38—this woman suffers a period of self-questioning each time one commitment is fulfilled, and her own growth forces her to move on to the next.

Priscilla Jackson of Birmingham, Mich., felt she should be home with each child until he entered school—she organized cooperative nursery schools for each one of them. Then ——

"I was so thrilled to explode out into the world that I joined everything, volunteered for everything—and had to retreat and say 'No, I can only be room mother for one child at a time.' I then found my niche in the League of Women Voters, and became active on foreign policy. Running a public meeting on foreign aid, I discovered that to make it top-flight we needed more resources, so I contacted the Dean of Continuing Education of Michigan State. The conference was one of the best he'd ever seen, so he offered me a job.

"I said, 'But I have children and a house and a demanding husband . . .' who said: 'You've been getting pretty restless around here, why don't you try it?' (He was also starting a new business and we could use the money.) I agreed to try, but only if I could have a ten-month appointment like a faculty member, and a six-hour day. I also refused to do routine work.

"Any woman who has gotten *volunteers* to raise money and accomplish real goals has better administrative and management training, I have discovered, than men who have simply bought the talent they needed, and when it didn't fit, fired it. For women, a project on a retainer-fee system is better than an hourly rate. Saves a lot of accounting; admits the fact that no one knows how long she's going to take; and puts her on a professional status rather than subclerical, in which most organizations rate part-time people."

Following a similar road to a different end, Shirley Margolin, a glowing non-college woman in the Fresh Meadows development in Queens, N.Y., recalls:

"I didn't have any awareness of myself, or the world, until after we set down roots in this community, and I got involved. I became chairman of the group that created many new schools out here. We did a projection of the population explosion before we ever heard the word. The Board of Education predicted one half child per family, but we knew it was more than that, from our house-to-house census of three hundred families. It was the most marvelous education for me, doing things I never thought I could do. We got the new school built, and the high school . . . once you start, you even begin to feel your responsibility for the human race, grandiose as it may sound. I mean, will it continue to exist? I helped organize Women Strike for Peace out here. I remember once I used to make a fetish of cleaning house. Well, my house is neat, what needs polishing gets polished, but it's in its proper place. Because of all these things I've been involved in, now I have that awareness of who I am. *I grew into it.*"

Such women of commitment are emerging as the new political "pros" in many parts of the country. In the state of Virginia, Kathryn Stone, housewife and mother of three, moved from leadership in the League of Women Voters to the state legislature. There she stood alone—not only as a woman but as the only legislator to oppose the so-called legal "massive resistance" to desegregation of schools. The barrage of insults from male legislators finally reduced her to tears (not of weakness, she insists, but massive outrage). The tears made newspaper headlines. Refusing to retreat, she has since been reelected for the third time to the Virginia legislature, and is now chairman of the Governor's Committee for Youth.

In their concentration on the issues, such women often are not aware of the degree of professional stature they have won. They are held back by the vestiges of timidity and diffidence (not on the issues, only on the question of asserting their own candidacies). Some months ago I met the retiring national president of a large women's organization, effective in combating discrimination. She was depressed and uncertain about her future. She had to retire as national president, she told me; it was time to let a younger woman take over, but she couldn't bear the thought of staying home and "succumbing to the menopause." She'd thought of going back to school, but maybe she was too old to attempt that.

Six months later I met her at a luncheon. Gay, energetic and slightly frantic, she drew me aside.

"I'm not going to get my M.A. after all," she said. "I don't have time. You know, they've been asking me for years to run for City Council. I was afraid to run and risk defeat. In a volunteer women's organization, you don't have to run; if you're nominated you're elected. Well, I began to go to City Council meetings, and suddenly I decided I'd run—there is such a mess to be cleaned up. . . ." (She was elected.)

FOURTH: Creation of a Fourth-Dimensional Career. The creation by a woman of a new fourth-dimensional job for herself, which meshes her work with her marriage-motherhood-home commitments, can constitute a breakthrough for all women in the chosen field.

When Marian Gartler's husband was transferred to Seattle, there seemed no way she could continue in her highly specialized profession as a textbook editor. This kind of editing simply wasn't done outside the publisher's office 3,000 miles away in New York.

But as soon as she finished decorating her contemporary house in the Spooky Hollow section of Seattle, she set up what might be called a subcontracting textbook "cottage industry"—using her whole house as the publishing office. Among the other wives and mothers around her age, the middle 30's, she found four with good backgrounds in education or journalism who "were at the turning point all women are reaching in our society, as their youngest children go off to school."

When I arrived at that elegant house in the woods, at two o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon, the station wagons parked outside and the hum of female chatter from an open window suggested a mid-afternoon suburban *Kaffeeklatsch.* Every single room was being used for the "bookmaking" business. In a sunny studio, with blue Venetian-glass bottles on windowsills, skis and sleeping bags in one corner, two women were at a dining table working on a manuscript. In the living room Marian and her two senior partners, Marcella Bendit and Caryl

Roman, were discussing the material to be included in the 16th book of their social-studies series, *Understanding Your World*. In the kitchen a young woman with curlers in her hair was hunched over a stack of galley proofs. On the kitchen bulletin board, next to the usual grocery lists, was a schedule of printer's deadlines, alongside a warning, "June 20: Marcella has to take kids to camp."

Having produced 15 books as a team, and won for them official "adoption" by the state of California, these women—with 13 children among them—have confidently accepted a new contract full of rigid deadlines which, apart from other projects, will bring them $200,000 in the next 10 years. Their working pattern, however, scarcely resembles ordinary business procedure.

As two women left to pick up children at school, Marian explained: "We have shifted into high gear in this project, which for some of us can mean nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, and all day Saturday or Sunday, plus a couple of evenings. We don't like to do it that way, and neither do our families, but we have to push ourselves so we can all take five weeks off this summer. Caryl and I are going to Europe with our husbands, who have medical congresses to attend. The others want to spend the summer with their kids. We push whenever any of us want time off for anything important."

The group as a whole must regard the publisher's deadlines as absolute. But when the working body has four heads, one or even two can be spared to meet family "deadlines."

"We also spark each other, working together," Marian said. "It's much more satisfactory than working alone, at home. We take a lot of kidding from our husbands, but they've been very respectful since we got the California adoption for our books. Of course, they're very secure and successful in their own fields. The only real problem is the hostility all of us sometimes feel at parties, from women who feel the urge to do something, and haven't yet."

Another modern version of the old "cottage industries" pattern sprang up five years ago in a new field, computer programming, when Mrs. Elsie Shutt of Harvard, Mass., left her job to have her first baby. Soon afterward she launched Computations Inc., recruiting other mothers, trained in high-level mathematics, who wanted to be home while their babies were young. (Their joint production of 27 babies, so far, has earned them the title "the pregnant programmers.") They work in their own homes, charging only for time actually spent at the desk, which they regulate themselves, as their babies nap or exercise in the playpen. The caliber of their professional work has won contracts from such giants as Minneapolis-Honeywell, Raytheon, the Air Force, and Harvard itself, on computer-programming projects too sprawling for their own staffs to handle.

Some women have even created the fourth-dimensional pattern they need in rigidly traditional professions—which need women. A breakthrough has finally been made in medicine. Dr. Helen Kaplan, mother of three children, and Dr. Kathleen Shanahan, mother of two, are midway through their residency training in psychiatry, under a new program initiated by New York Medical College for women who want to be both homemakers and doctors. Instead of the 24 hours a day, 12-month regimen of the male resident, the women's residency is divided into four nine-month periods, with Christmas and Easter vacations, and night and weekend duties modified. The women spend morning and evening with their children, and work the usual 40-hour week at the hospital, their resident's salary being prorated according to the time spent on the job.

The whole program has been organized to meet strict professional standards, as a pilot project forecasting a general reshaping of medical training for women. What they have proved, these women say, "is not that we are the same as men, but that we are different, and that there is room in psychiatry for this difference."

A similar program, recognizing that women who are needed as pediatricians may also have children of their own, is under way at Children's Hospital in Boston. There two mothers carry a pediatric residency in tandem, completing in two years the residency a man would carry on a round-the-clock basis in one year. An equally important breakthrough has been made by a number of hospitals in their desperate need for nurses. To entice back into the field some of the millions of mothers who have nurses' training, they have set up nursery schools for their children right in the hospital.

FIFTH: Second-Chance Education for the Late Bloomer. A great many women today are making a late and unnecessarily painful breakthrough into their fourth dimension. The "late bloomer" can be encouraged by the promise of a second chance, such as the Minnesota Plan for Women's Continuing Education. This plan offers women educational retreading, after 15 years of housewife hibernation, at hours—and for fees—that are acceptable for a woman whose oldest child may be on the expensive brink of college, or who still has young children to care for at home.

Knowing how many other women are in the same boat makes it somehow easier to swallow one's pride and go back to school, or risk rebuff at a first job interview. Of course, the "retreading" or rehabilitation programs being offered to mature women today by colleges and universities like Minnesota, Goddard, Oklahoma, Sarah Lawrence cannot be counted on five years from now, when the postwar population explosion will hit the campuses.

The miracle is how many women in America in 1964 have the strength—and the desperation—to break through at 35, or 40, or more, with little help from society, even active opposition, and move into the world with skills unused for 10 or 15 years.

Virginia Gibson Allen of Pittsburgh told me: "I left school and married in 1951. Since then I have moved thirteen times, lived in eight states and produced two children. But I have also studied alone and at home, privately, and at school; I have worked till two in the morning ironing because I don't need light for that, and I do for painting. I have driven fifty-two miles a day to take my husband to work and pick him up at night in order to be able to go to school; I have conducted, alone, my first one-man show, coping with the measles, and finally, when I fill out the income tax now, I put down—occupation: painter; not housewife.

"I may still be a business loss, but I am a net gain. Never, in the six years since I broke out of the trap, has one concession been given, nor one iota of recognition of my effort been forthcoming from any source except my husband and my children. A woman who undertakes to become herself, to find her work, also finds that the people who are the proudest are her own family—the ones she most feared to deprive of her tender loving care."

A woman of Bergen County, New Jersey, recalled: "When I was thirty-eight years old—I am now forty-three—I went back to school to get my degree as a psychiatric social worker. When I appeared at the School of Social Work for an interview, my motives were suspect, to say the least. It was apparent, after being grilled for two hours, that they were trying to uncover an escape from an unhappy marriage, maternal rejection, or an underlying wish to regress to college days. Anyhow, the shortage in the field being what it is, they let me in, and in 1960 I graduated."

The hostility some women show to women who've made the "breakthrough" seems understandable to me. There is an open nerve end here; growing numbers of women in our society, who face this new 80-year life span, need to make their own breakthrough to the fourth dimension. But if a woman is afraid to do something about it—or doesn't see anything she *can* do—better for her to believe that she was meant to be "just a housewife."

As long as society puts up real obstacles, only the strongest or most desperate women will move into the fourth dimension. But in the state of Minnesota the very existence of the Plan for Women's Continuing Education has suddenly made it seem *possible*, not freakish, not sinful, not terrifying, not lonely, not even too difficult, for all kinds of women at almost any age to move on. In Minneosta all a woman needs to do is pick up the phone, call the University, and ask for "the office that has to do with women who want to come back." She is given an appointment with a counselor who doesn't think she's crazy, and helps her into the right classroom. If she cannot afford the modest fee, she can try for a scholarship, despite her age.

The women—over 1,200 in three years—who've taken advantage of this plan range from social leaders of Minneapolis's most elegant suburbs to wives of factory workers. One of them is Velta Sparnins, 35, who looks like a young and gentle version of Ingrid Bergman. Her husband works in a machine shop; her three children, 17, 12 and 9, are in school. Born in Latvia, she had been clerking in a supermarket, and had tried bookkeeping courses at night school.

"Are American husbands so weak we need to pamper their egos? Mine isn't."

Dr. Conchita Winn is a Spanish teacher at Southern Methodist University.

Velta Sparnins, mother of three children, attends college on a scholarship.

Eleanor Siegl returned to school as a late bloomer, then opened a new, pioneering nursery school.

"Studying chemistry makes me feel younger, like having a baby."

"I started an exceptional school for children—I think all children are exceptional."

"I really wanted to learn basic things," she said. "I always liked chemistry, since I had it at high school. I would like to do research work in chemistry."

When they tested Velta Sparnins, she showed extremely high aptitude for mathematics and science. She has been going to college now for four years, on a scholarship—no more work at the check-out counter. One of the few women in the technical division of the University, she is obviously headed for graduate work. She does her heavy housework, washing and ironing over the weekends. The night I visited her the children were doing their homework. She had sent her husband out because "he brags about me too much, it's embarrassing." She said: "At first, when I said I wanted to go to college, he couldn't believe in me. Now he sees I can do it, he believes in me. He's happy when I'm happy. When I was just sitting home, taking care of the kids all day, doing nothing outside—you clean the house, start all over, nothing gets *done*—I couldn't say I wasn't happy. But you don't feel alive just sitting at home. I feel younger since I began to study chemistry, I really do. If you have a new baby, you feel younger. Now, without a new baby, I feel younger."

For many women in their late forties and fifties the opening up of a fourth dimension in their lives comes like a miracle. Edith Mucke was graduated from high school in 1931, got a job in an office, was married at 25 "to a great, wonderful guy."

"Nobody was ever as fulfilled a mother as I was. I loved raising my children at every age. But the last few years I've been feeling I'd like another crack at living my life, either to teach young people, or be a ballet dancer. I've done all the things active, intelligent women do, been president of the Women's Club, bowling, bridge. But last year, with my Jane a senior in high school—my boy is already in college—I would wake up in the middle of the night, tears streaming back on my pillow, just thinking how sad it was going to be. I'm not really awfully smart, just curious about things, but what was I going to do?

"I began to have trouble with my feet. The doctor said I was getting arthritis. I've always had a feeling people with arthritis have a terrible sadness within, even though they're cheerful outside, like custard pudding.

"And then there was the Plan and I took the seminar. And I did the paper. On what the philosophers and psychologists have found out about creative thought. For some reason I ended on the question of what possible creativity I, as a human being who has lived forty-eight years, had to offer. And my adviser on the paper told me it was *important* for me to come back and get my degree. It seemed to me a very selfish thing, to spend money on myself. He told me of the seven thousand young people who would be coming here every year, and of how so many more mature people would be needed to teach them how to think, and live. And I could do that. I know it's not going to be easy. But I have no pain now in my joints. It's been like a fountain of youth within me, that this is what I'm going to do with my life."

SIXTH: The Second or Third Dimension Become a Fourth. Some women may find their fourth dimension as astronauts in outer space, but for many the third, or even the second dimension, simply becomes a fourth. There are, for instance, women whose abilities are particularly suited to the mothering of babies. Instead of having baby after baby when our society has no room for so many babies, such a woman could find a lifelong fourth dimension by providing a new kind of professional baby care for mothers whose abilities lie elsewhere. In recent years many women, like Eleanor Siegl in Seattle, have found their own future in starting cooperative nursery schools or summer day camps for their children's benefit. The new Federal funds for training workers to run and staff new kinds of day-care programs could provide the breakthrough for hundreds of thousands of mothers: women meeting women's new needs.

Similarly, a woman whose true creativity is cooking cannot use this ability fully by cooking for a family of four or five. How many gourmet dinner parties can she give in one week, even if her husband's career benefits from such hostessing? Cooking has already become the fourth dimension for many women, who made it a creative business or a new service to society. And not only a "big business" such as the woman who expanded her own bread making into a million-dollar Pepperidge Farm. In Detroit some fourth-dimensional women were complaining that they couldn't manage the ordering and cooking for the dinners they once gave.

"Face the fact that you can't do it all yourself," one woman said. "I've made a deal with a friend of mine whom I consider the best cook in Detroit. She comes into my house two days a month and cooks a vast supply of gourmet dishes. They're in my freezer, for use when I entertain, or when I don't have time to cook dinner for my family."

There are, of course, marriages where the husband's career permits the wife to make her own creative contribution to society. Janey Hart, wife of the junior senator from Michigan and mother of eight—and an aviator—pilots her husband on campaign tours, in plane or helicopter, to remote towns on Michigan's upper peninsula. She also acts as a one-woman lobby in Washington to get American women into the space program, having passed the astronaut's difficult tests herself.

For a truly fourth-dimensional woman, even the unpredictable moves of her husband's career can open new vistas on her road. Thus, Antonia Chayes of Washington, D.C., never has got around to practice the law she studied, except for one part-time job. She had acquired two clients—and two babies—when her husband was appointed to the Harvard law faculty. She stayed home four years, and had another baby, in a suburb that offered no household help. When they moved closer in, she took a part-time job as assistant to the dean of the law school, and became interested in academic administration. Then her husband was appointed legal adviser to the

Esther Peterson is Assistant Secretary of Labor, first among women in government.

"To tell the truth, I have only recently thought of myself as having a career."

State Department, and they moved to Washington.

Antonia Chayes was tapped as administrator of the education study of the President's Commission on the Status of Women—an ideal "project"; much of the work could be done from home, with hours in the library or following other research trails. She found a foreign student to live in the house, and babysit when needed, plus part-time cleaning help—and had another baby. By the time that project was finished, she knew education was the frontier for her; "there are more than enough competent lawyers to handle the cases I could get."

She got a fellowship which had become available to train experts in other fields as academic administrators, to meet the great demand of expanding colleges. Tonia Chayes, a radiant 34, with four children aged two to 12, has just been made consultant to the planners of the "New Towns," whole communities which are going to be built on principles quite unlike the sterile bedroom suburbs, with the needs of women her special concern. At this point even the four years she spent at home as a full-time housewife became valuable experience. She knows the problems that must be solved. It is almost an axiom of this kind of fourth-dimensional pattern that no experience is ever really wasted.

The deeper and broader the fourth-dimensional commitment, the more flexibly it meshes with marriage. That's been the experience of Esther Peterson, who is Tonia Chayes's boss on the Commission on the Status of Women, and holds down half a dozen other top Government jobs—beginning with Assistant Secretary of Labor. She was courted by Oliver Peterson (now a distinguished economist) on the picket lines and in the union meeting halls where she found her own vocation: helping to better the lot of America's wage earners. During the early years of their marriage the Petersons led a gypsy life, traveling around the country, organizing unions and teaching at labor schools. When Oliver went to Washington in the New Deal era, Esther became legislative representative for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union. She had no formal job of her own during nine years as an embassy wife in Stockholm and Brussels, but she kept pursuing her commitment, meeting the foreign labor leaders, and studying Swedish advances in social welfare and child care, while bringing up her own four children.

"Those years were harder for me as a mother than my job years," she said. "My jobs had always had flexible hours. I was home by five, and could take time off whenever there was an emergency. An embassy wife can't send her regrets to a diplomatic dinner just because she'd rather be home with her children."

When her husband's ill health shifted the burden of family finance to Mrs. Peterson, she easily resumed full-time work for the AFL-CIO on Capitol Hill. Today, with an official limousine at her disposal, she prefers to be dropped off at work each morning by her husband in the family station wagon. "It's our best time together," she said. "We can talk with no interruptions."

Mr. Peterson, recovered and back at work in the State Department, shares her victories—such as the recent passage of the Equal Pay Bill, which she helped shepherd through Congress. The earnings of both have always gone into a joint bank account, on which *all* members of the family are free to draw. They live in a charming old mansion in one of the few integrated neighborhoods of Washington—which, with their neighbors, they helped to integrate. With the children now in high school, college or on their own, Esther Peterson may get up at five A.M. to read government reports, spending the morning at the White House, drafting a directive ending discrimination against women in Federal job titles, the afternoon educating Congressmen on the child-care expenses of working wives, and the evening in New York meeting with manufacturers as consumers' defender. But on vacation she bakes her own bread.

The most prominent woman in government today, Esther Peterson was recently elevated by President Johnson to Cabinet status, with national responsibilities for consumer protection on everything from drugs and cosmetics to cigarettes and airplane tickets. But smiling beneath her white-blond crown of braids, Esther Peterson says: "To tell the truth, I have only recently thought of myself as having a career."

As more and more women begin to lead four-dimensional lives, America must face the true challenge of women as full members of society. This challenge is more revolutionary than the "equal rights" which women won many years ago, and did not use. What are the real feelings of men who suddenly must see women, their own wives, as people with lives of their own? What are the new patterns that have to be worked out, when women's dependence on marriage as her only dimension is no longer the cement that keeps the marriage together? What are the implications of her new paycheck?

For instance, I keep hearing (from women, not from men) that "the real problem is the male ego." Some women in Texas—a lawyer, psychologist, artist, a newspaper editor, a volunteer leader, a young scientist, several teachers—were discussing how they "handled" their husbands.

"You must never talk about your work, or let him see you working," one said. "It would be threatening to him."

"You must keep thinking of yourself as the subordinate partner, and be prepared at all times to sacrifice your career for his," another said.

But one of the Texas women suddenly broke in: "I thank God every night of my life for the man I'm married to. I can't imagine not talking to him about such an important part of my life as my work. Besides, he's interested."

Dr. Conchita Winn, who teaches Spanish at Southern Methodist University clinched it: "Are American husbands so weak we need to pamper their egos? Mine isn't."

Actually some husbands of four-dimensional women seem to enjoy being asked for an opinion on a wife's business problem. It's the wife, after all, who is the acknowledged expert on the domestic front generally. Indeed, there's a growing suspicion that women have become too much the "boss" at home.

The fact is, as women move into the world of work and large decisions, they become less dominating, more "feminine," at home. Out in the working world they may assume equality, but the danger of their achieving superiority to men, in any field, seems remote. But the massive research of Hoffman and Nye has shown that the husbands of working mothers have much more decision-making power in their own homes than other husbands.

A man who has started his own electronics business told me with some puzzlement about his "problem" with his wife, a department-store buyer:

"I didn't want a woman who would be completely dependent on me, and live through me. The burden would be too great. But the funny thing is, Marge tries to wait on me, fetch my slippers, act as if she doesn't have any opinion of her own. Sometimes it makes me feel as if we're living an act, and I can't be myself."

Occasionally a woman's breakthrough into the fourth dimension helps to free a man from the masculine mystique. In a Midwestern city I interviewed a young minister, with four children, who had given up a successful automobile agency to study theology—the same year his wife applied for her teaching certificate. She had set him "completely free," he said. He couldn't have made his decision if she hadn't been willing to give up their expensive house and car and suburban trappings. It was a two-way street:

"A decision has to be made that you're going to turn the other person completely loose, free to grow and develop by them-

selves. It's a little frightening. But because Jane set me free from the burden of being a model breadwinner, I don't feel as if I have to put pressure on her to be a model housekeeper and a model mother the way I did before. I didn't have any complaints about our sex life before, but now it's taken on a new dimension—a complete freedom. Before, I had the impression that she felt used. If I dominate her, it isn't really *her*, and I'm not free to be myself."

Of the thousand women who have written me about their "breakthrough," a great majority report "delight" "100 percent support" "cheers and hallelujah" from their husbands. Far more report problems *solved* in their marriages than problems created by their new moves. In Seattle, Detroit, in Oakland, wherever I have seen four-dimensional women with their husbands, there is a sense of mutual knowledge, openness, respect, delight in each other—and a complete absence of that war-between-the-sexes, the manipulations, boredom and antagonisms, that have seemed epidemic in America recently.

"I suppose I would rather have only myself to think about," a young husband told me. "It would be more comfortable for me. But then I wouldn't be married to her. And I *like* her." The research of Hoffman and Nye showed more "arguments" between man and wife when the wife worked, but interpreted this as a temporary adjustment to change. (And to the wife's being less dependent on her husband.) It does seem to take a secure, mature man to welcome his wife's breakthrough. The truly insecure male ego may not be able to take it, even if his own problems have nothing to do with his wife.

As for children, the specter of "problems" raised by child psychologists turns out to be largely illusory. Only recently have sociologists and psychologists examined what actually happens to the children of working mothers. Findings reported by Hoffman and Nye showed no significant difference between children of working mothers and children of housewife-mothers.

For mothers who worked from "choice," the commitment to work did not mean a lessened commitment to motherhood. But their children sometimes had problems caused, not by neglect, but by the mother's feeling of guilt. Their children were given fewer household chores to do than other children. Because the mother did not want her outside work to inconvenience the child, he was not given enough responsibility to develop his own effectiveness.

By adolescence, the report showed, this problem had disappeared. For sons, self-development was modeled by their fathers. And the daughters of four-dimensional working mothers showed in their teens an initiative, responsibility, autonomy—"an independence of thought and values generally rare in girls." They were much more active—in taking household responsibility, jobs outside the home, in clubs, sports, hobbies, school achievement, and in dating—but were less likely to go steady before 16. They had strong goals for the future, to achieve something themselves—and in partnership with their future husbands. They "tended to perceive women as freer to move more widely, to behave more vigorously and to achieve more freely" than other girls. They loved and respected their mothers, and wanted to be like them. "More often than other girls they chose their own mothers as adult ideals."

These girls may set a new pattern to replace the early-marriage-and-early-motherhood routine that has been America's shame since World War II. Early marriage prevented too many women in this generation from finding their own talents of mind and spirit, their own identity. One reason for their escape into too-early sexuality was the lack of an image of woman as a person herself. Perhaps our daughters will use their education not as a way to get a man but as the door to their own fourth dimension, now that mothers are breaking through the feminine mystique to give them images of women as full people.

Such girls will have dreams beyond that dream house in the suburbs. (In fact, that house may be a 3-D dream that will not even appeal to four-dimensional women.) Such women may prefer to stay with their husbands in the mainstream of civilization—creating a new kind of city living—with close neighbors to organize cooperative nursery schools and swap baby-sitting with; buses children can take themselves rather than be chauffeured by their mothers; universities, technical schools, libraries, laboratories and offices where the new frontiers of our society can be joined. Maybe that suburban house will turn into a weekend retreat for the whole family instead of that onerous daily commute for the husband, and the isolation of wife and children in a separate bedroom world. And as women commit themselves to these new frontiers, they will feel less guilty about using labor-saving devices to speed their housekeeping chores.

Certain new patterns implicit in woman's mass breakthrough into the fourth dimension are yet to come. As women prove themselves in professions which badly need their brainpower, there will be more part-time work schedules for mothers; leaves for motherhood; nursery schools or day-care centers in laboratory and office, as they are provided now for nurses in the hospitals. Women may even surmount their self-denigration and contempt of other women, and vote for a woman for President—or at least lots of women for the Senate.

But the most remarkable new pattern of all is emerging right now, under our eyes: evidence that the aging process is different for four-dimensional women. The lifetime work of Dr. Charlotte Buhler at the University of Southern California—work begun nearly 40 years ago in Vienna—and the implications of a massive study still in progress at the University of Chicago indicate that women who use their abilities don't suffer the menopause as a "little death" but as a new stage of growth. From Doctor Buhler's work, it would seem that women who pursue a conscious goal for their life, expressed in creative work, reach the height of their human powers in the last half of their life, long after the so-called bloom of physical maturity. For men and women who live by larger purposes—scientists, artists, statesmen, teachers, philosophers—the peak is not yet in sight at 50. (Our late President Kennedy was a "young President," just beginning to grow into his full power when he was killed at 46.) The new millions of women with such purposes—the fourth-dimensional women—seem to follow such a "human curve of life." Physically they appear to age differently than other women.

I could see this as I went around the country, seeking them out. They all looked 10 or 20 years younger than they were—not in the embalmed sense of a woman who dyes, diets and tries to hide her age with makeup, but in the very bloom of eyes and skin, and a kind of vitality that burned inside. They were intensely alive women; many, in fact, described their breakthrough into the fourth dimension as a "fountain of youth that keeps bubbling inside."

Such women have done for themselves what doctors and drug researchers have not been able to do, with their hormones, to artificially restore biological youthfulness. Hormones may relieve physical symptoms, but not the suffering of "the little death"—which menopause is to a woman who lives only as sexual object and bearer of children, never as a person herself. This is the real breakthrough, for each woman to take her own life seriously, to *choose*, to use finally all of her human power.

For no one will hand women anything except cheap dreams of perpetual youth, the limbo of passive, effortless, unlived days. The new dreams, the real dreams, women must make come true themselves. There are real problems yet to be solved before this world becomes a truly human world, and woman no longer walks as a freak in the "man's world" of art and science, war and politics, exerting a power she does not really enjoy in the "woman's world" of home. Man is not the enemy here but the fellow victim. The real enemy is women's denigration of themselves, fostered by the feminine mystique. Now that women have broken through the mystique, they can attack the problems that remain, from the discrimination in paychecks and income tax to child-care centers and misguided remnants of male resistance. All they need to do is simply to become themselves, and affirm, help each other; ask for, create, the new patterns all women need—in voices loud enough to be heard. For no woman can truly make this breakthrough, tolling the bell alone. ■

"Each project seems to open a new road."

Antonia Chayes, a lawyer, plans new kinds of towns to replace ordinary suburbs.

CHILD CARE 'CREATED' BY MOTHER

Creativity is an essential ingredient in a working mother's efforts to provide satisfactory supervision for children.

By ARLENE and HOWARD EISENBERG

An unexpected storm had delayed us. It was too late to hire a baby-sitter, and a phone call to Uncle John had produced only, "I'd love to take them to the Smithsonian, but my boss is out sick, and I just can't get away."

We were only moments away from our appointment with the chief of the U.S. Children's Bureau, Mrs. Katherine Oettinger. There was just time to scoop up a handful of storybooks and drawing paper, and—trusting everything would work out—shepherd our flock down the marbled corridors to our interview on child care for the working mother.

Thanks to a secretary who volunteered to baby-sit, everything did work out. But we found ourselves warmly agreeing with Mrs. Oettinger's opening remark:

"The most difficult task a human being can face, I believe, is being a working mother."

In the past decade an estimated three million mothers have accepted the challenges implicit in this "most difficult task." Hundreds of thousands more are plucking at their apron strings. Some are given pause by alarming reports that neglected children of working mothers are crowding juvenile courts. Others can't arrange satisfactory "substitute" care for their children.

The first problem is more imaginary than real. The widely held belief that children of working mothers suffer "maternal deprivation" has been partly contradicted by research and experience. Elizabeth Herzog of the Children's Bureau Research Division says, "Whether the mother works or not is less important than the family climate and functioning, the personality and temperament of the parents, the kind of care and training the child receives."

Dr. Albert Siegel, a school psychologist, adds, "Some of the unhappiest children I've seen are those of committee women who seem to spend half their time arranging bridges, coffees and meetings, and the other half attending them."

Beatrice Burstein, a judge in Nassau County, N.Y., and herself a mother of six, says, "A question that always gets my back up is, 'Don't working mothers contribute to delinquency?' The answer is no. The good working mother's controls are doubly strict—she has to know where her children are every minute of the day."

The second problem—finding satisfactory supervision—is real. Grandmas seldom "live in" these days. Neither do housekeepers. Nursery schools are generally on split sessions, and good day-care centers are almost nonexistent for middle-income families. The community attitude is, "Stay home!" So the working mother usually must find her own solution.

At random, we walked down a corridor in a government office building and asked some working mothers what they did. We got a variety of answers.

"I drop my son at a day-care center at seven-thirty and pick him up at five-thirty."

"My children are in school until three—and my mother lives right across the street."

"I have a sleep-in girl from Ireland who's had some nurse's-aide training."

"We have a trustworthy baby-sitter—a good friend of the family."

"Unwed mothers always care for my children. I help them by giving their babies a home."

Mrs. Oettinger's solution was highly enterprising. "When my children were young," she said, "I created a nursery school in my home, together with neighboring mothers. I went off to a part-time job knowing my boys were safe and happy right in their own backyard."

Mrs. Oettinger used the word "created"—and, indeed, creativity seems the essential ingredient in the working mother's tote bag of tricks. One woman rearranged her work schedule rather than her children's. She works mornings at an office while her children are at school, takes a briefcase full of work home, completes it after the children are asleep.

Though child-care arrangements vary from house to house, we discovered certain basic requirements for success repeated again and again: 1. a sympathetic husband; 2. good help; 3. good health; 4. the wise use of time.

The vice president of a fashion-reporting firm says, "If your husband is insecure, and his ego needs building, you've got trouble." An art restorer said, "My husband feels my career is an extra insurance policy." A pretty schoolteacher reported, "My husband practically pushes me out the door. He says I'm a dull companion when I've been sitting home all day."

Whether a working mother hires a one-afternoon-a-week sitter, a dayworker, a trained nurse, or a full-time housekeeper-cook, she must get the best. "I have a wonderful woman," says a vivacious young mother. "I know there's dust under the couch, but it's caring for the kids that counts." Mothers of self-reliant teen-agers often switch their requirements, preferring good cooks and top-notch housekeepers.

In many homes there is a family labor pool. The three children of a well-known author evolved a complicated mathematical system in which doing dinner dishes equals two lesser jobs—like table setting or trash emptying. One nine-year-old, whose mother attends college once a week, helps prepare dinner for the four men of the family, following step-by-step instructions almost as detailed as a Cape Kennedy rocket countdown.

Whether a working mother has help or not, she must have good health—energy to burn. Said a New Haven mother, "No matter how badly I feel, I get to work. I save sick leave for the children's illnesses." An Allentown, Pa., department-store buyer reports, "I'm often still putting laundry in the washer when the late-late show comes on."

A public-relations executive in New York told us, "I work hard at both jobs, but I find mothering more exhausting. Last Saturday we took the dog to the park, fed the fish and saw a play. On Sunday we repeated the park visit with several little friends, and invited two of them back to dinner. By the time they'd settled down to watch *Lassie* I was ready to crawl into bed."

How a working mother uses time can make the difference between a successful family and a miserable one. She must sense when the time is right for her to go to work—whether it's when her child is three months old, or five years. She must decide whether to work part-time or full-time. The answers won't be the same for everyone. An NBC script writer won't leave her daughter until she's school-age. ("All I had to do was stroll through Central Park and see uneducated nurses rearing the city's richest kids.") But another career woman says, "I never considered leaving my job. I worked until the day before the baby was born, and went back to work a week later."

Judith Cauman, day-care consultant for the Philadelphia Health and Welfare Council, says, "The important thing is for the mother to be content with her decision—if she is, the rest of the family will be too."

A mother must *make* time for her children—even when it doesn't appear to exist. Judge Burstein told us, "I always make it a point to get home to dinner with the children, even between speaking engagements." Said a teacher, "A trip to the zoo takes precedence over a thorough cleaning of (*Continued on page 86*)

Full-day nursery schools, appearing now under a variety of sponsorships, offer options to pattern for day care

FASHION: BEYOND THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By Trudy Owett Fashion Editor

There comes a time in the day of every fourth-dimensional woman when she must free herself both emotionally and bodily from the pull of her special world—her natural gravitation to husband, children, home and job—to enter, briefly, self-indulgently, her own private and inviolate orbit. In the midst of a life of constant commitment to something or someone, it is in the truest sense therapy for the soul to set aside time for nothingness—to daydream, to relax, to pursue a quiet hobby. Essential to these delightful flights from reality to fancy are the kinds of clothes that help transport you from an everyday, earthbound image of yourself to one that meets your escapist specifications. On these six pages, we show a group of clothes that we think will send you into orbit beautifully and that should also, happily, give your husband and children down-to-earth satisfaction.

Photographs by HORWOOD WINER

The romantic heroine image: a delicate frosting of white Cluny lace over cotton batiste, the waist lifted gently. By Harold Goldstein, 6–16, $90. Shoes by Pappagallo. At Macy's Little Shop, New York: Bramson's, Chicago: I. Magnin, West Coast.

The great escape, opposite: an airy Empire-style gown in an artist's palette of vivid hues. Of DuPont Antron nylon knit by Anne Fogarty, 4–14, $50. Jewelry, Brania. At Lord & Taylor, New York: J. L. Hudson, Detroit: I. Magnin, West Coast.

An out-of-this-world look in shell pink, raspberry and white: a long shift that buttons at the shoulders, ties Empire-high. Of Dan River cotton terry cloth, by Strega, 8–16, 325. Sandals by Bernardo. Pearl earrings by Marvella. At Lord & Taylor, New York: Scruggs Vandervoort Barney, St. Louis: Bramson's, Chicago.

To play a dramatic new role, opposite: a two-piece costume in an exotic arabesque print, the belted tunic top of Banlon jersey, the pants of rayon linen. By Robert Sloan, 6–16, [illegible] Turquoise hoop earrings and bracelet by Brania. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York: Halle Bros., Cleveland: I. Magnin, West Coast.

To sweep you into your most romantic state of mind, below: a frothy, barely strapped silk chiffon evening dress printed with a watery swirl of abstract flowers, by Teal Traina, 6–14, $160. Pink drop earrings by KJL. Green pumps by Delman. At Bergdorf Goodman in New York; Montaldo's, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.

Getting away from the everyday, opposite: a full-length dress with a dimensional skirt in quilted silk print attached to a silk-and-rayon top, by Junior Sophisticates, 3–15, $70. Earrings by Marvella. Eyeglasses by Lugene. At Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Hairdos by Monti.

She never does the dishes

Famed as playwright, author, humorist and devoted mother of six children, Jean Kerr wryly complains that success demands utter discipline—and help with the housekeeping.

By Johanna Davis

"Say there," called one intermission smoker to another across a Broadway-theater lobby recently, "aren't you Jean Kerr?" The pale woman grew paler still, and shuddered at the insult. "Heavens, no," said Jean Kerr firmly. "No, I most certainly am *not!*"

The *entre-acte* drama occurred in the lobby of the Helen Hayes Theater, where Jean Kerr's *Mary, Mary* is now in its fourth season; Mrs. Kerr's instant denial of identity was no tactic taken out of embarrassment at being thought her own best fan nor because she's reluctant about owning up to being a celebrity. It was simply, she said later, that "there I was in a fourteen-ninety-five Tall-Gal dress from Lane Bryant's, with a rip in my sweater and hair in my face, and I don't want anybody to think Jean Kerr looks like *that*."

That, of course, is exactly what Jean Kerr looks like. Much of the time, anyway. She does have her hair done on occasion, and she does own sweaters that are not in shreds. But she takes great delight in advertising herself as a wreck of a woman, far beyond help from any wonder drug or beauty cream. She says she has bought only two dresses in the last two years, quotes her husband as asking, "You know, don't you, that it's pretentious to look that bad?" and dismisses her appearance as "totally unsalvageable." She makes these claims not only in private but also (with embroidery and gusto) in print. And by writing, among other things, about what it is like to be almost six feet tall, with "a face like a peeled grape" and a size-18 shape that "looks astonishingly like a large bran muffin" when clothed, Mrs. Kerr has parlayed a self-portrait of disaster into a stunning success story. Credited with two best-selling books (*Please Don't Eat the Daisies* and *The Snake Has All the Lines*) and *Mary, Mary* (which passed its 1,300th performance this summer, making it the most successful drama of the decade) whose current gross stands at more than $10 million in the United States alone, she is probably the wealthiest working woman in the world. Certainly she is the funniest.

"I never wanted to be funny," she says plaintively. "What I wanted to be was gorgeous." She never quite made it—not, at least, by her own estimation—and a lucky thing too. For to the millions of American women who race for the newest wrinkle cream (hoping to find Sophia Loren in their mirrors), who carry in secret burdens they think no one else shares (the tedium of housework, supermarkets and children who stuff despised creamed vegetables into their pockets), Jean Kerr is a Sister in Sorrow. She makes them laugh. And they love her for it.

"That's why," she explains, "I loathe most of the articles that are written about me. They make me sound like Mahatma Gandhi, strong, capable, brilliant, able to cope with everything—home, husband, children, career. Now I get hundreds of letters every week from people who have read my books, and who know the truth—that I can't cope at all. With anything. And then they read these articles about me, how I whip up exotic dishes with one hand, while diapering the baby with the other, how I'm out living the chic life, hobnobbing with Bennett Cerf. It's none of it true. Even my husband was let down. When Walter read the write-up in the souvenir program of *Mary, Mary*, he said, 'What a terrible woman this must be, I can't bear her, she's so creative, so procreative.' And then he remembered, 'Oh, it's you, and you're such a mess.'"

But Walter Kerr says "mess" with a fondness some men reserve for "darling." When he first met Jean, at a college dance in 1941, he was a drama professor at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., and she was a sophomore at Marywood Seminary in Scranton, Pa. "She threw me," says Walter. "She was so beautiful."

"It's corny, I know," says Jean, "but it was love at first sight."

Kerr talked Jean into coming down to Catholic University for summer courses. "So I took his playwriting course," she says, "and wrote this play called *Whims and Needles*. The heroine's name was Germaine Wolfstuffle. I had a conference with Walter about it; I wanted him to say, 'I love your poems and I love you, too, Miss Barrett,' but he just took my hand and said, 'Honey, it's God-awful.'"

Jean had decided early in life that she would require only two things of a husband: one, that he be taller than she—she measured five feet eleven herself—and, two, that he be engaged in work that kept him up until three A.M. and to which he did not have to report again until late the following day (thus permitting his wife to sleep "at least until noon"). Professor Kerr fulfilled the second requirement, as his classes did not begin until three in the afternoon, but he stood only five feet eight.

"If only he were taller," thought Jean, "I'd marry him in a minute." But she faced the dilemma squarely. "It looked as if he never would get any taller (Kerr was almost 30 at the time), and eventually there was nothing to do but marry him anyway."

So she did, in August, 1943. Jean began teaching at C.U., too, but not for long: Christopher was born two years later. The Kerrs collaborated on a couple of plays, one of which,

Touch and Go, had a fair run on Broadway. Jean followed that by giving birth to the twins, Colin and John. Walter took a year's sabbatical on the money from the play, published a couple of pieces of theater criticism that evoked substantial praise. "I decided then," he says, "that what I have, if anything, is an analytical mind. I told Jean I thought we should move to New York."

The decision proved a wise one. He became drama critic of *Commonweal* in 1950, then switched to the New York *Herald Tribune*, where he quickly established himself as the sharpest daily reviewer in town. Although he is admittedly a sucker for musicals, he is brilliantly literate, imaginative and eminently fair. Says a close friend and neighbor of the Kerrs, Walter Slezak: "When I found out they were moving into the neighborhood, I told my kids, 'You can beat up any kids on the street, just please not the Kerrs.' Since then, however, I've found out Walter would pan his grandmother."

In between plays and babies (Gilbert was born in 1953, Gregory in 1959), Jean wrote her humorous essays. *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, published in 1957, has sold some 300,000 hardcover copies; *The Snake Has All the Lines*, published in 1960, has sold more than 100,000 copies. She collaborated with an ex-student of Walter's, Eleanor Brooke, on the comedy *King of Hearts*, which ran on Broadway for eight months. Walter directed it. He directed their musical, *Goldilocks*, too, as well as collaborating with Jean on the book. Opening in 1958, it ran for five months; it was, says Jean, "even a bigger flop than that suggests."

Jean began writing *Mary, Mary* in 1960; it opened one year later, and seems destined never to close (in one nine-month period last year there were 26 companies of the play running simultaneously in the world, and four in the United States alone). Like *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, *Mary, Mary* was made into a medium-fair movie, which neither of the Kerrs has seen. Then, taking time out last fall to give birth to her sixth child (first daughter) Jean put the finishing touches on her new play, *Poor Richard*, which is scheduled to open on Broadway in October. "No," says Jean Kerr, "*Poor Richard* is not the son of *Mary, Mary*."

The Kerrs live in Larchmont, N.Y., but what they live in looks as if it belongs more to the world of the brothers Grimm than to the heartland of suburbia. The Kerr-Hilton, as its owners call it, is a sprawling conglomeration of architectural styles; part Gothic, part baroque, with a touch of Tudor and just a soupçon of Byzantine, it is put together of so many kinds of wood, stone and ornamental *(Continued on page 100)*

ART, CREATIVITY AND THE HOME FIRES

Seven talented homemakers attain professional recognition in creative pursuits that range from painting to potting.

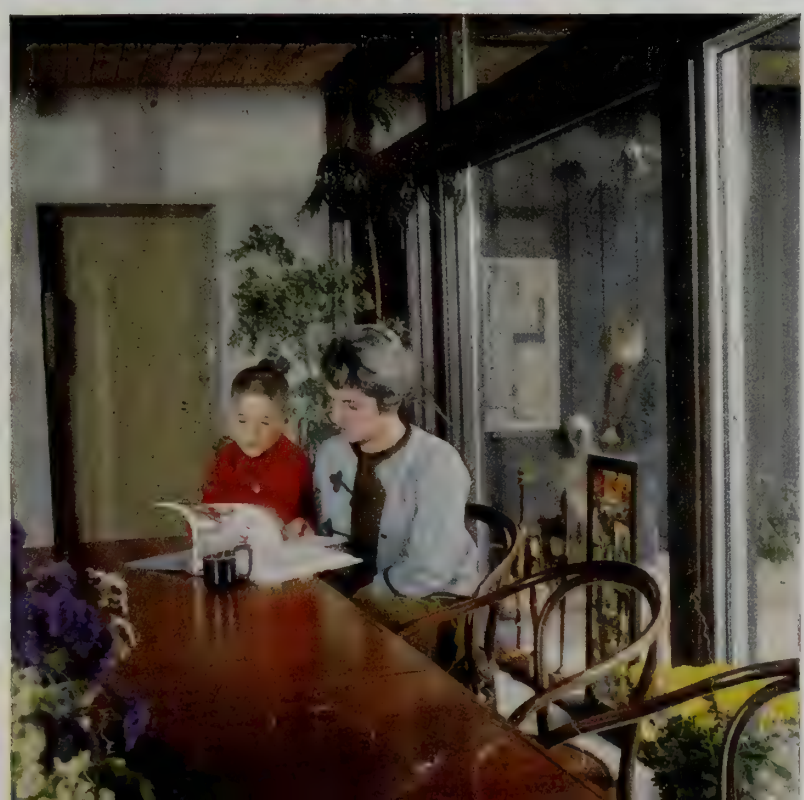
By MARGARET WHITE Decorating Editor
Photographs by Ernst Beadle

You don't have to go back to school, or even leave home, to find your way into the fourth dimension. If you have a natural aptitude for the crafts or arts, you can find personal fulfillment at the easel, the loom or the potter's wheel. And it will be no trifling matter. Such things have a way of taking over, of enriching not only your life but the lives of those around you, and, indeed, your entire environment. The seven women whose pictures appear on this and the following pages found that kind of fulfillment. All wives and mothers, they are all creative on a professional basis. Some of them, as in the case of the architects' wives, have been stimulated by their husbands' work, and are stimulating in return. But each is a dedicated craftswoman in her own right, executing most of her work in and around the household, selling it on the open market, and devoting much of her daily life to creative activity. Each feels she must use her talents and her training, live not only in but beyond the world that is commonly defined by husband, children and the supper dishes. As a group they have scheduled their work around their families. Inevitably, though, the families have been drawn in, and, invariably, these artist-homemakers have found themselves the objects of tremendous familial pride. They have become not only complete personalities in their own right but valuable contributors to those around them.

Shortly after she was married, Edith Garland was given a loom. She took a course in weaving, bought another loom, and, with a friend, began teaching in her attic. Now, with a son in college and four married daughters, she continues to weave and hold design study groups in her "weavers' attic" at the top of her San Francisco home. Mrs. Garland exhibits widely, wins prizes, keeps Henry, her radiologist husband, happy by whipping him up an occasional sport jacket.

Painting giant murals and designing stained-glass window-walls—those of the Squaw Valley Olympic Church, for instance—are the specialties of Anne (Mrs. Donald) Knorr, architect's wife and the mother of three boys, who lives and works in San Anselmo, Calif. The Knorrs' home, a cherished Maybeck design, is decorated with Anne's art, and the kitchen in which she's sitting, above, contains paintings, a stained-glass panel and a mosaic tabletop, all of her own creation.

One of the world's foremost authorities on crewel work, Erika Kagan was born in England, is a graduate of the Royal School of Needlework. She lives in a Manhattan penthouse, is married to Vladimir Kagan, a well-known furniture designer, and has a daughter, Jessica, age 6. Mrs. Kagan teaches sewing in the apartment "studio" below her penthouse, employs a staff of three, offers correspondence courses in crewel embroidery. Here, with Jessica, she embroiders a luxurious wool bedspread. The pillows are her work too.



A desire to make garden stepping-stones drew Pat (Mrs. Milton) Schwartz out of mosaic art into concrete sand casting about 12 years ago. Her work, some of which graces Chicago-area buildings, sometimes weighs as much as 1½ tons, is done on the grounds of her home at Barrington, Ill. The Schwartzes have three sons, a daughter and a St. Bernard. Here, Mrs. Schwartz reads to Peter, 7, while Steve, 10, and the dog keep one of Pat's nonobjective castings company on the terrace outside. The family collects folk art.

Everyone is creative in the San Francisco home of wire sculptress Ruth Asawa Lanier. Mrs. Lanier's husband, Albert, is a busy architect, and their six children participate avidly in myriad art projects. Mrs. Lanier, shown working amid her offspring Aiko, Paul, Adam, Xavier and Laurie, attended Milwaukee State Teachers College and Black Mountain College, N. C., learned the basket-weave technique of metal sculpture in Mexico. Her work is in the permanent collection of New York's distinguished Whitney Museum.

Roberta (Mrs. Frank) Treseder comes from an artistic family. She has four children, teaches art in a school near her home in Los Gatos, Calif., works mornings at her private passion, potting. Roberta makes her own dinnerware. The children in the photograph are pupils.

A representational painter who lives in Paradise Valley, Ariz., Lee Pickard has two children, Kim, 9, and Michael, 11. She and her husband, Gary, an insurance broker and journalist, lived in Mexico for 10 years, where Lee studied and became a serious painter. At left, she and Kim work at a hobby—hooking rugs.

SOUP 'N SANDWICHES

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Soup's the 4-minute way to make a sandwich lunch extra-nourishing. Soup's the simple, easy way to add the one hot dish you need with every cool summer meal. And Campbell's Soups are all so delicious they make the best sandwiches taste better. Get proteins, vitamins and minerals into your summer meals this quick Campbell way. Every time you have a sandwich—have some Campbell's Soup!

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says glamorous cover girl Anne de Zogheb. She's wearing Cover Girl Pure Scarlet Lipstick

PERSONAL DIMENSIONS IN BLACK & WHITE

BY NORA O'LEARY PATTERN EDITOR

Photographs by Michael A. Vaccaro

One of the most facile of all color schemes, this summer's black and white is always a great choice for women who lead sophisticated, many-faceted lives and who need to look superb at all times, regardless of crowded schedules. Its crisp simplicity is unfailingly right at almost any hour or occasion. And, with chameleonlike ease, it adapts readily to freshly added colors. Here, and on the pages that follow, we show black and white for day and evening under the most dazzling circumstances—on women who lead fascinating four-dimensional lives around the clock.

Julia Meade

(MRS. O. WORSHAM RUDD JR.)

Actress and television personality Julia Meade likes "clothes as well as hair not to be noticeable. I want to wear the clothes. I don't want the clothes to wear me." Julia always takes daughter Caroline, 4½ (above), and baby Alice along when she travels. "I think it's better to be on the scene at all times. Children change every day." Julia's white linen (Moygashel) princess dress is accented by white eyelet beading, laced with black grosgrain ribbon. Vogue Design No. 5889. Left, a luxurious white ottoman (Galey & Lord) coat-dress with black buttons. Vogue Design No. 5926. Photographed in the living room of Julia's New York apartment. Hat by Halston. Bag by Lucille. Vogue jewelry.

Patrice Munsel

(MRS. ROBERT C. SCHULER)

When Patrice Munsel and her coproducer husband travel, they run a tight ship. Each of their four children—Heidi, 10, Rhett, 8, Scott Carlos, 5, and Nicole, 4—carries his or her own little red suitcase. Patrice, whose brilliant singing career began at the Metropolitan Opera at age 17, will appear this August and September in *The Merry Widow* at the New York State Theater in New York's Lincoln Center. Her black crepe dress is a perfect basic and lends itself to change. Here, photographed in the drawing room of her Long Island home, Patrice wears it with an organdy stole, off the shoulder. (Directions for making on page 99.) Vogue Design No. 6119. The organdy bow by Therese Ahrens.

Lisa Fonssagrives (MRS. IRVING PENN)

Lauren Bacall
(MRS. JASON ROBARDS JR.)

One of the most famous fashion models of all time, Lisa has been a designer, photographer, now studies sculpture "because I love it." Above left, Lisa's two-piece dress in crisp cotton ottoman (Sheldon Mills) has bias detail at neckline. Vogue Design No. 6257. Her simple black crepe dress, above, has a low back outlined in lace. Vogue Design No. 6085. Both photographs were taken in her New York apartment. Lauren Bacall, left, (in the library of her New York apartment) always wears her own clothes in her films. Her latest, Warner Brothers' *Sex and the Single Girl*, opens in July. Lauren's heavy black linen coat-dress with pleated back and pearl buttons is Vogue Design No. 6252.

Ruth Neumann
(MRS. GLEB DERUJINSKY)

Model Ruth Neumann likes the right clothes in the right place at the right time. "I always feel if I'm at the opera, I'm at the opera." She and her photographer husband live in Pound Ridge, a New York suburb (where these photographs were taken), with Eugenia, eight months, and Andrea, three years. "I enjoy staying home, but I have to be busy, and I have much more to give my children after working than if I'm with them constantly." Ruth's white lace (Janice Lace) patio pajamas, designed by Pucci, are lined in yellow China silk. Vogue Couturier Design No. 1348. Judith McCann earrings. Her silk shantung dress has full sleeves inspired by *Tom Jones*. Vogue Design No. 6254. Hat is by Halston.

For backviews see page 99.

Doris Van S. (Mrs. Roger Van Schoyck) chief designer for her husband's fashion-accessories firm, has already accomplished a full two hours of housewife's duties before she starts for the city. When she dresses at seven, it is to stay well groomed all day. She keeps spare gloves and scarves in the office, and a complete makeup kit for a noon beauty revival. Beauty Editor's note: A midafternoon makeup change will revitalize your looks.

WHAT COMES NATURALLY

Satisfying your own feminine instinct to look attractive at all times is easy—no matter how involved you are at home or at the office.

By Dorothy Anne Robinson / Beauty Editor

There isn't a woman in the world who wouldn't settle for always looking well groomed and attractive rather than being a once-in-a-while knockout. And a woman who leads a fourth-dimensional life is actually committed to looking as attractive as possible in all phases of her life. In business life the unmarried girl sets high standards that must be met. At home the working wife owes her husband and family the same attractive good looks that she owes her boss. Even a bit more. The ways and means of arriving at this seemingly impossible state of always being well groomed and attractive is solved variously by various women. We talked to several women on this subject, photographed those few who were able to fit us into their own busy home-job schedule, and asked all of them to share some of their beauty and grooming secrets with us. About makeup: "Read the directions, following them as carefully as you would a recipe for a new dish," says Natalie Donay (Mrs. Donald Goddard), advertising director of Charles of the Ritz. "You'll get the very best results—the ones the manufacturer promised." About technique: Amelia Bassin (Mrs. Sidney Bassin), creative director of Fabergé, believes that "the right tool makes all the difference. Makeup applied properly lasts longer, looks better." She considers makeup brushes essential to good application: one to line the eyes, one to set the lipline for lipstick and a third to brush and shape the brows. On the clothes situation: Fashion designer Anne Fogarty (Mrs. Thomas Fogarty) divides her wardrobe into special groups—clothes for the office, for the country, for home, for evenings out—and she has special accessories for each classification. With this kind of organization it's really very easy to keep up with repairs and replacements.

Photographs by Jerôme Ducrot

Dalton Knitwear designer Lotte Hoffman (Mrs. Julian Hoffman), shown above left with her four-year-old son Peter, travels so often and on such short notice—in the U.S. and Europe—that she always keeps a suitcase ready for takeoff. Rather than rely on unfamiliar hairdressers, Lotte stays with one hairdo that she can manage herself. Beauty Editor's note: Find the becoming hairdo you can cope with anywhere, anytime, yourself.

Maxine Storfer (Mrs. Herbert Storfer), above right, packaging director of her husband's fragrance company (Roger & Gallet, Ltd.), naturally owns a wardrobe of fragrances. The pleasurable reaction to fragrance is brought home to her by her children, who often comment about the scents she wears. Beauty Editor's note: No matter how wound up you are in your work, always wear fragrance. No woman is truly feminine without it.

Former magazine editor Chessie Rayner (Mrs. William P. Rayner), left, is writing her second cookbook with her husband. When Chessie was on staff she walked to work every day (about three miles), still covers the same distance. "It's a good way to unwind, and it makes me feel good." Beauty Editor's note: Making a point of walking instead of riding is good advice to the working woman—it supplies at least the minimum daily exercise.

WHERE THE JOBS ARE

Modern technology has opened new fields for women in sciences and education.

By BERNARD ASBELL

THE 1960's are a confusing time for a homemaker who catches a sudden glimpse through her kitchen window of the strange, bustling, glamorous world of paying jobs.

What is happening out there? Do any of those busy-busy men who run offices, stores, public institutions really have use for a woman who packed away her diploma with her first maternity dress? A woman who for 10, 15, maybe 20 years has been low-rating herself as "just a housewife"?

She reads in her morning newspaper that unemployment, already up in the millions, is inching even higher. ("Then who needs me?") She turns to an inside page, and discovers that there is an increasingly dangerous shortage of skilled workers everywhere. (And she muses, "Good, then who *does* need me?")

Modern technology is welcoming more and more women to a working world. As machines become more complex, they free human beings to become more human, more educated, more devoted to physical health, more engaged in helping others in the pursuit of happiness. These are the traditional concerns of the homemaker and mother—as bearer of the culture and minister to the needs of others—but they are becoming, more and more, the professional concerns of society.

The 4-D Woman

In 1963 President John F. Kennedy published a 200-page report on the nation's manpower. First among the nation's growing critical shortages the report mentioned that of teachers; next, of medical workers—nurses, medical researchers, hospital aides; and of people trained in the social sciences—psychologists, social workers, counselors. These are occupations in which women have always felt at home.

But women are feeling more and more at home in many jobs. In 1890, less than one American wife in 20 held a job. By 1950, after World War II had altered our work patterns, one wife in four was working outside the home. By 1960 one in three American wives was working for pay. The proportion of mothers who had gone to work after their youngest children entered school was even greater: two out of five.

How can this trend be developing while millions can find no jobs at all? The answer is that the unemployed, on the whole, are equipped to perform tasks now outdated, often the kind of repetitive work that machines can take over. But newer kinds of jobs are opening faster than people can fill them:

Hospitals and Public Health. In Charlotte, N.C., Mrs. Jewell Howell, mother of six, after enrolling her youngest child in school, decided to learn practical nursing. At her county's new community college Mrs. Howell wrote on her application. "I need to be needed, and the children no longer require my full-time attention."

A year later Mrs. Howell passed her state licensing examination with one of the highest scores on record.

Besides satisfying herself, she helped satisfy a nationwide need for nurses. For example, in San Diego, Calif., despite an unemployment rate of 7 percent, the state employment service foresees trouble in filling 1,700 medical jobs that will open each year for the next few years. Most needed are registered and practical nurses, nurses' aides and hospital orderlies. There are unfilled jobs for occupational therapists and assistants, laboratory technicians, operating-room aides, medical-records clerks, medical secretaries, hospital supervising housekeepers, dental assistants and technicians. Every state, every city, virtually every hospital in America reports a lack of trained people.

To meet the need for staff people, hospital officials have been welcoming nurses, practical nurses and aides on *part-time* schedules, making the opportunities especially attractive to many homemakers. Jobs requiring extensive training are being broken down into specialized fractions that can be taught in less time. Hillcrest Medical Center in Tulsa, Okla., and a few others, have successfully trained unemployed women as operating-room technicians, a newly invented job classification that embraces specialized duties formerly left to nurses. The course lasts 26 weeks.

The woman desiring advanced professional training is particularly sought after. In Minneapolis, Winifred Morris, a 35-year-old wife and mother of four, had once wanted to be a medical doctor. She chose marriage and motherhood instead, and took a Bachelor of Arts degree in psychology. Her old ambitions were fired up recently when she learned of a great need for audiologists—specialists in the complex physiology and psychology of hearing.

When she enrolled at the University of Minnesota for post-graduate courses in audiology, her name was given to a nearby school for the handicapped in hearing. The school implored her to take a job teaching deaf children while she studied, offering to pay for her summer school to speed her teacher certification. The public-school system promised her a job when her courses were completed. To add to her feeling that she was the world's most wanted woman, Mrs. Morris learned of—and qualified for—a Federal grant offered by the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation to finance her study. (Such grants are available in many fields of advanced training, as a counselor in any sizable college can explain.) For 12 months Mrs. Morris received $200 a month, which paid for her tuition, books, and the salary of a housekeeper to care for the Morris's two preschool children.

Mental Health. In her first month of learning to be a psychiatric technician, Mrs. Eva Lee Knight of San Diego, a sparkling-eyed mother of one child, saved a life—or so she was told. She had been assigned to spend several days in a hospital ward being friendly with—and keeping a careful watch on—a patient considered suicidal. One morning the patient said, "Thanks for being so interested in me. In the last few days I was going to try something dangerous. But I think the feeling has passed now."

The job of psychiatric technician is an invention of doctors in charge of San Diego psychiatric hospitals. The full-year training schedule was adapted from the course in vocational (practical) nursing, by dropping instruction on obstetrics and substituting a concentrated dosage of psychiatric principles. The doctors expect that in a year or two the state will establish a specialized license for psychiatric technicians equivalent to the one for vocational nursing.

Shorter courses—16 weeks in length—to train psychiatric nurses' aides are being given in 10 hospitals around the country, mainly for the unemployed eligible under the Federal Manpower Development and Training Act. (Any state employment service office will explain eligibility for such training.) One hospital alone, at Dixon, Ill., is hiring 200 graduates from such courses.

Perhaps the most remarkable job-creating experiment in the psychiatric field was one recently completed by Dr. Margaret J. Rioch, a psychologist at the National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md. With the twin aims of bringing down the cost of psychiatric help and improving the usefulness of women with good general educations, Doctor Rioch led the training of eight mothers, all about the age of 40, in professional psychotherapy.

The training took two years. All of the women are now employed as psychotherapists in recognized institutions. A second stage of this program was recently started at Washington, D.C., Children's Hospital to train women as psychotherapists for disturbed children and their parents.

Medical Research. Between 1954 and 1960 the number of scientists engaged in medical research doubled, jumping from 20,000 to 40,000. By 1970 the number will double again.

"We're just opening the door," says Clifford F. Johnson, an official of the National Institutes of Health. "We're pitifully uninformed about what is normal as well as what is abnormal, on what health is as well as disease. Who has ever studied the normal development of a child from conception to maturity? We're just beginning to create the bench marks of health." *(Continued on page 98)*

sizzle it,

Del Monte Pineapple Chunks, franks and parboiled vegetables make super Kebabs. For basting, mix 3 Tbsps. oil, 1 diced onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 sliced lemon, 1 tsp. salt, 2 Tbsps. Worcestershire, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, ½ cup *each* Del Monte Catsup and syrup from pineapple; simmer 20 min. (Makes 1 cup.) Brush on Kebabs; broil.

smother it,

Pineapple Dessert Dumplings! In 8″ bake pan, mix Del Monte Pineapple Tidbits and syrup from No. 2 can, 1 cup sugar, 2 tsps. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. *each* whole allspice and shredded lemon rind. Simmer 5 min. Top with 6 portions dumpling dough. (Stir well 1 cup biscuit mix, ½ tsp. nutmeg, 6 Tbsps. milk.) Bake 25 min. at 400° F.

stagger it–

For each serving of this picture-pretty salad, you'll want 2 slices of Del Monte Pineapple, 1 slice of tomato, 1 ring of green pepper, ½ cup of cottage cheese and a garnish of pimiento and watercress. Top with a dollop of mayonnaise, if desired.

nothing fazes the field-fresh flavor of Del Monte® Pineapple

By Rona Jaffe

Who is Rima, what is she?

I don't remember the day we first met, but my first memory of her is a wraith-like dark-haired girl sitting in the corner of the living room of our dormitory at college, reciting poetry—no, almost shouting it, she and a friend, in unison; and it seemed to me then as if poetry should always be shouted in this inspired, almost orgiastic way, for it was really music:

"O love is the crooked thing,
There is nobody wise enough
To find out all that is in it . . .

Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
One cannot begin it too soon."[1]

Her name was Rima Allen, and she came from a small town in Pennsylvania which had neither the distinction of being a grimy coal town nor Main Line, but just a town. Her mother had been reading *Green Mansions* when her daughter was born, and she felt it would give her child some individuality to be named Rima. Her father was a tax accountant, a vague man who spent his life bent over records of other people's lives. He thought Rima was a silly name, but his wife overruled him, and later it was she who chose Radcliffe for Rima, and so we met.

There was a fireplace at one end of the living room in our dormitory, and beside it a nook, wood-paneled and cushioned in velvet. Rima was sitting in that nook with her temporary friend, a lumpy debutante from New York who powdered her face like a Kabuki dancer and had once brought a copy of the Social Register in to dinner to point out her own name in it. This frightened and graceless snob—whose registered name I have forgotten—was the last person on earth you would expect to find chanting Yeats with such obvious joy, yet Rima had made her memorize dozens of his poems. I knew at once that Rima was a special girl, a girl people gravitated toward to find their dream, their opposite, whatever it was they could not find alone.

"An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress."[2]

Rima was a tall girl who always looked very small and fragile, until you noticed her standing next to someone else and realized with surprise that she was big. She had narrow shoulders and small bones, a delicate way of moving, and a soft, child's voice. Her face, in those years of our late teens, was a white blur, as I suppose all our faces were, for we did not yet know who we were. I have a photograph of her, sitting on the library steps, a pretty, pale, no-face child of seventeen, all wonder, her arms held out to the wan New England sun.

Every one of us owned several bottles of cologne; Rima had none, but she had one bottle of perfume. We all had many party dresses; Rima had only one, but it was orange, with a swirly skirt, and it had cost a hundred dollars. I remember her always hiding in her room, the shades down, studying, or reading the poetry she loved, and then the sound of the phone bell . . . and ten minutes later she emerged; a swirl of orange skirt, a cloud of Arpège drifting after her, as if she had suddenly been told she existed.

That's all of her I remember from those days; it was, after all, fifteen years ago, and her story had not begun. When we graduated, four of us went to Washington to work in offices, share a house, and find husbands. I had been a zoology major in college, studying such unfeminine things as mollusks, but when we went to Washington I decided to become a secretary along with the others, because we were almost twenty-one and not getting any younger. Everyone knew you found nothing among the mollusks but shells and a lot of ugly old men. We had decided on Washington instead of New York because the other two girls said that was where all the bright young men were. A few months After the four of us settled in rooms in a Greek Revival-style mansion turned into a rooming house, the two who had brought us to this city of romance began going steady with two boys they had known back at Harvard, and I realized why we had come.

I missed zoology and hated typing and filing; but missing one's work takes an odd form in girls, I think—I was less conscious of the loss than I was of what replaced it, a ferocious need to be loved. I needed someone to inflict all that creative energy on, it didn't matter much who. Of the four of us, it was only Rima who seemed to enjoy being a secretary; who preferred staying home and listening to old Noel Coward records to going out with a new prospect; who went to bed early and got up early, eagerly, without resentment; and who went to the office in her prettiest clothes. I soon discovered it was because she was in love with someone she had met at work.

It was one of those impossibly romantic meetings that occur only in bad movies and real life. The man was attached to the State Department, one of those career diplomats whose work is so important and confidential that you can talk to him for an hour at a cocktail party and realize afterward he has not said a word about himself. He was American, forty-five years old, very attractive, totally sophisticated and, of course, married.

Rima had been dispatched to bring some papers to his office. There she was, in the doorway; his secretary was in the powder room, and he was alone behind the largest desk she had ever seen. She looked at him, knowing only vaguely who he was and how important he was, thinking only that he was a grown-up and extraordinarily attractive. She was wearing her neat little college-girl suit, her hair tied back with a ribbon, her face all admiration and awe. She thought, as girls do in the darkness of movie theaters without any sense of further reality: "I'd love to go out with him!" No one knows what he thought. But the next day he took her to the country for lunch.

Born and reborn to a splendid image, she had never looked for herself, nor had anyone else.

She did not tell me who her mysterious lover was for several months, and she never told our other two roommates at all. She saved newspaper clippings about glittering Washington parties he had attended, but because diplomatic amours are very diplomatic in Washington, she had little else in the way of souvenirs, not even a matchbook from a restaurant. I did not know how they managed to meet during those first few months, but I always knew when she was meeting him, because again, as in our college days, there was a swirl of brightly colored skirt running down the stairs, a faint cloud of perfume—Joy this time instead of Arpège—and the air around her was charged with life. When she finally told me his name, it was only after they had both decided they were in love.

Rima had had crushes on boys at Harvard, had even cried over a few missed phone calls, but it was nothing like this. As for him, he had played around with little interest with a few predatory wives, but he had never had a real love affair with anyone since his marriage. Rima was so young, so full of confidence in a future in which she would always be young and he would always care for her, that she never even thought of asking him to get a divorce. It was a courtship. They planned how they would meet, when they would meet, how she could see him most often, how she could get along. He could not bear for her to be poor; even the thought that she was spending part of her $60 salary on taxis to meet him appalled him; he wanted to make everything up to her, but how? She refused to go out with any of the boys—we still called them that—who phoned, and he knew it. Suddenly, one day, our freezer was full of steaks, the refrigerator was filled with splits of champagne, and our house was so filled with flowers I thought someone had died. *(Continued on page 88)*

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCIANA ROSELLI

The bit of gravy

BY H. E. F. DONOHUE

Searching into her own eyes, she brought herself straight into the face of life.

"Why don't you just tell me all about it?" her husband had said that morning, standing near the front door on his way to his train, hat on his head, lean briefcase in hand, long pants pressed, and the folded newspaper properly tucked under his arm.

"Because," she had replied, "telling all about it helps, huh?"

"Sometimes," he had said.

She had kissed him on the cheek then, turning him out through the door, saying, "Forget it, Hon. It's just something girls go through when they're pushing thirty." Then her lawyer husband, who was pushing forty, was gone. Wait! she had almost called after the door had closed, after he and his car had gone. Wait.

Well, she asked herself helpfully as she helped the silent, unapproachable maid stack the breakfast dishes, why don't you tell your nice husband all about it? All about what, Baby? About absolutely everything? Because everything is on the tottering verge in your fine mind of becoming absolutely meaningless? No, it would frighten him. Besides, not everything is threatening to tear loose inside your skull. You still have the girls, for now.

"Mommy," her older girl, nine, said, "today is the day we find out who gets the best part in our play, and it won't be me, so there."

"Go back upstairs," she told the child, kissing her, "and brush your hair."

"Mommy," her other daughter, seven, said, "if Daddy says we can have that puppy and we have the yard right out there and I build a house and feed him and keep him clean as if he was my own, may we have the puppy if Daddy says so? May we?"

"As if he *were* my own."

As if he were. Will you ask Daddy? Will you?"

We'll see," she told the child. "Let me button your coat."

Off to school the two girls went, stomping toward their own world across the grass in their polished oxfords as the maid began her listless work and the day's activities suddenly resolved themselves into such an inexorable and uncreative course that the young mother soon found herself retreating to her room, where she began once again to try to read a thin and highly prized first novel of psychological complaint. "Rubbish!" she finally said, flinging the book away, surprised to hear the sound of her own voice.

She read the newspaper again, all of it, the chess problem, the bridge hand, the shipping news, the crossword puzzle. Then she wrote a newsy letter to her mother. It turned out to be a standard note. The shallows, she told herself, surrounded by platitude.

Slowly she bathed and slowly she dressed, carefully preparing for her monthly lunch with Phyllis, the girl with whom she had moved from their small but wealthy Midwestern town to New York. There each had breezed through several publishing jobs, and each had met and married, at about the same time, young, successful, handsome men. Now they lived within luncheon range, a thirty-minute drive through the lovely suburban hills.

Lunch at the posh suburban restaurant was strange this time. Phyllis bubbled on tirelessly. She *was* going to get the divorce after all because her lawyers had finally found ways to get a *sensible* property settlement so she would not *have* to marry the "other" man, who was turning out to be rather two-dimensional anyway *after* all. "But really, my dear," Phyllis told her, "you *should* actually try it. Does wonders for the old mental muscle tone, you know. Or am I absolutely wrong? Is something *else* the matter? How are you and that handsome man of yours?"

(*Continued*)

Illustrated by Mark English

NO RIDERS
PEGGY ANN
4

The bit of gravy
continued

She did not try to convince Phyllis of anything. Instead, after the usual exchange of bland gossip—bland, she felt, and benign always, because Phyllis was too self-centered to be mean—after comment about their respective children, and after an odd senseless time of too much giggling about the predictable catastrophes of the coming community horse show, she had left Phyllis seated at the table still laughing, thinking that she was still smiling as she walked through the restaurant foyer until she almost bumped into a woman striding alongside. She stopped short. So did the woman. But of course, she told herself. It was a ceiling-high mirror running the length of the wall.

She carried part of that face on her as she drove aimlessly through the green hills, hardly bothering to touch pedals or wheel of her new uncovered convertible, permitting herself simply to be carried along. At a stoplight near the bottom of a long, straight hill she pulled on the emergency brake and shifted into neutral. Then she leaned forward in front of the rearview mirror to look into her own eyes. That was when she first heard the sound of the approaching horn. At first it seemed to come from afar—such wild blaring, so immediate and so relentlessly insistent, could not be near. She looked into the mirror and saw beyond her face behind her head up the hill the close stands of large trees that tightly flanked each side of the narrow road. Between the two lines of trees she could see the thin white concrete road, and on the road on her side of the road coming straight down at her was the insane source of the screaming horn.

It was a truck, a large truck-and-trailer combined, almost as big as her house, coming at her. It was going to slam into her. She was going to be hit, crushed, all mixed up with truck, car, concrete, oil and dirt.

She stepped on the accelerator. Nothing happened. The scream of her racing motor merely became part of the approaching roar of the berserk truck behind. Automatically she sat back in her seat, lifted both hands—one to her face, the other over the gear stick—and glanced into the mirror again. Then she did nothing more with her hands, for the truck was already upon her. Gently, affecting a calm surety, she turned her face slightly to one side and down into a serene respectful bow: *Yes, Your Grace.*

But even before she could close her eyes the huge truck had arrived, had rushed around, had passed her car on the right side a few feet from where she sat, flashing across her vision like an endless monstrous moving wall, careening back onto the road again in front of her car, the wind from it flaying out her hair, to speed on up the other side of the small terribly quiet valley. She lifted her head to watch it go, watching it reach the top of the hill where truck-and-trailer curved out of sight until it disappeared, when the shrieking horn was joined for an instant by a close series of screeching crashes, squeals and violent cracks. Then came one long, brutal boom, followed by an endless echo of torn metal and broken glass. Then nothing.

She lowered her hands finally, finally shifting gears and releasing the brake, carefully moving the large car as she pressed down the sweet tip of her perfectly made high-heel shoe. She felt herself do it. Everybody is right, she decided: I do have good feet. And ankles. And legs. And toes. Slowly she drove toward the top of the opposite hill as if she had never driven before, ignoring all the other cars and trucks and buses and bouncing motorcycles and running people who had appeared from nowhere and who were dashing by her, passing her on all sides, moving ahead of her in one collecting swarm toward the top of the hill. In all this world, she told herself—in all this world of beast and bird and bug—I, only I, am not intent upon mounting the brow of yonder hill. I shall get there soon enough. And when I get there I shall have to stop and look.

She did not hurry, and when she got there she did not stop. She cruised by the long line of large trees that capped the crest of the hill, all of which had been uniformly abused, slashed evenly, roughly shaved by some gigantic rasp. She drove by the broken cross of telephone pole foolishly hanging down from its own wires. Next came the hulk of the overturned trailer, its long, rectangular block of body pressed out of shape, nothing visibly broken, everything bent, its undercarriage vulnerably exposed, with one set of large, round rear wheels still idly turning. She drove by the small group of shirt-sleeved men milling around the overturned cab. The cab had snapped away from the tipping trailer and whipped forward, sliding along the road on its right side. As she drove by, the men raised a cushion of hands to help the driver while he climbed up and out through the open door. He did not need their help. He lifted himself out delicately, using both hands and both feet, a grin on his face so open and so tight that he looked as if he were holding in all of his teeth. He looked up and saw her as she drove slowly by. He stared at her. She tried to smile at him and couldn't. She raised one long, smooth bare arm and waved. He went on staring at her as she drove by, lifting his brows, opening his mouth, letting his jaw drop, appearing, for the first time since his head came out of the overturned cab, capable of fright. The others helped him down.

For a long time she drove at the same slow rate until she realized she did not know where she was, did not know even where the accident had occurred. Soon she came to a crossroad she recognized, and turned onto the road that would shortly take her home. After she had traveled for a few miles she pulled off the road, turned off the motor, and sat still. She lighted a cigarette and took a few deep breaths. Then she threw the cigarette away and started the car, continuing on her way home, stopping only to buy ice cream for supper.

It was good ice cream, and everyone enjoyed the touch and taste of it, even her nine-year-old, who had to report that someone else, someone named Marcia, would be Titania in the class play, the same Marcia, according to her other daughter, the seven-year-old, who had both a puppy *and* a horse.

"Well then," her husband told the two girls, "that sounds like a bit of gravy for Marcia. But *which* is the bit of gravy? The puppy *or* the horse?"

"The puppy!" said the seven-year-old.

"No!" said the nine-year-old. "The horse!"

Her husband turned to her, licking his ice-cream spoon. "What about it?" he asked her. "Which one do you say is the gravy, Sweetheart?"

"Both," she answered instantly. "All. Everything. You are all gravy to me." She felt her face begin to build up around her eyes. Her husband looked at her. Then he told the two girls they could watch extra TV if they started right away. When they had sauntered off with their extra bowls of ice cream, he turned to her and she could not hold it back any longer. She cried, very hard. Then she began to try to tell him all about it. ■

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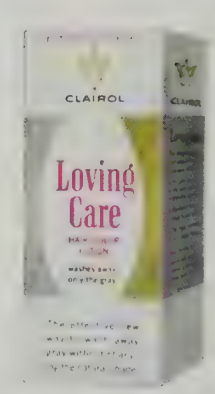

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CHILD CARE *continued from page 56*

that Fibber McGee closet." And the time the mother makes must be quality time. Says a Philadelphian, "I always try to make time for each child alone—whether it's skating, shopping or just a quiet half hour for private sharing."

Many educated women cannot choose their time for returning to work. Maxine Singer, a Washington biochemist specializing in DNA heredity research, says, "In my field things move so rapidly that if you drop out, you've more or less had it." In some callings women keep in touch part-time while their children are young. A nurse who became a mother after several years of pediatric practice said, "I love caring for my own baby for a change. But to keep in touch with medicine I do chart work at home for a research program."

Part-time work simplifies child-care needs—particularly for school-age children. For preschoolers a baby-sitter is a sound solution. But it should be the same one regularly. Elizabeth Vernon, chief of the Day-Care Division of New York City's Bureau of Child Health, says, "Shifting arrangements don't allow children to develop a sense of stability." A good sitter can be grandma, a mature student or a kindly lady from the Senior Citizens Service Club. Swapping with a neighbor is a happy arrangement when two mothers with young children want part-time jobs.

Frequently Daddy serves as part-time baby-sitter—when mother works evenings, or when he works at home. "With all the 'Momism' in the world," a child psychiatrist said, "I was happy to have my husband spend evenings with the children while I was taking courses. It was a wonderful way for him to draw close to them."

Nursery schools on half or three-quarter sessions absorb the problems of many part-time working mothers, while giving their children valuable group experience. The University of Minnesota has inaugurated what may start a trend—a pilot nursery school setup at a church near the campus, where mother-students can leave children aged two to five at 45 cents an hour while they attend classes. The University of Wisconsin hopes to have a similar plan going this fall.

Perhaps the mother who works at home has the best of all possible worlds. Joan Purcell, an artist and mother of four, reports, "My studio is upstairs, and the children sometimes help by entertaining young portrait subjects."

When her daughter outgrew her playpen, Marilyn Weidner, a home-working fine-arts conservator, used the playpen to fence herself in, leaving the rest of the living room to her toddler. One free-lance writer likes working at home because "I'm available for a class party, a teacher conference, or a young luncheon guest—the extracurricular affairs of motherhood."

"It's very important that a mother go to a P.T.A. meeting or a class play," said a psychiatrist mother, "and she shouldn't be made to feel guilty by taking time from her job to do so." A teaching principal of a Long Island school said, "I take care not to deny my children the advantages available to children of nonworking mothers. When my son's choir planned a bake sale, the mother in charge was apologetic about asking for a cake. 'Nonsense!' I told her. 'I'll bake two.'"

The working mother's opportunities to enrich her child's life with insights and experiences of her working world are innumerable. Jessyca Gaver, a free-lance writer, postponed a Virgin Islands assignment until it could be a Christmas trip for her child as well. Mrs. Constance Baker Motley, the first Negro woman ever elected to the New York State Senate, takes her 12-year-old son to Albany with her "to learn how our nation's laws are made." A scientist takes her two youngsters to her laboratory on Sunday afternoons, miraculously changes the colors of liquids for them.

When she travels, Royle Glaser, vice president of a West Coast toy firm, tape-records "letters" to her children which serve as personal travelogues. Mrs. Joan Davis, who works for Catholic Relief Services, brings foreign guests home to dinner. Son Michael swelled with pride the day she described her work to his third-grade class.

And so it goes, with the horizons *and* understanding of children widened and deepened. Just how much, Mrs. Ruth Tropin, New York head of the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, learned one evening when she apologized for an earlier scolding, as she tucked her son into bed. He murmured, "That's OK, Mommy. A lady who helps so many people has a right to be grumpy sometimes."

A working mother lives with crisis as well as with job exhilaration. Illness is one. Grandmothers and good neighbors are often recruited; older children may be left alone under close telephone check. But most mothers try to arrange a flexible schedule which allows them, at least during periods of high temperatures, to do the nursing themselves.

School holidays are crises. Most mothers hoard time off to coincide with children's. One working mother, now a grandmother, told us how, during World War II, she traded a pint of blood for a day off from work and the chance to spend it with her children.

Transportation to after-school events can be a near-daily crisis. Many stay-at-home mothers are, in effect, unlicensed taxi drivers. Working mothers hire taxis for emergencies, but foster a self-reliance in youngsters—instructing them in the use of public transportation, or encouraging bicycling to lessons and meetings, in pairs for safety. Others join car pools and repay chauffeuring on evenings or weekends. When Manhattan fashion executive Kay Hafner couldn't transport her sons to Saturday music lessons, she solved the problem by inviting the teacher to give all his Saturday-morning lessons at her house.

How do children feel about mothers working? One 11-year-old daughter whose mother offered to stop working during her teen years objected. "Oh, no," said Judy, "I enjoy your stories too much. Where would I ever get such good material for school themes?" A pride in the working mother is a factor, too, for the child who likes to settle disputes with, "Let's ask my mother—she's a teacher!" When a political rival denounced Beatrice Burstein for "abandoning" six children to enter government, the children issued a tongue-in-cheek statement supporting her candidacy: "We're happy she's out of the house. She was home too much anyway."

Though statistics, psychiatrists, and even their children's attitudes should be reassuring, many working mothers—particularly those who enjoy working—feel guilty. Mrs. Leon Ginsberg, a Baltimore sociologist, believes this is sometimes all to the good. "Because they have guilt complexes, they try harder."

The subject of guilt is often discussed at a weekly "group-therapy" session among eight working-mother M.D.'s who are residents in psychiatry at New York Medical College Metropolitan Hospital Center. There a unique pilot plan allows them 9:00-to-5:00 hours, and a nine-month year, with time off for school holidays and P.T.A. meetings as well. Dr. Alfred M. Freedman, head of the Department of Psychiatry, feels the program enables society to benefit from a woman's gifts and training without harm to her children. Unfortunately, there is not much arranging of special schedules for mothers in other fields.

"Society's attitude seems to be, if we make it difficult enough for women to go to work, they will stay home," says Mrs. Randolph Guggenheimer, president of the National Committee for the Day Care of Children. "Actually, women are going to work anyway. And because good care is so hard to get, it's the children who suffer. On every income level there is a shortage of facilities, and much of what exists is unbelievably bad."

In West Philadelphia we visited one of the exceptions—a licensed family day-care home run under the careful supervision of the Associated Day Care Service. Three tots under three, children of university graduate students, played happily as we talked to their intelligent "substitute" mother, Mrs. Julius Brown, demonstrating the value of this approach. But Philadelphia hasn't enough such homes, and in most cities family day care remains unlicensed. Many mothers leave children in any home where a sign, DAY CARE HERE, is displayed.

Mrs. Guggenheimer told us of a child left with a woman who locked him in a room and went out to work herself. In a home with a dozen cribs side by side, one child was so neglected that he appeared to be mentally retarded. Mrs. Eleanor Hosley, director of the Day Nursery Association of Cleveland, which runs a unique day-care training program for selected high-school graduates, told us of a nursery in a southern state which picked up children in the morning and dropped them off at night in a beautiful station wagon. The nursery woman was eventually discovered to be simply driving the children around all day.

Philadelphia has a limited nursery and after-school program sponsored by the public schools, where needy working mothers have first preference. Other mothers, including several teachers, pay on a sliding scale. California has the only statewide Board of Education-sponsored day-care program. There both nursery and after-school groups welcome the low-income child, and children of other selected groups—teachers, nurses, defense workers, migrant workers—on payment of sliding-scale fees.

But there are an estimated 400,000 children under 12 across the country whose mothers cannot find after-school play groups, or enough Y or scout meetings to fill every afternoon; the children come home to empty houses with keys on strings around their necks. Some mothers manage to keep the supervisory reins taut even then. Says one mother, "As soon as my children get home, I expect a call from them. I know they are home safely, and they can tell me about their day at school." One teacher regularly hides a surprise somewhere around the house for her child. By the time he finds it, she is home.

Sometimes, for friendship or a small fee, a neighbor mother will provide an afternoon snack, a friendly ear, a place to drop books or do homework. Gertrude Hoffman, specialist in day-care services for the Children's Bureau, believes this homelike atmosphere would be, in many ways—if women were licensed and supervised by a social agency—a sounder solution than the overorganization sometimes seen in after-school groups.

Philanthropies, religious organizations and individual initiative are working to fill the need. One of the few full-day nursery-school setups for middle- or upper-income families we could find in New York was sponsored by a religious-education center. In Boston, some day care is offered by organizations affiliated with the Community Chest. Promising patterns are the appearance of the nursery school as an integral part of a middle-class housing development—as in New York's Lefrak City—and of city-sponsored day-care centers in several low-income housing projects.

But U.S. industry does not show the strong interest that is common abroad. Large industrial complexes, such as Fiat and Buitoni, which we visited in Italy, have beautiful, well-equipped, professionally staffed nurseries as part of employee benefits. Many U.S. employers have yet to realize that they can get better work from women who know their children are in good hands.

Hospitals—in desperate need of nurses—have begun to make a break in this field. Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx has for 10 years run a hospital nursery for preschool children of nurses and women doctors. Johns Hopkins in Baltimore has been running one for five years, with children of staff members. Said its director, Mrs. Frances Millette, "Many nurses say they chose Hopkins because of the nursery facility."

In general, however, industry, labor, the community, schools and neighbors are not quite ready to accept the mother's right to work. But this year, in an important breakthrough, the Federal government has appropriated $4 million to help states and communities finance child-care projects for working mothers. Says U.S. Commissioner of Welfare Ellen Winston: "These projects are initiated in the community, but the Federal government, through grants to state welfare agencies, can help to pay the bill. There is a clear incentive here for women and women's groups to get together to initiate needed day-care programs." For the present, the woman who refuses to bury her talents will have to depend on her own ingenuity and her motherly instincts to guide her in making provisions for her child while she works. In doing so, she may draw comfort from a view expressed by one child when her mother asked if she'd prefer that she stay at home.

"No, mommy," the daughter replied. "Other girls' mothers who are around the house nag them too much."

Note: For specific advice or information on day care for children, the Child Welfare League of America suggests inquiring at one of the United Fund-sponsored Health and Welfare councils. They exist in 475 U.S. communities. ■

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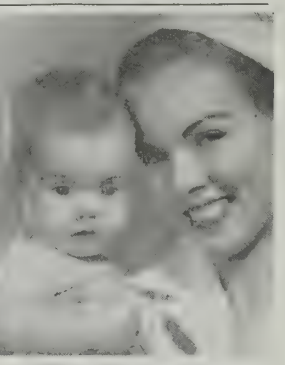

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Who is Rima, what is she?

continued from page 80

I went with Rima one day to help her sell her jewelry because she wanted to buy him a birthday present. Her charm bracelet with the gold disk that said SWEET SIXTEEN, her college ring; whatever she could not sell she pawned. None of it meant anything to her. "I want to get him gold cuff links," she said. "He wears French cuffs." I thought of the O. Henry story about the gift of the Magi, but it was not the same, because he was not giving up anything for her, and what she was giving up for him was only bits of metal and chips of gems that belonged to an already fading past.

That summer, when our first year of independence drew to a close, our two roommates married the boys they had come to Washington to pursue, and Rima and I had two whole rooms to ourselves. Summers in Washington are very hot. An air conditioner mysteriously appeared in our bedroom window, installed by a man from the air-conditioning company whom neither of us had sent for. On the first cool fall day, for the first time, I was allowed to meet the Diplomat. He came to our house for tea, and sat on the edge of one of our frayed chairs, very elegant in his hand-tailored suit and Sulka tie. He even wore a vest. I thought he looked like our uncle—not our father, he was too young, too glamorous, too much from another world. But there was something fatherly in the way he looked around at our landlady's furniture, with amusement and yet a little annoyance—was it clean enough, good enough, for his child?—the way he smiled with adult pride at everything Rima said, as if she were a precious being from another planet. I could hardly believe any of this was happening; I think, in a way, neither could he. Yet, they were obviously in love with each other.

He went to New York on several business trips that fall and winter, and took Rima with him, meeting her as if by accident on the train, where he had taken a private bedroom for the short trip and Rima had a ticket in the parlor car. They had rooms in the same hotel on different floors. At Buccellati he bought her a gold-and-emerald ring, which she wore on her left hand, but they entered and left the shop by the back door. When they returned to Washington after the last trip, his wife met him at the station, and Rima alighted from a different car and stood staring on the station platform as her love drove off in a silver-gray foreign automobile with someone who was suddenly flesh and blood, an actuality, a force, a monster.

"I saw her, the old hag," Rima said to me that night, almost in tears. "I wish I could kill her. She's very sophisticated. . . . She was wearing a real Chanel suit, and the Chanel shoes and bag too. . . . She's too thin; she chain-smokes and uses a holder. . . . She's one of those terribly chic, tense women who knows everybody and always says and does the right thing; you could tell. She's unhappy, though. . . . She must know he loves someone else. Women as nervous as that always know they aren't loved. He told me he doesn't love her anymore. He'd leave her if it weren't for his career; a scandal—zip!" She drew her finger across her throat. "He's so proper and old-fashioned in his way; nobody is like him anymore. If it weren't for her, he could marry me and we'd both be happy. I hate her, the old hag."

"She doesn't sound like an old hag," I said.

"She is!"

"All right, she is."

"And ugly too."

"Well, at least she's ugly."

"No, she's not ugly," Rima said. "I wish she were. She must have something if he won't leave her for me. If he really didn't love her, he'd leave her, no matter what he says. How could he marry me? I couldn't be a hostess, I couldn't run two homes the way she does. . . . I don't know anything about being a diplomat's wife. I *know* he loves me, but he won't leave *her*. . . ."

So she did want to marry him, after all. It had been inevitable. The courtship had been beautiful, the five-minute meetings in hallways, the stolen afternoons and weekends, all had been part of the discovery and wonder of love. But after a year and a half the champagne of secrecy had gone flat. I suspected that Rima had wanted to marry him long before this, but had never dared say the words until she saw his wife and realized bitterly that someone had married him, someone was sharing all of his life except those stolen afternoons; for someone it was possible.

All lovers make near-fatal mistakes in their relationships; it is part of the pleasure of love, illicit or not, to tempt providence. So when, one weekend when his wife was away, the diplomat took Rima to his home, it seemed to me merely one of the fatal mistakes some lovers have to make. It was not fatal in any immediate sense, for they were not caught, no one saw them, the servants were away, his wife did not return unexpectedly with a detective or a gun. On his part, it was only a further avowal of his love for Rima; he wanted her to see where and how he lived; he didn't want her to be an outsider. He wanted her to approve of him, of the beautiful things with which he filled his life. He wanted to give her a setting to picture when she dreamed of him, a background for her lonely fantasies; perhaps he also wanted to be able to imagine her in his home when she was no longer there and he was sitting through a dull diplomatic dinner party. The mistake was fatal because Rima did approve of his home. She approved of it too much.

She told me about it that night in detail, and I could picture her scampering through those huge rooms like a child, touching each piece of antique furniture as her lover told her what famous person might have sat in this chair, dined from that plate—now an ashtray—or what skill distinguished the weaving of this piece of cloth from any other. She peered into every closet, learning about the heirloom silver, the china, the crystal; she even tried on some of his wife's clothes. To him, Rima was a child, wistful, amusing and filled with amazement, so he let her try on the Chanels, the Diors, stroke the furs, wave the lapis cigarette holder in the air as if it held a cigarette and she were a grown-up at the ball. When she returned home to the Greek Revival rooming house, the photographic mind that had gotten A's at Radcliffe was a living archive of memorabilia.

The bulging scrapbooks of souvenirs and photographs from our college days, which still amused us on Sunday afternoons, were shipped home to her parents. In their place appeared glossy magazines that looked more like books, with names like *Antiquaries* and *A History of Battersea Boxes*. One of them was even in French. The Diplomat collected Battersea boxes, and also tiny silver boxes with crests on them, so Rima began to scour back-street antique shops for a collection exactly like his. Real Battersea boxes were too expensive, but on her twenty-third birthday the Diplomat gave her one, topped with white china on which was written in fine script: *A Trifle From a Friend*. "He wanted to give me a coat," she told me, "but this coat will go another year. I just had to have a real Battersea box."

There was a one-of-a-kind pair of Louis XV chairs in the Diplomat's living room. But there turned out to be, surprisingly, an identical pair, which Rima discovered on a trip to New York, and she began putting away part of her salary every month to buy them. "A hundred dollars a month forever. . . ." Our landlady's frayed chairs were sent to the basement, and the two Louis XV chairs took their place in front of our fireplace that December, for the Diplomat had added the frighteningly large difference for a Christmas present. But he seemed disappointed with the gift she had chosen for him to give her, because he surprised her with an additional present—a beige-and-white fox fur coat. She looked young and rich and daring in the coat, but as for the chairs, I was afraid to sit on them. *(Continued)*

"It all started when her husband asked her to develop an interest outside the home."

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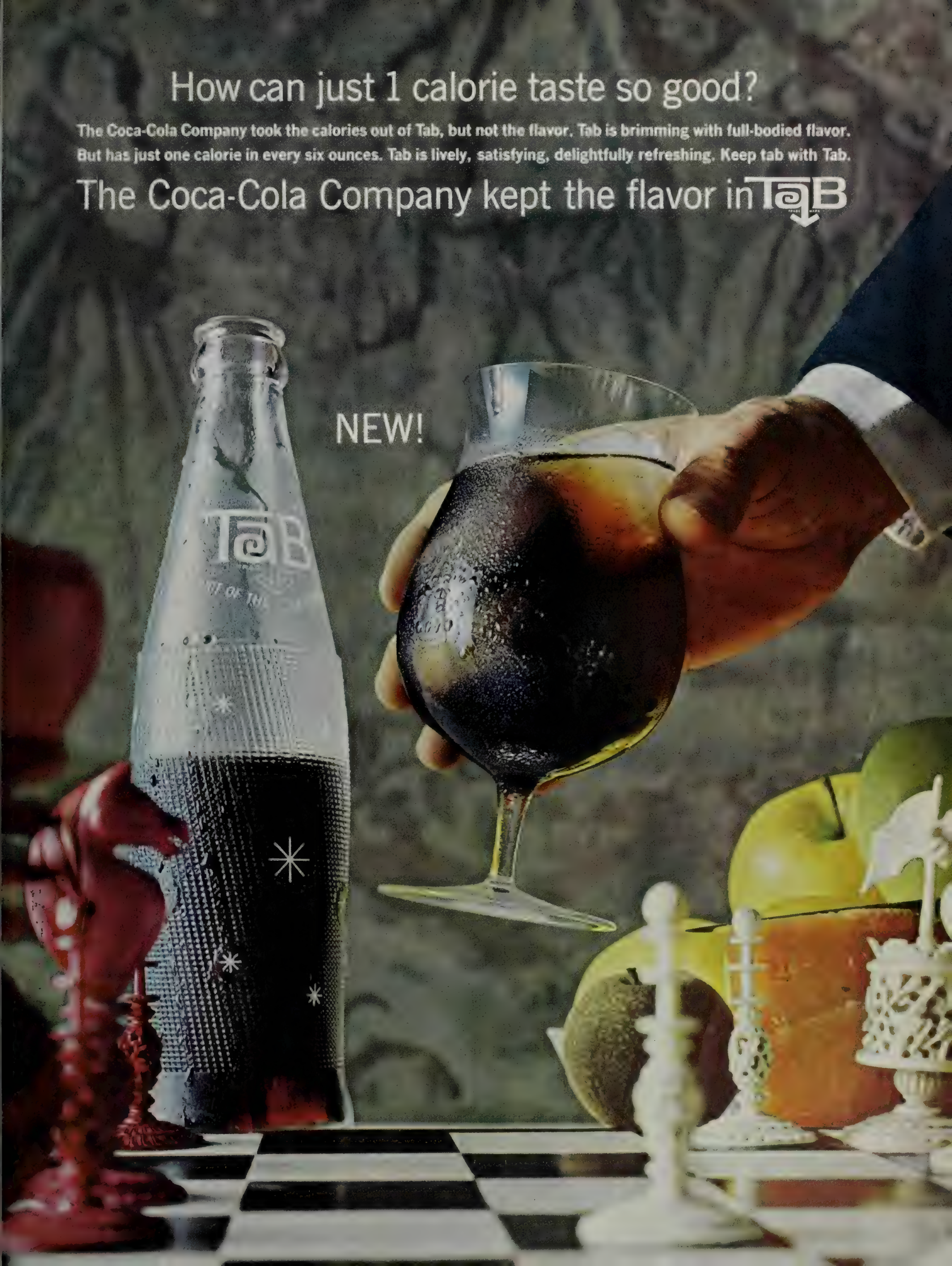
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Who is Rima, what is she?

continued

One night Rima packed all her career-girl clothes in a large box and sent them to charity, for she was the new owner of a real Chanel suit with the shoes and bag to match. She bought a cigarette holder and began to smoke; she said it would help her lose weight, for she had suddenly decided she was too fat. When her lover told her she was getting too thin, she cried all night, but she did not stop smoking, for now the excuse was it would help her stop biting her nails. The collection of tiny silver boxes with crests grew larger, and covered the entire top of a spindly-legged antique table Rima had found, which was by coincidence exactly like the one in the bedroom of the Diplomat and his wife. The real Chanel suit was joined, in a few months, by another, and a white Dior evening gown, which Rima wore at home in the evenings, alone, while she sipped sherry from a certain crystal wineglass, chain-smoked, and wrote letters to a certain firm in Paris asking if it were possible to obtain ten yards of a certain brocaded fabric which had been specially made at one time for another American client, and a tiny sample of which she happened to have snipped from the underside of that client's sofa.

When the fabric finally arrived, the sofa it would cover had arrived too, a gift for Rima's twenty-fourth birthday. I reminded her we were still paying rent for a furnished apartment, although it now looked like a museum, and our landlady's basement looked like a warehouse. Rima looked at me with the nervous, near-tearful look she had acquired during the past year, which somehow made her look rather tragic and mysterious. "We're too old to live like pigs anymore," she said. "Don't you want a real home?"

I did, and I wanted something more, something elusive but wonderful, which I felt must surely be beyond the next corner, or at the next party, or on the threshold of our front door tomorrow night. . . . It had to be, or I felt I would disappear. So, one fall evening, when the doorbell rang announcing the arrival of perhaps the hundredth blind date I would have had in Washington, I decided: If he's anything better than a monster, whoever he is, *this one* I will fall in love with.

He was far from a monster, and he had green eyes and a sense of humor—my two fatal weaknesses—so while he sat in my living room talking and trying to make me like him, he never knew he needn't have bothered, because I already loved him. He talked all night, and at dawn, when he remembered he had invited me to his apartment after dinner to make a pass at me, and now it was too late because it was day and we had to go to our offices, he decided he was in love with me too.

"How could I not love you?" he asked (this young man who was already destined to become my first husband). "You are me. If I didn't love you, it would be like not loving myself."

My decision to marry him seemed as mad and romantic as my decision to fall in love with him. We were in his car, at the curb, in front of a restaurant. It was that first night, before his apartment, at our first restaurant together, the first time I had been in his car. I wanted to invent a test for destiny, something simple, arbitrary, irrevocable, therefore magic. "If he comes around to open the door, I'll marry him. If he doesn't... he'll never know." He came around to open the door.

Rima gave a cocktail party for us when we announced our engagement, one of many parties she had begun to give. She had become a polished hostess, entertaining a mélange of people: minor politicians, intellectuals, an artist, a writer, an actress, a few foreigners who spoke no English at all but whose languages Rima had studied in college and perfected during the past few years of her Diplomatic Education. Her Diplomat was not there, of course, and she had hidden her half dozen tiny framed photographs of him in the dresser drawer, but his presence hovered in the rooms throughout the party, for it was now his home, done in his taste, filled with the objects of his pleasures, and the hostess who presided over it all with infinite charm might as well have been his wife. I had a brief irreverent fantasy of the Diplomat coming here one night by accident, and panicking, not knowing which home he had gone to.

At the party there was a visitor from New York, a young advertising executive. He was thirty-four, married twelve years to his high-school sweetheart, and had two children. He was in Washington on business, and obviously had never seen anyone like Rima at such close range. He was almost childishly infatuated with her after ten minutes. She flirted with him, named him Heathcliff—for that was rather whom he resembled—and although she obviously enjoyed playing with him, she seemed unaware of her new power. When she was moving about the room talking to her other guests, he did not take his eyes off her. "You need some more champagne, Heathcliff," Rima said, touching his arm as she drifted past. "I want you to get good and drunk.

"Wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die."[3]

"I lift the glass to my mouth," he finished, *"I look at you, and I sigh."*

She stopped dead and stared at him.

He smiled. There was something about him both boyish and wire-strong, a man who would piously refuse to deceive anyone and yet who was destined to deceive many people throughout his life, because they would mistake him for someone simple. He raised his champagne glass at Rima.

"A mermaid found a swimming lad,
Picked him for her own,
Pressed her body to his body,
Laughed; and plunging down
Forgot in cruel happiness
That even lovers drown."[4]

(Continued)

"I don't think anyone could drown you," she said. "Heathcliff . . ."

"Lady Brett Ashley . . ." he said, transfixed.

"Me?" Rima laughed. "*Me*?"

He asked her to have dinner with him, as he was alone in this city, but she refused, explaining that she was in love with someone and never went out with anyone else.

"Where is he?" the advertising man asked, looking around the crowded room.

"He's not here."

"Oh. Married."

"Aren't you?" she replied sweetly, and drifted away to her guests.

My husband's work took him to New York, where we lived in a three-room apartment that I cleaned carefully every day. I went to the grocery store, read his magazines, his books, played his records, and waited for him to come home to eat the dinners I cooked. He did not like his work very much, and I did not work at all, so in the evenings we talked about the past, our childhoods, our friends—and when we were bored with that we talked about the future, although that seemed more like a game than reality. Sometimes we talked about Rima, who he said was neurotic. He said her life was going to end badly. "If I weren't married to you, I would save her from that man."

"Really? What makes you think she'd want you?" And at that moment, only six months after we had declared to stay together forever, I wondered why I wanted him, either. I was beginning to look like Rima had; nervous, lost, a bird girl who appeared out of a tree in the jungle to answer someone's dream and then disappeared at dawn—or was it he who disappeared, back into the real world, while the bird girl waited invisibly for his return, for his summons, for her moments of reality?

Rima wrote to me quite regularly during those months. She had nothing else to do in the evenings, for the decorating job on her apartment was completed, and for some reason the Diplomat was not seeing her as often as he used to. He was overworked, she wrote to me, and when he did manage a little time with her he usually spent it falling asleep.

"For the first time in my life," she wrote, "I feel old. I feel like a wife. But I want to marry him, and I know this isn't what our life would be like if I were really his wife. Then we'd share everything. But now he acts as if it isn't a romance anymore. I don't know why. Do you remember in the beginning, when the house was full of flowers? He hasn't taken me out to lunch in four months."

They had their first serious fight. "He called me extravagant, said I cared too much about clothes," Rima wrote. "He used to tell me she was extravagant—the old hag—and I told him never to dare compare me with her. He said, 'In some ways you are like her'—and the way he said it was like an insult. He refused to explain. What more does he want from me? I can't be perfect. . . . I need love, I can't help that. Why can't he love me enough to leave her? What's wrong with me that he can't love me enough to choose me over someone he doesn't love at all?"

The day after her fifth anniversary with the Diplomat, Rima arrived at my apartment in New York. It seems they had been planning their fifth anniversary celebration for months; she had saved for and bought a new white Dior gown, had her hair done at eight in the morning in order to be at the office on time, and then at five o'clock—an hour before they were to meet to celebrate—he had phoned to say he had to go to an important dinner party, his wife would not understand if she had to attend alone, there was nothing he could do. Rima had gotten tremendously drunk on the bottle of Taittinger Blanc de Blancs 1953 she had been chilling in her refrigerator, gave the Malossol caviar to the cleaning woman, thrown the white Dior on the closet floor, and taken the morning train to New York. He had promised to make it up to her, perhaps a whole weekend away somewhere, but she could not wait.

"Wait!" she cried to me, tears pouring down her face as if she were a marble statue in a fountain. "Wait! Wait! All I have ever done is wait."

When my husband came home, he flirted with Rima all evening—to save her?—as if I were invisible, and she took an instant dislike to it. When he started to talk about a girl he had known before he met me, Rima stood up. "If I ever get married," she said coldly, "my husband will never talk about other women in my presence. Nor will he ever flirt with other women when I am in the room. It's insulting. I am going to be first in his life, not just something that's *there*, and if I ever find there's someone else, I'm going to leave."

"Isn't that a little too much to ask of a man?" I said, wishing I had her courage.

"It's what I will ask," Rima said.

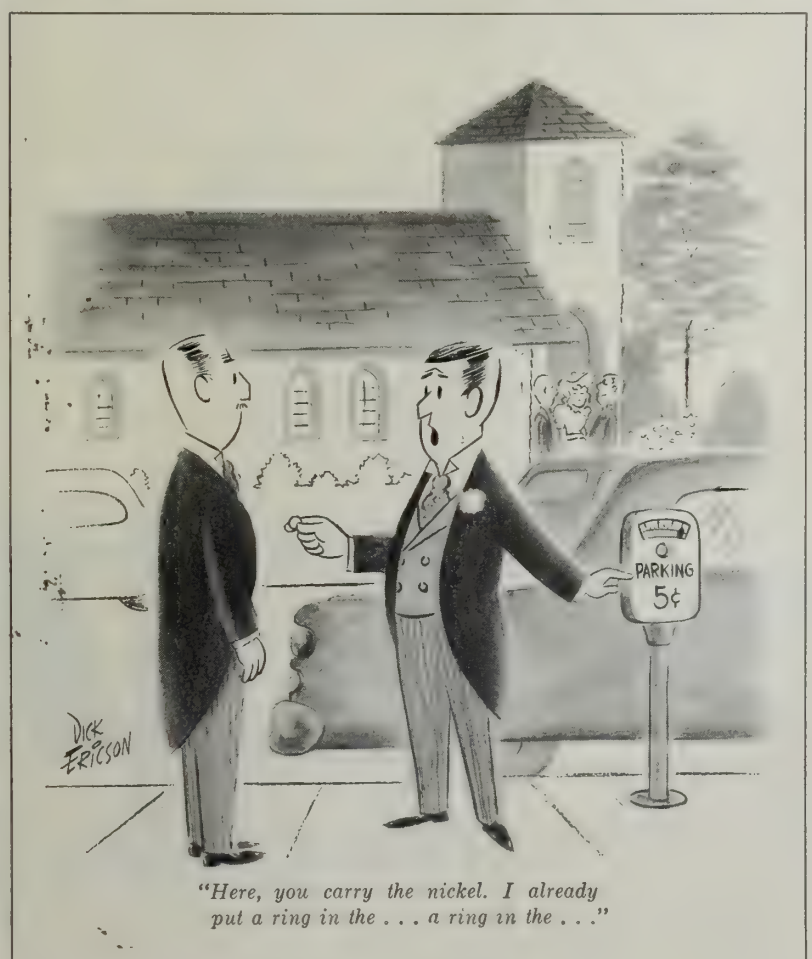
"Well, Rima," he said, cheerfully nasty, "you ought to know."

I don't remember her ever speaking to my husband again, for that was the way Rima was. She drifted in and out of rooms during the two days she stayed with us, graceful and silent as a cat, always pleasant; but whenever he began to talk, she suddenly wasn't there. The afternoon of the second day, when she was feeling repentant toward the Diplomat, who did not know where she had gone, I went with Rima to Gucci, where she bought him a wallet. It was elegant, expensive and impersonal—no, thank you, she would not wait to have it initialed—the kind of gift one had to give a man whose wife noticed all his personal possessions. Coming out of the store, we saw the advertising man who had been at Rima's party—or rather, he saw us, for she did not recognize him.

He was so excited he called out to stop us; he shook her gloved hand with both his hands and then he blushed, as if he had attacked her in my presence. Rima laughed, and then he laughed too, and invited us both for a drink.

We went to the Plaza (Rima's choice), where Heathcliff had one Scotch (his limit, he told us), and Rima had champagne. She was wearing the beige-and-white fox coat over a pale wool dress, she had a long gold cigarette holder, her beige alligator handbag and the little package from Gucci were on the table, and she did indeed look like Lady Brett Ashley, or someone equally golden and fictional. We sat in the dark wood-paneled room, watching the sunset through the windows that overlooked the park, laughing, happy; and I thought that people from out of town who saw her here must be thinking she was a real New Yorker, on her way somewhere exciting for the evening. The advertising man evidently thought so too, when he got up reluctantly, almost jealously, to catch his train to Old Greenwich.

There was a row of taxis at the curb. He helped us into the first, gave her a mischievous look and kissed her hand. When their eyes met, I had the feeling he had done some investigating about her friend in Washington. As we watched him walk away to the second taxi he seemed to change, grow firmer, more stubborn, as if preparing himself for an everyday life he had momentarily forgotten. "He makes me feel young," Rima said wistfully. She smiled. "He makes me want to go to the country and throw snowballs."



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She went back to Washington that night, and we did not see each other again until spring. In the meantime I had gotten what is known as a friendly divorce, and custody of the three-room apartment. There had been only two short letters from Rima during the intervening months. The first said, "I'm too depressed to write, everything is lousy."

The second said, "I have begun to realize that people don't break up because of one unforgivable incident, but, rather, because of hopelessness. *(Continued)*

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Who is Rima, what is she?

continued

I used to think love could be killed with a mortal blow, but that's not true. Love goes on and on, until one day you wake up and realize that the hopelessness is stronger than the love. I've done everything I could think of, and it was not enough. He sees me once a week, for twenty minutes. How many more ways can I change? He says he loves me, but somehow that doesn't mean anything anymore; they're just words. . . . I hear them and I don't remember what they used to mean."

One morning Rima packed all her clothes, and the collection of tiny antique boxes, and left Washington forever. She did not say good-bye to the Diplomat, she simply disappeared into the dawn. She left every stick of antique furniture—his, hers, theirs, whatever it was—and I imagine the rooms in the Greek Revival style mansion must have looked very strange, as if the occupant had only gone out for a walk. She came to stay with me, and the first thing she did was give me her precious collection.

"I remember you used to admire them. Just consider them a house gift."

The second thing she did was get another secretarial job, because she insisted on paying half of the rent. I had decided to go back to zoology, and was taking a master's degree at night and working days as a receptionist so I could study my textbooks behind the potted plant that stood on my glossy desk. I was much happier than I had expected to be. Rima surprised me by her resiliency; I had resigned myself nervously to having to nurse a potential suicide, but what I found was a convalescent who was grateful to have survived. We went to a few cocktail parties, to dinner with a few old friends, and introduced each other to the few single men we found in our respective offices who were not nineteen. It was a restful existence, and the weeks drifted by almost without notice. Then one afternoon Rima rushed back early from the office, and when I came home the scent of bath oil filled the entire apartment. She had put her newest Chanel suit on the bed and was washing her emerald ring with a nail brush.

"Guess what I did today! I just felt like doing something crazy, like we used to do when we were at college, so I called Heathcliff at his office and said: Here I am in New York! He had a moment of conscience—I could hear it over the phone, almost like a gulp—and then he asked me to dinner."

"Dinner? Where's his wife?"

"Evidently she's a den mother, whatever that is, and they have a meeting. He was going to stay and work late at the office. He says he works late at the office once or twice a week anyway, and he has to eat somewhere, so—oh, you should have heard the stammering, the excuses. He's terrified of me. Of *me*, the girl who never got anybody in her life!"

They went to an Italian restaurant where Rima had often gone with the Diplomat, and where the advertising man had never been in his life. The headwaiter had recognized her, with obvious respect. The menu was not only in Italian but in handwriting, and Rima had taken pains to explain innocently to the old Italian waiter what a certain simple dish consisted of, so that Heathcliff could stammer, "Make it two."

He had missed the nine o'clock train, and before the 9:55 he had bought her a white orchid. "An orchid," Rima laughed, showing it to me, "An *orchid!* I haven't had an orchid since the senior prom. I didn't think they made them anymore."

But she put it carefully into a glass of champagne in the refrigerator, the alchemy that we had believed in our senior-prom days would keep an orchid fresh for a week.

She had been almost silent about her affair with the Diplomat, as if the gravity of first love stunned her, but she bubbled over with her delight in Heathcliff, and I knew she had fallen in love with him before she did. "He's so square," she would say, laughing, and then add, "But he's a fox . . . oh, smart. Watch out! I really think I'm the only one who sees the other side of him, the humor. In the advertising business they're just afraid of him, because he's so young and shrewd and on the way up. His wife's name is Dorlee. Can you imagine! And she's the same age as he is, of course, because they've known each other all their lives. The old hag."

One of Rima's casual beaus, a plump young man who was also in advertising, took her to a cocktail party where Heathcliff appeared with Dorlee. "She just stood in the corner and talked to the wives," Rima told me afterward. "She looks as if she has steel fillings in her teeth. I don't think she ever shortened a dress in her life; she just wears them the way they come from the store. I heard her telling somebody that in Old Greenwich she has a TV room decorated like the inside of a ship. When she started talking about how they had to have plastic covers on everything, I had to run out of the room, because I nearly choked."

Heathcliff's commuting hours were irregular, for he often worked late and his two children were old enough to stay up in the TV room decorated like a ship until the captain came home to say good night. He met Rima after work several times a week. He seemed to have a calming effect on her in one way, for she stopped smoking and gave her long gold cigarette holder to our cleaning woman, who had once admired it. It was a romance confined to furtive hand-holding, for he was consumed by guilt and told Rima often that she was "dangerous."

"Dangerous!" she told me in delight. "Dangerous! Me, the failure, dangerous! Isn't he beautiful?"

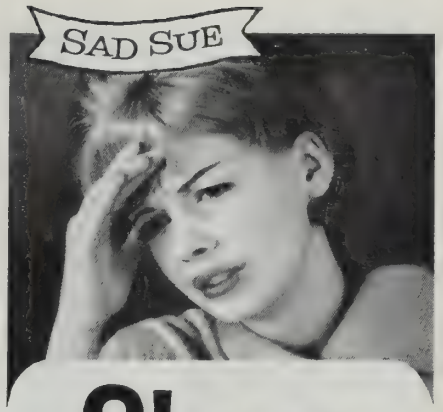
A letter arrived from our former Washington landlady, informing Rima she was not running a storage company, and then several huge crates arrived, Railway Express collect. Rima and I stared at them with dismay. "It's either storage or my own apartment," she said, "and I think, at this point, an apartment of my own might be a good idea."

She found an apartment in a new, modern building, a block from Grand Central Station. "And believe me," she said, "an apartment a block from Grand Central is not easy to find." The purpose of this location was logical to her; Heathcliff could stop by for a drink every evening on his way to his train. It seems several times he had mentioned, as if he were talking about an impossible dream, that such an arrangement would be the height of bliss.

The beautiful old furniture took some of the coldness away from the boxlike rooms of this glass-and-steel monstrosity—whose only redeeming feature was that it had a working fireplace—and when I went to visit her, I found the rooms once again filled with flowers. The only strange note was a small bottle with a ship inside it, which perched on the center of her spindly-legged table.

"He collects them," she said. "He gave it to me. It's kind of pretty, don't you think?"

The next time I visited Rima's apartment a block from Grand Central was a month later. There was a man's bathrobe hanging on the hook on the bathroom door, and a can of shaving cream on the tole shelf next to the sink. A small photograph of Heathcliff stood on the table beside her bed, *(Continued)*



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Who is Rima, what is she?

continued

framed in rope. "It's so wonderful being in love with a man near my own age," she said. "He's thirty-four, I'm twenty-six—that means when I'm seventy, he'll be only seventy-eight."

"And commuting?"

"No, of course not," she said, touching his photograph reverently. "He's never been in love before, he never cheated on her in all those years, and wouldn't you know neither of them ever touched anyone before they married each other. He has a very strong sense of honor. He said he wished she would find out about us so she would do something terrible to him, because he feels he deserves it; and then he said I ought to leave him, because he deserved that; and then he said if I did leave him he might as well be dead."

"He sounds happy," I said.

"It's just his sense of honor," Rima said. "It's a man like that who makes decisions. Men *do* leave their wives, you know, but only because of great love or great guilt. And he has both. I'm glad I didn't get married last time, because I was so young I mistook romance for love. This is real love: planning a life together, being able to help someone, making someone feel alive for the first time. Before he met me, his whole life was encased in plastic, just like that horrible chintz furniture of his in the country."

Men did leave their wives, as I well knew, and lovers left lovers, but it was neither for great love nor great guilt. Rima had been right the first time, in her letter to me: People part because of hopelessness. The death of love leads to the rebirth of another love, for love is a phoenix. A greater love does not kill a small one; it only adds pomp to the funeral.

During the following year, Rima and her advertising man tried to break up three times, but each time he came back to her, vowing he loved her more than ever and felt guiltier. She had already proposed to him several times, pretending it was only a joke; but at the end of their second year of afternoons before the train, she proposed to him seriously, and he answered her.

"How could I marry you?" he asked, tears in his eyes. "I'd bore you. You'd get tired of me. You're my elusive golden girl, and I'm just a husband and father."

"But that's what I *want*," Rima said.

"No. I see you in front of the fire on a snowy night. . . . I see you in that white fur coat, your eyes shining, going into the Plaza to meet an ambassador or a movie star. . . . I just don't see you in a gingham dress at the supermarket."

"Where do you think I get my food—out of flowers?"

"Yes," he answered, "and I will always bring them to you."

The transformation of Rima began that night. The next day, printed cotton slipcovers appeared on the Louis XV chairs. She bought a huge Early American object she informed me was called an Entertainment Center: containing a nineteen-inch television set, a stereo phonograph with four speakers, and a radio, with a long flat surface on top, which was soon covered with a collection of ships in bottles. Her Chanels and Diors were sent to a thrift shop—tax deductible—and she replaced them with tweed skirts, cashmere-sweater sets and flowered, sleeveless cotton blouses. She had pawned her emerald ring to buy the Entertainment Center, and now she wore a single strand of imitation pearls. She learned to cook tuna-fish casserole with potato chips on top, and in time even a peanut-butter soufflé. She saved trading stamps and redeemed them for a hobnail glass lamp with a ruffly shade, and gave her 1850 tole lamp to the cleaning woman, who ventured she'd just as soon have had the nice new one.

She washed and set her hair herself, because it was obvious Dorlee had, and she used the money she thus saved to buy books called *The Sexually Satisfied Housewife* and *The Problems of the Adolescent Stepchild*, which she piled on top of the spindly-legged antique table until it broke and she replaced it with something that formerly had been a butter churn.

Her triumph came on Heathcliff's birthday. He had left his office early, and a light snow had begun to fall. At 4:30 in the winter's early darkness, he arrived at Rima's apartment. There was snow on his coat, and he was carrying a gold-wrapped package that later turned out to contain champagne. Rima was sitting in front of the roaring fire, wearing blue jeans and toasting marshmallows.

He looked around the room as if he had never really noticed it before, still wearing his coat, still clutching the bottle of champagne in his arms. The air was fragrant with the scent of detergent and meat loaf.

"Happy birthday, honey," Rima said.

"Thank you . . ." he murmured. "I'd better hang my coat in the bathroom . . . it's wet."

"Wait till you see your present! I made it."

When he came out of the bathroom he seemed more composed. He opened his present: a ship in a bottle. Rima had put the ship inside, herself. "You see," she said, "to get it in, the sails lie flat, and then I pull the string . . ."

"I know."

"Look at the marshmallow," she said. "When it's burned black like that, with the little red lights inside, it looks like New York used to look to me at night, when I first came here—all dark and mysterious, with just those millions of little lights."

"Oh, Rima," Heathcliff whispered, holding the two bottles in his hands; the one with the ship and the one with the champagne, "I wish you had written me a poem."

She did write him a poem, the following summer, but she never gave it to him. Instead, she read it to me on the telephone. I had not seen very much of her during the winter and spring, because I had gotten a new job doing research (and my master's degree), and she had spent most of her time in her apartment waiting for him to visit her, although the visits were fewer and farther between. We were both going to be thirty, but now it no longer seemed to matter that when Rima was thirty Heathcliff would be only thirty-eight.

"Send him the poem," I told her. "It's beautiful."

"No," she said. "I'm going to push it into one of his revolting little bottles and I'm going to toss it into the Greenwich Sound, or whatever the name is of that river he lives on. Then when he's walking in front of his split-level saying Yo-ho-ho he can find it, and see what he lost. Four years—well, last time it was five, so you can't say I'm not improving. At least it doesn't take me as long to find out I'm doomed. I am doomed, you know. I'm the girl they recite poetry to, and then in the mornings they always go back to their wives. It must be me, because I fell in love with two completely different men, and neither of them wanted to stay with me."

"It's not you," I said. "Neither of them really knew what you were like. If they had, they would have loved you."

I don't know if she ever threw the bottle into the Sound, but she might have tossed it into the lake in Central Park, because all that summer Rima was addicted to long, lonely walks. Perhaps she was trying to figure things out, perhaps she was only still in her fantasy of the country wife, and the streets of the summer city were her Old Greenwich roads. I felt guilty not spending more time with her, but this time I had met someone I loved. I had not met him among the mollusks and the octogenarians; I had met him at a cocktail party. He was a producer, but he did not think lady zoologists were freaks, and I certainly did not think producers were freaks, although I had never met one before, either.

While I was occupied with the extraordinary miracle of my second (and present) love, Rima became involved in what, to her, seemed only another ordinary meeting. She had been on a long walk, it was about midnight, and she was passing Grand Central Station on her way back to her apartment when she saw a man fall down in the street. The few passersby thought he was drunk and avoided him, but Rima went closer to see if he was ill, and discovered that he was indeed drunk. She also discovered, with delight and dismay, that he was one of her favorite authors.

"What are you doing, lying there on the curb?" she said sternly. "A great writer does not lie on the curb."

"He does if he's drunk," the author answered. He was trying to go to sleep, his cheek nestled on the sidewalk.

Journal Shopping Center

NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD pages 38–42
HANSEN GLOVES: Lord & Taylor, New York; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Marshall Field, Chicago. WHITE STAG playsuit: Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. DORIAN-MACKSOUD robe: Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin, West Coast. SYMPHONY SCARFS: Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago. JANTZEN skirt and top: Lord & Taylor, New York; J. L. Hudson, Detroit. PARISIAN MAID nightgown: Lord & Taylor, New York. WARNER'S pettipants: Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.

RIPE FOR BERRIES pages 104–105
Swedish footed crystal compotes from Georg Jensen, Inc., 667 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

SPEND AND SAVE pages 106–107
Coffee cups from Bazar Francais, 666 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. Coffeepot, wine glasses, carafe stand, Italian plates from Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y. Sterling flatware "Melrose" by Gorham. Carafe and teak tray from Bonniers, Inc., 605 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

FUTURE DIMENSION FOR FOOD page 114
Freezer by Admiral.

"You get up this minute." Rima pulled him to his feet, which was not too difficult, as he was a short, wiry man, about her height, quite undernourished from too much wine, women and song. He was, she remembered reading, only four years older than she was, and she felt maternal toward him.

"Have to go to Bennington," he murmured. "Where the hell is Bennington? Have to be there in the morning."

"Bennington, Vermont."

"Little girls' school—college. Lecture. Where's my train?"

"You can't lecture at Bennington like this," Rima said. She inspected his soiled clothing and bleary face with distaste. "Those girls idolize you. If they see you like this, it might ruin the rest of their lives."

"I'm . . . going to be sick."

"Good."

He decided not to be sick. "Who are you?"

"A former English major at Radcliffe, and an admirer of yours—although not at the moment. Come with me, I live around the corner." She was already leading him, his arm about her shoulders.

The writer stared at the sleeveless, flowered cotton blouse, the chino walking skirt, the little strand of pearls. "Funniest-looking streetwalker I ever saw ——" Rima slapped him.

She then took him to her apartment, a block from Grand Central, where she forced him to eat scrambled eggs and drink three cups of black coffee, and then spot-cleaned and pressed his suit while he cursed at her from a cold shower. She scanned the timetable while the writer looked around her apartment.

"You in the WAVES?"

"Very funny. You can take the two-thirty train to Albany, and then there's probably a connection."

"You've even got a timetable."

"Purely for sentimental reasons," Rima said. "Here, take this aspirin and these vitamins; you'll need them later."

"You have any children?"

"No. Do you?"

"I'm not married," he said.

Suddenly, he became more than an idol or an invalid—he became a person. "You're *not?*"

"Divorced," he said.

"So am I," Rima said, ". . . sort of."

"That's too bad. You'd make a wonderful wife. Very homey apartment. It reminds me of my mother's. You wouldn't think I had a mother, would you? Well, I do."

"You need her," Rima said. "Or a nurse. How could you possibly have gotten so drunk when you have an appointment tomorrow—or today, I should say."

"Oh!" he said, looking wildly for his jacket. "Where's the train?"

"At the station. Where are your lecture notes? . . . Good. Your aspirin? . . . Good. Now, take these cookies, in case you get tempted on the way."

The writer took firmly hold of Rima's arm. "You're coming with me."

"Are you crazy?"

"Yes. Come with me. I need you. I'll only be there one day, and then we'll go to St. Thomas. I live in St. Thomas; you'll like it."

Rima looked around her apartment, the cozy, chintzy, friendly room filled with its memories of love and failure.

"'Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.'"

"Come with Caliban," he said.

"No," Rima said, following him docilely to the door, "No, not Caliban . . . Shakespeare."

When she came back from Bennington she came to visit me, to bring me her collection of ships in bottles and to say good-bye.

"When you marry that divine man you're going with, you'll have a little boy someday, and he'll like these."

"Are you really going away with him?" I asked stupidly.

"Imagine . . . St. Thomas! He can write his books, and I can keep house. I'll walk on the beach, and I'll send you shells if you like, if I find anything they don't have anywhere else. Imagine, he's not married—at last! He's so brilliant; I've always adored his work. I've read everything he ever wrote, and do you know what? Once, when we were in college and he had his first story published, I cut his picture out of the magazine and kept it for a year."

"Listen," I said, hating myself for it, "I read in a news magazine that he travels around with a Great and Good Friend. She lives in St. Thomas with him. What happened to her?"

"Oh, her!" Rima said. "He hates her. She just happens to live in St. Thomas, that's all. He says she's not a girl friend, she's a friend girl. I saw a picture of her; she looks like a squaw. She's got a braid down her back and she had this leather thong around her neck with a big tooth attached to it. I'll bet it came out of her mouth. No wonder he drank before he met me."

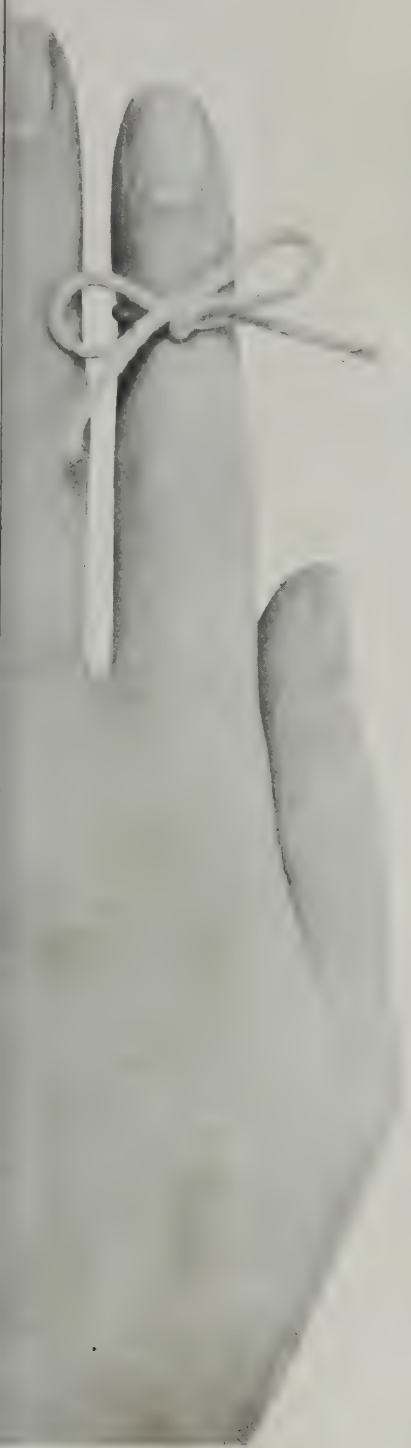
"He's stopped drinking?"

"One Scotch before dinner, like Heathcliff used to. Oh, I'm a reformer now." She laughed at herself, the reformer, and I wondered if life would at last be kind to her, she who could never be kind to herself.

She left the apartment, the furniture, her winter clothes, everything, and she and the writer went to St. Thomas. I went to her apartment two days before my wedding, suddenly taken by the absurdly sentimental thought that I must sell that Early American Entertainment Center and get Rima's emerald ring out of the pawn shop, if it was still there, and send it to her.

I don't know why that emerald ring seemed so important to me—perhaps because I was going to be married and I was happy, and I couldn't bear the thought of a ring Rima had worn for five years on the third finger of her left hand being misused by some stranger. But the landlord had taken possession of all the furniture in lieu of the rent she had never sent from St. Thomas, and the apartment had been sublet. Well, I thought, caught up again in my own happiness, we've both learned enough from the past, and that ring doesn't mean anything anymore.

So I was married, and two years later we did have a little boy who will like the collection of ships in bottles, when he's old enough not to break them to get the ships out. Our apartment is filled with scripts, books, records, theatrical posters, an aquarium, shells, textbooks, toys; but still, there is room on the piano for Rima's collection of Battersea boxes. She had written me two happy postcards the first year, and then, nothing. I wondered if she was still in St. Thomas. Five years after she had left New York I took a chance and wrote to her at her last address, to tell her that my husband and I were going to take *(Continued)*



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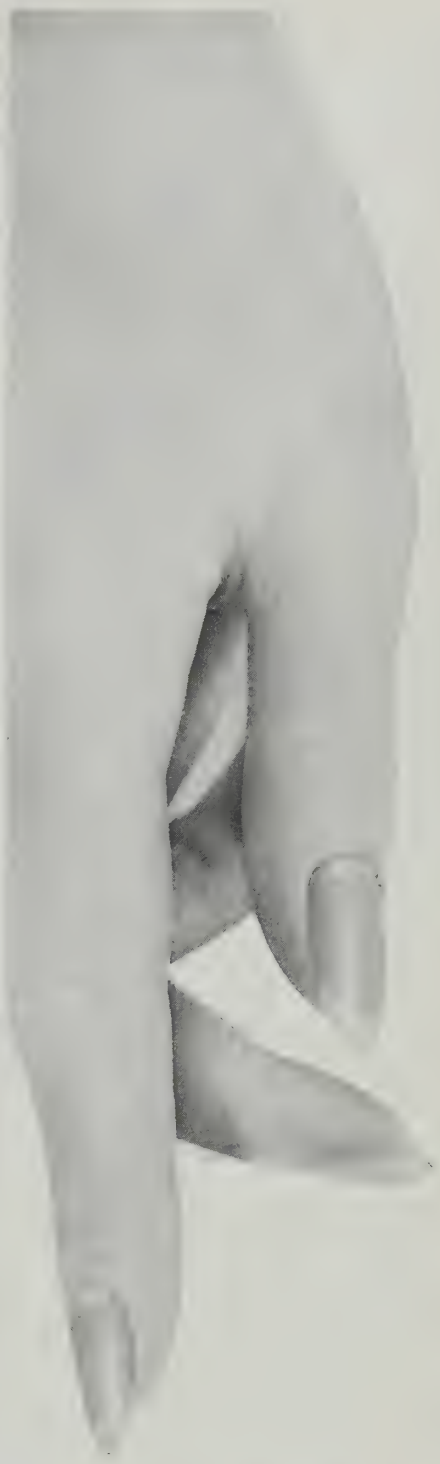

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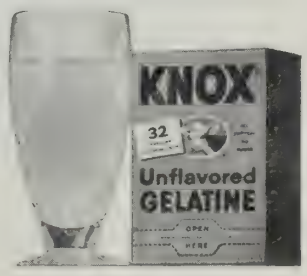
Start with...stay with Knox



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Who is Rima, what is she?

continued

a winter vacation in St. Thomas, and was she still alive? She wrote back immediately.

"Yes," her letter said, "I'm still alive. Alive and single—surprise. Look for me in the bar at your hotel any night at about ten o'clock. I'll be the one seated at the right hand of the Bard."

We arrived in St. Thomas in the afternoon. When we went down to the hotel bar that night at ten, Rima was not there. There were some pink-broiled American tourists, and a party of Italians from a large yacht that was moored in the harbor: the owner, very rich, very clean in a blue blazer, two teen-aged starlets who sat toying with the speared fruit in their drinks, two rather sinister looking young men, and two *contessas* with streaks in their hair and a lot of diamonds. The calypso trio played on a small bandstand, and the starlets got up to do whatever dance it was teen-aged starlets were doing that winter in the jet set. The *contessas* and their escorts looked bored because they were supposed to, and the Italian millionaire looked bored because he was. I was afraid Rima wasn't going to show up after all.

Then, at half past twelve, she arrived. She was, indeed, the one at the right hand of the Bard, and the Bard was very, very drunk. At the left hand of the Bard, helping to support him, was a young woman the same age as Rima, with a long black braid down her back, a turtleneck T-shirt, a peasant skirt, no makeup, and a silver-and-turquoise ornament the size of a breastplate dangling from a chain around her neck. Rima had let her hair grow to her waist and braided it, her face was scrubbed and tanned, she was dressed in an almost identical village outfit, and the only difference between the two Squaw Twins was that Rima was the prettier one.

Rima let go the writer's hand and ran over to our table. Liberated, he pulled free of the other lady and went to the bar.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" Rima said. "Look how pale you are. You'll have to come to the beach with me." She held her arm, the color of glistening walnut, against mine.

My husband was transfixed by the object dangling from a thong around Rima's neck. "Whose tooth is that?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. It's Olive's—we trade."

"How is everything?" I asked lamely.

"Don't ask that. I want to be happy tonight. No, it's all right, really. I'm content. I mean, I'm over him. I just stay with him because he needs me."

"Who's Olive?"

Rima glanced at her Squaw Twin. "Remember the girl friend he said was only a friend girl? That's her. Actually, I'd go insane if I didn't have her to talk to. He's so drunk lately. And, do you know, in the beginning I really hated her? She has great individuality, though, and a crystalline intellect. She's above such things as jealousy and animosity; she really believes in the purity of nonthought. . . . Oh, hell, she bores me to death."

The writer had taken the sticks away from the calypso drummer and was crashing them on every cymbal, drum and surface in sight. The musicians and waiters ignored him as if he were a nightly fixture. Olive was watching him inscrutably. The Italians from the yacht looked amused.

"If I had his talent . . ." Rima said. "If I had *any* talent . . . Tell me about New York! Tell me about the world, is it still there?"

We ordered drinks, and told her about people she had known, and then we ordered more drinks, and she made us tell her about people she didn't know. She was insatiable. The world, the world, what was happening outside this tiny island, this paradisical prison? The American tourists went up to bed, the calypso trio disappeared, the writer and Olive were now sitting with the party of Italians from the yacht. The millionaire glanced over at us and bent toward him to whisper a question; the writer shook his head.

"How's your baby?" Rima asked, suddenly.

"Three years old."

"I'm thirty-five," Rima said. "Do I look it? Don't answer. Look—the sun's coming up, I'm going to walk on the beach."

She ran out of the bar, across the patio, across the sand, and was gone. I was afraid she might be going to drown herself and was going to run after her, but then I saw her again, wandering among the sea-grape trees, sad and alone. The writer had fallen asleep at the table, his head between the empty glasses. Olive was watching over him, totally still, a little smile at the corner of her mouth. The Italian millionaire excused himself to the group and went out to the beach.

I could see his silhouette in the pink-and-gold dawn, bowing slightly to Rima's silhouette, and then, after a moment, walking slowly beside it through the silhouettes of the sea-grape trees. The sea was all blue and gold and silver now, and in the distance the Italian's yacht rocked gently at anchor, all white.

We went up to our room. Then, suddenly, I felt one of those obsessive, extrasensory calls that are like a shout in the mind. "I'll be right back," I said, and ran down the stairs to the lobby.

The bar was closed, chairs piled on top of the tables. The Italians had all gone, and in a corner of the lobby Olive was asleep in a big chair. A yawning porter handed me a hotel envelope with my name on it, and went back behind the desk. The writer, despite his hangover, was milling around like twelve people. "Where is she? Where is she? *Rima . . .!*"

I tore open the envelope, and the tooth on the leather thong fell into my hand. There was a note, in Rima's impeccable script:

> *"'When such as I cast out remorse*
> *So great a sweetness flows into the breast*
> *We must laugh and we must sing,*
> *We are blest by everything, everything*
> *we look upon is blest.'*[5]

"La donna è mobile," she had added. "Good-bye, and love."

I looked out to sea, where the yacht was only a tiny toy ship on the horizon, and then I went up to our room.

So she was gone again, with the Italian millionaire, and his starlets, and his *contessas* with the streaked hair. Soon, I knew, she would fall in love, and cut her braid, and toss her Pueblo jewelry into the sea. She would paint her eyelids and enamel her toenails, and disappear. Once again, as always, a man who had fallen in love with a fantasy that had been created for another man would lose that fantasy, consuming it in the fire of his love. I remembered that the Rima of *Green Mansions,* for whom Rima Allen had been named, had been killed in a fire that destroyed her hiding-tree. It seemed to me, that lonely morning in St. Thomas, that the Rima I knew had been killed in many fires, rising again from the ashes of each one like a bright bird to sing the song of some wanderer's need. Had there ever been a real Rima? Born and reborn to a splendid image, she had never looked for her self, nor had anyone else. Being each man's dream of love, she had eventually failed him, and so he had failed her, and so, finally, she had failed herself. ■

[1]From "Brown Penny."
[3]From "A Drinking Song."
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[2]From "Sailing to Byzantium."
[4]From "The Mermaid."
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[5]From "A Dialogue of Self and Soul."
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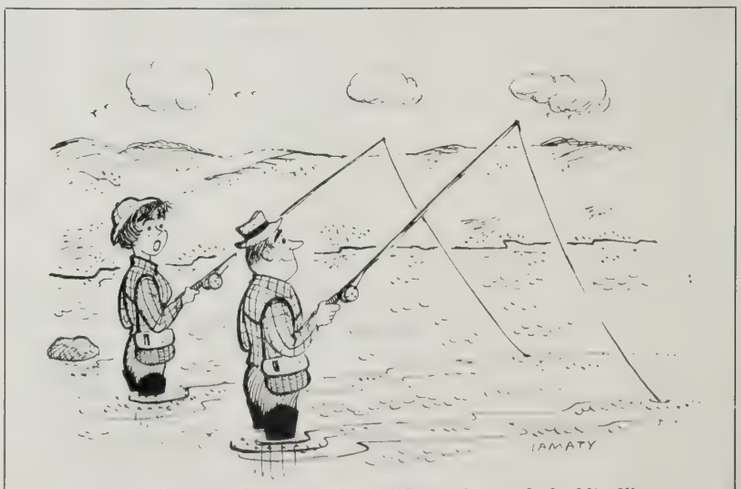

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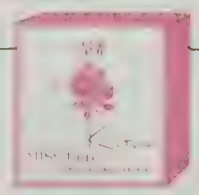

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Every medical-research scientist, M.D. or Ph.D. is backed up by laboratory technicians. Any woman training for such work will find her skills valued.

In medical research, "labor-saving" computers sometimes create more jobs than they eliminate. The computer's ability to deal with masses of data lets scientists pose fundamental questions that used to be unanswerable. For example, in one of the research projects supported by the National Institutes of Health, scientists are forming detailed records of 50,000 expectant mothers from early pregnancy through delivery, and examining their babies from birth through school age. These computations, it is hoped, will develop clues to the causes of cerebral palsy, mental retardation, defects of the nervous system, congenital deafness and blindness. Before the advent of the computer, so massive a collection of tiny facts—such as complete records of the pregnant mother's diet, rate of smoking, extent of exercise—could not be undertaken.

Technicians to Scientists. Jean Lovin of Charlotte, N.C., wife of an unskilled worker and mother of three small children, took a roundabout way home one afternoon after her work as a loom operator in a hosiery mill. Stopping at the Charlotte Community College, she inquired about a course in bookkeeping. A school counselor, after administering aptitude tests, suggested that Mrs. Lovin learn electronic data processing with a possibility of advancing to computer programming. Employers, the counselor pointed out, are waiting in line for graduates of a one-year training course.

"After I enrolled," Mrs. Lovin reports, "my children developed a real interest in arithmetic, because they heard me talking math so much. And my husband caught my excitement—now he's enrolled in a data-processing class too."

Computers permit such speedy calculations that in designing aircraft, for example, two mathematicians can do in hours what might ordinarily take several man-years. Yet the designing of one jet—the Convair 880—stepped up a demand for thousands of people with technical skills, many of them women.

A Convair official, Frank Hunter, traveled over half the United States to recruit 1,200 technical illustrators to draw pictures of the plane's individual parts for its service manual. The manual is so voluminous that its pages would make a stack 12 feet high. New jets, space ships, computers, robots, complex machines—all are designed with the help of hundreds of technical illustrators and technical writers. Their skills can be learned in a year or two, and will be useful for a lifetime in an automated era.

Today Hunter teaches technical illustration at San Diego City Junior College. About 40 percent of his students are women. Eager employers will give many of them part-time work in their own homes. A similar course is taught in virtually every sizable city's vocational schools and community colleges.

Women who study further, earning degrees in math, the physical sciences, foreign languages, will find many doors opening for them. In government, for example, Barbara Shute, a young physicist at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland, selected the launch time for Explorer XII. Mrs. Melba Roy, a mathematician, supervises four women and seven men in producing advanced orbital programs.

About 400 women hold scientific and technical jobs with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration; thousands more are employed by private contractors who do 90 percent of NASA's scientific work.

In research of all kinds the need for scientists, mathematicians and linguists is so great that virtually every large college offers government loans to encourage advanced study in needed fields.

Education. The shortage of schoolteachers is well known. By 1970 we will need half a million more than were needed in 1960. Thousands of teaching posts are now filled by "permanent substitutes," teachers lacking the necessary college credits for regular jobs; schools must hire whomever they can get. Any woman who has graduated from college, no matter when, or who went far toward graduation, is only a few course credits away from earning teacher certification.

Some pioneering schools have sought to ease the shortage by relieving teachers of specialized tasks, in the same way that hospitals substitute technicians for nurses. Las Vegas, Nev., recently trained 40 mothers, some with only high-school diplomas, to be teacher's aides. Beverly Mackie, a mother of four, has graded papers for a health class, run a duplicating machine to produce study materials, and used her experience as a ceramics hobbyist in helping to teach art. Romaine Scott, mother of two, runs a high-school audio-visual room, replacing a teacher in making slides, splicing films and tapes, maintaining supplies, and typing. These women get home about the same time their own school children do, and have the same holidays off.

In related fields, the need for librarians is so great that many libraries are employing aides trained on the job for specialized tasks. At the Austin, Tex., public library, mothers working part time make up more than half of the library staff.

The "cultural explosion" accompanying America's education expansion is opening new fields of paid work to enrich the use of leisure time. Administrators of art museums, symphony orchestras and cultural centers are in short supply. Universities have trouble finding organizers of adult education. Editorial workers for newspapers and trade publications are in great demand.

Child Care. Of all the occupations for women, there is one that few mothers realize can be made a career: the care of children. California is a pioneer in providing state support for 234 child-care centers for 25,000 children of working mothers in low-income families. Some are preschoolers, others go to child-care centers before and after school hours. Normally, parents pay one third of the cost of child care, the rest being paid from public funds.

Theresa Mahler, director of 25 San Francisco centers, points out that the centers are run by licensed nursery and school teachers. Good day care, she emphasizes, must be an educational experience, not mere baby-sitting. In other cities, standards for the training requirements of a child-care staff are less strict.

The California plan is expected to spread to other areas, but interest is stretching beyond the care of children in low-income families. For example, with increasing frequency Mrs. Mahler receives calls from mothers in high-income Marin County across the Golden Gate Bridge. Educated women eager to use their training in professional jobs ask, "What can we do to start child-care centers of our own?"

Homemaking for Pay. Some three million American women are engaged as housekeeping workers. Surveys by manpower experts show that more jobs would be available if the tens of thousands of unemployed women looking for housework were trained to be really good at it. Recently the Federal Government began encouraging communities to start classes in professional housekeeping. In San Francisco, after a survey showed there were job openings for trained housekeepers, a class was launched offering unemployed women 850 hours of detailed instruction in cleaning, cooking, child care and good personal habits.

Other government manpower studies show growing employment opportunities for trained women as food service workers, homemaker-companions for the elderly, and visiting homemakers for mothers who are ill or on vacation.

The lack of homemaking skills among many unemployed women is itself giving rise to an important new occupation. The New York Department of Welfare employs 326 homemaking instructors to teach impoverished mothers the rudiments of bringing order to seemingly hopeless households: how to clean, cook, sew, make beds, change diapers, do the laundry, plan shopping and spend wisely. Many cities are discovering the widespread need for such teaching and are beginning to provide it for families on welfare rolls.

The New Volunteer. Even women's volunteer work is becoming more professional. Many women's organizations are tiring of their "make-work" ways of the past, and are seeking real needs of the community to fill with intelligent, skilled services. In St. Louis, suburban members of the Council of Jewish Women volunteered to train as nursery workers and serve the city's board of education in a nationally significant experiment. They conducted nursery classes for four- and five-year-old Negro slum children as early preparation for successful schooling. In other cities the Ford Foundation is promoting establishment of similar preschool classes run by paid, highly trained professionals, with the help of volunteer mothers.

In Norfolk, Va., women volunteers are working with the city health department in a 20-block Negro slum area to staff a well-baby and immunization clinic as part of a massive attack on poverty.

How is a woman to know where to go to train, or what to train for?

The most significant advance in adult education is the proliferation of community colleges, sometimes called area technical schools or adult vocational schools. A phone call to almost any superintendent of schools, or a letter to the state director of vocational education, will reveal the location of the nearest one. Community colleges offer counseling and aptitude testing to help a housewife sensibly select a field.

A visit to the nearest office of the state employment service may bring rewards in counseling and testing for the modern job market. Women who have been to college would do well to check their former college placement office for job opportunities and training advice.

Once having made a sensible estimate of her spare hours, she should set her ambitions high. The more prepared she comes to market—the job market—the warmer will be the welcome that awaits her. ■

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New 3-Decker Angel Torte

Make it from a mix

OR

New Start with Pillsbury's brand-new taste delight; Bavarian Creme Angel Food Cake Mix. It's a custardy, mellow yellow, different kind of Angel Food cake.

New . . . or Pillsbury's equally new and delightful Lemon Angel Food Cake Mix. This one features a tart and tangy new taste in a fluffy golden-yellow texture.

Bake in a tube pan as usual. You and Pillsbury bake up the Big Angel—14 egg whites high. That's more egg whites than most mixes, more than most home recipes.

When cool, slice across twice—making *three* layers. Pillsbury's exclusive *Hand-fold* method gives you a velvety Angel texture that slices without tearing.

Then, whip up the frosting. The backs of Bavarian Creme Angel and Lemon Angel packages have easy directions for four elegant and new filling-type frostings.

Frost between layers and crown the top with peaks and swirls. When finished, you have a genuine 3-decker Angel Torte made from a Pillsbury Angel Food Mix.

Pillsbury
BEST XXXX

For guaranteed results, be sure to select Pillsbury. Only Pillsbury has the exclusive *Hand-fold* method and 14 egg white recipe to bring out the light, tender texture and unique flavoring so necessary to the success of this 3-decker Torte. Pillsbury makes it the most heavenly Angel of all.

Whether you decide to make a Lemon Angel Torte (above) or a Bavarian Creme Angel Torte (opposite page), all of the directions you need for baking, slicing, and frosting are on the backs and sides of the Pillsbury packages.

Dishwasher detergent giving you spots? Look!

WATER DROPS—See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on dishes. Drops form, and as dishes dry, these water drops turn into ugly spots and streaks.

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Cascade's amazing "sheeting action" eliminates drops that spot!

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Give your dishwasher the best—Cascade—it's got "sheeting action"

Illustrated by David Passalacqua

THE LITTLE HOUSE

By SHIRLEY JACKSON

Alone, now, for the first time, she had to test the silence. . . .

I'll have to get some decent lights, was her first thought. Her second thought was: *and* a dog or something, or at least a bird, anything *alive*. She stood in the little hall beside her suitcase, in the little house that belonged to her, her first home. She held the front-door key in her hand, and she knew, remembering her aunt, that the back-door key hung, labeled, from a hook beside the back door, and the side-door key hung from a hook beside the side door, and the porch-door key hung from a hook beside the porch door, and the cellar-door key hung from a hook beside the cellar door, and perhaps when she slammed the front door behind her all the keys swung gently, once, back and forth. Anything that can move and make some kind of a friendly noise, she thought, maybe a monkey or a cat or anything not stuffed—as she realized that she was staring, hypnotized, at the moosehead over the hall mirror.

Wanting to make some kind of a noise in the silence, she coughed, and the small sound moved dustily into the darkness of the house. Well, I'm here, she told herself, and it belongs to me and I can do anything I want here and no one can ever make me leave, because it's mine. She moved to touch the carved newel post at the foot of the narrow stairway—it was hers, it belonged to her—and felt a sudden joy at the tangible reality of the little house. This is really something to own, she thought, thank you, Aunt. And my goodness, she thought, brushing her hand, couldn't my very own house do with a little dusting? She smiled to herself at the prospect of the very pleasant work she would do tomorrow and the day after, and for all the days after that, living in her house and keeping it clean and fresh.

Wanting to whistle, to do something to bring noise and movement into the house, she turned and opened the door on her right and stepped into the dim, crowded parlor. I wish I didn't have to see it first at dusk, she thought, Aunt certainly didn't believe in bright light; I wonder how she ever found her way around this room. A dim shape on a low table beside the door resolved itself into a squat lamp; when she pressed the switch, a low radiance came into the room, and she was able to leave the spot by the door and venture into what clearly had been her aunt's favorite room. The parlor had certainly not been touched, or even opened or lighted, since her aunt's death. A tea towel, half-hemmed, lay on the arm of a chair, and she felt a sudden tenderness and a half-shame at the thought of the numbers of tea towels, hemmed, which had come to her at birthdays and Christmases over the years and now lay still in their tissue paper, at the bottom of her trunk still at the railroad station. At least I'll use her towels now, in her own house, she thought, and then: But it's my house now. She would stack the tea towels neatly in the linen closet, she might even finish hemming this one, and she took it up and folded it neatly, leaving the needle still tucked in where her aunt had left it, to await the time when she should sit quietly in her chair, in her parlor in her house, and take up her sewing. Her aunt's glasses lay on the table. Had her aunt put down her sewing and taken off her glasses at the very end? Prepared, neatly, to die?

Don't think about it, she told herself sternly, she's gone now, and soon the house will be busy again; I'll clear away tomorrow, when it's not so dark; how did she ever manage to sew in here with this light? She put the half-hemmed towel over the glasses to hide them, and took up a little picture in a silver frame: her aunt, she recognized, and some smiling woman friend, standing together under trees. This must have been important to aunt, she thought, I'll put it away safely

somewhere. The house was distantly familiar to her. She had come here sometimes as a child, but that was long ago, and the memories of the house and her aunt were overlaid with cynicism and melancholy and the wearying disappointments of many years. Perhaps it was the longing to return to the laughter of childhood which had brought her here so eagerly to take up her inheritance. The music box was in the corner where it had always been and, touching it gently, she brought from it one remote, faintly sweet, jangle of a note. Tomorrow I'll play the music box, she promised herself, with the windows wide open and the good fresh air blowing through and all the bric-a-brac safely stowed away in the attic; this could be such a pretty room—and she turned her head to one side, considering—once I take out the junk and the clutter. I can keep the old couch and maybe have it re-covered in something colorful, and the big chair can stay, and perhaps one or two of these tiny tables; the mantel is fine, and I'll keep a bowl of flowers there, flowers from my own garden. I'll have a great fire in the fireplace, and I'll sit here with my dog and my needlework—and two or three good floor lamps; I'll get those tomorrow—and I'll never be unhappy again. Tomorrow, lamps, and air the room, and play the music box.

Leaving a dim trail of lighted lamps behind her, she went from the parlor through a little sun porch where a magazine lay open on the table; Aunt never finished the story she was reading, she thought, and closed the magazine quickly and set it in order on the pile on the table. I'll subscribe to magazines, she thought, and the local newspaper, and take books from the village library. From the sun porch she went into the kitchen and remembered to turn on the light by pulling the cord hanging from the middle of the ceiling; her aunt had left a tomato ripening on the windowsill, and it scented the kitchen with a strong air of decay. She shivered, and realized that the back door was standing open, and remembered her aunt saying, as clearly as though she heard it now, "Darn that door, I wish I could remember to get that latch looked at."

And now I have to do it for her, she thought, I'll get a man in the morning. She found a paper bag in the pantry drawer where paper bags had always been kept, and scraped the rotten tomato from the windowsill and carried the bag to the garbage pail by the back steps. When she came back she slammed the back door correctly and the latch caught; the key was hanging where she knew it had been, beside the door, and she took it down and locked the door. I'm alone in the house, after all, she thought with a little chill touching the back of her neck.

The cup from which her aunt had drunk her last cup of tea lay, washed and long since drained dry, beside the sink. Perhaps she put her sewing down, she thought, and came to the kitchen to make a cup of tea before going to bed. I wonder where they found her; she always had a cup of tea at night, all alone; I wish I had come to see her at least once. The lovely old dishes are mine now, she thought, the family dishes and the cut glass and the silver tea service. Her aunt's sweater hung from the knob of the cellar door, as though she had only just this minute taken it off, and her apron hung from a hook beside the sink. Aunt always put things away, she thought, and she never came back for her sweater. She remembered dainty little hand-embroidered aprons in the hall chest, and thought of herself, aproned, serving a charming tea from the old tea service, using the thin painted cups, perhaps to neighbors who had come to see her delightful, open, light, little house; I must have a cocktail party, too, she thought; I'll bet there's nothing in the house but dandelion wine.

It would seem strange at first, coming downstairs in the morning to make herself breakfast in her aunt's kitchen, and she suddenly remembered herself, very small, eating oatmeal at the kitchen table; it would seem strange to be using her aunt's dishes, and the big old coffeepot—although perhaps not the coffeepot, she thought. The coffeepot had the look of something crotchety and temperamental, not willing to submit docilely to a strange hand; I'll have tea tomorrow morning, and get a new little coffeepot just for me. Lamps, coffeepot, man to fix the latch.

After a moment's thought she took her aunt's sweater and apron and bundled them together and carried them out to the garbage pail. It isn't as though they were any good to anyone, she told herself reassuringly; *all* her clothes will have to be thrown away, and she pictured herself standing in her bright parlor in her smart city clothes telling her laughing friends about the little house: "Well, you should have seen it when I came," she would tell them, "you should have seen the place the first night I walked in. Murky little lamps, and the place simply crawling with bric-a-brac, and a stuffed moosehead—*really*, a stuffed moosehead, I mean it—and Aunt's sewing on the table, and what was positively her last cup in the sink." Will I tell them, she wondered, about how Aunt set her sewing down when she was ready to die? And never finished her magazine, and hung up her sweater, and felt her heart go? "You should have seen it when I came," she would tell them, sipping from her glass, "dark, and dismal; I used to come here when I was a child, but I honestly never remembered it as such a mess. It couldn't have come as more of a surprise, her leaving me the house; I never dreamed of having it."

Suddenly guilty, she touched the cold coffeepot with a gentle finger. I'll clean you tomorrow, she thought; I'm sorry I never got to the funeral, I should have tried to come. Tomorrow I'll start cleaning. Then she whirled, startled, at the knock at the back door. I hadn't realized it was so quiet here, she thought, and breathed again and moved quickly to the door. "Who is it?" she said. "Just a minute." Her hands shaking, she unlocked and opened the door. "Who is it?" she said into the darkness, and then smiled timidly at the two old faces regarding her. "Oh," she said. "How do you do?"

"You'll be the niece? Miss Elizabeth?"

"Yes." Two old pussycats, she thought, wearing hats with flowers, couldn't wait to get a look at me. "Hello," she said, thinking, I'm the charming niece Elizabeth, and this is my house now.

"We are the Dolson sisters. I am Miss Amanda Dolson. This is my sister, Miss Caroline Dolson."

"We're your nearest neighbors." Miss Caroline put a thin brown hand on Elizabeth's sleeve. "We live down the lane. We were your poor, poor *(Continued)*

A French chef tells his flavor secret

And gives you his recipe for the celebrated salad served at New York's famous Chateaubriand

Chef de Cuisine, Chateaubriand Restaurant

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Caesar Salad Chateaubriand

SIMPLY DELICIOUS — SIMPLE TO MAKE

Crush 1 clove garlic and add to 1 cup Planters Oil. Let stand 1 hour or more. Remove garlic. Sauté 2 cups bread cubes in ¼ cup of the oil. Drain. Tear into salad bowl 2 heads romaine, 1 head Boston lettuce, 1 bunch water cress. Sprinkle ¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. each dry mustard and black pepper on greens. Pour on remaining ¾ cup Planters Oil, ⅓ cup lemon juice, 2 slightly beaten eggs. Add dash Worcestershire sauce, 2 oz. can anchovy filets and croutons. Toss gently.

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aunt's nearest neighbors. But we didn't hear anything."

Miss Amanda moved a little forward, and Elizabeth stepped back. "Won't you come in?" Elizabeth asked, remembering her manners. "Come into the parlor. I was just looking at the house. I only just got here," she said, moving backward. "I was just turning on some lights."

"We saw the lights." Miss Amanda went unerringly toward the little parlor. "This is not our formal call, you understand. We pay our calls by day. But I confess we wondered at the lights."

"We thought *he* had come back." Miss Caroline's hand was on Elizabeth's sleeve again, as though she were leading Elizabeth to the parlor. "They say they do, you know."

Miss Amanda seated herself, as though by right of long acquaintance, on the soft chair by the low table, and Miss Caroline took the only other comfortable chair. My own house indeed, Elizabeth thought, and sat down uneasily on a stiff chair near the door. I must get lamps first thing tomorrow, she thought, the better to see people with. "Have you lived here long?" she asked foolishly.

"I hope you don't plan to change things," Miss Amanda said. "Aunt loved her little house, you know."

"I haven't had much time to plan."

"You'll find everything just the way she left it. I myself took her pocketbook upstairs and put it into the drawer of the commode. Otherwise nothing has been touched. Except the body, of course."

Oh, that's not still here? She wanted to ask, but said instead, "I used to come here when I was a child."

"So he wasn't after her money," Miss Caroline said. "Sister took her pocketbook off the kitchen table; I saw her do it. She took it upstairs, and nothing was missing."

Miss Amanda leaned a little forward. "You'll be bringing in television sets? From the city? Radios?"

"I hadn't thought much about it yet."

"We'll be able to hear your television set, no doubt. We are your closest neighbors and we see your lights. No doubt your television set will be very loud."

"We would have heard if she had screamed," Miss Caroline said. "They say she must have recognized him, and indeed it is my belief that Sheriff Knowlton has a very shrewd notion who he is. It is my belief that we all have our suspicions."

"Sister, this is gossip. Miss Elizabeth detests gossip."

"We were here the first thing in the morning, Miss Elizabeth, and I spoke to the sheriff myself."

"Sister, Miss Elizabeth does not trouble her mind with wild stories. Let Miss Elizabeth remember Aunt as happy."

"I don't understand." Elizabeth looked from one of the tight old faces to the other. The two old bats, she thought, and said, "My aunt died of a heart attack, they said."

"It is *my* belief ——"

"My sister is fond of gossip, Miss Elizabeth. I suppose you'll be packing away all of Aunt's pretty things?"

Elizabeth glanced at the table near her. A pink china box, a glass paperweight, a crocheted doily on which rested a set of blue porcelain kittens. "Some of them," she said.

"To make room for the television set," Miss Amanda said. "Poor Aunt. She thought a good deal of her small possessions." She frowned. "You won't find an ashtray in here."

Elizabeth put her cigarette down defiantly on the lid of the small pink box.

"Sister," Miss Amanda said, "bring Miss Elizabeth a saucer from the kitchen, from the daily china. Not the floral set."

Miss Caroline, looking shocked, hurried from the room, holding her heavy skirt away from the tables and Elizabeth's cigarette. Miss Amanda leaned forward again. "I do not permit my sister to gossip, Miss Elizabeth. You are wrong to encourage her."

"But what is she trying to say about my aunt?"

"Aunt has been dead and buried for two months. You were not, I think, at the funeral?"

"I couldn't get away."

"From the city. Exactly. I daresay you were delighted to have the house."

"Indeed I was."

"I suppose Aunt could hardly have done otherwise. Sister, give Miss Elizabeth the saucer. Quickly, before the room catches fire."

"Thank you." Elizabeth took the chipped saucer from Miss Caroline and put out her cigarette. Ashtrays, she thought, lamps, ashtrays, coffeepot.

"Her apron is gone," Miss Caroline told her sister.

"Already?" Miss Amanda turned to look fully at Elizabeth. "I am afraid we will see many changes, Sister. And now Miss Elizabeth is waiting for us to leave. Miss Elizabeth is determined to begin her packing tonight."

Tampon users please note: There have been some changes made.

	New MEDS Tampon	Tampon X	Tampon Y
applicator	smooth, glossy coating	cardboard coating	no applicator
plunger	slimmer than applicator, easy to guide	almost as large as applicator	no plunger
absorbency	excellent	excellent	fair
covering	soft fabric covering prevents fluff-off, assures complete removal	no covering	no covering
ease of insertion	excellent	good	difficult
comfort while wearing	excellent	excellent	excellent
medical approval	yes	yes	yes
sizes	regular, super	junior, regular, super	one size only

MEDS...the new Modess Tampon

"Really," Elizabeth said helplessly, gesturing, "really ——"

"All of Aunt's pretty things. This is not our formal call, Miss Elizabeth." Miss Amanda rose grandly, and Miss Caroline followed. "You will see us within three days. Poor Aunt."

Elizabeth followed them back to the kitchen. "Really," she said again, and "Please don't leave," but Miss Amanda overrode her.

"This door does not latch properly," Miss Amanda said. "See that it is securely locked behind us."

PASSPORTS TO SAFETY

By Sir Osbert Sitwell

Miss Burtle had walked into the
Villa Jernyngham
One summer afternoon ten years
before —
To shelter for a moment
From the sheets of dust unfurled
and the little whirlwinds
That portend summer rain in Italy—
And had never left it since,
liked the life,
Liked the tearooms and
the lending library,
And the English church on Sunday,
The lectures and the exhibitions,
the leatherwork and straw,
Yet she remained
A hockey girl dumped
incongruously abroad.
When on occasion driven into a
tight conversational corner
She knew how to extricate herself,
Could produce one of a hundred
hundred tickets
Guaranteed to carry each or
all to safety;
"I hate affectation, don't you?"
(With a glance in the direction
of the Boston Lily's salon)
"You don't! *I* like people to be
natural!"
"I know what I like."
"Isn't human nature odd?"
"I know a tune when I hear
one."
"I love a sense of humor,
don't you?"
"What I say is 'Why shouldn't
one be comfortable?'"
But she would often end by saying
"One day I mean to make a
tour of Italy."

"They say that's how he got in," Miss Caroline whispered. "Keep it locked *always*."

"Good night, Miss Elizabeth. I am happy to know that you plan to keep the house well lighted. We see your lights, you know, from our windows."

"Good night," Miss Caroline said, turning to put her hand once more on Elizabeth's arm. "Locked, *remember*."

"Good night," Elizabeth said, "good night." Old bats, she was thinking, old bats. Sooner or later I'm going to have words with them; they're probably the pests of the neighborhood. She watched as they went side by side down the path, their heads not yet turned to each other, their long skirts swinging. "Good night," she called once more, but neither of them turned. Old bats, she thought, and slammed the door correctly. The latch caught, and she took down the key and locked it. I'll give them the moosehead, she thought, my aunt would have wanted them to have it. It's late. I've got to find myself a bed. I haven't even been upstairs yet. I'll give them each a piece of the junk. My very own, my pretty little house.

Humming happily, she turned back toward the parlor. I wonder where they found her? she thought suddenly; was it in the parlor? She stopped in the doorway, staring at the soft chair and wondering: Did he come up behind her there? While she was sewing? And then pick up her glasses from the floor and set them on the table? Perhaps she was reading her magazine when he caught her, perhaps she had just washed her cup and saucer and was turning back to get her sweater. Would it have been this quiet in the house? Is it always this quiet?

"No, no," she said aloud. "This is silly. Tomorrow I'll get a dog."

Pressing her lips together firmly, she walked across the room and turned off the light, then came back and turned off the lamp beside the door, and the soft darkness fell around her. Did they find her here? she wondered as she went through the sun porch, and then she said aloud, "This is silly," and turned off the light. With the darkness following close behind her, she came back to the kitchen and checked that the back door was securely locked. He won't get in *here* again, she thought, and shivered.

There was no light on the stairs. I can leave the kitchen light on all night, she thought, but no; they'll see it from their windows; did he wait for her on the stairs? Pressing against the wall, the kitchen light still burning dimly behind her, she went up the stairs, staring into the darkness, feeling her way with her feet. At the top was only darkness, and she put out her hands blindly: There was a wall, and then a door, and she ran her hand down the side of the door until she had the doorknob in her fingers.

What's waiting behind the door? she thought, and turned and fled wildly down the stairs and into the lighted kitchen with the locked back door. "Don't leave me here alone," she cried, turning to look behind her, "please don't leave me here alone."

Miss Amanda and Miss Caroline cuddled on either side of their warm little stove. Miss Amanda had a piece of fruitcake and a cup of tea and Miss Caroline had a piece of marshmallow cake and a cup of tea. "Just the same," Miss Caroline was saying, "she should have served something."

"City ways."

"She could have offered some of the city cake she brought with her. The coffeepot was right there in the kitchen. It's not polite to wait until the company goes and then eat by yourself."

"It's city ways, Sister. I doubt she'll be a good neighbor for us."

"Her aunt would not have done it."

"When I think of her searching that little house for valuables, I feel very sorry for Aunt."

Miss Caroline set down her plate and nodded to herself. "She might not like it here," she said. "Perhaps she won't stay." ■

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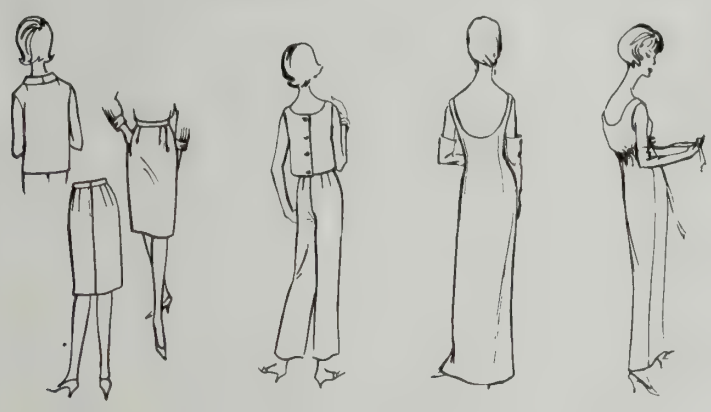
ERSONAL DIMENSIONS IN BLACK AND WHITE *see pages 72-75*

gue Pattern No. 5926 Coat Dress, 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Dress own requires 3½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 6254 Two-Piece Dress, 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. vo-Piece Dress shown requires 4½ yards of 42″ fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 5889 One-Piece Dress, 10–18 (31–38) $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Easy to Make" Dress shown requires 4½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14. pproximately 1⅝ yards is required for the 2¾″ wide cotton lace trim with the 1″ de black grosgrain ribbon woven in the lace, which is shown on dress from nter front to hem.

gue Pattern No. 6252 One-Piece Coat-Dress, 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada .65. Dress shown requires 4⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.



gue Pattern No. 6257 Two-Piece Dress, 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. hite Overblouse shown requires 1⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, cut cross-se, size 14. Black Skirt shown requires 1½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, cut osswise, size 14.

gue International Couturier Design No. 1348 Designed by Emilio Pucci. At-Home verblouse and Pants, 10–18 (31–38) $2.50, in Canada $2.75. Version shown re-ires 4⅝ yards of 33/34″ fabric without nap, size 14. Yellow lining for blouse and nts requires 3⅝ yards of 35″ silk habutae lining fabric, size 14.

gue Pattern No. 6085 One-Piece Evening Dress, "Easy to Make," 10–16 (31–36) .50, in Canada $1.65. Dress shown requires 3½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, ze 14. Three-inch-wide black lace trim around neck and scooped back of dress quires 2 yards for size 14. (Lace trimming not included in pattern instructions.)

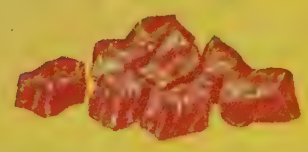
gue Pattern No. 6119 One-Piece Dress, "Easy to Make," 10–16 (31–36) $1.50, Canada $1.65. Long Dress shown requires 3 yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 4. Stole shown with dress not included in pattern.

Make Stole: Cut a piece of organdy 3½ yards long and 21 inches wide. Fold ngthwise and stitch one side and one end. Turn and slip-stitch other end. Put ole around your shoulders and gather together under the bustline, tie with nar-w ribbon. Secure flowers (pin or tie) on the stole where gathered. Bring ribbon ound from your back to under bust and tie in a bow.

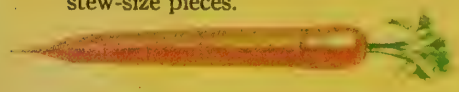
---

uy Vogue and Butterick Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or der by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern ervice, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal Toronto 1, Ont. Patterns will be sent by third-class mail. If you desire them be sent by first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pat-rn that you order. *California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

10 reasons why the tastiest hot meal you can serve in 6 minutes is Dinty Moore Beef Stew



1. Only fresh-cut beef chunks and rounds are used in our Dinty Moore Beef Stew.
2. Every bit of meat is trimmed by hand and cut into individual stew-size pieces.



3. The carrots in Dinty Moore are grown to meet our specifications — the long, slender Imperator variety.
4. Each carrot is carefully washed and sliced fresh just minutes before stew time.

5. Our potatoes are specially selected to assure that each one is firm and fresh.
6. Each Dinty Moore potato is freshly peeled, trimmed to remove all eyes, washed and chunked into bite size.
7. Our gravy is made using extra beef, simmered and browned a batch at a time.
8. Its rich beef flavor comes from using more beef — and from a secret known only to our master gravy makers.
9. All these fresh ingredients are placed individually in each can. They are weighed electronically to insure uniformity.
10. Each can is sealed and then the cooking begins—all natural flavors, vitamins and proteins are retained inside each can.

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"I distrust all writers who say they write a minimum of nineteen hours a day."

geegaws that passersby are staggered. Guests often demand a drink immediately upon entering. Streams of maids, judging it spooky, have fled the place. But the kids love it, and so do the Kerrs; it has a peculiar and overwhelming charm.

No one is sure how many rooms it has. Or winding stairways. Or secret passages. It has a well-publicized 32-bell carillon, which plays an aria from *Carmen* at the flick of a switch, signifying to any Kerr loose in the neighborhood that it is time to come home. There are gargoyles, fountains and a courtyard that is mirrored to reflect Long Island Sound. There isn't a barbecue pit in the place. There is a television set, but it is stashed in the belly of a cast-iron stove and only rarely hauled out. And everywhere, there are evidences of children: two mismated gloves, the stiffened frame of a jack-o'-lantern left over from last year's Halloween, or 1960's, ink stains, crayons, piles of blue jeans. The washing machine is never at rest.

Presiding over the house is a bulwark of a woman named Mabel Groom. "Of course," says Mabel, "when I first saw it from the outside, I was a little bit shaky." Now, after 13 years with the Kerrs, Mabel has become anesthetized to the house and manages it with speed and fervor. She gets help twice a week from a cleaning woman and, at dinnertime, from Mrs. Kerr, who takes an occasional turn at the stove herself.

"I couldn't exist without Mabel," says Jean. "She keeps me sane. She does the important things, like calling the washing-machine man, in times of flood, before I get out of bed. I don't feel guilty about not doing all the housework. I really don't think it's going to warp the kids' minds because someone else does the dishes."

It is Mabel who gets the house going in the mornings, for Jean Kerr has seen her dream come true: In all her adult life she has almost never risen before noon. "I don't want to see rosy-fingered dawn," she says, "and when I do have to get up, I am criminally sodden. Once, I had to be at Wanamaker's to sign autographs at ten in the morning. I signed two hundred books before I realized I was handling the 'Jean' part OK, but I had spelled 'Kerr' with only one 'r.'"

Once up, however, and bolstered by several—say, 16—cups of coffee, she is ready for the day. For a long time, finding it impossible to work at home, she drove to some deserted spot and wrote in longhand in the car. "It was a good kind of discipline," she says, "because after memorizing the few things there are to read in the front-seat area (E-gasoline-F, 100-temp-200), there is almost nothing left to do but write. But I gave it up, because people found me out. They'd nudge each other, and point, and wave."

Now she works about four hours a day, on the typewriter in her bedroom.

"I can't say I really have a strict schedule," she says, "and I distrust all writers who say they write for a minimum of nineteen hours a day, no matter what. It can't be done. Life is too flexible. You simply don't know when C is going to need a new raincoat, but wh that day comes, and it does, that's a d you don't write at all."

Writers often find less valid excuses keep from working (William Styron o put off finishing a novel for months cause he felt he had to learn the ex ingredients that went into every bra of catsup in the local supermarket). child is a legitimate distraction; children—well, it is a small miracle th Jean Kerr turns out anything other th faint cries for help; but she does. "B *listen*," she protests, "it took me t years to write this last play! Two yea Wars have been won in less time."

Not, however, with so many childr underfoot—though some of the K brood have been removed from the fro Christopher (age 18) is a freshman Harvard, Colin and John (14) are their first year at Portsmouth. It w Christopher who, in an earlier day, a nounced apathetically that he had be chosen to play Adam in a gramma school production of *Adam and E* When greeted by cheers of congratu tions for capturing the lead, he shook head gloomily and gave his mother t title of her second book. "Yeah," said, "but the *snake* has all the lines

And, in a recent letter home, John d livered what may make a fine title the planned third book: "I have ju seen *Son of Flubber*," he wrote in a su hand; "Walt Disney is regressing."

Gilbert (11) is still at home, and a st dent at St. Augustine's. Gregory (5) go to Mount Tom Nursery School, a likes to talk to himself. Kathari Josephine is only eight months old, do not talk to anyone, and does not go school. She is called Kitty, not Kath ("The world," says her mother, "is t lousy with Kathies already"), and she "the most precious gift in the wor After five boys, it seemed foolhardy ev to hope for a girl. I used to think that be madly jealous of another woman the house. But how can you be jealous someone who has nothing but veritab cascades of smiles for you?"

Until the boys began to go away school, parents and children met eve night at dinnertime (those remaini still do) and on Sundays gathered in t living room for poetry reading and m sic. "It's kind of silly," says Jean. mean, there was little Gilbert reciti Matthew Arnold and Gerard Manl Hopkins, and the next day he was hor from school with a poem to memori about the cookie-jar elf." Discipline w fostered by Walter, who devised a sy tem under which each boy was respo sible for a separate "area of livin (Christopher checked for clean han and faces, Gilbert made sure the pla room was in order, John distribut lunch money). The system has d teriorated, but Walter still has his ov area to cover: "I have to check the hou carefully every single night," he sa "Jean has a certain tendency to negl electrical equipment, and it is not u usual to (Continued on page 16

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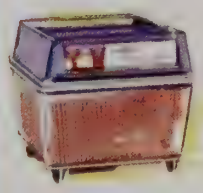

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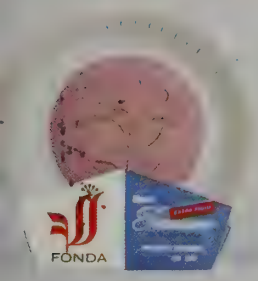

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2. Send as many entries as you wish, but mail each entry separately to the address appearing on the Entry Coupon. All entries must be postmarked before midnight Aug. 15, 1964 and received no later than Aug. 25, 1964 by the judges.

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"It is very helpful to learn that other people have trouble with zippers too."

discover at three in the morning that the stove is on."

Jean Kerr, like any good writer, deals magnificently in hyperbole. To her own amazement, some of the situations she invents actually happen to her later (in *Mary, Mary*, the heroine's fingers are caught in a slammed car door; three weeks after the play opened, Jean was in Roosevelt Hospital, having suffered the identical accident), signifying, perhaps, a total adjustment of life to art. Much of her talk deals with a kind of private family history, which she has decorated over the years with extravagant gags. She takes such delight in the telling that she tends to repeat stories, as if they were set pieces. She has been accused of quoting freely from her own works, but no one has ever accused her of being dull.

Her humor is gentle, her weapons light artillery. She needs no bludgeon or cannon to find the mark, only the sure arrows of satire. She does not use comedy as a way of saying something deep or serious; she points no message or moral. She is purely, simply funny, and there is something gladdening in reading lines that evoke only laughter, which do not nudge the reader into seeking some underlying, no doubt tragic, truth. But whether she writes about the problems involved in collecting letters—

Naturally, you save everything you get from Ernest Hemingway and Edith Sitwell. But think of the smart boys who were saving Edna Millay's penciled notes when she was just a slip of a thing at Vassar. What gets me is how they *knew*.

—or a summer's day at the beach with the children—

When I see my boys dropping wet seaweed on somebody's sound-asleep face, I simply shout, "Little boy, stop that immediately or I will ask your father to spank you!" This stops him without exactly revealing my true identity as the parent of the delinquent.

—or interior decorators—

He tiptoes cautiously around That Tragic Error, your living room, and finally flashes a sudden, sympathethic smile that seems to say, "Thank God you called me. Another month and it might have been too late!"

—or children's behavior—

One of the reasons children are such duds socially is that they say things like "When do you think you're going to be dead, Grandma?" We're all going to be dead, of course, but nobody wants to be put on the spot like that.

—Jean Kerr is saying nothing more tragic than that life is sometimes very funny and that laughter is not only soul-cleansing and all that, but also highly respectable.

Her own reading habits are varied and voracious. She feels about books the way some people feel about liquor, the way Lawrence felt about Arabia, Alice about Wonderland—that therein lie solace, hope, joy and all the wonders of the world. She knocks off five books in an average week, preferring biographies and nonfiction, but stooping, when she can get away with it, to *Photoplay* and *The Hollywood Reporter* and, when she can get ahold of it, to more scurrilous tracts (she read Errol Flynn's autobiography the instant it hit the stands, but "under a false cover so no one would know"). She has definite literary likes and dislikes, adores Vladimir Nabokov ("Beside him, even Salinger seems constipated"), calls Mary McCarthy's *The Group* "the intellectual's Chapman Report." Though she is a great fan of Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker, she reads few other humorists, prefers more serious writers, like the late priest-paleontologist, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin.

Jean Kerr is many things: wife, mother, writer, perennial first-nighter, part-time housekeeper, full-time Democrat, and though she would have it known that she plays some of her roles with the get up and go of a stalled automobile, she admits attending to one part of her life with devotion, and all her best energies.

"We are," she says, "faithful Catholics. What I mean by that is that we do all the required things, and I don't mean that to sound cheap and easy. Catholicism eliminates the first decisions, it affords you a structure and a discipline within which you are free to work. I like that discipline, and I need it. That's why I don't like free verse. I even feel it's better to break from discipline than to break, just for the sake of breaking, from nothing at all."

Jean Kerr at home with daughter Kitty, who arrived after five boys.

For both Jean and Walter, their relation to God is an intensely personal matter, separate even from their relation to each other, close as it is. Says Walter Slezak: "Usually, religious families will make a big church entrance, sweep down the aisle with all the children in a row. Walter and Jean sit apart. To them, worship is private, between each of them and God. They don't care about the image of the public servant."

"I believe," says Jean Kerr, "you have obligations to your state of life, and that you are rewarded in interior ways for fulfilling those obligations. It's very simple, really. Catholicism sustains me."

In Scranton, Pa., where Jean was born and brought up, life was good and easy. "Can you believe it?" she asks. "I remember being *happy* as a child. I never resented a thing. I know people who grow up and spend years just seething about their childhood. Not me."

Her parents, Tom and Kitty Collins, were born in Ireland. They kept the white-clapboard house filled with music (her mother played the piano and organ, her father sang a good baritone); her younger brothers bet neighborhood boys that their sister could beat them up; and Jean, when she wasn't talking or reading, wrote.

"When I was five years old," she says, "I wrote this story which I thought was totally unique because it didn't begin, 'Once upon a time.' Mine began, 'In the kingdom of long ago.'" At 12, she went to camp, "but I was a disaster. I just sat on my cot all day, a girlish version of Alexander Woollcott. I was no good at any of the things they did because I had, and still have, no physical energy at all. I'd play tennis, and have to lie down on the grass and rest between shots."

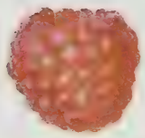
She did better indoors, was graduated from high school with a scholarship, having been president of the drama society, and editor of the newspaper and yearbook. She never did so well scholastically again (due to be graduated from college *magna cum laude*, she was at the last moment denied the honor for "sassy conduct" in class), but she was, after all, more interested in establishing a different sort of record, fashioned of no less impressive statistics.

It is a highly successful one. Today, just 40 years old, Jean Kerr has produced an equal number (six) of Broadway plays and children, and published two books of collected essays. She has been married to the same one adoring husband for more than 20 years. She has, just recently, lost the 15 excess pounds she thought she would never shake. She is preparing herself for a trip, in celebration, to Saks Fifth Avenue, which she has avoided for decades, refusing to expose her plump self to the ever-slim salesgirls. But she claims to be, new shape and all, the same old wreck of a woman, no more special now than she ever was or ever hoped to be. And that is the way she wants it.

"It is very helpful," says Jean Kerr, "to know that you are ordinary. There is almost nothing more useful than learning that other people have trouble with zippers too." ■

RIPE FOR

One of the best things about summer is that it begins with berries. Soon, country stands and city markets will be overflowing with boxes and baskets heaped high with luscious morsels, freshly picked. And there are still few delights equal to the taste of dew-fresh berries picked early in the morning and eaten from your hand. Think, too, of all the other good ways to taste them: in juicy pies, tarts and pastries, in muffins and shortcake, with wine, dipped in sugar, blanketed with whipped cream, in home-made ice cream, as toppings, sauces, preserves (and don't forget to freeze some for a taste of summer in November). Here, from left to right, some delicious ways to take advantage of the best of the berry: Strawberry Meringue Cake, a quick-mix cake with a meringue top, layered with crushed strawberries and frosted with pink whipped cream; Ice Cream with Blackberry Ripple Sauce, made with puréed blackberries and plump whole berries folded in at the last minute; Fresh Blueberry Pie, glistening with a lemon and berry glaze; Strawberry Snow Mountain, icy berries, to be dipped in a flaming fruit sauce, and Raspberries Ninette, a European delicacy—fresh raspberries topped with raspberry sauce. For berry recipes please turn to page 112.



BERRIES

By Elaine Ward-Hanna Food Editor

laming sauce, puree them for ice cream. *Fresh berry time is here.*

Photographs by Irwin Horowitz

Spend & Save

NEW RESEARCH PROVES CONVENIENCE FOODS BALANCE PENNIES SPENT AGAINST HOURS SAVED.

By combining various convenience foods, you can quickly duplicate some of your favorite menus and dishes. The elaborate Italian-style feast, above, was prepared entirely from convenience foods in only 30 minutes: Antipasto, crusty bread, Shrimp Marinara, peas with celery and pimiento, pineapple cheesecake and Sicilian coffee.

Photograph by Henry Ries

Before any woman can properly set forth to explore uncharted fourth-dimensional territory, she must first find the time for her excursion—time that can be borrowed easily from other areas of her life. Of all the hours used up by the day's tasks, perhaps the most salvageable are some of those spent in the kitchen. Every modern homemaker knows that convenience foods can make her job considerably shorter and simpler. Yet, many women still cling to the notion that convenience foods are less nutritious, less palatable and more expensive than fresh foods. Now a new report, exclusive to the *Journal,* by the Department of Food and Nutrition of the Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia, not only dispels these old wives' tales but also reveals many surprising facts. This report is the result of a study conducted by Drexel on seven menus prepared in two ways: one using convenience foods; the other using home-prepared ingredients. Each dish was kept nutritionally equivalent; all portions were the same size; and each menu was planned to serve four people. Both versions of each menu were prepared four times and clocked with a stopwatch, so an accurate average preparation time could be arrived at. Here are some of the report's conclusions. • The average meal made from convenience foods costs only 23 cents more than the same meal made from home-prepared ingredients and takes one fourth the time to prepare. • Some convenience foods—soups, vegetables, frozen fish, canned pork and beans—are no higher in cost and sometimes slightly lower than their fresh counterparts. • Meals made from convenience foods are just as nutritious as meals made from home-prepared ingredients. In addition to these findings, the *Journal* would like to emphasize that convenience foods can have as much flavor as home-prepared foods. There is less waste, storage is simplified and don't overlook the advantage of year-round availability. There are four of the menus used in the Drexel study on page 108, and on page 110 you will find three convenience menus and recipes created by the *Journal*. The freezer can be one of your best friends in cooking with convenience foods. For how to get the most out of your freezer, see page 114.

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FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT IS GREATFRUIT

SPEND & SAVE *continued from page 107* (Drexel menus)

MENU I	CONVENIENCE	HOME PREPARED
CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP ROAST BEEF, GRAVY, POTATOES, PEAS AND WHOLE-KERNEL CORN CLUB ROLLS CREAM PUFF WITH VANILLA FILLING COFFEE	TIME 34 MIN. MONEY $3.12	TIME 2 HOURS 23 MIN. MONEY $3.03

Preparation time included reading recipe directions and cleaning up.

MENU II	CONVENIENCE	HOME PREPARED
BAKED FILLET OF FLOUNDER WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE BROCCOLI SPEARS STEWED TOMATOES BANANA-NUT SALAD PLAIN MUFFIN ICE CREAM COFFEE	TIME 36 MIN. MONEY $2.08	TIME 1 HOUR 1 MIN. MONEY $2.14

Food costs were averaged from four Philadelphia supermarkets.

MENU III	CONVENIENCE	HOME PREPARED
GRILLED FRANKFURTERS BAKED BEANS CABBAGE SLAW WITH PEPPER RINGS BOSTON BROWN BREAD FRUIT COCKTAIL AND COOKIES TEA	TIME 1 HOUR 8 MIN. MONEY $1.98	TIME 2 HOURS 48 MIN. MONEY $1.93

24 of 30 convenience foods studied required under 5 minutes to prepare.

MENU IV	CONVENIENCE	HOME PREPARED
CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP CHICKEN PIE TOSSED SALAD, FRENCH DRESSING FRUIT BOWL TEA	TIME 13 MIN. MONEY $2.28	TIME 2 HOURS 7 MIN. MONEY $1.89

(Continued)

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 continued from page 108 (Journal menus)

MENU I	CONVENIENCE	HOME PREPARED
ANTIPASTO SHRIMP MARINARA WITH RICE PEAS WITH CELERY AND PIMIENTO ITALIAN OR FRENCH BREAD (BUTTERED) PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE SICILIAN COFFEE	TIME 30 MIN. MONEY* $6.30	TIME 2 HOURS 35 MIN. MONEY* $6.08

Antipasto: On a tray arrange half an 8-oz. jar each cocktail dilled carrot sticks and green beans, 1 jar (6-oz.) marinated artichoke hearts, half an 8–10-oz. can each ripe and stuffed olives, half an 8-oz. package cubed Cheddar cheese and half a box cherry tomatoes.

Shrimp Marinara: (1) Cook 1½ pounds frozen shelled and deveined shrimp according to package directions. (2) Heat 2 (10¼-oz.) cans Marinara sauce, ½ teaspoon oregano and 2 teaspoons instant minced onion in a saucepan. (3) Combine shrimp and sauce and serve with packaged precooked rice. Makes 4 servings.

French Bread: Use 1 package (2 loaves) brown-and-serve French bread, and bake according to package directions. Slice and butter while still warm.

Pineapple Cheesecake: Use a cheesecake purchased from the bakery or a frozen pineapple-cream-cheese cake (1-lb.-4-oz.). If you use the frozen cake, remove it from the foil package while still frozen and roll the side in a mixture of ½ cup graham-cracker crumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon sugar. Refrigerate until crumbs are set, 30–45 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Sicilian Coffee: Measure 1 tablespoon instant coffee, 4 teaspoons instant espresso coffee and 1 quart boiling water into a coffeepot. Cover and let steep for a minute to bring out the full flavor. Add ⅛ teaspoon grated lemon rind and serve. Makes 4 servings.

MENU II	CONVENIENCE	HOME PREPARED
BARBECUED SPARERIBS CHEESE-STUFFED BAKED POTATOES FRENCH-FRIED ONION RINGS TOSSED GREEN SALAD WITH FRENCH DRESSING APPLE CRISP COFFEE	TIME 26 MIN. MONEY* $4.18	TIME 1 HOUR 50 MIN. MONEY* $3.97

Barbecued Spareribs: Bake spareribs according to directions on can. If you like, sprinkle with 1 tablespoon sesame seeds while baking. Makes 4 servings.

Cheese-Stuffed Baked Potatoes: Prepare 1 package potato-cheese "boats" or "bakers" according to package directions. For added flavor, stir 2 teaspoons dried parsley and 1 teaspoon instant minced onion into the potatoes. Makes 4 servings.

French-Fried Onion Rings: Use either canned or frozen, and prepare according to directions. To save dishwashing time, bake in a pan shaped from heavy-duty aluminum foil. Makes 4 servings.

Apple Crisp: Empty the contents of one can (1-lb.-6-oz.) apple-pie filling into a buttered 8-inch layer-cake pan. Mix together until crumbly 1 stick (5-oz.) pastry mix, ½ cup light brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Sprinkle mixture evenly over apple filling. Bake in a 375° F. oven until topping is golden, about 25–30 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

MENU III	CONVENIENCE	HOME PREPARED
HOT BORSCHT PATIO POTATO-AND-CHICKEN SALAD TOMATO WEDGES DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE ICED TEA	TIME 38 MIN. MONEY* $3.37	TIME 1 HOUR 59 MIN. MONEY* $3.61

Borscht: Heat 1 quart bottled borscht with 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon dill and a dash of pepper. Pour into soup cups and serve with a sprinkling of parsley.

Patio Potato-and-Chicken Salad: Cook 4 cups dry instant sliced potatoes and 2 tablespoons instant minced onion according to package directions. Drain well. Transfer to a large bowl and pour over ¼ cup white vinegar and 3 tablespoons each salad oil and sugar. Mix gently and chill. Cook 1 cup frozen small peas; drain and chill also. In a small bowl mix together ¾ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons light cream, ¾ cup chopped celery, 2 (5-oz.) jars chicken, cubed, ¼ cup diced candied pickles, 3 tablespoons pickle juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour over potatoes and mix well. Chill until serving time. To serve, assemble on bed of greens and garnish with quartered tomatoes. Makes 4 generous servings.

Devil's Food Cake: Prepare cake and frosting, using your favorite mixes. ■

* [illegible] New York City, April 1, 1964

HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY SWEEPSTAKES

You have already won a prize if your birthday matches the mystery date!

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1. Print your name, address and birth date (month and day only) on a "Happiest Birthday Sweepstakes" entry blank, or on a plain piece of paper. Enclose your entry in an envelope together with 3 boxtops from Duncan Hines Layer Cake Mix (any size or flavor), or a Crisco label or the words "Duncan Hines" (written three times), or the word "Crisco" in plain block letters on a plain piece of paper.

Mail your entry to "Happiest Birthday Sweepstakes," P. O. Box 750, Spring Park, Minn., 55384. Important: On the back of the outside of the envelope, print the month and day of your birth.

2. All members of a family may enter, but each person may enter only once, and each entry must be in accordance with these rules and mailed separately in an envelope not exceeding 11" x 5". All entries become the property of Procter & Gamble, and none will be returned. Entries must be postmarked by July 20, 1964, and received by July 31, 1964.

3. Each person whose birthday matches the Happiest Birthday Date drawn at random will be awarded a certificate good for $10 worth of groceries or $10 in cash. The judges reserve the right to verify birth dates before awarding prizes. In awarding prizes, birth dates on February 29 will be counted as February 28, and February 29 will not be included among the dates from which the winning date is drawn.

4. In addition, 20 grand prize winners will be selected by CSC, Inc., whose selection is final, in a random drawing from among all entries. Each grand prize winner will receive $1,000 in cash.

Special Bonus Prize: Each grand prize winner who enclosed with his entry both the Crisco label and the 3 Duncan Hines Boxtops (or brand names written as provided in Rule 1) will receive $2,000 in cash.

5. All U.S. residents may enter, except employees of Procter & Gamble, CSC, Inc., and their affiliates and their families. Entries from Wisconsin and Florida must be on plain paper and should not be accompanied by a boxtop or label. This offer void where prohibited or restricted. Federal, State and local government regulations apply.

6. Winners will be notified by mail about eight weeks after the close of the Sweepstakes. A list of grand prize winners and the winning birthday date may be obtained by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to Happiest Birthday Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 525, Spring Park, Minn., 55384. Do not include requests for winners' lists with your Sweepstakes entry.

BERRIES *continued from page 104*

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE CAKE

1 package (1-lb.-2½-oz.) yellow cake mix
1⅓ cups orange juice
4 teaspoons grated orange rind
2 tablespoons salad or cooking oil
4 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
6 cups strawberries
2½ cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons honey

(1) Prepare cake according to package directions, with these changes in ingredients: orange juice instead of water and 4 egg yolks in place of whole eggs. Add 2 teaspoons orange rind and the oil. Divide batter evenly among three greased and floured 9-inch layer-cake pans. Refrigerate the batter until the meringue is made. (2) Beat the egg whites with the cream of tartar until frothy. Add the sugar gradually, beating until stiff peaks form. (3) Dividing the meringue equally among the three pans, spread lightly but evenly to cover batter surfaces. (4) Bake in a 350° F. oven, 30–35 minutes, until layers test done. Cool a few minutes in pans before turning out on racks to cool thoroughly, meringue side up. (5) Wash, drain and hull berries, cut in half. Sprinkle with ¼ to ½ cup sugar, depending on their sweetness. Press enough berries through a sieve to make about 6 tablespoons puree. Chill both berries and puree. (6) About ½ hour before cake is to be served, whip the cream over a bowl of ice until thick and glossy. Stir in the honey, remaining 2 teaspoons orange rind and the strawberry puree. (7) To assemble cake, place a layer on a cake plate. Spread with about 1 cup sliced berries (include some of the juice) and ½ cup whipped-cream mixture. Add another cake layer, repeat filling and top with last layer. Frost sides with remaining whipped cream, reserving some for the top. Refrigerate until ready to serve. (8) At serving time, spread cream around edge of top of cake and pile strawberries in center. Spoon remaining berries around base of cake. Makes 10 servings.

ICE CREAM WITH BLACKBERRY RIPPLE SAUCE

4 cups blackberries, washed
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
1 tablespoon blackberry brandy (optional)
2 quarts vanilla ice cream

(1) Puree half the blackberries by buzzing in a blender or putting through a food mill. (2) Cook the puree, sugar and water until mixture comes to a boil and is slightly thickened. (3) Cool and stir in the remaining whole blackberries and brandy, if you like. Spoon generously over scoops of vanilla ice cream, or layer with ice cream into parfait glasses. Makes 8 servings.

FRESH BLUEBERRY PIE

1 nine-inch baked pie shell
5 cups blueberries or huckleberries, washed
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
3 tablespoons cornstarch
Whipped cream

(1) Bring 1 cup berries, ¾ cup sugar, [illegible] cup water and lemon rind to a boil in [illegible] n. (2 [illegible] mainir [illegible] ter and cornstarch and stir into the boiling berries. Cook for about 1 minute or until clear and thickened. Cool. (3) Place remaining berries in the pie shell. Cover with the cooled glaze and chill until completely set. Serve with whipped cream. Makes 6–8 servings.

BLUEBERRY GATEAU

Crust:
¾ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
Filling:
3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 quart blueberries or huckleberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 egg yolk
3 tablespoons heavy cream
Meringue:
3 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
6 tablespoons sugar

(1) For the crust: Cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. (2) Add egg yolks and continue beating. Stir in flour and salt. (3) Press the dough on bottom of a 9-inch spring form pan and three fourths of the way up sides. Chill. (4) For the filling: Combine tapioca, sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle over washed and drained berries. (5) Add the lemon juice and let stand for 15 minutes. Mix the egg yolk and cream together and stir into the berries. (6) Place the berry mixture in the chilled crust. Bake in a 425° F. oven for 15 minutes; then reduce to 375° F. and bake for about 35 minutes or until crust is golden and berries bubbly. (7) For meringue: Beat egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Gradually add the sugar, beating continuously until stiff peaks form and sugar is dissolved. Spread on top of berries and return to a 400° F. oven for 8–10 minutes or until golden. Cool before serving. Makes 8 servings.

STRAWBERRY SNOW MOUNTAIN

*3 quarts finely crushed ice**
Toothpicks
3 pints strawberries
4 teaspoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon water
½ cup raspberry syrup
¼ cup vodka or light rum

(1) *For Snow Mountain: put about 6 quarts (6 trays) ice cubes through an ice crusher or buzz small pieces of ice, a few at a time, in a blender or wrap cubes in dish towel and crush with a hammer. Consistency should resemble wet snow. (2) Quickly shape the snow into a cone about 8–9 inches high on a metal tray. As you near the top of the cone, press a small heatproof bowl into the snow and pack snow around it so the bowl forms a "crater." Or use a conical metal strainer as a mold. (3) Insert toothpicks 1½ inches apart all over the mountain, push them in so that only ½ inch protrudes. (4) Place in freezer until near serving time. (5) Wash and pick over the berries. (6) At serving time transfer snow mountain to platter (loosen by setting tray on hot, wet towel). Put berries on toothpicks. (7) Blend cornstarch and cold water. Mix into raspberry syrup. Bring to boil, then simmer, stirring for 5 minutes. Warm vodka or rum in separate saucepan. Pour raspberry sauce into bowl in top of mountain, float the hot liquor on top of sauce and ignite. Provide extra toothpicks to lift off the berries and dip into flaming sauce. Makes 6–8 servings.

RASPBERRIES NINETTE

1 quart raspberries
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon kirsch (optional)

(1) Wash raspberries gently and drain well. Measure two cups raspberries into a small serving bowl. Force remaining raspberries through a sieve, or buzz in a blender, then strain to remove seeds. (2) Add sugar, lemon juice, and if you wish, the kirsch. Mix well and pour over the whole berries. Chill well. Makes 4 servings. The puree is also delicious served over fresh strawberries, or a combination of raspberries and strawberries.

BLACKBERRY PASTRIES CHANTILLY

Blackberry Filling:
3 cups blackberries or loganberries or boysenberries
½ cup water
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
Pastries:
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or margarine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
Sugar
Confectioners' sugar

(1) Place washed berries in pan with water and cook a few minutes until the juices run. Mix the sugar with the cornstarch and stir into the berries. Cook over low heat until smooth and thickened, about 10 minutes. Cool. (2) For the pastries, sift together the flour and salt. Cut in the butter or margarine, using a pastry blender, until it resembles coarse meal. Add the water and gather the dough into 2 balls. (3) Roll out each ball of dough into a 10-inch square. Place on baking sheets and prick all over with a fork. Bake in a 300° F. oven for 1½ hours. (The secret of the shortness of this pastry is the long, slow cooking.) Remove from oven and with a sharp knife cut each pastry into 9 squares. Cool on baking sheets, handle as little as possible. (4) To serve, put a generous helping of berry filling on each of the 9 pastry squares, top with whipped cream sweetened to taste and remaining pastry squares. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes 9 servings.

RASPBERRY-WALNUT MUFFINS

1 cup raspberries
2 cups flour
¼ cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
Pinch salt
1 egg
¾ cup milk
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
½ cup chopped walnuts

(1) Wash raspberries gently and drain well. Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. (2) Beat egg until frothy and add milk. (3) Make a well in the dry ingredients, add the egg-milk mixture and the melted butter or margarine. Mix together lightly, using as few strokes as possible. Batter will be slightly lumpy. (4) Sprinkle raspberries and nuts on top. Gently fold in. Spoon into 12 greased and floured muffin pans. Bake in a 425° F. oven until golden, about 20 minutes. Serve hot and buttered. Makes 1 dozen muffins.

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

3 pints strawberries
½ cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
2 cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening
⅓ cup light cream
2 eggs
Butter or margarine
Heavy cream

(1) Wash, hull and slice the berries. Mash slightly with a fork. Sweeten to taste, using about ½ cup sugar. Let stand at room temperature for an hour or so to draw out the juices. (2) Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt and the remaining 1 tablespoon sugar. (3) Cut in the shortening until it resembles coarse crumbs. Add the light cream mixed with the eggs. (4) Stir the ingredients just until all the flour has been moistened. Turn out onto a lightly floured board and knead dough for half a minute. Shape into a circle about ½ inch thick and 8 inches in diameter. (5) Place on a baking sheet and bake in a 425° F. oven until golden, 15–20 minutes. Split, while hot, and spread the bottom layer generously with butter or margarine. Fill and cover with the strawberries. Pass cream in a pitcher or serve it whipped if you like. Makes 6 servings.

STRAWBERRIES IN WINE

1 quart strawberries
4–6 tablespoons sugar
1½ cups rosé wine
1 tablespoon cognac
Dairy-fresh sour cream (optional)

(1) Wash, drain and hull the strawberries. Place them in a bowl and add remaining ingredients. Start with 4 tablespoons sugar. (2) Let strawberries stand at room temperature for half hour. Taste for sweetness, adding more sugar if desired. (3) Cover and chill well before serving. Makes 4 servings. If you like, serve with a spoonful of sour cream.

BOYSENBERRY CRUMBLE CAKE

Cake:
2 cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Topping:
3 cups boysenberries or loganberries or blackberries
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Cream

(1) Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. (2) Cream the shortening with the sugar until fluffy. Add the egg and mix until blended. Mix in dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Stir in lemon rind. (3) Spoon batter into a greased and floured 11-7-1½-inch cake pan. (4) Wash berries gently and drain well. Sprinkle on top of batter. (5) Blend remaining ingredients, except cream, and mix until crumbly. Sprinkle over berries. Bake in a 350° F. oven until cake tests done, 35–40 minutes. Cut into squares and serve warm with cream. Makes 8 servings.

GOOSEBERRY PIE

Pastry for a 9-inch two-crust pie
1–1½ cups sugar
⅓ cup flour
1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 cups gooseberries
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

(1) Line a pie plate with half the pastry. (2) Mix the sugar, flour and lemon juice. Add the washed and drained gooseberries and mix gently. If the gooseberries are sour, use 1½ cups of sugar. Spoon gooseberry mixture into pie shell. Dot with butter or margarine and cover with top crust. Cut several slits in crust to allow steam to escape. (3) Bake in a 425° F. oven for 35–45 minutes, until crust is golden and juices are bubbling. Makes 6–8 servings. ■

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KRAFT HOME COOKED DINNERS The quick kind you cook up fresh

FUTURE DIMENSION FOR FOOD

THINK OF A FREEZER AS A FOOD BANK—WHEN TIME RUNS SHORT, YOU DRAW ON YOUR FROZEN ASSETS.

By Margaret Davidson
Home Management Editor

Time is the tool of the 4-D woman. In using it, she is freed everywhere by technology, but at no point is the liberation more dramatic than in the kitchen, where ancient drudgeries are being replaced by modern appliances. Perhaps the most liberating of all cooks' helpers is the freezer, once considered only a cold-storage bin, but now capable of use as a time machine in which food may be suspended at almost any stage of preparation. Here then are some steps to freezer freedom:

A true freezer should maintain a temperature of zero. You can keep many foods for a year at that temperature. Some refrigerator-freezers are excellent; but be careful, some are actually glorified ice compartments and will not keep foods over extended periods. Check with a thermometer before planning projects.

The temperature at which you keep frozen foods influences quality tremendously. A steak that is good for a year at zero, loses flavor after five months if the temperature rises to five degrees. At 10 degrees, quality begins to slip after two months, and in a 15-degree ice-cube compartment a steak will start losing flavor after just a month. Even at zero, cured and smoked meats, such as ham, bacon, sausage, corned beef, should be used within two months, ground meats within three months, and prepared dishes within four to six months. Date and rotate the food packs.

Speedy freezing is a secret of quality. You can freeze any amount that will freeze solid within 24 hours. Usually, that's about two pounds for each cubic foot of freezer space at zero. Leave space between packages for air circulation and try to keep new, warmer packages from touching those already frozen. Chilling food in the refrigerator before freezing helps retain fresh flavor and texture. Save time and guesswork by labeling every package put in the freezer with contents and number of portions.

All new frostless freezers use fans to ensure uniform cold, even to door racks. But circulated air is drying, so it is very important to seal carefully all freezer packages to protect foods against drying and against changes in flavor, texture and color.

For the packaging pantry, select wrapping materials, bags and containers made for freezers; lightweight household wraps and cartons for cottage cheese and ice cream do not protect frozen food. Freeze several steaks or fillets in one package with two layers of waxed paper between to speed separation later. Wrap hamburgers and chops separately in saran or sandwich bags, then group in a large plastic bag. To seal bags, twist tops, fold and tie with pipe cleaners or covered wire from garden shops.

When doing up chunky, compact foods, mold foil or saran closely and double-fold edges. Masking or freezer tape holds seams tight and supplies fine labeling areas. For soft foods awkward to handle when first prepared, freeze on a cookie sheet before packing. (Try this for open sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres, stuffed peppers and eggplant, and whipped-cream toppings, to name a few.)

Since the most convenient freezers are close to kitchens, we welcome new space-saving models. One type has a pull-out freezer below a counter work top and above, at eye-level, a refrigerator section. Another, arranged much like a wardrobe, has freezer and refrigerator side by side in one cabinet with two doors. ■

Look Mom! I'm growing already! After a few spoonfuls, kids feel that way. The warming nutrition of the rich chicken broth picks them up. Those golden egg noodles fill them. This is Lipton Chicken Noodle. One of 12 Lipton Soups that taste like mother just cooked them.

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This General Electric Spacemaker gives you almost twice the room inside...

...as an old G-E 10-cu.ft. refrigerator (1948-1952), yet requires no more kitchen space.

The Spacemaker is an 18.8-cubic-foot refrigerator.

That's big.

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This Spacemaker is quite a refrigerator. So much more room for food. Plus G.E.'s exclusiv Roll-Out Freezer to end awkward bending an groping. And the remarkable Self-Filling Ic Tray that refills itself automatically when yo close the freezer drawer. And no defrosting an where. See Spacemaker in coppertone, whit or Mix-or-Match colors, now at your G-E dealer'

GENERAL ELECTRI(

In the United Nations, seasoned statesmen doff their hats:

THE LADY IS A DIPLOMAT

BY SUZANNE MASSIE Photographs by John Launois

In the great domed blue-and-gold chamber of the United Nations General Assembly, a tiny gray-haired lady stepped proudly to the dais and picked up the gavel. She had just been elected the first woman president of the Assembly. "When I made this first appearance on the platform and looked down at all those men, it made me a little drunk with joy," says Mme. Vijaya Pandit of India, recalling that important moment in 1953. No other woman has ever followed Madame Pandit to that elevated chair; but last fall, as Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's distinguished younger sister returned to lead India's delegation to the 18th session of the General Assembly, the U.N.'s tone had changed. More women's faces appeared among the tiers of delegates sweeping

Wearing a traditional sari, Mme. Vijaya Pandit stands before flags of India and the United Nations at a reception in New York. She is a younger sister of Nehru, has been ambassador to the Soviet Union and president of U. N. General Assembly—the only woman in that post.

When a woman is an ambassador, she doesn't

Petite Señora Clara Ponce de Leon is a diplomat (First Secretary of the Colombian mission to the U. N.), the mother of four children aged 8 to 17, and a hostess who entertains 30 to 40 people at dinner twice a week or oftener—doing all the cooking herself. The abstract paintings shown here are her own work; and she has been a working journalist. "I still see the world and its politics in terms of headlines," she says.

up from the dais, more soft feminine voices spoke into the microphones. The vast, severe U.N. chambers and carpeted halls flashed with color as handsome women glided past, wearing *boubous*, saris and mandingo gowns, French Diors and English tweeds.

Traditionally, clever, charming women have always had a hand in the intrigues and formalities of diplomacy. Today, the United Nations, with its unique combination of idealism and committee work, and its changing social scene, is a world particularly suited to women's talents.

Women serve on the most important U.N. committees. They influence many of the world body's important decisions. Many of them entertain extensively and appear often at social functions. Married or single, they are without exception warm, intelligent, gay and intensely feminine. They have poise and great vitality, won in challenging the accepted, daring something new. All of them glow with that sense of accomplishment gained from work of wider scope than other women know. For them the arguments over the feminine mystique do not exist; they move in a fourth-dimensional world.

Of course, the feminine touch at the U.N. is no novelty. Member nations have always sent distinguished women such as Madame Pandit, Eleanor Roosevelt and Golda Meir to add luster to their delegations when the General Assembly is in session. Women like these, noted for their work at home on women's rights and humanitarian questions, pursue their goals in the General Assembly's Third (Social, Humanitarian and Cultural) Committee.

Most of the women at the U.N. today are career diplomats who compete directly with men in the tough world of professional diplomacy. The number of U.N. nations was 60 when Madame Pandit was president of the assembly; there are 113 today. Most of the new nations are Asian or African, and they are far more inclined to assign women to their permanent U.N. missions than some of the older nations.

"In our countries it is not a choice, but a necessity," says 28-year-old Mme. Huguette Achard. A Sorbonne-educated woman from Dahomey, she represents her country in three of the U.N.'s most important committees. "We cannot permit ourselves the luxury of choosing a man instead of a woman. If a person fulfills the requirements, we take them, regardless of sex."

"We couldn't be choosy, the number of trained intellectuals is limited," says the Indonesian mission's Counselor, Miss Eugenie Laurens, who is working on the legal aspects of peaceful coexistence in the U.N.'s Sixth (Legal) Committee.

At present there are 61 women diplomats serving in the permanent delegations of 45 countries. Of these, the largest group (39) is found in the North and South American missions. The United States has the largest number of any single mission (eight), although American women have not achieved the high rank held by some of their foreign colleagues.

Surprisingly, despite the bellows of propaganda about the super-equality of their women there is not a single woman in the vast (51-man) U.S.S.R. delegation. "Our women are so attractive they all get married and don't want to leave their husbands," explained one Soviet delegate, his face as bleak as a steppe.

In recent years, unquestionably the most successful of these permanent women delegates has been Mrs. Agda Rössel, who served from 1958 until last January as the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from Sweden to the

retire with the ladies after dinner. Her place is with the men, discussing world diplomacy.

United Nations. A cool, forceful blonde in her forties, with two grown children, Mrs. Rössel was a close friend of the late Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld.

Mrs. Rössel is recognized as a leading expert on the rights of women; she has argued against capital punishment and is interested in outer space. When she first came to the United Nations as Ambassador, there were a few awkward moments. "After dinner we didn't know whether to send her with the men for cigars and cognac, or take her with the ladies," exclaimed the wife of another ambassador. "She quickly decided for herself and stayed with the men, because, of course, she belonged there."

Agda Rössel is a cool professional diplomat. So is gray-haired Joyce Gutteridge, C.B.E., legal adviser to the United Kingdom delegation. A lifelong civil servant and a brilliant lawyer, Miss Gutteridge is often seated directly behind the British Ambassador, Sir Patrick Dean, himself an eminent lawyer. From that vantage point she is in position to respond when His Excellency, before reaching a decision, asks, "What do you think about it, Joyce?"

Many U.N. women, however, come to New York without long diplomatic experience in other posts. Some, especially those from small nations, transfer to diplomacy from other fields. Their common badge is a crusading fervor. Angie Brooks of Liberia was her country's first practicing woman lawyer. She is now Assistant Secretary of State, but every year she returns to the U.N., where she has been the only woman to hold the chairmanship of a major U.N. committee: the important Fourth Committee, which deals with colonial questions. Concerned about anything affecting Africa, she saw to it that women voted in a U.N.-controlled plebiscite in the Southern Cameroons, although many male U.N. delegates felt that women's votes were unnecessary. She was instrumental in getting the U.N. to ask for withdrawal of Belgian troops from Ruanda-Urundi. A fierce advocate of independence for Portuguese colonial territories, she remains graceful and diplomatic.

"I don't fight men," says Miss Brooks, "I fight policies."

The burning determination to right the wrongs they have seen or felt moves women delegates from all continents. Señora Clara Ponce de Leon, a delicate, brown-eyed beauty from Colombia, is determined to win women's rights in her own country. "In my country it is fantastically important," she explains. "We have no divorce, no civil marriage, very little participation of women in political life."

Mme. Jeanne Rousseau, the dimpled, chic, third-ranking delegate from Mali, has already helped to establish a law prohibiting polygamy in her African homeland. An accomplished politician who loves lobbying, she has championed at the U.N. resolutions against race discrimination and for disarmament.

Both Señora Ponce de Leon and Madame Rousseau have children, yet both work the long, grueling 10-to-16-hour day demanded of all U.N. delegates. Mrs. Emilia Barish of Costa Rica is a widow. (Her American husband was killed in a plane crash.) She lives with her three boys in an apartment in Queens. Her day begins early as she gets her children off to school, commutes to Manhattan to arrive at the U.N. about 9:45. She works steadily until 7 or later and rarely arrives home until 8:30. Then she does her housework and checks the boys' homework.

"I love to feel the heartbeat of the world," Mrs. Barish says. "If I were a housewife, what would I care about apartheid in South Africa? I feel so much more human and understanding about things that I never would have known about otherwise."

Do these women find it difficult to compete directly with men at the U.N.?

"We feel we have to work harder and have twice as many qualifications to stand our ground," said a woman delegate from Africa. For some men, those from Arab countries, for example, it is a cultural shock to see women holding political office. More often, the initial male reaction is a simple refusal to take the ladies seriously.

"At first most men just say, 'There, there, don't worry your little head about it; let's go and have a gin and tonic,'" said an attractive young woman in the delegates' lounge. "You must get over this barrier. Once they see that you are informed and prepared, it's all right."

There is also the tender male ego to worry about, even in the august chambers of the U.N. "If their diploma is the same as yours, somehow you must make them feel that theirs is a little bit better," said the graduate of a French university. "Yet we are often in the position of having to tell men that they are corny, and what they have just said is ridiculous."

The universal advantages of being a woman hold true at the U.N. A woman is more likely to be remembered than a man—a tremendous help where there are always new people and faces.

"Men are courteous, and they always give us the floor," shrewdly observed a woman who works with the Fourth Committee. "When time is short and you want to get your point across, this can be important."

Being surrounded by men at work can also be fun. "It's a mass worldwide flirtation," said one attractive single girl. "I flirt all the time. I get unlimited advice on my appearance and hairdo. I bought a red dress because a deputation of my colleagues, an Indian, a Czech and a Frenchman as spokesmen, suggested I was wearing dark colors too often. They are distressingly candid when one gains weight. The world's illiteracy and my excess avoirdupois are committee matters."

Ultimately, of course, women delegates are at the U.N. to represent sovereign member nations;

Of the 13 Arab nations belonging to the U. N., only Iraq has put forward a woman delegate. Miss Faiha Kamal, seen standing in the General Assembly building before a mosaic executed by an Arab artist, is Second Secretary of Iraq's mission to the United Nations. A graduate of the University of London, Miss Kamal, four years at the U. N., has been a career diplomat since 1956.

To the wives of U. N. ambassadors, entertaining night after night is part of their duty.

Of all the U. N. hostesses, the hardest-working is Señora Yolanda Sosa-Rodríguez (above, left), wife of the Venezuelan Ambassador, Carlos Sosa-Rodríguez, who is president of the General Assembly's 18th session. Her daily chore: four or five receptions plus a formal dinner. Miss Eugenie Laurens, shown (center) wearing an Indonesian kabaya *and* kain batik*—jacket and skirt—is legal adviser to the Indonesian mission. She studied law at Jakarta and at Leyden University in the Netherlands "because my mother wanted a lawyer in the family, my brother already being a doctor." One of the U. N.'s most influential women is Angie Brooks, Assistant Secretary of State for Liberia. Here she wears (above, right) a mandingo gown in embroidered organdy. Educated in law at the universities of Wisconsin and London, she can, and often does, "speak for Africa."*

U.N. males, despite any personal attitudes toward the opposite sex, recognize this official status and react with appropriate respect. Even for those alarmed by the growing equality of women, the feeling that the U.N. is the advance guard of the world helps encourage acceptance.

Another group of U.N. women also represent their countries—the wives. They vie with one another in the feminine world of the *salon* and the dinner table, softening the harsh differences of the conference table with good food and good talk. Most are at their husbands' sides at the countless working parties and receptions, sometimes up to five parties in a single night.

Señora Yolanda Sosa-Rodríguez, mother of eight and gracious wife of the current president of the General Assembly, accompanied him to more than 200 parties, receptions and dinners last fall. Mrs. Elsie Quaison-Sackey, wife of Ghana's Ambassador, finds time to lecture about Ghana and Africa to American women's groups, raise five children and run a large suburban house where she entertains up to 1,000 people at a time.

There are some women at the U.N. who do not serve any member nation. Instead, they [illegible] the United Nations itself as members of [illegible]'s international civil service, the Secretariat. Women work as receptionists, guides, secretaries and translators. There are outstanding women in the Specialized Agencies (WHO, UNESCO), but there is only a handful of women occupying positions of high administrative authority.

"The individual countries propose candidates and it simply does not occur to them to put forward a woman for high political office," explained one Secretariat official.

The highest ranking woman in the Secretariat is an American, Miss Julia Henderson, the Director of the Bureau of Social Affairs. She administers programs in 40 countries on town and community planning, population control and statistics, agricultural extension services, everything from a new road to Mecca to a rural development plan in Haiti. Women advance more slowly than men in the Secretariat, in part because they cannot accept all missions.

"Women find it difficult to pack off and leave their husbands and go and spend two years in another country," says Miss Betty Whitelaw, Chief of Recruitment Services. "The difficult missions, which sometimes mean advancement in the Secretariat, where some bright young man can shine, are simply not adapted to women—in war areas like the Congo, for instance."

Despite these frustrations, the women of the Secretariat love the "sophistication and complexities" of the United Nations. In the Secretariat, too, there is a deep feeling of satisfaction in "working with the tide."

A positive vision of the future is the magnet which seems to draw all the women who work at the U.N., and provides them with their deepest satisfactions. Mrs. Marietta Tree, our own country's special adviser on colonial questions, and representative on the Human Rights Commission, is a good example. She is beautiful and wealthy. "I admire Mrs. Tree," said one woman delegate, "because, if she liked, she could stay home and do nothing. Instead, she devotes all her enormous energy to her country."

Sitting in the U.N. dining room, Mrs. Tree recently explained what working at the U.N. can mean to a woman. "In this room there is every shade of political opinion, and yet it doesn't give you cause for despair. It makes you feel that man can control his own destiny. There is nothing better than being forced by your job to stretch your capacity; to do things every day—things you are amazed you can do at all."

Mrs. Marietta Tree, seen at right in her New York town house, speaks for the U.S. in the U.N. Human Rights Commission. Born a Peabody, she follows a tradition of public service. Her brother is governor of Massachusetts, and their patrician mother has suffered arrest in demonstrating for civil rights.

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